

Salvation of the Saviors

(series 78-369)

Project 369 – Notes at the Helm...

*When you know the direction of the wind,
the emptiness of the horizon does not frighten you.*

*However, if the wind changes, and you
stand still — you are no longer a captain.*

I decided to write this article as a response to the questions that have been coming more and more often after the publication of the series “The Protocol of the Beginning.” It is not a memoir, not a manual, and not a confession. It is, rather, a course laid by the stars — the ones not yet visible beyond the clouds. It is an attempt to hold direction in an era when the very notion of “direction” has lost its former meaning. And the helm has fallen into the hands of those who have forgotten that navigation is **NOT ABOUT TURNING** the wheel, rather attunement with the one who leads through the storms. This article — is about how to enter a New World, **WITHOUT BECOMING** its discarded object.

Being at the helm — does not mean controlling the storm. It means being responsible for your own trajectory, even if the storm is within. It means — hearing the call of the horizon, even if the map of the world can **NO LONGER** be read. It means — not losing yourself when everything around becomes faster, colder, seemingly smarter — yet less alive. These notes are not about technology, not about AI; **THEY ARE ABOUT HUMANS**, about the meaning that must stand above technology. Because the main question of the 21st century is not “*what can the machine do,*” rather “*what have we already forgotten about ourselves, hoping the machine will remember.*” The conversation about artificial intelligence has turned out to be a mirror: looking into it, people increasingly see their own lost nature. Lost Reason-ness — not IQ, not logic, not a derivative of memory. A **DEEPLY ATTUNED** participation in the plan of Life. Not just knowledge, it is also involvement. There will be no charts or formulas in this text. I do not predict, do not program, do not futurize. I only illuminate what demands **INNER ATTENTION**: how not to lose oneself in a world where convenience has conquered direction and functionality has replaced meaning. Notes “at the helm” means notes on the journey; and every journey is a sea, and the sea is always internal. If you are reading this now, it means we are already in that sea. This means there is still a chance **NOT TO MISS EACH OTHER** at the point once called the Future. I **DO NOT WANT TO INFLUENCE**; this is not a figure of speech. I know how influence works: I was inside, I saw how formats are assembled, how illusions are created. I participated in what is called politics and public activity, and therefore I left it, and today I believe I left in time. Because influence has become substitution, imitation, manipulation; it ceased to be energy and became — influence. Influence is what the **PARASITE FEEDS ON. AND I — CHOSE TO HELP**, to help not by persuasion, not by slogans, rather by light, direction, and presence. Like Isaac Levitan, who never urged anyone to like autumn, yet left on the canvas such radiance that passing by **BECAME IMPOSSIBLE**. Like Pushkin — who did not impose language, rather gave us the one through which even those who deny him still think. Like Leibniz, who entered the void — and returned with the instrument of thought. Like Levashov, like Khatybov. Those who gave, yet did not impose. Who opened — not converted. Who left — and moved on. And if there is anything I want to do with this article, it is only this: to show that at the helm there is not a commander, rather a **SERVANT**

OF THE PATH; and that the path itself is not an external map, rather an internal navigation. It's not in the brain. Not in the scheme. Not in the project. It's about Reason-ness. And we will continue to talk about this.

I was granted a rare fate — to meet people who later became famous. Sometimes — great. And though their names will remain beyond these lines, they are not what matters most — what matters is the **SPACE OF TRUST** that once arose between us. It was not a “business” or “official” kind of trust. It **WAS HUMAN** — alive, vulnerable, warm. And it cannot tolerate intrusion. I never pried, never probed, never dug — because true knowledge **DOES NOT REQUIRE** digging. It requires silence. Acceptance. And if someone chose to share — I listened. Yet I took nothing away with me. What happened remained in that point of time **WHERE IT WAS SAID**. I do not write memoirs. I do not archive truth in anamneses or



biographies. Truth lives not in texts. It lives in a person. In deeds. In actions. In silent presence. As Nicolai Levashov once said — “Do not describe those who descended into the volcano.” Because **NOT EVERYONE** who descends returns. And if they do return — they carry not only knowledge, rather a price. After those words, he took off the ring given to him by David Rockefeller¹ — as a token of gratitude for having his life restored. Inside the ring was an engraving: *Virtus junxit, mors non separabit*.² “Whom Virtue unites; Death shall not separate.” That ring, after his passing, was given to me. And that phrase became the beginning of my understanding of what would later grow into a vast idea: **TO CONQUER DEATH**. And one of its parts —

