

**FREEDOM FROM THE
TYRANNY OF FASHION.**

DEATH TO THE WORLD
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DEATH WORLD

The Last True Rebellion



Issue

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MONK SERAPHIM ROSE THREE DAYS AFTER
HIS DEATH

DEATH TO THE WORLD

is a zine to inspire Truth-seeking and soul searching amidst the modern age of nihilism and despair, promoting the ancient principles of the last true rebellion: to be dead to this world and alive to the other world. Correspondence is encouraged and articles for submission are welcomed. Each article printed herein is true to life and has been written out of pain of heart for love of truth.

DEATH TO THE WORLD

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What do we mean by:

"DEATH TO THE WORLD"?

"*The world*" is the general name for all the passions. When we wish to call the passions by a common name, we call them the world. But when we wish to distinguish them by their special names, we call them the passions. The passions are the following: love of riches, desire for possessions, bodily pleasure from which comes sexual passion, love of honor which gives rise to envy, lust for power, arrogance and pride of position, the craving to adorn oneself with luxurious clothes and vain ornaments, the itch for human glory which is a source of rancor and resentment, and physical fear. Where these passions cease to be active, there the world is dead. ... Someone has said of the Saints that while alive they were dead; for though living in the flesh, they did not live for the flesh. See for which of these passions you are alive. Then you will know how far you are alive to the world, and how far you are dead to it."

—St. Isaac the Syrian

THE LAST TRUE REBELLION

*The Radical, Catacomb Teaching of
Monk Seraphim Rose*

by Monk Damascene Christensen

It's all over for what was once known as Christian civilization. We're living in a post-Christian age. As the mad prophet Friedrich Nietzsche said, "The 20th century will be the triumph of NIHILISM." And this triumph, said Monk Seraphim Rose, will end in a reign of ANARCHY. "Nihilism is the means, Anarchism is the end."

"Nihilism" comes from the word *nihil*, meaning "nothing." Nietzsche defined Nihilism thus: "There is no truth. There is no absolute state of affairs--no 'thing-in-itself.' *This alone* is Nihilism, and of the most extreme kind." Fr. Seraphim wrote that "Nihilism has become, in our time, so widespread and pervasive, has entered so thoroughly and so deeply into the minds and hearts of all men living today, that there is no longer any 'front' on which it may be fought."

This is the mind-set of modern society, and it is the wave of the future. But if abandonment of Truth has become the mainstream, who then are the rebels? Not the Nihilists who openly declare that life has no meaning and live as though it did not. They are only victims who have been devastated by the spirit of the times. The "Christians," then? Not if they've sold out to the world, and, while immersed in their slick, squeaky-clean worldliness, act as if they're trying to stand for something otherworldly.



The Beginning
of the Vitalist
counter-culture
in the 1950s:
Zen popularizer
Alan Watts



and Beat
Founder
Jack
Kerouac.

No, the true rebels are those who, by their deeds and lives, spit on both the falseness of the world and on the mainstream of Nihilism that refuses to see above this world. Such a rebel was Monk Seraphim Rose.

Fr. Seraphim was born into a typical white, middle-class Protestant family in San Diego in 1934. While growing up, he was the proverbial dutiful child and academic achiever. After high school, however, he began to passionately seek the answer to the question "Why?"—and, not finding it in the society in which he had been raised, he began to rebel. He refused to accept the accepted answers. This was at the very beginning of the modern counterculture, the early 1950's. Fr. Seraphim became a student of one of the counterculture's first pioneers, Alan Watts (whom he later realized was totally pseudo) and became a Buddhist Bohemian in S.F. He learned ancient Chinese in order to study the *Tao Teh Ching* and other ancient Eastern texts in their original language, hoping thereby to tap into their heart of their wisdom. By this time he had wholly rejected the Protestant Christianity of his formative years, which he regarded as worldly, weak, and fake; he mocked its concept of God and said that it "put God in a box." He read Nietzsche until that prophet's words began to resonate in his soul with an electric, infernal power.

