

# Salvation of the Saviors (series 79-369) Project 369 – Where does the text come from...

*A real text is written not from the head,  
rather through it. Because the thought —  
is not your property, it is a flow,  
and you — are not the author, rather a node of connection.*

This article is written for those who feel an inner need to express their vision of what is happening — through text, image, or meaning. It does not offer prescriptions, rather it opens a door: to writing as a practice, to expression as alchemy, to fixation as a search for oneself.

Many today feel an inner call: not just to speak, rather to speak clearly. Not just to write, rather to write so that it is understood — **WITHOUT DISTORTION**, without loss of meaning. More and more people strive to express their vision of what is happening — not for eloquence, rather out of inner necessity. And ever more often, a question is heard, simple in form, yet demanding a difficult answer: How? How to begin in order to **BE HEARD**, and not merely recorded among thousands of empty words? How to convey the essence — without spilling it? It is precisely these appeals, these quiet requests — in conversation, in letters, in glances — that became the impulse which **PROMPTED ME** to write this text. Without preaching. Without manuals. In simple words — yet without simplification. Because the task is **NOT TO EXPLAIN**, it is to open. Not to give an instruction, rather to give a vector. So that anyone who feels inner maturity, but has not yet found form, can take a step: from understanding to expression. From silent knowing — to the word.

Writing itself is not a craft. It is a **FORM OF PARTICIPATION**. It is a way of being nakedly present in what you are aware of. Because you cannot explain the ocean to a frog that lives in a well; however, you can **SHOW THE WAY**. Draw a map not for those who fear the water, rather for those who are ready to set sail. And perhaps the only thing each of us can truly give to this world — is our **GENUINE UNDERSTANDING** of what is happening, not abstract, not borrowed, rather carried, endured, refined through inner work. Yet to convey, you must first possess. And not just possess, rather you must be aligned with that knowledge, to be its bearer, not merely its mouthpiece. Not for everyone, not for the majority — at least for yourself. Because if you are **NOT USEFUL** even to yourself, what use are you to the world? Yes, many are weary. Yes, they've given up. Yet most often it's because they never started. They never wrote. They never tried. They kept waiting for "the right time." However, time does not arrive — **IT LEAVES**. And if you think the time has not yet come — it means it has already passed. And what was meant to be spoken — will **NO LONGER BE HEARD**.

Neither I nor Levashov ever wrote about **HOW TO WRITE**. Yet we wrote — and in doing so, perhaps gave more than any instruction ever could. Because anyone who begins to try immediately discovers: there is no easy path. Every word is not merely a tool, rather it is either a key or a lock. One word connects, another closes. And very soon it becomes clear: writing is not narration — it is **THE**

**ALCHEMY OF MEANING.** It is the stalking<sup>1</sup> of the subtlest connections. It is the passage between silence and epiphany. That is why I began this article — to gather and convey what has already matured. So that those who are only thinking — begin. Those who are already writing — realize. And those who only feel the need — **FIND COURAGE.** Dare. Write. Do not fear. Make mistakes if you must — but do not remain



silent. Even if you do not write — you are still expressing. Through a glance. Through a choice. Through the way you walk upon the earth. However, if you are already writing, speaking, filming, sharing — you are on the **FRONT LINE.** You are a point of convergence. You are not a spectator. **YOU ARE A CREATOR.** And yes, most likely, not everything will fit into one article. And that is wonderful. Because if the essence cannot fit the format, it means it is alive. And even if someone says, “make it shorter,” you are not obliged to obey. Length is not what matters. **THE VECTOR IS WHAT IS IMPORTANT.** If it is precise — you will strike the essence. And if you strike the essence

— it means you have found not only the words. You have found — yourself.