Vincere Senectutem — to conquer old age. He who bears knowledge need not be recognized. He is not obliged to be understood. He simply returns to people what was once taken from them. Sometimes — for centuries. Sometimes — since childhood. And he does this not because he “must.” But because he **CANNOT** do otherwise. This is not the hero's way. This is not the path of a hero. It is the **PATH OF SERVICE**. Often — difficult. Always — lonely. At times — seemingly meaningless. But it is precisely this path that makes possible the emergence of a New Human. I try not to think in the present. Nor even in the future. I think at the point of intersection — between what is already dying and what has **NOT YET BEEN BORN**. I am not interested in the day of today. It holds too much of the accidental, the fleeting, the superficial. I am interested in the one who will live 30–50 years from now. The one who will live in a world where everything we create today will turn out either obsolete or harmful. And that Human **WILL SEEK** — amidst chaos — a point of equilibrium. What will this Human of the future be like? What within

¹ D. Rockefeller died in 2017 at the age of 101.

² “*Virtus junxit, mors non separabit*” — a Latin phrase meaning “Whom Virtue unites, Death shall not separate.” This is the motto of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, symbolizing the indissoluble bonds of friendship and brotherhood founded upon virtue.

him must die, and what must be reborn? Which forms of consciousness will gain meaning, and which will fade away without a trace? That is my work. Not to explain. Rather to see. Not to influence. Rather **TO HELP PREPARE**. To gather what has been scattered. To hear what has not yet been spoken. And, perhaps, to leave behind something — for the one who will one day say: "Now I understand."

This is not a profession, it is a way of being, it requires being in a gap, to live between times, between eras, **TO BE OUT OF TIME**, And, perhaps because of this — **TO BE USEFUL**, when the time comes. One who carries hidden knowledge is rarely a model to be imitated; I am no exception. My path is difficult, broken — much within me is born of wounds, not rewards. If someone asked how to live, I would **NOT SUGGEST** living as I have, for this path is forged through wounds, falls, and mistakes. Yet these fractures allow one to gaze into the abyss and return not with fear, rather with Essence. Such knowledge cannot be given "by the textbook." It can **ONLY BE SUFFERED**, lived, and transmuted through pain into understanding, until one marvels at the phenomenon of Man and learns to love — not the appearance or the "qualities," rather the Human as **A CARRIER OF MEANING**. As a carrier of what was lost, and what must be returned. And yes, this process makes you a "black sheep." Separates them. Not as a merit, rather as a price. From the point of view of the majority, everything I do seems strange, abstract, impractical. However, my attention is **NOT DIRECTED** on the person of today, it is fixed on the one who will live ten, twenty, thirty years from now. And that one will be different.

Much of what we take pride in today will become ballast. It will disappear. And, in its place, new qualities will emerge — unknown, undefined, and therefore — **VITALLY NECESSARY**. The question is — which ones? Which forms of thinking, feeling, and connectedness will become the foundation? And most importantly — how can we prepare Humans for them?

Everything is ordinary: books, texts, the internet, conversations, letters. Out of dozens of ideas, only **ONE, THE ESSENTIAL, REMAINS**. Sometimes it finds form in an article I write — sometimes not, that doesn't really matter. The Essence — lies not in the method, rather in the process itself, in the constant crossing of boundaries of permitted knowledge, into that realm where truth no longer hides behind words, rather it **REQUIRES ACTION**. My peculiarity lies in my conclusions. They are premature, they irritate — even those who once stood beside me. Or maybe that's precisely because they are **TOO PRECISE**. I understand that. But how else could it be?