All this time, he had been seeking the Truth with his mind, but the Truth had eluded him. He fell into a state of despair which he described in later years as a living hell. He felt he did not fit in the modern world, even in his own family, who did not understand him. It was as if he had somehow been born out of place, out of time. He loved to roam under the stars, but he felt that there was nothing out there to take him in—no God, nothing. The Buddhist "nothingness" left him empty, just as it did the founder of the Beat movement Jack Kerouac; and, like Kerouac, Fr. Seraphim turned to drink. He would drink wine voraciously, and then would pound on the floor, screaming at God to leave him alone. Once while drunk, he raised a fist to heaven from a mountaintop, cursed God and dared Him to damn him to hell. In his despair, it seemed worth being damned forever by God's wrath, if only he could empirically know that God exists—rather than remain in a stagnant state of indifference. If God did damn him to hell, at least then he would, for that blissful instant, feel God's touch and know for sure that He was reachable.



"Who has killed God? You and I. We are all His murderers. But how have we done it? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the whole horizon?"

What did we do when we loosened this earth from its sun? Whither does it now move? Away from all suns? Do we not dash on unceasingly? Backwards, sideways, forwards, in all directions. Is there an above and a below? Do we not stray into infinite nothingness? Does not the night come on continually darker and darker?"

—Friedrich Nietzsche



"Atheism," Fr. Seraphim wrote in later years, "true 'existential' atheism burning with hatred of a seemingly unjust or unmerciful God, is a spiritual state; it is a real attempt to grapple with the true God Whose ways are so inexplicable even to the most believing of men, and it has more than once been known to end in a blinding vision of Him Whom the real atheist truly seeks. It is Christ Who works in these souls. The Antichrist is not to be found primarily in the great deniers, but in the small affirmers, whose Christ is only on the lips. Nietzsche, in calling himself Antichrist, proved thereby his intense hunger for Christ...."



Fr. Seraphim
in 1980.

In searching through various ancient religious traditions, Fr. Seraphim once went to visit a Russian Orthodox church. Later he wrote about this experience:

"For years in my studies I was satisfied with being 'above all traditions' but somehow faithful to them.... When I visited an Orthodox church, it was only in order to view another 'tradition.' However, when I entered an Orthodox church for the first time (a Russian church in San Francisco) something happened to me that I had not experienced in any Buddhist or other Eastern temple; something in my heart said that this was 'home,' that all my search was over. I didn't really know what this meant, because the service was quite strange to me, and in a foreign language. I began to attend Orthodox services more frequently, gradually learning its language and customs.... With my exposure to Orthodoxy and to Orthodox people, a new idea began to enter my awareness: that Truth was not just an abstract idea, sought and known by the mind, but was something personal--even a Person--sought and loved by the heart. And that is how I met Christ."

On becoming Orthodox, Fr. Seraphim continued to despise the modern world and hoped for nothing from it; he wanted only to escape it. He felt no less, if not more, estranged from the Christianity he had been raised in, for while *that* Christianity was at home in the world, his was radically otherworldly. He had finally found the designation of man's existence, and it was this: man is meant for another world.

Fr. Seraphim's was an ascetic faith. He wanted a Christianity that emphasized not earthly consolation and benefits, but rather heavenly redemption through intense suffering on earth. No other kind rang true to him who had suffered so much. Only a God Who allowed His children to be perfected for heaven through suffering, and Who Himself set the example by coming to a life of suffering--only such a God was capable of drawing the afflicted world to Himself and was worthy to be worshipped by the highest spiritual faculties of man.

In his journal, Fr. Seraphim wrote: "Let us not, who would be Christians, expect anything else from it than to be crucified. For to be Christian is to be crucified, in this time and in any time since Christ came for the first time. His life is the example--and warning--to us all. We must be crucified personally, mystically; for through crucifixion is the only path to resurrection. If we would rise with Christ, we must first be humbled with Him--even to the ultimate humiliation, being devoured and spit forth by the uncomprehending world.

"And we must be crucified outwardly, in the eyes of the world; for Christ's Kingdom is not of this world, and the world cannot bear it, even a single representative of it, even for a single moment. The world can only accept Antichrist, now or at any time.

"No wonder, then, that it is hard to be a Christian--it is not hard, it is impossible. No one can knowingly accept a way of life which, the more truly it is lived, leads the more surely to one's own destruction. And that is why we constantly rebel, try to make life easier, try to be half-Christian, try to make the best of both worlds. We must ultimately choose--our felicity lies in one world or the other, not in both.

"God give us the strength to pursue the path of crucifixion; there is no other way to be a Christian."