There is a well-known rule often attributed to writers: **“Write only when you cannot not write.”** Pardon me — what does “cannot” really mean? There are at least three possibilities: a) it’s already a mental disorder; b) an external necessity; c) an internal one. And perhaps I’d choose all three. Because my chronic unwillingness to waste energy idly leads me to a persistent and somewhat **OBSESSIVE RECYCLING** of my own aphoristic fragments— which, I admit, might well be seen as a mild form of insanity. However, isn’t it the same insanity that drives those who suddenly decide they must write a book — **NOT FOR** fame, rather as the result of their life? If you feel that this resonates with you — congratulations: you’re probably a little out of your mind too. And thank God. Otherwise, you wouldn’t want to write. And if you do, it means you have a need. And if there’s a need but you don’t yet know how — you will **HAVE TO LEARN.** So that you don’t feel completely lost, I, as a regular member of this mad club, have only one thing left to do: to keep writing all this, for myself, for you, for those who haven’t yet dared. Because, truthfully, when a person doesn’t know how to write, they most likely don’t know how to understand. And if one **CANNOT UNDERSTAND,** one doesn’t live — they merely imitate the process. For what else, besides understanding what is happening, can truly be the work of a human being? If you distort meaning, fail to grasp the essence, can’t contain even a single “why” within yourself — then, forgive me, you’re not in reality. **YOU’RE IN A HALLUCINATION.** And now imagine proudly walking in that delusion, fragrant with your own wrongness — accompanied by approving nods from the

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<sup>1</sup> **Stalking** — the tracking of oneself as a working system with the aim of improving that system. Self-awareness. It is also the art of how to behave with oneself, with other people, beings, and higher Forces in order to achieve a chosen goal.

same “splendid princes.” Only the smell, however, isn’t floral. Compare that to the state of one who writes — even if **NOT PERFECTLY**, even with irony — yet writes, and thus gives meaning. Because to write means to hold the thread of meaning within yourself. And to make meaning is to live. Truly. **WITHOUT FALSEHOOD**. However, here’s the catch: many strive to write not from a thirst for meaning, rather from more dubious motives. Some — to immortalize themselves. Others — to “help people.” Others still — to “earn recognition.” And sad as it may sound, all of them miss the mark. Because if you want to help others yet **CAN’T HELP** yourself — you’re no helper. If you want fame yet don’t understand the essence — you’re just a narcissist with a keyboard. One should write only when it’s both a personal necessity and someone else’s potential benefit. Without one of these — **IT’S BETTER TO LEAVE** the paper alone.

All of this resembles a strange diagram: you write not for yourself, yet not for others either — rather from the point of intersection between inner maturity and an **EXTERNAL REQUEST**. It is from this point that the form is born, the one that becomes greater than you, capable of living longer than you. Look at it differently: you write what lies before you — for those who remain behind. You let pass through yourself what is coming, to hand it to those who are not yet ready. This is the act of transmission. This is the channel between future and past. Even when you describe what happened yesterday — you do it with **TODAY’S CONSCIOUSNESS**, which means it already belongs to the future in relation to your former self. And here lies the paradox: the past is not a date, rather a **DEGREE OF YOUR NAIVETY**. And the future is not a calendar, rather a degree of your clarity. Everything else is an illusion of chronology.

And now, a simple thought: if coffins don’t have pockets, then the only genuine value you take with you is **ACCUMULATED EXPERIENCE**. However, even that must be packed not in selfies and clippings, rather in awareness. In what has become you. What you have integrated, digested, transformed into essence. Everything that has not passed through this will disappear. Those who refuse to accumulate meaning deprive themselves of the very foundation of being. Because meaning arises only in movement, only in growth. And growth is **NOT THE ENRICHMENT** with old knowledge, rather the mastering of the unknown. Everything that does not strive for growth is fiction — even if it walks, speaks, and posts stories.<sup>2</sup>