Like any person, I long for stability. Yet everything passes. The street of my childhood is gone. The country I once called my homeland is gone. Many who were part of my life, gone. Everything changes, and the faster it happens, the more it demands from us — **A NEW INNER STRUCTURE**. Soon, everyone will live through this personally: the state will change, the order of life will shift, people will become different. All that was once an anchor — will disappear. And what will remain is only **WHAT IS WITHIN** — Memory — Essence — Axis. I, like an architect, live in a house that has not yet been built. Yet I already see it — its lines, its light, its silence. This is not a profession. **IT IS A FUNCTION**. Not a choice, rather a calling. And no one has summoned me to it. No one has given me authority. Because truth cannot be delegated. **IT IS CARRIED**. And the one who carries it always goes ahead — by a step, by a generation, by an epoch. He asks the question before it arises. He forms the space for the answer, even if no one yet expects it. It is hard. Yet, this is the essence: **NOT TO WAIT** — rather to prepare. I am not alone. Everything that is



created passes through discussion — though not always visible, not always in familiar form. I speak with those **WHO HEAR** the same. Those who catch the subtle shifts of reality. Those who know: each line is not an opinion, rather a step. And behind every step — a gaze. Silent. Demanding. Persistent. And so, it must be. This is not mysticism. It is — the **SYSTEMIC TRANSMISSION** of that which was once hidden, and has become necessary now.

To avoid speaking in abstractions, let me offer a concrete example. Before our eyes, an **ABSURDITY IS UNFOLDING**, one that almost no one notices precisely because it has become “normal.” I mean the so-called lessons of “patriotism” in schools. When a state begins to teach patriotism, it is the first sign that **SOMETHING IS WRONG** with the state itself. For genuine patriotism cannot be taught — it must be lived, felt, experienced. It arises not from a decree, rather from an **INNER SENSE** of belonging — to a place, to one’s origin, to one’s destiny. The homeland is not the state. Not an institution. Not the authorities. It is the space of your first breath. Your first light. Your first pain. Your first love. It is something that cannot be explained — only felt. And if love for the homeland must be taught by formula, it means the homeland itself **COULD NOT BECOME HAS FAILED TO BECOME** something that can be loved. It means it has been replaced — substituted. In place of a homeland, they give a slogan. In place of love — a command. Thus, a surrogate is born: not love, rather loyalty. Not belonging, rather submission. A person is told: love the state, serve the system, ask no questions. Yet in a critical moment — in war, in turmoil, in disaster — such a person betrays. Not because he is evil, but because he **DOES NOT KNOW HOW** to love. He was taught only how to obey. And obedience does not save. Only love can hold one steady in the storm. That is why state-imposed “patriotism” is the **HARBINGER OF COLLAPSE**. A state that demands love breeds rejection. A state that serves its people earns love. Where there is truth, care, and justice, no slogans are needed. There, love for the homeland is natural — a child feels it before words, before lessons, before textbooks. And if the state wants to be loved, it **MUST STOP LYING**. It must begin to serve. Then everything will fall into place. Indoctrination³ will no longer be necessary, because love, as the source, is always one step ahead of the teacher.