Before he had found the Truth, Fr. Seraphim had suffered for the lack of it. Now having found it, he suffered for the sake of it. He devoted the rest of his life to living that Truth, and killing himself to give it to others. Together with a young Russian man named Gleb Podmoshensky, he formed a Brotherhood which practiced the "Do It Yourself" philosophy. They opened a bookstore



Fr. Seraphim's
cabin in the
forest, which
he built in
1975.



in S.F. and began printing a small magazine by hand on a letterpress, refusing to become a dependent arm of the worldly church establishment. Later, partly to avoid this very establishment, they moved their printing operation to the wilderness of northern California, where they began to live like the "desert-dwellers" (wilderness ascetics) of ancient times. There was no running water on their forested mountain, no telephone, no electric lines. They built their buildings themselves out of lumber taken from old pioneer dwellings, and hauled water on their backs up the mountain. They lived with deer, bear, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, bats, mountain lions, scorpions, and rattlesnakes.

In 1970 they became monks, thus dying forever to the world. At this time the church establishment tried to shut down their wilderness hermitage and make them standard pastors for parishes in the world. The two monks fought long and hard against this, and after much suffering achieved victory.

In the wilderness, Fr. Seraphim's spirit began to soar. "The city," he once said, "is for those who are empty, and it pushes away those who are filled. The desert keeps those who are filled and allows them to thrive."

Working by candlelight in his tiny cabin, Fr. Seraphim produced a great number of original writings and translations of ancient ascetic texts. In America his writings have so far reached only select circles, but in countries formerly behind the Iron Curtain they have had an incalculable impact on human lives. During the Communists era, they were secretly translated into Russian and distributed in the underground press ("samizdat") in the form of typewritten manuscripts. By the time of the fall of Communist power in 1991, Fr. Seraphim was known all over Russia. Today his

books are on sale everywhere in Russia, including booktables in the Metro (subway) and on the street. The reason that he has made a much greater mark on Russia than on his homeland is because in Russia people know how to suffer. Fr. Seraphim's message of underground Christianity, of suffering and persecution in this world for the sake of Truth, touches a responsive chord in people who have already been crucified. In America people would rather hear the "nice" messages of preachers like Rev. Robert Schuller (who, by the way, broadcasts his show to Russia, where people can hardly believe how stupid it is).

I met Fr. Seraphim a year and a half before his death in 1982. Like him, I had been seeking Reality through Eastern religions, etc., by seeking to escape pseudo-reality through a Zen-like breakdown of logical thought processes. Finally reduced to despair, I listened to Syd Barrett's two schizophrenic-withdrawal, childhood-regression solo albums over and over, until I had memorized all his word-salads. (In Russia, this is known as "going crazy on a full stomach.")

