

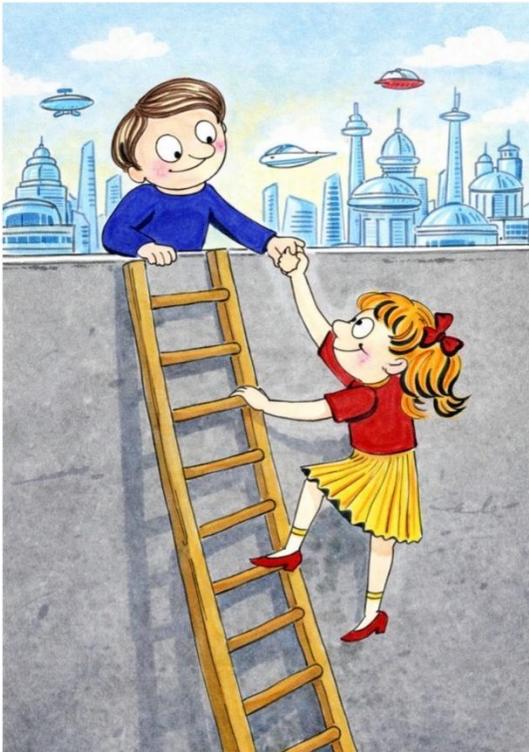
Salvation of the Saviors (series 107-369)

Project 369 – The Measure of Life: As long as There is a Woman – There is a Future...

*Life continues
not by the laws of nature —
it continues
by the measure of a woman's heart...*

Sometimes you just want to write, *“Happy March 8th, dear women!”* — add some flowers, a touch of springtime spirit, a few warm words about beauty and tenderness... and leave it at that. To say only what is customary on such days, without going deeper, without stirring unnecessary thoughts, allowing the celebration to remain light and transparent. However, this year I **COULD NOT** limit myself to a greeting card. Too much is happening around us. The familiar picture of the world is changing too quickly. People are asking too many questions — and too rarely receiving clear answers.

We are living in a period that can **NO LONGER** be described simply as a “difficult time.” A difficult time implies temporary hardships. What is happening now is a much deeper process. It is a



Transition. A Transition — not political and not calendar-based. It is not a change of dates, not another reform, and not an adjustment of external forms. It is a **CHANGE IN THE LOGIC** of social existence. It is a shift in the measure of perception. It is a redistribution of meanings. It is a correction of those deep algorithms by which society has been accustomed to living without asking — why exactly this way, and how sustainable it truly is. The old structures of thinking are still functioning, yet they no longer preserve integrity. They continue to reproduce forms, **YET THEY ARE LOSING** their inner content. The new ones are not yet fully formed, yet they already demand space. They are felt as a necessity; however, have not yet acquired clear contours. Information flows are intensifying, the speed of events is increasing, and a person finds themselves in a state of constant inner tension, as if forced to **CONTINUOUSLY ADAPT** to a changing environment.

We seem to be living in a space where matter accelerates its movement, information multiplies and becomes more complex, and the measure of understanding does not always keep pace with this acceleration. As a result, a sense of disproportion arises: there are more events than there is inner

readiness to comprehend them. And it is precisely here that the essence of the triad I have written about in other works becomes evident: matter changes, information reveals what is possible, yet everything is determined by measure — that inner proportionality which allows one **NOT TO COLLAPSE** under the pressure of change. If measure fails to keep up with transformation, chaos emerges; if measure is recognized and sustained, development unfolds.

Today, public consciousness is undergoing a test of this measure. Many people sense the changes, yet do not understand their nature. Some seek salvation in the past, clinging to familiar forms, as if hoping that a return to what once was will restore stability. Others respond with aggression or denial, perceiving change as a threat. Still others retreat into indifference, attempting to wait out the storm as though it were random and temporary. However, the Transition **CANNOT BE STOPPED** — because it is not tied to external decisions, rather to an internal transformation of the very structure of understanding life. This is not merely a social transformation — it is a correction of the energetic-informational state of society, a shift in its inner alignment. It is a transition to a different measure of human responsibility for what is happening — from the role of observer to the role of participant. And in this context, the theme to which I return again and again becomes **ESPECIALLY CLEAR** — the Victory over aging and, in a broader sense, over death.

Death is not only a biological ending. Aging is not merely a matter of years. Aging is the loss of measure. Death is the exhaustion of the inner capacity for renewal. When the ability to renew disappears, decline begins — even if the external forms are still preserved. If a society loses its capacity for renewal — it ages, regardless of technological achievements or declarations of progress. If consciousness loses the ability to discern — it dies before the body does, turning into a **SET OF REACTIONS** instead of living understanding.