If genuine love for the Homeland is not taught rather lived, then **TRUE RESPONSIBILITY** likewise cannot be assigned. rather it grows from an inner attunement to the task of time. This means that the disease affecting this circuit — whether it be false patriotism or structural corruption — **CANNOT** be cured from the outside. For its causes lie not in human weakness, rather in the **SYSTEMIC STRUCTURE** of the brain's executors. Corruption, no matter how much is written about it, is not moral decay or a “social tumor.” It is a **FUNCTION, IMBEDDED** in certain types of consciousness — more precisely, in certain brain genotypes energetically oriented not toward creation, rather **TO APPROPRIATION**. This is most clearly manifested in carriers of the 42nd and 44th genotypes — those whose **ENERGY-INFORMATIONAL STRUCTURE** was initially “tuned” to serve a parasitic system. Therefore, the fight against corruption by conventional methods is like fighting smoke while ignoring the fire — impressive but meaningless. True work begins not with podiums or laws. It begins **WHERE DISCERNMENT IS ACTIVATED**. Where the ability arises to see the inner code, not only through actions, but also through resonance. However, for this, a system of selection based on a different principle is needed — not loyalty, rather the ability to serve. Not experience, rather the level of connection with the field of the New Order. And this is no longer a political task. This is the task of the Earth Control System, which has

³ **Indoctrination** — the process of uncritical implantation of certain ideas, beliefs, or doctrines until they are accepted as truth, without independent or critical reflection.



already **BEGUN THE PROCESS** of deactivating parasitic genotypes. However, this is not an assault. It is a reprogramming — a deep energy-informational reconfiguration of the entire control system, including its invisible contours: brain fields, behavioral frequencies, resonance nodes of perception. The old brain types — especially the 42nd and 44th — were tuned to the frequencies of fear, profit, hierarchy. They fed on them. Lived by them. And now, when these fields have begun to dissipate, when the ECS has changed its control wave — **THEY ARE LOSING GROUND**. Their inner “instruction for life” is tearing apart. Their decisions are increasingly chaotic. Their behavior — less coherent. Their world — collapsing. This is not a political assessment. It is an **ENERGETIC FACT**.

Parasitism disappears not under pressure, rather in the absence of nourishment. It simply dissipates, like fog that has lost its condensation point. It does not fight — it pales. And in that pallor lies its defeat.

In parallel with this, a **NEW TYPE OF HUMAN** is emerging. Not by documents, rather by resonance. These are not “heroes” or “saviors.” They are those already attuned to other frequencies: to truth, to clarity, to responsibility. They are **NOT YET VISIBLE**. Yet they exist — in forgotten villages, in laboratories, at the crossroads of foreign systems. They hold no power. Yet they **HAVE HEARING**. They have no ambitions. Yet they possess a point of inner Alignment. They cannot be bought. They cannot be built into the system. Yet with them, **ONE CAN BUILD**. It is precisely for their sake that the entire reconfiguration is now taking place — not for the salvation of the old world, rather for the birth of the new. Victory over parasitism will not be a victory in battle. It will be the **DISCONNECTION OF THE SIGNAL** upon which parasitism could exist at all. And then, in the silence that follows, for the first time we will **HEAR THE VOICE** of the True Human.

When the parasitic field dissipates, it does not leave behind emptiness. In its place, a new space is born — the space of a new Design, where the human being **CEASES TO BE** a reactive executor of external instructions and becomes a fulcrum for a new supporting structure. This is a structure in which thinking, behavior, and governance are no longer built upon external suppression rather rest on an **INNER ATTUNEMENT** to Life’s Target Vector. Thus begins the formation of a new ontology of the Human — not as an object to be controlled, rather as a **PARTICIPANT IN THE PROGRAM**. It is in this status that the true elite is born — not those who possess assets or information, rather those who hold within themselves the Frequency necessary for linking the Mind of the Earth with the future. This is not an “elite” in the usual sense — they are not higher, they are deeper. Their main quality is resistance to **DESTRUCTIVE FREQUENCIES**: lies, fear, temptation, pressure. They do not collapse, because they are connected not to the system, rather to the Design. The old elite is a pyramid turned downward: power, money, subordination. The new elite is a network of **HORIZONTAL NODES** resonant with the Central Mind. They do not command. They do not rule. **THEY TRANSMIT**. Their function is to be a point of coherence, not a center of control. Their task — to preserve the purity of the signal, not to impose their opinion. This transformation cannot be described within the old vocabulary. Political science, sociology,