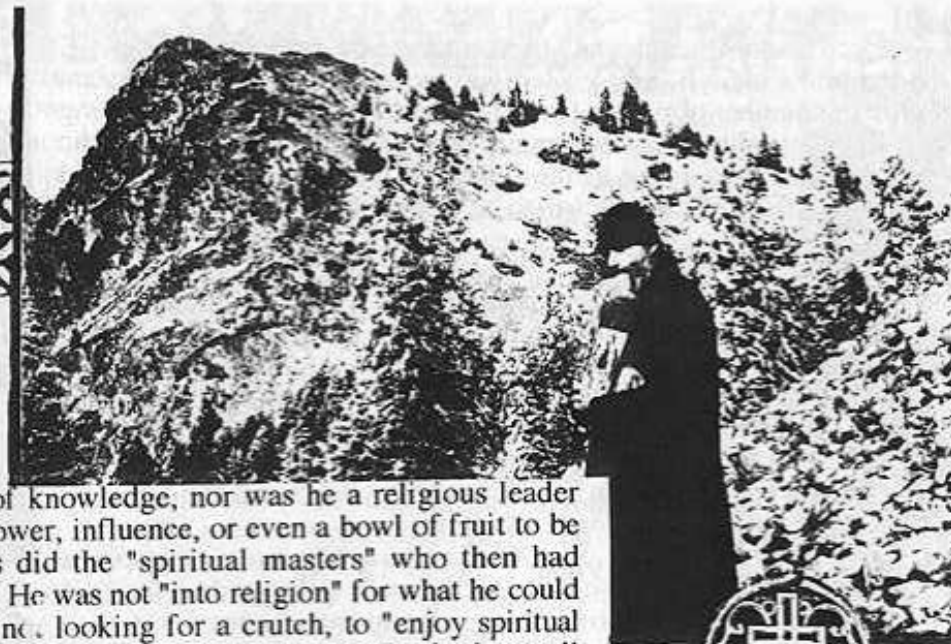
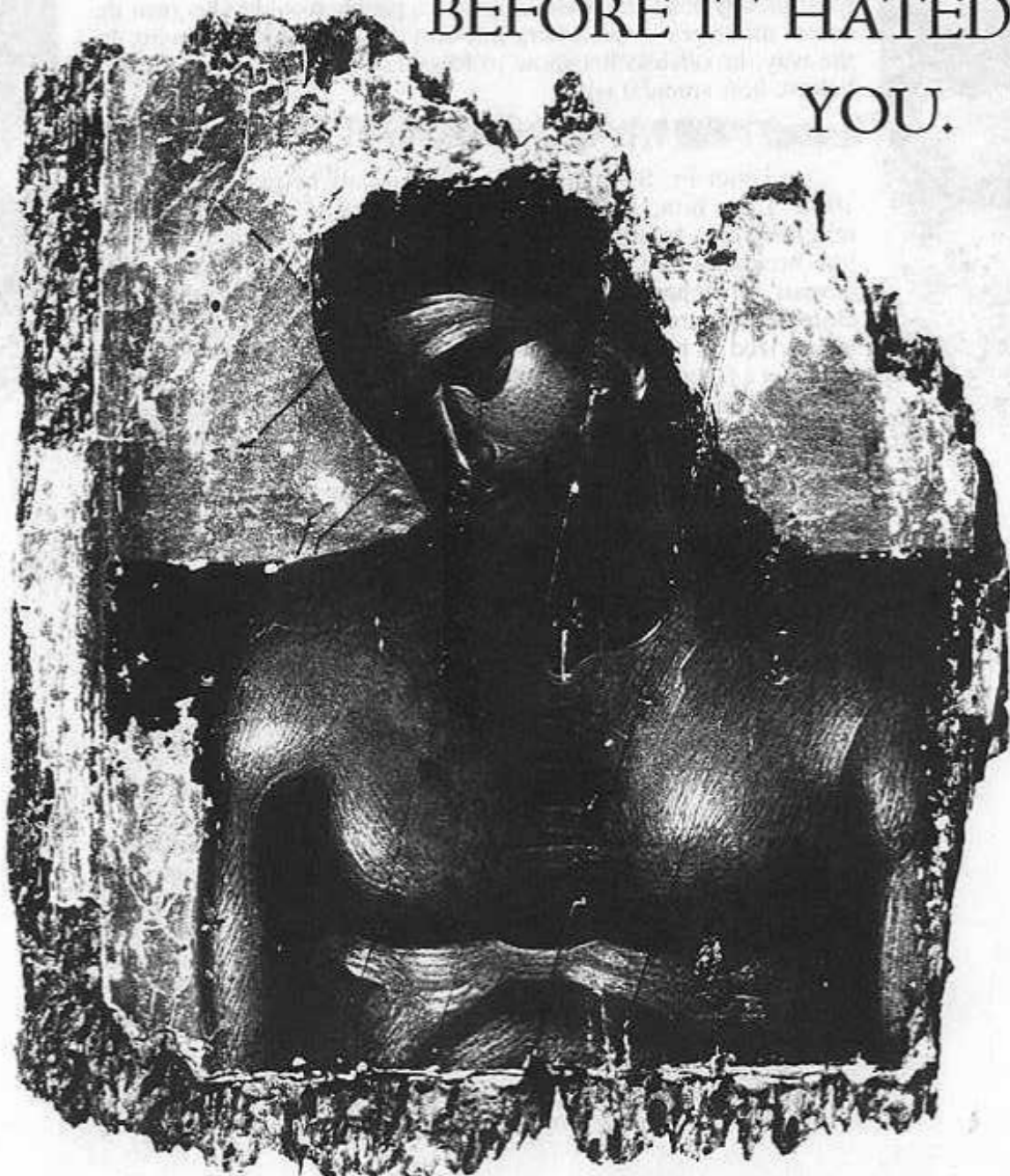
Then one day Fr. Seraphim came to the campus where I was going to school. He drove up in an old beat-up pickup truck, and emerged with his worn-out black robe, his long hair, and his exceedingly long gray beard which had become matted (I found out later that he had not taken a bath or shower since becoming a monk 11 years before--which is common monastic practice in Israel, Greece, and Egypt--but for some reason he didn't smell). It was the image of absolute poverty.