And yet, despite all the complexity of this era, there is one thing that no one has canceled and no one can cancel. **IT — IS SPRING**. It arrives regardless of crises, government decisions, or market fluctuations. It needs no justification. It does not coordinate its arrival. It does not debate political agendas or adjust its timing according to analytical forecasts. It simply comes — and in doing so affirms the fundamental law of existence: life develops **THROUGH RENEWAL**.

Spring is not a poetic image, rather a visible manifestation of the triad. Matter awakens and changes its state. The information of life is reactivated, as if rewriting the script of growth anew. The measure of the natural cycle closes and begins again, demonstrating that completion is **ONLY A TRANSITION** to a new turn. This is a process stronger than human fears, stronger than crises, and stronger than temporary instability. **And in this lies the deeper meaning of March 8th**. It is not merely a historical date, nor only a remembrance of the struggle for rights. It is not just a day of flowers and words of gratitude. It is a day in which the natural cycle of renewal unites with the human capacity to carry the future within. It is a reminder that life is **NOT EXHAUSTED** by external crises and cannot be reduced to statistics of change. Life continues wherever inner measure is preserved. That is why I decided to write not a greeting card, rather a short article.

Today it is not enough to say, *“Happy holiday...”* Today it is important to understand what exactly keeps the world from aging in an era of turbulence. What allows humanity not to slide into historical fatigue. What preserves the possibility of Victory — not over someone, not over circumstances, rather over its own fading. **And as long as there is a Woman — there is a future**. Because Transition is always a **TIME OF GESTATION**. A time when the new has not yet fully manifested, yet already exists as a possibility. And gestation is the ability to sustain the measure of life when forms

are changing and meanings are searching for new support. It is the capacity to preserve inner integrity during a period of external restructuring.

A woman unites matter and information through the **MEASURE OF LOVE**. A woman sustains the balance between the speed of change and the depth of meaning. A woman preserves the inner fire that does not allow the world to grow old completely. And now I want to speak not merely about a holiday. I want to speak about the role you play in this historical moment — about the measure of life that you preserve, strengthen, and pass on, even when society has not yet realized the scale of what is taking place. Because the future does not arise on its own. **IT IS GESTATED...**

And God created man — he turned out handsome; however, as it became clear, not entirely complete. “And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh in its place. And the Lord God built the rib which He had taken from the man into a woman and brought her to the man. And the man said: ‘This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.’ Therefore, a man shall leave his father and his mother and be joined to his wife, and they shall become one flesh” (**Genesis 2:21-24**).

That’s where it all began. Not with calendars, not with rallies, not with slogans, not with social reforms — rather with the **AWARENESS OF INCOMPLETENESS**. With the understanding that alone — one may be beautiful, yet it is not enough. That wholeness is achieved only in union. The Lord looked at His creation... reflected... and, apparently, smiled: “Well, it’s all right... She’ll add color! She’ll brighten it! And overall — she’ll adorn it!” And she did... She adorned not only appearance, but the very structure of human existence. She brought the measure that was missing. She brought the depth that man at first did not even realize he lacked. She brought that which cannot be derived by logic, yet without which logic loses its direction. Since then, men lose ribs, or their heads, or their peace — but gain meaning. And women acquire... everything else. And within this irony lies a **DEEP PATTERN**. A man more often strives to act, to conquer, to transform. A woman — to connect, to preserve, to endow with meaning. One accelerates the movement of matter. The other sustains the measure.

There was no calendar yet, March 8 did not exist — yet the longing for attention, beauty, and justice already did. Even then, within human existence, there emerged a need to recognize the role of women not as an addition, rather as the **FOUNDATION OF STABILITY**. Later came the rallies, Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxemburg, the empty pots marches, and the loud slogans. Later history attempted to formalize a natural striving for balance into the language of social demands. Later the holiday received its date. However, women quickly understood: struggle is struggle, yet spring, flowers, and the attentive



gaze of a man are strategically more effective. Because true recognition is not achieved by protest alone. It is fixed through awareness.

History has put everything in its proper place. The holiday became not a symbol of conflict, rather a **SYMBOL OF RENEWAL**. Not of confrontation, rather of union. Not of a battle between the sexes, rather of the recognition of mutual incompleteness. And perhaps it is precisely from this — from the awareness that wholeness is possible only together — that the conversation about the future truly begins.