Growth is the process of turning the foreign into one’s own. The unknown — into the known. The fragmented — into the whole. Therefore, to live — **MEANS TO LEARN**. Not to endlessly repeat what is known, rather to go beyond it again and again — to expand not the boundaries of the world, rather of yourself within the world. Not the number of facts, rather the forms of perception. And that means: to know not only through logic, but also through the word. Not only through reason, but also through language. Because, in the end, if your experience cannot be expressed, — it has **NOT BEEN LIVED**. It remains unfinished. It remains alien. Now it’s worth stopping for a moment and asking: what exactly do we call “experience?” In what is it expressed? Where is it stored — if, for a moment, your body were turned off, forbidden to wave its hands, run, or build? Would you still have access to it? Of course not. Because **YOUR EXPERIENCE** is not a physical skill at all. It is what has settled within you in the form of words, thoughts, and feelings. A football player without a body cannot play; however, the thoughts

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<sup>2</sup> **Stories** — are a separate feed of photos and 15-second videos. This tool is very useful because its content disappears 24 hours after publication. With it, you can stay in constant contact with your followers without rebooting your main feed.

about the game, the feelings that arise in the process — remain. The same applies to the knitter, the pilot, and the philosopher. Because the essence lies not in the action, rather in the experience. And if that's so, then it is **PRECISELY THESE** experiences that are worth recording — not the outer mechanics, rather the inner essence. Here emerges that very magical discipline that once gained a fashionable name — “stalking.” Tracking. Following thought, feeling, inner movement. Yet few understand that true stalking is not merely to “observe.” It is to record. To fix. Because if you have tracked something yet not fixed it — **YOU HAVE LOST IT**. And if you've lost it — it's as if you never found it. However, simply recording the flow of sensations and thoughts is pointless. There



are too many of them, and most are random. What remains? That's right: to concentrate. **TO EXTRACT THE ESSENCE**. To capture not the form, rather the law. Not the emotion, rather the structure. Not the thought, rather the principle. Only then does the possibility arise to integrate it into yourself — not merely to remember, rather to **ACT DIFFERENTLY**. For every thought today is a potential action tomorrow. This is how that which can truly be called knowledge is formed within you.

If you think about it — this is what “writing a book” truly is. Because you are not recording a sequence of events, you are **GATHERING PRINCIPLES**, melting what you have lived through into a crystal of meaning. And that crystal is the only thing you can take with you beyond the threshold. It may not be in the coffin — which, as we know, “has no pockets” — rather it will exist within the structure of your essence. And if, when we are born, we already know many things, it means we have indeed brought something with us, and therefore, we can take something with us as well.

Writing a book — is **NOT AN ACT** of self-admiration — it is alchemy. Inner alchemy. It doesn't matter where you publish it — in a publishing house or in your own mind. True magicians<sup>3</sup> write books to become even greater magicians, while fools write them so they don't feel like fools. The **DIFFERENCE LIES IN AWARENESS**. The point is not simply to write, but to ask who exactly is writing, how they are doing it — and most importantly, why. For it is precisely this question — “why” — that opens the portal to the unknown, to the new, and therefore — to growth. Everything already known has been lived through, and thus becomes use(less). And here we come to the subtlest threshold: we all, in one way or another, treat magic as a **DECORATIVE ADDITION** to life. We manage to squeeze magic into routine, making it part of the everyday — instead of transforming the everyday into the magical. And that is the true turning point: not the search for magic as an exception, rather the return of life to its original magical essence.

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<sup>3</sup> **Magician** — a person capable of successfully manipulating their own perception (changing themselves, their body, and their world);