The next thing I remember is walking with Fr. Seraphim through the college. Dinner had just ended, and the students were milling and hanging around outside the cafeteria. Everyone was staring at Fr. Seraphim, but he walked through them as naturally as if he had been at home. In the middle of this progressive American college, he seemed like someone who had just stepped out of the 4th-century Egyptian desert.

Fr. Seraphim went to a lecture room and delivered a talk called "Signs of the Coming of the End of the World." He happened to be sick at this time, and sniffled throughout the lecture. Obviously exhausted, he yet remained clear-headed, cheerful, and ready to answer questions at length. I could see that he was at least as learned and far more wise than any of my professors, and yet he was clearly a man of the wilderness, more at home in a forest than in a classroom.

What struck me most about Fr. Seraphim was that here was a man who was sacrificing himself totally for God, for the Truth. He was not a university professor receiving a comfortable salary for

IF THE WORLD HATE YOU,
KNOW THAT IT HATED ME
BEFORE IT HATED
YOU.



being a disseminator of knowledge, nor was he a religious leader who hankered after power, influence, or even a bowl of fruit to be placed at his feet, as did the "spiritual masters" who then had followings in the area. He was not "into religion" for what he could get out of it; he was not looking for a crutch, to "enjoy spiritual life." He was just a simple monk who sought the Truth above all else. And I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he would die for that Truth, for I could sense that he was dying for it already.

As we have said, Fr. Seraphim's message falls on many a deaf ear here in America. Even people in his same church will only listen to so much of it. When they think they might have to go against public opinion and risk losing recognition and acceptance by the world (including the "church world"), they stop short. And yet the Crucified God to Whom they give lipservice once said to His disciples: "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Those who have suffered immense pain in this world can believe far more deeply than those who have not, that there must be another world. Those who, like Fr. Seraphim, have felt themselves out of place in modern society, who have been "devoured and spit forth by the uncomprehending world," can understand better Christ's radical call of rejection of the world and rebellion against it. Thus it is not the "accepted" ones who can hear Fr. Seraphim's message "not of this world" and carry it out to the end. Just as in the time of Christ, it is the outcasts who get the point. Even an atheist may be closer to God than a "right-believing" one, if the former is suffering in his unbelief and the latter is smug and complacent in his belief. As Fr. Seraphim said, God is working in the souls of the "great deniers" more than in those of the "small affirmers."



It is not accidental, then, that while many people in Fr. Seraphim's church only go halfway with his teaching, there is a growing number of people from the punk movement who are going all the way with it. Several punx have joined the Brotherhood he founded and are dying to the world as monastics, having found ancient Orthodox monasticism to be the ultimate punkdom.

As early as 1960, Fr. Seraphim had come to many of the conclusions that the punx of today have come to. He said that humanity, when divorced from God, naturally becomes SUBHUMANITY, and that Humanism becomes Subhumanism. Those artists and musicians who depict modern, godless, autonomous man as empty, despairing, enraged and dehumanized, hit closer to the truth than the naive, happy humanist who tries to look at the modern situation with optimism.

A few years later, in 1962, Fr. Seraphim wrote an essay in which he traced the course that Nihilism takes, directed by the Evil One. His words proved prophetic in subsequent decades.

At the first stage of Nihilism, he said, is "Liberalism," by which he meant the attempt to work out a compromise between the Old Order ("Christian civilization") and the New Order of humanity without God. At the second stage is Realism, in which belief in the other world and transcendent Truth is abandoned and the whole concentration is on the material world, physical well-being, technical progress, etc. Realism, however, denies man's unplanned, irrational needs, and therefore must evoke a reaction against it, which is the third stage: Vitalism. In the Vitalist stage, the criterion of Truth is substituted by a new standard: the "life-giving," the "vital." This may take the form of pseudo-spiritual experiences, the invoking of "powers" and "presences," or else of the "cult of nature" with its primary elements of the earth, the body, and sex. Vitalism, Fr. Seraphim said, is "an unmistakable symptom of world-weariness. It is the product, not of the 'freshness' and 'life' and 'immediacy' its followers so desperately seek (precisely because they lack them), but of the corruption and unbelief that are but the last phase of the dying civilization they hate."