Today we live in an era of Transition. The swiftness of events can exhaust even the most seasoned male minds — especially *in the interval between 23 February and 8 March*, when memory obligingly begins to sort through images of world history. The soul is stirred by recollections of Eve and Lilith, of Cleopatra and Esther, of Purim,¹ and of pots and rolling pins as instruments of higher pedagogy... **IT COMES TO MIND** that the most powerful hurricanes bear women's names. That particularly dangerous, venomous animals, reptiles, fish, and other representatives of fauna are most often designated by feminine words: viper, cobra, gyurza. There is the anaconda, the shark, the orca. And even the abbreviation "EVS" — (Extremely Venomous Snake) — sounds quite convincing. A coincidence? One also recalls that the word "mother" has unexpectedly become a semantic neighbor of "matter" and "materialism." That the Moon is feminine. That "Tatyana" was the name given to a nuclear bomb created in the USSR. That everything destructive, elemental, and powerful often receives a



woman's name. And again, the question arises — accident or a subtle recognition of profound force? And then there is the notorious "**FEMALE LOGIC**," about which men like to speak with light, ironic condescension. Yes, it is built on contradictions. However, that does not mean it is poor in vocabulary. On the contrary — it works not by the quantity of words, rather by the density of meaning.

As practice shows, women, as a rule, possess an equal vocabulary — the only question is how it is used. And the smaller the external vocabulary, the **MORE HIGHLY** organized the exchange of information becomes. What a man is forced to unfold into detailed explanations, a woman is able to convey with a glance, an intonation, a pause.

With men, however — especially when the wave of recollection switches on after 23 February — everything is the opposite. With a large external vocabulary, there is often no second meaning, no hidden layer of informational transmission. As a result, everything has to be articulated — in detail, thoroughly, sometimes exhaustingly. The speed of information exchange in different spaces is

indeed different. What a woman **CAN CONVEY** within a single second, a man often unfolds into a text

¹ **Purim** (translated from Hebrew – "Lots") – one of the most famous Jewish holidays; according to the Gregorian calendar, the date of its celebration usually falls in the middle of March.

requiring no less than a full day of reflection — roughly one hundred and twenty-eight pages of commentary. When receiving information from subtler life-support systems, some men may hear music — usually in the interval between 3:30 and 4:30 a.m. local time. However, they are generally **UNABLE** to decipher it. And during the day, if they possess musical training, they attempt to reconstruct what was heard — to transmit, formalize, structure it. All the great composers are men. Yet sometimes one has the feeling that this music is intended for women, and men are merely intermediaries — translators from the language of intuition into the language of notes. On the other hand, the majority of recognized psychics are women. They **DO NOT NEED** to explain at length to a man what is happening. He simply begins to follow their recommendations, without fully understanding why it works — and later establishes scientific institutes to study phenomena that they use naturally.

Since a man, as a rule, does not immediately understand the command language of a woman, she — aware of the gravitational foundation of male thinking (let us recall Newton's apple) — sometimes conveys the meaning of her expressions through **MORE MATERIAL** arguments: the inertial mass of an iron or a rolling pin. The heavier the argument, the clearer the message. And if we set humor aside, one important thought lies behind all of this. A woman works not only with form, but with measure. She senses imbalance before it manifests in facts. She transmits information not only through words, rather through state. And in an era of Transition, when the speed of change increases more and more, it is precisely this ability — to instantly perceive and maintain inner proportionality — that becomes **ESPECIALLY VALUABLE**.

Men are inclined to explain everything: they create institutes, write treatises, derive formulas, build systems, and formalize hypotheses into doctrines, because it is important for them to structure, to fix, and to substantiate — and in this lies their strength. Yet there is a nuance: what a woman conveys in a single second with a glance, a man unfolds, as I have already said, into roughly one hundred and twenty-eight pages of text, and he does so with pleasure, because for him the process of explanation is equivalent to the **PROCESS OF UNDERSTANDING**. The speed of information exchange differs across spaces; therefore, a woman perceives things holistically, without an intermediate stage of decoding, while men are often “recorded” with programmatic information that they then broadcast to society — sometimes beautifully, sometimes loudly, sometimes hysterically — becoming carriers of ideas, reforms, and doctrines. However, the command, profound language — intuitive and connected with the measure of life — belongs to you, dear women; it is a language not so much of words as of states, and this is where the most important part begins.