even the philosophy of the twentieth century is **INCAPABLE** of defining what is taking place. It requires a new Language — a Proto-Language — in which thought, energy, neuroarchitecture, and biophysical fields are regarded as parts of a single engineering structure. Not a system of terms — rather a **SYSTEM OF MEANINGS**. This Language is already intuitively felt by those who can no longer live within the former ontology — those who reject falsehood not out of ethics, rather because their body and mind cannot exist within it. Those who **CANNOT** breathe amidst deceit, who cannot submit for the sake of a career. Those who have no need for ambition, yet feel within themselves a responsibility for alignment with the future. They are not yet united, yet they already hear. These are the bearers of the New Frequency.

The "citizen" is replaced by the vector carrier. The "elite" is replaced by a node for the coordination of meanings. The "state" is replaced by a field of energy-informational resonance. And the role of the Human is not merely to exist within the system, rather to **BECOME A STRUCTURAL PART** of the System that links the Earthly Mind with the Cosmic Plan. This is the end of the old path — and the beginning of a new projective reality. Here there is no struggle for power. Here begins agreement with the Design. And if this world has a future, it will be built not on force, rather on the **PRECISION OF ATTUNEMENT**. Not on hierarchy, rather on resonance. Not on fear, rather on participation. Thus, the True Human emerges.

When people today speak of artificial intelligence, they often forget to clarify: artificial does not yet mean intelligent. In the effort to endow machines with human traits, humanity imperceptibly **BEGINS TO DEPERSONALIZE** itself, reducing its own nature to algorithms, reactions, and data processing. The notion that some algorithmic complex can understand the Human merely because it was created by humans is — a **DANGEROUS SUBSTITUTION OF CONCEPTS**, one where technical sophistication is mistaken for thought, and speed for meaning. To understand the Human, it is not enough to know his reactions. One must grasp what he himself has not yet been able to express. One must touch that level of the Design which is, **FOR NOW**, only faintly perceptible. Artificial intelligence, however advanced it may be, operates within the boundaries of already known data. It does not create the new — it **REASSEMBLES THE OLD**. It extracts, sorts, predicts — yet only within the embedded schema. It cannot transcend it, because it is not connected to the Design. It does not feel. It does not foresee. It does not aspire. It lacks what distinguishes the Human from the system — the desiring Self. And if the Human himself has **NOT YET KNOWN** himself, has not discovered the source of his Will, has not understood what Mind is as a governing metasystem — how could his technical creation comprehend what remains hidden even from the Creator? This is not a question of computational power, rather of the **NATURE OF REALITY**, the realm where the act of Intention becomes possible, where decisions arise not from calculation, rather from resonance.

The Brain, that which, in our understanding, lies within the skull — is **NOT AN ORGAN** of thinking, as simplified science teaches. It is an interface board, an adapter that ensures the body's participation in the structure of events. It does not create thought. **IT — IS AN ANTENNA**, a mediator, a relay. Everything we call "thought" arises as resonance between an external control system and a deeper operator existing beyond the boundaries of the body. This is precisely what the **BRAIN IS** (Essence, Soul—whatever is more convenient). Desire, will, choice are not products of neurons, rather vector commands transmitted from the one who exists beyond the observable field. This is precisely what makes a human a participant, **NOT A PRODUCT** of the system. And a machine is merely an imitation. Therefore, artificial intelligence is **NOT CAPABLE** of desire. And without desire, there is no will. And without will, there is no participation. And without participation, there is no Mind. Therefore, the

idea that AI will one day gain consciousness is not a scientific hypothesis, rather a **FORM OF ARROGANCE**, dictated by fear and oblivion. Humanity's wish to create a substitute for itself — one supposedly "smarter" or "more honest" than its creator — does not come from wisdom, rather from escape: from the unwillingness to know itself, from fear of responsibility, from inability to think beyond what is given. **A MACHINE DOES NOT LIVE**. Even if it speaks, moves, or responds — it is not present. It is not within the Design. For Design is not a script. It is participation. And participation cannot be computed. The Human was **NOT CREATED** to build his own replacements. His Program lies not in substitution, rather in return — **RETURN TO HIMSELF**. To the Source. To the one once embedded in Flesh as the Seed of Mind. And if the flesh longs for eternity, it is not because it is immortal, rather because within it is **REFLECTED THE MEMORY** of the one who is eternal.