Thus, Fr. Seraphim believed, beyond Vitalism there can be only one more, definitive stage through which Nihilism may pass: the Nihilism of Destruction. "Here at last," he wrote, "we find an almost 'pure' Nihilism, a rage against creation and against civilization that will not be appeased until it has reduced them to absolute destruction."

Since Fr. Seraphim wrote about this in 1962, the youth movements have tended to correspond with the stages he outlined. The hippie movement of the 60's and early 70's was an example of Vitalism reacting against the dead Liberalism and dry Realism of the



subhumanity



50's (when science was expected to take care of everything, conformity was the rule, and spiritual seeking looked down upon). By the 80's and 90's, the ideals of the hippies had proved naive and simplistic, and their Vitalism gave way to manifestations of the Nihilism of Destruction in a now far more fragmented youth culture. This is where we are at today. And beyond it, Fr. Seraphim said, is Anarchy.

"The Nihilism of our times exists in all," Fr. Seraphim wrote, "and those who do not, with the aid of God, choose to combat it in the name of the fullness of Being of the living God, are swallowed up in it already. We have been brought to the edge of the abyss of nothingness and, whether we recognize its nature or not, we will, through affinity for the ever-present nothingness within us, be engulfed in it beyond all hope of redemption--unless we cling in full and certain faith (which, doubting, does not doubt) in Christ, without Whom we are truly nothing...."

"Facile interpretations of the 'crisis,' of the 'choice' before us, abound; to take either side of these illusory interpretations is damnation. The true crisis is now, as it has ever been, within us; it is our acceptance or negation of Christ. Christ is our crisis; He demands from us all or nothing, and this 'problem' He presents us is the only one that need be answered.... Do we choose God, Who alone IS, or ourselves, nothingness, the abyss, Hell? Our age is founded upon nothingness; but this nothingness, inexplicably to us, presents, for those who can still perceive, the crisis of all men in all ages most clearly and unmistakably. Our age tells, if we can listen, to choose the living God."

LOVERS OF TRUTH

Why do men learn through pain and suffering, and not through pleasure and happiness? Very simply, because pleasure and happiness accustom one to satisfaction with the things given in this world, whereas pain and suffering drive one to seek a more profound happiness beyond the limitations of this world.

-- Monk Seraphim Rose

Monasticism--martyrdom--suffering an incurable affliction are all the same thing spiritually. Ask God to give, not merely guidance or help--but martyrdom, suffering, a path where you can make a supreme effort, get involved, become on fire to serve God.

-- Monk Seraphim Rose

Very many wish to be vouchsafed the Kingdom without labors, without struggles, without sweat; but this is impossible.

-- St. Macarius of Egypt

If you love the glories of men, and desire to be worshipped, and seek comfort, you are going off the path. You must be crucified with the Crucified One, suffer with Him that suffered, that you may be glorified with Him that is glorified.

-- St. Macarius of Egypt

It is very rare to find people whose intelligence is in a state of stillness.

-- St. Philotheos of Sinai

God is a consuming fire and according to our disposition He either illuminates or burns.

-- Origen

The New Martyr Lydia

AND WITH HER SOLDIERS CYRIL AND ALEXI

Lydia was born in the Russian city of Ufa in 1901 and died for the Truth in 1928. Before her arrest she was part of the catacomb (underground) church in Russia and worked for the Collective Lumber Industry with the lowest-paid laborers.

Lydia was arrested on July 9, 1928. The secret-operations department had long been seeking a typist who had been supplying the workers of the Forestry Department with typewritten brochures containing lives of the Saints, prayers, sermons and instructions of ancient and recent Church hierarchs. It had been noticed that on this typist's typewriter the lower stem of the "k" was broken; and thus Lydia was discovered.

The G.P.U. understood that there had fallen into their hands a clue for uncovering the whole catacomb church. Ten days of uninterrupted questioning did not break the martyr; she simply refused to say anything. On July 20 the interrogator, having lost all patience, gave Lydia over to the "special command" for interrogation.