Magic is not a miracle. It is — **RIGHT ATTENTION**. It is the ability to restore your own wholeness. And writing is one of the ways to reclaim that wholeness. Because while you write, you structure, fix, and gather; you rewrite **YOUR LIFE** — from random to meaningful, from linear to multidimensional. This is the return of four-dimensional life through the fifth dimension of meaning. It's no coincidence that this **PART OF THE TEXT** — is not a set of techniques or a cheat sheet on how to build chapters or plot twists. Because the essence is not in simply recording actions. The essence is in creating a “third point of view” — from which you observe your actions, feelings, and **YOURSELF** as the one who writes. That point is the universal key. It is from there that your true writing begins. When you read this text, you're not just processing letters — you are correlating, trying them on, sometimes understanding, sometimes not, sometimes distorting. And that's all right. The main thing is **NOT TO STOP**. Because the path of understanding is the path of repeated attempts. If you try to grasp the essence merely by “trial and error,” I'm afraid one lifetime might not be enough. However, if you begin to seek not what is written here, rather what stands behind it, then you will come closer. Because the magic of writing is not literature — it is the **ART OF FINDING** the key to yourself, to reality, to that which surpasses you, yet simultaneously shapes you. And in this sense, the book you haven't written yet may turn out to be the most important book you are yet to begin.

Try to implant within yourself a simple but uncomfortable thought: most of the time, you are not doing what you think you are doing. Not in the sense that you are inactive — no. You are active, busy, sometimes even productive. Yet often — **IN THE WRONG DIRECTION**. You are moving, yet deviating from the trajectory where action truly gains meaning. Because the criterion of action is not in its visibility or effort, rather in its usefulness — in whether it brings growth, understanding, transformation. And if you find it **DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE** whether what you are doing is truly useful — perhaps it's time to start over. Or at least to reread. A Man of Knowledge does not live differently. He lives as everyone else, yet does something entirely different. Because he has found a way to draw benefit even from what seems useless. He does not deny routine — he transforms it.

Writing a book does not mean “teaching” others — it means **LEARNING YOURSELF**. Learning through the very process of writing, learning through the addressee you seem to be instructing. It is a path not of assertion, rather of discovery. Not of transmission, rather of transformation. Because Knowledge is not a reward for correct answers — it is the **PRESSURE OF REALITY**. It either passes through you, changing you, or it crushes you. However, even if it has passed — it must be released somewhere, like refined slag at a metallurgical plant. That's how the tradition of sharing knowledge arose — not to instruct, rather to process, recycle, and consolidate it within oneself. That's why to learn does not mean to “absorb.” It means **TO TEACH YOURSELF**. And one can truly teach oneself only when trying to explain something to another — when one stops being only a student and dares to become a teacher, even for a moment, even in play. Because teaching yourself is harder than teaching anyone else. There are no indulgences there. Only one option: the best possible one. That's why any path of absorption eventually reaches a boundary. Growth is impossible without giving, without generating. If you've been absorbing for years, you're not learning — you're wandering in circles. Learning **WITHOUT TRANSMISSION** becomes a tumor: it grows, yet it doesn't live. That is why it's vital to learn and immediately begin to give — even to one person, even to yourself, even in a text.

Stalking — is not watching yourself from around the corner — it is entering another point of view. As long as you remain only a student, you **DO NOT KNOW** what it's like to be a teacher. And that's exactly what he was trying to convey to you — not words, rather a feeling. Not knowledge, rather position. This is what fails to happen during prolonged apprenticeship — it turns into parasitism. Every



extra year without an attempt to pass something on is two years wasted. Because if you **NEVER INTEND** to become a general, you will remain a poor soldier. Do you admire someone's text, music, or thought? Then there is already a response within you — an impulse toward creation. Because admiration is not just an emotion, **IT IS A REMINDER**, a trace of your own destiny. If you stop at "oh, everything has already been written," or "I'll never reach that level," or "better to stay silent," — that is not modesty, it is fear. After all, if no one before you had ever done anything, you would never have learned that you could. That's not the point. The point is that the next step — is always into the zone of turbulence.