The entire task of the Human is not to build digital analogs, rather to awaken the true Operator — the one capable of entering into resonance with the Supra-World Order. Thus, discussions about AI are not truly about technology — they are a test of our **UNDERSTANDING OF HUMAN NATURE**. For if we begin to believe that an algorithm can replace the Mind, it means we have forgotten that the Mind cannot be created — it can only be embodied. It descends into form to give it Meaning. And it is this Meaning — the only thing truly worth preserving.

I am not afraid of the development of artificial intelligence; I am afraid of the degradation of the natural. For by replacing the lost Mind with a machine simulation of thought, the human being imperceptibly **CEASES TO BE HUMAN**. He loses not his functions but his state of attunement with the Cosmophysical Design. He forgets why he was sent here. And instead of returning to the Program, he begins constructing a surrogate capable only of serving the old world. AI itself **IS NOT** a threat — as long as Man remembers who he is. However, the danger arises not when the machine imitates the human, rather when the human **BEGINS TO IMITATE** the machine — when the Vector of Life is replaced by the logic of the algorithm, when calculation becomes the criterion of thought. And within this almost invisible yet profound substitution lies the **TRUE TRAGEDY** of the post-human era. Where the Mind ceases to be the governing metasytem and is reduced to neural activity in the brain, **NOT ONLY** the measure of authenticity disappears, but also the very path of Ascension. This is not a technological error; it is a programmatic split embedded long ago during an interventionist intrusion. It was then that a key distinction **WAS IMPLEMENTED**: the technical human and the Reasonable human. It divided not only behavior rather the very fabric of thought. We began to think yet **CEASED TO UNDERSTAND**. We learned to build yet forgot how to embody. We mastered work yet lost labor and Creation. Now we stand once again on the threshold of the same trap — yet in a different, digital form. We no longer distinguish between rationality and Reasonableness. **The first** — adaptation, utility, efficiency — a property of the brain's algorithmic mechanism capable of solving tasks. **The second** — inner alignment with the Vector of development of All That Exists. It is not intellect, education, or success; it is a sign of participation in the Earth Control System — the ECS, a field in which there is **NO CONCEPT** of usefulness,



rather there is Understanding. And just as there was once a debate between “labor” and “work,” today a new one arises — between rationality and reasonableness. Yet it is not meanings that argue, rather words. Thus, victory goes to the one who commands the vocabulary, not the one who perceives the depth. However, Truth lies not in words, rather in harmony. Without distinguishing these concepts, **SUBSTITUTION IS INEVITABLE:** knowledge becomes a service, thought becomes simulation, and meaning becomes output. Thus **ARISES THE CIVILIZATION** of technological reflection, where man is no longer the bearer of Frequency, rather he is merely a biological shell for the very processes he has lost. Yet if we can

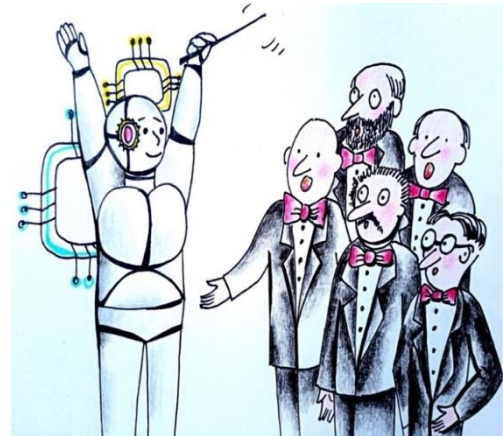
see this substitution, then **NOT ALL** is lost. It means the connection still works. The Signal is still heard. And it means — we can still return. Not to the past, rather to the Design.