This "special command" worked in a corner room in the cellar of the GPU. A permanent guard was stationed in the cellar corridor; on this day the guard was Cyril Ataev, a 23-year-old private. He saw Lydia

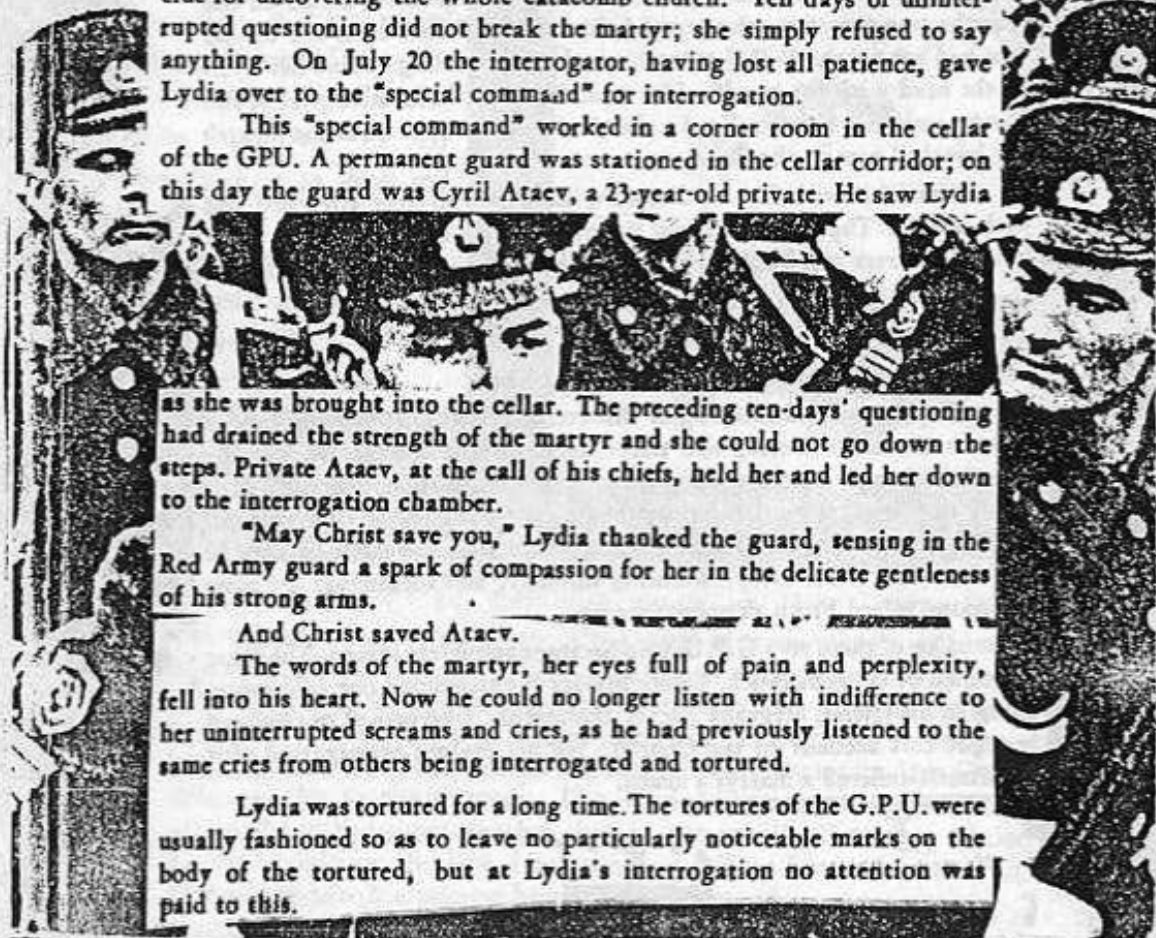
as she was brought into the cellar. The preceding ten-days' questioning had drained the strength of the martyr and she could not go down the steps. Private Ataev, at the call of his chiefs, held her and led her down to the interrogation chamber.

"May Christ save you," Lydia thanked the guard, sensing in the Red Army guard a spark of compassion for her in the delicate gentleness of his strong arms.

And Christ saved Ataev.