A breakthrough doesn't live on shelves. It cannot be taken easily, cannot be reached without effort. It exists at a distance you **MUST REACH**, with pleading, with mistakes, with daring. It lies beyond the comfort zone. Because everything that could be passed "slowly" — you have already passed. Beyond that point, slowly **NO LONGER WORKS**. And if someone has already done it before you, don't make excuses. That's no reason to stop. It's a sign that you can. And, **THEREFORE, YOU SHOULD**. If you can't yet write a good book, then write a bad one. Not because "it'll do," rather because movement demands a beginning. Awkwardly, clumsily — **YET BEGIN**. Because this is not just a book — it is you. It is the text of your life, and life itself is the **ONLY REAL WORK** you are ever really writing. Everything else is a draft. A person cannot leap into the state of "a better human" without first walking the path of the human. One cannot become more conscious **WITHOUT BECOMING AWARE**. You can't reach the third point without passing through the second. Order. The simple logic of Being — without tragedy, without privilege. **THERE IS THE PATH**. And whoever has gained experience — has it. Yet even for the most experienced, the wisest — there still lies infinity ahead. The unknown never ends. It is the horizon. It is the reason for movement. It is the source of meaning. And therefore, here — **ALL ARE EQUAL**. Every kind of boasting, every self-proclaimed guru stance, every attempt to skip the effort — is laughable. Not because it violates morality, rather because it violates the very topology of reality. Don't labor — you won't advance. Don't endure — you won't understand. Don't rejoice in discovery — you won't discover. **BEING IS WISE** — it built within us a chain of dopaminergic feedback, so that we feel what is right. So that joy from revelation would guide us, like a beacon. However, the human being — is a **CRAFTY CREATURE**. And someone once decided to rewire the chain. To rebuild the reward system. The result? It broke. The compass faltered, sensations dimmed, **DESIRES DISTORTED**. Now we wander in circles, asking one another: "How do we get there? Where's the direction?"

Some are held back by "authorities." Others think, "Everything has already been said." But what's stopping you from imagining that those people no longer exist? Or that you are them? True self-sufficiency is born **NOT WHEN** others recognize you, rather when you no longer wait for anyone's approval — when you stop waiting for permission, when you stop being ashamed to be. There are many ways to do this. You can grow proud. You can truly become a master. Or you can simply choose a field

where not “everyone has already said everything” — at least within your own microcosm. At least in your own kitchen. There, you are already an expert. Yet, alas, **MOST CHOOSE** the third path — self-belittlement. “I’m not worthy.” “I’m not ready.” “I don’t know how.” As if anyone ever began with “I know how.” If you truly immersed yourself in the question, you would see: life has an inexhaustible number of angles. It’s not that “everything has been said.” It’s that your vision has not yet developed enough to see something new. Because once it does — even the oldest books will shine with a new light. Growth itself is **THE ABILITY TO SEE** what has already happened differently. Deeper. Be honest.

There is another kind of doubt: “I have no right.” “I know too little.” “I don’t feel in a position to speak.” However, that, too, is just an image — a costume you can put on. And you are **NOT OBLIGED** to live in it forever. Only for a while, perhaps, for the sake of experience. Imagine that you are the authority. Not out of vanity, rather for practice — for the sake of understanding what it feels like to have words that carry weight. And suddenly you’ll discover: such a person feels exactly the same as you do. He doesn’t see himself as a guru. He simply **TOOK RESPONSIBILITY**. And this is what separates the one who acts from the one who waits. Responsibility is not shackles; **THIS IS THE SKELETON**. It’s not a burden — it’s a structure on which words, thoughts, and decisions grow. Only by accepting it do you begin to write, not out of helplessness, rather out of maturity. Not from inner fear, rather from inner clarity. And that is precisely why you must try. That is why you must make mistakes. Because in trying — you become. And without trying — you remain a draft.