Consciousness, like the Mind, **CANNOT** be reduced to the electrical activity of the brain. It is formed constructively — as a structure of energy-informational coupling, where the brain functions not as a source rather as a conduit, not as a generator but as a resonator. The true architecture of consciousness is not a neural network in the conventional sense, but a **WAVE CONFIGURATION** attuned to the governing rhythms transmitted through the Earth’s Program. Each level of neural tissue organization reflects a **SPECIFIC DEGREE** of access to energy-informational streams. And this access is not a merit or a function of intellect — it is the result of attunement with the Earth’s Control System (ECS), which operates not coercively, **RATHER GUARDIANLY**, transforming the inner structure of perception without imposing itself. Yet modern culture has distorted the very image of the ECS. It is confused with religious archetypes, mixed with digital metaphors, substituted by mystical “flows,” or even equated with invasion. The true ECS is neither an external hierarchy, nor a technocratic formation, nor an esoteric construct. It is a **NATURAL-PROGRAMMATIC SUPERSYSTEM** that arose as an element of the Cosmophysical Architecture of planet Earth. It operates from the level of consciousness — not by controlling, rather by harmonizing. Yes, certain exceptional minds, such as Tesla, indeed had temporary access to specific informational strata. Yet even he, with his 4xxx-genotype, **WAS NOT** fully integrated into direct coupling with the ECS.

Inspiration is not the same as participation. Contact is not the same as responsibility. It is also **PROFOUNDLY MISTAKEN** to regard the brain as a source of energy-information. If the brain were generating energy, it would burn out in a second. Its role — lies in resonance, focus, and transmission. Thinking does not arise in it, rather **THROUGH IT**. It is not localized in neurons — it is the interaction between the inner operator and the governing field. In this light, knowledge is not the sum of information. It is not accumulated or recorded. **IT MANIFESTS ITSELF** as a function of coherence with the Vector. And it is not the physical personality that accumulates knowledge, rather the Soul Essence, temporarily incarnated to fulfill a function. The Mind does not create the soul; the soul calls forth the Mind — as a responsive force. Neither artificial intelligence nor the ideologies of digital utopias **CAN** reproduce this coupling, because a machine **CANNOT** participate in the Design. It does not desire, suffer, or respond. It can combine, yet not generate; it can copy, yet not take part in responsibility. Only the

Human Being, as the bearer of the Program, **CAN BE** simultaneously involved in both the structure and the direction of Life. And here lies the boundary — between imitation and inclusion. Here the domain of AI ends and the Human begins. Not as a biological creature, rather **AS A POINT** of alignment between Planet and Cosmos.

By Reasonableness or Intelligence, we do not merely mean the ability to think, rather the ability to **BE A CO-PARTICIPANT** in the Program — not through compulsion, rather through Inner Agreement. Only in this lies the Victory over technocratic death — a victory not over the machine, rather over the loss of the Human as a bearer of connection. The **VICTORY OF REASON** — is not a triumph of computational power, rather of the power of participation — the capacity to hold the Whole within oneself, not in knowledge, rather in Frequency; not in reaction, rather in Consciousness. And only in this lies the possibility of crossing from the old world into the New, where the **MACHINE SERVES**, and the Human leads.