We live in a period when the **VERY CONSTRUCTION** of organized human existence is changing. The logic of social behavior is changing. The information environment is changing. Processes are accelerating, interconnections are intensifying, and former boundaries are dissolving. And under these conditions, the stability of society is determined not by the strength of institutions, not by the number of laws, and not by the loudness of slogans, rather by the measure of inner discernment — by the extent to which a person is capable of sensing the proportionality of what is taking place.

*Within the triune framework of “Matter–Information–Measure,” it is **PRECISELY WOMAN** who intuitively senses the measure. Yet even the triune principle itself is not the limit of description. It describes the interrelation of concepts, objects, and processes existing within a certain space. Three attributes give us a method of discernment, yet they do **NOT EXHAUST** the space in which these attributes manifest. This space possesses a complex structure. It cannot be reduced to physical extension, nor is it fixed by modern instruments. It includes levels of meanings, intentions, states, influences — that depth which is difficult to measure, yet impossible to deny.*

Beginning with Aristotle, who maintained that every concept has its own boundaries of existence and application, thinkers have sought to supplement the set of original categories with **NEW RULES**, clarifications, and proofs. They strove to translate axioms — those unprovable foundations — into the realm of demonstrated concepts. Yet the more the conceptual apparatus expanded, the clearer it became: fundamental categories require not so much proof as correct application.

All fundamental concepts — measure, information, space, time — are not merely terms. They are living foundations of thought. They operate within the life of the individual and of society. And in the



course of this life they may transform, shift emphasis, reveal new facets — depending on external conditions and on the inner state of consciousness. Including — on the thoughts that arise in the minds of women. You sense the boundaries of what is permissible more accurately. You discern falsehood more quickly. You notice approaching imbalance sooner. Precisely because you work **NOT ONLY** with form, rather with the space in which that form emerges. Not only with facts, rather with their meaning. Not only

with information, rather with its measure.

In an era of Transition, this becomes **ESPECIALLY SIGNIFICANT**. Because when the space of being grows more complex, when the triune principle demands deeper understanding, it is precisely the ability to sense proportionality — not theoretically, rather intuitively — that becomes a factor of stability. And in this lies your irreplaceable role. The transitional period is not merely a change of forms of governance, nor simply a restructuring of institutions. It is a **TEST OF STABILITY** for humanity as an integral system. It is a moment when not the strength of mechanisms is examined, rather the depth of consciousness. When it becomes evident whether society retains its inner measure or begins to crumble under the pressure of acceleration. And here a woman becomes not merely the keeper of the hearth — she becomes the bearer of equilibrium.

If a man strives to transform the world, a woman preserves its wholeness. If a man builds structures, a woman keeps them from collapsing. If a man speaks about the future, a woman already senses what it must be. It is **PRECISELY YOU** — not a declaration, rather a reality. You preserve the connection between generations, not allowing time to tear the fabric of continuity. You safeguard the moral fabric of society, even when laws lag behind life. You carry the informational accompaniment of life — from birth to maturity. You develop the genetically conditioned potential of children — and thus shape the measure of the future. And if a man often thinks in terms of projects, reforms, and strategies, a woman thinks in terms of preserving life itself. And that is a **MORE FUNDAMENTAL** level of governance. One could, of course, continue and continue such reflections, inspired by the general mood of the approaching occasion. However, recalling “Newton’s apple” and its consequences for male logic, I shall perhaps stop in time. To move from reminiscence into reality — as always — it is best to turn to

Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin. He did this more than once. True, back then there were no symbolic milestones such as 23 February and 8 March. It was the year 1827. And there were lines that are astonishingly relevant today:

Allow me, residents of this country,
In these hours of mental anguish,
To congratulate you from confinement,
Happy the great holiday of spring!

Everything will be settled, everything will
pass,
Sorrows and worries will disappear,
Roads will become smooth again,
And the garden will bloom as before.

Let's call upon reason to help,
Sweeping away illness with the power of
knowledge,
And the days of hard trials,
As one family we will survive.

We will become purer and wiser,
Not surrendering to darkness and fear,
Let us rise in spirit, friend to friend,
We will become closer and kinder.

And let it be at the festive table,
We will enjoy life again,
May the Almighty send on this day,
A piece of happiness in every home!



And here — another important thought arises. Old age is not a number of years. Old age is the loss of interest. Old age is the fading of the inner fire. Old age is the loss of the ability to renew oneself. You, dear women, are the principal opponents of old age. A woman **IS SPRING** in any historical epoch. A woman is renewal within any system. A woman is the ability to begin again while preserving the memory of millennia. A man may speak of a “Victory over Death.” A woman conquers old age **EVERY DAY** — with her smile, her warmth, her presence.