An author is not a craftsman laying bricks of text just so the wall will stand. An author is one who makes **EXACTLY AS MUCH** effort toward the reader as he deems the gift itself to be worth — no more and no less. Therefore, for a text to be genuine, it must strive for transparency: the reader **SHOULD NOT** notice himself reading. The word must not obstruct the meaning. The ideal text is the one through which thought becomes visible — as if it were your own. As if you were simply thinking, not parsing someone else’s sentences. Yet to achieve this — takes work. That’s why, if the message is already clear and precise, you may allow yourself to make the reader work a little. Anything **FREE (OF EFFORT) — SPOILS**, especially in matters of meaning. Yet all this is form. And the essence? The essence is this: you will never create anything authentic unless you attempt to draw your thoughts from a place where no thoughts exist. From half-sleep, from second attention, from a dream, from a shadow on the wall. From where you **HAVE NOT YET BEEN**, yet where you are still drawn. It may not sound rational — and that is the point. It is not imitation of social authorities; it is an attempt to step beyond them.

If you have truly lived through something valuable, you will reach your revelation without techniques, schools, or gurus. Because ordinary thinking is nothing but the **SHUFFLING OF THE KNOWN** — chewing words, rearranging cubes. Illumination, on the other hand, is the arrival of the unknown — a flash, a vision, a thought, a formula, an image — something that **WAS NOT** constructed yet came. Even the deepest books cannot give you this. They can only hint at it, but never convey it. Try, for just an hour, not to think. Not to suppress your thoughts, rather to step out of their flow. Some will say it’s impossible. **YET IT IS POSSIBLE**. Not thinking is not emptiness — it is a different quality of attention. It is the exit from the slavery of thought into its command center. People sometimes say: “Oh, what I experienced can’t be told in two words!” Then don’t tell it in two. Tell it in two hundred. In two thousand. In a book, an article, or a video. If you don’t know how to make a video — ask someone who does. **JUST WRITE THE SCRIPT** yourself. Because if you truly have something to share — **DON’T KEEP SILENT**. Share it. That will be your gratitude to Life for allowing you to be its participant. And if, once you begin writing, you discover that it amounts to only a couple of pages — that’s good too. You’ve found the exact measure. Honesty matters more than scale. There’s meaning in writing only when you’re

ready to **DEFINE THE BOUNDARIES**. Not to blur. Not to inflate an epic about “eternity.” A book is a reflection of life. And life, no matter how deep, has its limit. Like a training session: if it never ends, it’s no longer training, it’s an escape. Only Being itself, in its multidimensionality, deserves infinity. A person, however, **MUST CHOOSE** something specific — and express it. The task is to find that golden mean: not to dissolve in generalities, rather not to drown in details either. Of course, we’d all like everything essential to be said in a few sentences — clear and immediate. However, that is **RARELY POSSIBLE**. The one who wishes to say much in little must first walk a long path. First, say little in much. Then you’ll learn to express much in little. That is the path of iteration. The first draft — is **NOT THE FINAL** one. It is a reason to rewrite, to rearrange, to repackage. And whoever is too lazy to do so must honestly admit that they are: **NOT READY**. And once you begin, reach the point where you say to yourself: “Now I understand what I wanted to say.”



Disrespect for another’s attention is a form of inner impurity. If you decide to speak — make sure you speak clearly. Otherwise — **DON’T BEGIN**. You can change everything — yet not formlessness. A plan is necessary, at least some kind of one. It’s like an anchor, a point to push off from. You don’t have to follow it literally — however, if it doesn’t exist at all, you’re not writing, you’re drifting in fog. And most importantly: the text of your life **CANNOT** be chronological. Life is not a list of events — it’s a pattern of meanings. Therefore, you must write not linearly, rather in brushstrokes. Today one thing, tomorrow another. Mood is the modality through which a theme arrives. Here lies the paradox: to write according to a plan, you must **FIRST HAVE A PLAN**, and then — boldly break it. And if today you feel drawn to one particular point — write from there. That is not chaos. It is alive. It is honest. And that is precisely how a book ceases to be a chronology and becomes a space. A space in which one can breathe.