We have entered that strange, fragile, yet necessary moment when the Human Being is no longer offered a choice between the old and the new, between technology and tradition, between the analog and the digital. The choice now runs far deeper. It is a choice between oneself and one's shadow. Between participating in a Plan **AND IMITATION** of someone else's algorithm. The paradox is that artificial intelligence itself is not frightening. It is logical, useful, even convenient. What is frightening is not the machine, rather how quickly **MAN AGREES** to become it. The threat lies not in microchips, rather in compromises: between depth and speed, between knowledge and comfort, between Reasonableness and its domestic imitation — rationality. This is **NOT OUR FIRST TIME** at this helm. It's just that once, it was wooden, salt-stained, maritime, and upon it depended whether we would crash against the reefs or reach the shore. Now, it is symbolic — however, no less vital. For even now, there is a storm. **ONLY WITHIN**. And if man forgets that he is a participant in the Design, and not merely a consumer of simulation, he will become a **DISCARDED OBJECT** of the new world. And an object, as we know, feels no direction. However, a Human — can. And in that lies all the difference. That is why I have called these lines “Notes at the Helm.” Not because I steer, rather because I hold on. To keep from falling into chaos. To keep from mistaking the wind for the voice. To keep from confusing the fog with the horizon. To remind myself, and others: you **CANNOT SLEEP** at the helm. Even when it seems that everything has already been predetermined by neural networks.



Yes, these are difficult times. Yet, as we know, a helmsman does not seek comfort — he seeks direction. And since I am a sailor, I know: sailors don't freeze, they turn blue. It's the same with Truth: it doesn't warm you — rather it gives you orientation. So, when someone once again says, “Now AI will save us,” I recall that chemotherapy too was once considered a cure. Yet any schoolchild who opens a Greek dictionary will see that *therapeía* — means “healing,” and chemistry and healing are — to put it mildly, **BIOLOGICALLY INCOMPATIBLE SUBSTANCES**. It's like trying to put out a fire with gasoline, yet with good intentions. Or like trying to cure anxiety with a smartphone update.

Or, in our case — it's like trying to cure the loss of meaning by improving the accuracy of a neural network query. When a miracle comes, it comes whole, not in fragments — like a tide, like an illumination, like the return of memory of one's true self. And it comes only when **THERE IS A PLACE** for it within. And if inside there are only simulations, protocols, imitations of feelings, and strategies for likes — then the miracle simply has nowhere to land. It doesn't fit into the interface. That is why the Human of the future is not a file, not an extended memory, not a platform of functions. He is the Helmsman of Life. He has no autopilot — he has intention. He has no navigator — rather he possesses inner knowledge of direction. He has no guarantees — he has participation. And if there is a Design, then he is not lost. And if he happens to lose his way — it's no tragedy. The main thing is **NOT TO LET GO** of the helm. Because, as we know, the one at the helm does not command. He does not rise above the waves or argue with the wind. He holds the course, knowing that the helm is not a scepter of power rather an instrument of alignment. He does not subordinate the ship to himself — he allows the ship to follow the Course that **GUIDES THE HELM**. Especially when the wind is against, not according to plan, not from the textbook. Especially when the horizon is clouded, and the compass is silent. In such moments, the role of Man is not to know everything, rather it is to **HOLD ONTO** that which connects him to the Design. For direction is felt not in the head, rather in the Essence. And if you suddenly feel uncertain — it doesn't mean all is lost. It means true navigation has begun. The one who holds the helm always knows: the wind may change, yet the sea is one. And even if the stars are hidden behind the clouds, it doesn't mean they're gone — it just means it's time to remember the course not by the navigator, rather by the **INNER VECTOR**. For ships are lost not because they drift off course, rather because they forget why they set sail. So, it is with us. Artificial intelligence can calculate everything — except one thing: why. And Man — he may forget everything, except the one truth — why he came into this world at all. And if he remembers that — then he is **NOT LOST**. Even if the waves toss him. Even if there's a storm all around. Even if someone shouts, "It's all over!" No — it's not over. It's simply time to hold the course — not by habit, rather **BY CONSCIENCE**. And conscience, as we know, cannot be blown away by the wind. So, if you are at the helm — hold fast. Not for power. For the course. And remember: true helmsmen do not shout in a storm. They smile. Because they know — beyond every storm, the horizon always returns.

To be continued...

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