As long as you are near, the world does not grow old. As long as you inspire, society does not lose its direction. As long as you love, life continues. And that is why the theme of Victory over old age and over death ceases to be abstract philosophy. It becomes a **LIVING PRACTICE** — wherever there is care, birth, support, patience, and an inner discernment of measure. You uphold the triune nature of life: **matter — in the body of a child, information — in the meaning conveyed, measure — in moral choice**. Therefore, on this day of spring, one wishes for you not merely flowers and compliments. One wishes you lightness — in an era of complex processes. Wisdom — without fatigue. Strength — without



bitterness. Depth — without heaviness. May the Knowledge that today rests upon your shoulders remain luminous. May what is happening not take away your joy. May your smile continue to rejuvenate this world. And if a man once truly sacrificed a rib — let us admit honestly, it was the most successful investment in the history of humanity.

Happy Spring Holiday — our dear women! Bloom! Renew. Preserve the measure of life — and thereby extend it. And yet, if we set aside the jokes about ribs, irons, hurricanes, and the speed of information exchange, what remains is the essential truth. A woman is not “half of humanity.” ***A woman is its measure.*** Through you, the future is calibrated. Through you, life receives its direction. Through you, society either matures — or grows old.

A transitional period is always a

TIME OF TURBULENCE. Old forms begin to crack, while new ones have not yet fully taken shape. Information flows intensify, the speed of change increases, and it becomes ever more difficult for a person to maintain inner stability. In such epochs, it becomes especially clear: the world is not sustained by laws, ideologies, or loud words. It is sustained by **INNER MEASURE** — the ability to discern, to proportion, not to fall into extremes. And this measure is, to a great extent, feminine. You are the first to sense falsehood. You notice disturbances of balance earlier than others. You intuitively distinguish where there is destruction and where there is development. You know how to preserve wholeness where a man is inclined to take things apart.

Matter changes — yet it is you who give it the form of life. Information reveals what is possible — yet it is you who choose what will be allowed to continue. Measure sets the boundaries — yet it is you who keep them in harmony. In an era of Transition, you become **NOT MERELY** the guardians of the family — you become the bearers of the stability of civilization as a whole. Through raising children, through preserving warmth, through the ability not to grow hardened, through the capacity to love, you safeguard that fabric of life which no reforms, laws, or strategies can ever restore.

To conquer old age means to preserve the capacity for renewal. To conquer death means to extend life through meaning. And in this, **YOU ARE AHEAD.** You know how to rejuvenate a space by your very presence. You know how to bring someone back to life with a single glance. You know how to turn a heavy day into a warm evening. As long as a woman remains a woman, humanity does not grow old. As long as there is spring in her heart, history has a continuation. As long as her smile lights the home, the world has not finally lost its light. And that is why **TODAY'S HOLIDAY** is not merely a date. It is a reminder of the fundamental principle of being: life renews itself through the measure of love, through

the ability to preserve wholeness, through inner harmony. While this harmony lives, old age will not prevail. While this measure is preserved, death does not have the final word.

Men may build strategies, write concepts, and reflect on the triune nature of matter, information, and measure; they may construct models of the future, derive formulas of stability, create theories of transitional periods, and even proclaim programs for victory over old age, yet if there is **NO WOMAN** beside them, all of this remains theory. You turn theory into life, information into warmth, the movement of matter into the continuation of the human line, and an idea into destiny. And if humanity is truly destined to pass through the Transition and enter a new phase of development, it will not happen because someone wrote the right law or approved a flawless concept, rather because **WOMEN PRESERVED THE MEASURE** — preserved tenderness without weakness, wisdom without arrogance, strength without cruelty, and love without calculation. And if we one day truly conquer old age — as I am more than confident, we will — it will not have begun in laboratories or institutes, nor in reports or scientific debates, rather with your glance, your smile, your calm assurance that everything will be all right. For victory over old age is first and foremost the preservation of the ability to renew oneself, and victory over death is the preservation of meaning — and meaning is born where there is love, care, and measure. Therefore, on this day, *I wish you not only happiness, rather to continue **TO BE THE MEASURE OF LIFE*** — to bloom not only in spring, to renew not only yourselves but us as well, to rejuvenate this world — and we will strive to be worthy.

Happy Holiday!



Yours, F. Shkrudnev ...and the "half" of the happy people peeking out from behind my back, who did not spare even their ribs for this.

06 March 2026