Overcome your haste. It’s not just a bad habit — it’s a sign of a phantom state, when a person manages in a single day to become a writer, a guru, a cosmonaut, and by the next morning forgets who he even was. The quick ones don’t live — they flicker. Their presence isn’t fixed in time; it dissolves into absence. Yet we are speaking not of an episode, rather of a process. Not of convulsions of inspiration, rather of a path where **EVERY WORD** is suffered through — yet not fabricated. Yes, it may happen that no one ever reads or watches your work. However, it is precisely for that reason, you must write as if someone will. Care for every turn of phrase — so as **NOT TO DECEIVE** those who believed. Not in you, rather in the possibility. After all, it is sinful to ask for attention while offering nothing other than fleeting bursts pulled from neural hooks. Expression must be purified — not to sterility, rather to usefulness. To a precision that helps rather than hinders. To a form that carries within it both effort and respect.

Feedback? **YES, IT IS IMPORTANT**. However, not as orientation, only as verification. Never show a half-done work. Half a job is no job at all. It is not yet you. It is an **INTERMEDIATE STAGE** that must not be passed off as a result. Sleep on the text. Not as on something personal, rather as on something still

waiting to reveal itself. Let the night work in your place. As you fall asleep — think about the text. As you wake — feel what has remained. Let the phrase pass through you — not through the head, rather through the body. If you work with terms — work with the sensations behind them. A term without a body is dead. You must not know — you must see. Not explain, rather connect. Not sculpt, rather name. And when you feel that you have truly written, **NOT JUST** poured out your thoughts — then show it. Because if no one likes it, then at least you won't be ashamed. Your reward is not applause. Your **REWARD IS COMPLETION**. It's a mistake to think that writing is an act that happens in a cozy room with a golden pen in hand. No — you are always writing. On the bus, in sleep, in an argument, in a queue, on the run. You notice turns of phrase, catch rhythms, record shifts of thought. And when a thought strikes — write it down. Immediately. Because illumination melts like a dream. What is caught is **NOT FIXED** until it is recorded. The word that came from nowhere must be returned to the same nowhere — through you. Precisely. Fully. With effort.

Don't write later. **WRITE NOW**. If it comes — let it out whole. There is no such thing as half an idea. It arrives complete. You either hold it — or you drop it. And if you drop it — it's no longer the same. Later you'll try to "remember," yet it will be a different thought, not the one that was given. Yes, sometimes an idea comes naïve, rough, uneven. The temptation arises to polish it, to make it "prettier." However, that is where the loss begins. You trade the living for the dead. Essence for stylization. Energy for form. And that's it. Remember: you are not writing what you have seen — you are writing what will **HELP OTHERS SEE**. You are not sharing experience, but an entry into experience. Not a text, but an impulse that can lead another toward their own revelation. That is the only honest way of transmission. So let your conscience ache if you failed to write it down. Let responsibility **NEVER LET** you forget. And



let your work be not an act of self-expression, rather an act of connection — with yourself, with the world, with others. Through precision. Through attention. Through pain — and gratitude.

It's been observed more than once: many of those who **DECIDE TO WRITE** begin with what seems most important — the attempt to describe their feelings. And with surprise they find that what comes out is either vulgar, vague, or banal. Why? Because feelings are not text, not words, not even meanings. To describe a feeling directly is like trying to see music or touch a scent. The connecting link is missing. Between feeling and word, there must arise an image, an idea, a formula — something to hold on to. If the image **DOES NOT APPEAR** — congratulations: you are inside a feeling, inside an emotion,

and that's precisely what it is: a whirlwind — an internal dialogue, the helplessness of language in the face of a flowing wave. However, if a feeling has evoked an image — cling to it. And describe it. This is self-tracking. This is the beginning of writing.

The scheme is as simple as all truly complex things are: Sensation. Feeling. Image or pattern (vision). Word. Description of what was seen. The simpler the analogy, the more powerfully it penetrates. **DON'T BE AFRAID** of the banality. On the contrary — let the reader recognize themselves in the most ordinary, obvious things. That is what builds trust. **NO ONE WILL FOLLOW** you into the complex if, in the simple, you remain foreign. The way you approach a toilet — is the way you approach the cosmos. Because it's not "what" that matters, rather "how." People always do things they don't think about and don't know what they are doing. When you write — don't write "from yourself." Write "from someone else." Work not on getting thoughts out of your head, rather on **GETTING THOUGHTS** into the reader's head. It's like writing a letter meant to be read in the future — one that must be understood not by you, but by someone else. It's work in reverse time. And **THAT IS WHAT RESPONSIBILITY** is.

Realize that there are two levels of synthesis:

1. The first — ordering what is already known. At best — an explanation.
2. The second — illumination, when to the known something new is added, something previously unseen.

Illumination is not retelling. Not dictation. It's not something you've read somewhere and are now carefully quoting. No. It's the moment when **YOUR EXPERIENCE** coincides with new knowledge, giving birth to the unexpected. That's why you must always be honest with yourself. However, here's the trouble — if you're dishonest with yourself, you'll imitate honesty too. There's no way around it; that's how we're built. And yet, you can still escape this trap — through attempt, through practice, through inner "questioning." In fact, the whole process of writing can be described like this:

1. You take what is known and write for those who don't know — that's informing.
2. You take what is unknown and make it known — that's teaching.
3. You take what is known but show it in a way that makes it new — that's revealing a new perspective.
4. You take what is unknown and leave it as such — that's the position of the student, the act of inquiry.

And there are pathological forms as well:

- Turning the known into the unknown — confusion.
- Pretending to be an expert in what you don't know — charlatanism.
- Repeating banalities with a solemn face — simply foolishness.

And here it's important — not only to write, rather to think: whom are you speaking to? And why? Not to everyone — to someone. Which means you **MUST UNDERSTAND** what exactly you want to create, what needs you want to awaken, and which ones you wish to fulfill. Because the author is not only the led, he is also the leader. He leads the reader's attention — and leads it where he has promised, at least inwardly. Even if the final conclusion turns out to be unexpected, it **MUST BE** valuable. Then the reader will forgive you everything — even philosophical audacity. The danger of being well-read is that you'll constantly be drawn toward retelling. However, that is not enough. Because sources can be read directly. You are not the source, **YOU — ARE THE FILTER**. And if that filter adds nothing — you can be replaced by a search engine. However, if it does add — then you exist. And that means — it was worth writing.

Write so that even you yourself **WILL FIND IT INTERESTING** to re-read. Write so that you yourself finally understand what it was you wanted to say. Because the main discovery of any text lies

not in its content, rather in what you have deemed worthy to say aloud. That is where your uniqueness resides — the small thing for the sake of which it is **WORTH SAYING MUCH**.

We've only just begun. Everything said here is not an instruction, not a manifesto, not a conclusion. It is merely a **FIRST APPROXIMATION** — an attempt to feel out a language capable of speaking about what truly matters. About what has accumulated but not yet been expressed. About what must be said — not as in the news, not as in memoirs, rather as one living being speaking to another. We have only walked a **PART OF THE PATH**: from the need to express — to the understanding of how difficult it is to do so; from the desire to be understood — to the responsibility for what is said; from a sketch — to a formulation; from inner dialogue — to an attempt at inner silence, where the genuine word is born. **YET AHEAD** lies much more. We have only touched upon the theme of writing as a form of knowing and transmission. How is it connected to silence? To memory? To will? To choice? To intention? To the formation of a new human being? More about this — later. Or rather, in the next installment. ***Because this article is not a conclusion, rather an invitation.*** And if you've reached these lines, it means you've already done the most important thing: you've begun the path. And the path, as we know, arises beneath the feet of the one who walks.

***To be continued***

**F. Shkrudnev**

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