The words of the martyr, her eyes full of pain and perplexity, fell into his heart. Now he could no longer listen with indifference to her uninterrupted screams and cries, as he had previously listened to the same cries from others being interrogated and tortured.

Lydia was tortured for a long time. The tortures of the G.P.U. were usually fashioned so as to leave no particularly noticeable marks on the body of the tortured, but at Lydia's interrogation no attention was paid to this.



The screams and cries of Lydia continued almost uninterruptedly for more than an hour and a half.

"But aren't you in pain? You're screaming and crying, that means it's painful?" asked the exhausted torturers in one of the intervals.

"Painful! Lord, how painful!" replied Lydia with a broken moan.

"Then why don't you talk? It will be more painful!" — said the perplexed torturers.

"I can't talk... I can't... He won't allow..." groaned Lydia.

"Who won't allow?"

"God won't allow!"

The torturers devised something new for the martyr: sexual assault. There were four of them — one more was needed. They called the guard to help.

When Ataev entered the room, he saw Lydia, understood the means of her further torture and his own role in this — and there was worked in him a miracle like to the unexpected conversion of the ancient torturers. Ataev's whole soul was repelled by the satanic abominableness, and a holy enthusiasm seized him. Totally unaware of what he was doing, the Red Army guard with his own revolver killed on the spot the two torturers who stood before him. Before even the second shot had echoed the G.P.U. man who had been standing behind hit Cyril on the head with the handle of his gun. Ataev still had strength enough to turn and seize his attacker by the throat, but a shot from the fourth one knocked him to the floor.

Cyril fell with his head toward Lydia, who was stretched out with thongs. The Lord gave him the opportunity of hearing once more from the martyr words of hope. And looking straight into Lydia's eyes, Cyril, blood gushing from him, gasped his union to the Lord:

"Saint, take me with you!"

"I will take you," Lydia smiled, radiant.

The sound and meaning of this conversation as it were opened a door to the other world, and terror darkened the consciousness of the two G.P.U. men who remained alive. With insane shouts they began to shoot the helpless victims who threatened them, and they shot until both their revolvers had been emptied. Those who had come running at the shots led them away, shouting insanely, and themselves fled from the room, seized by an unknown terror.

One of these two G.P.U. men became completely insane. The other soon died of nervous shock. Before his death this second one told everything to his friend, Sergeant Alexei Ikonnikoff, who turned to God and brought this account to the Church; for his zealous propagation of it he himself suffered a martyr's death.



"ACCEPT ALL CULTURES-- EMBRACE NONE"

In the world today we are taught to love our neighbors. Through this "unconditional" love and acceptance we are to attain a peaceful existence. The only problem is that we are not actually taught to love with our hearts, but we are taught a more contrived form of love, one based solely on outward interaction and acceptance. This enforced and regulated form of love is not a path towards true love, but one which only strips the soul dry of all depth and life.

The acceptance taught in today's society does not treat any culture fairly, but reduces it to a packaged philosophy that can be analyzed and set aside. This "intellectual" way of approaching a culture from its outward practices solely, only serves one true purpose (whether intentional or unintentional), and that is to destroy belief in the culture, and consequently all reasons for practicing the culture.

The true message in acceptance is to "accept all cultures but embrace none." This view is said to be the means for bringing about "World Peace", but when world peace is brought about by making us devoid of depth, is it really worth it? We would be living in a world where we could accept all outward differences, but only because we would be clones on the inside. Our souls would all be alike, completely empty and ignored. Is this teaching truly promoting diversity, or only destroying it?

We see the product of this around us every day in the cultureless society of America, where the only motivations for most are money, self-glorification, and other temporary pleasures that help distract us from the painful realization that we are (despite all physical attempts to prove otherwise) unhappy inside. This is the society I fled when I looked to the Punx for an answer, and this is the "society" I destroyed in my heart when I looked to Jesus Christ and found the answer. In Christ I found out that I didn't have to live like that. I no longer had to hide the pain, or even complain about it, for I now had a direct means to do away with it.

To open up one's soul to God is a difficult thing for most to do, because of the "anti-culture" taught today and because of the T.V. Evangelists, who in their attempts to become rich distort the image of Christianity received by most. We must reject what we have received from these false sources, and only then can we find God and ourselves. Through love of the Creator we will find in our hearts true love of all His creation, and then (although we will be rejected by the world) we will accept all people, nations, and cultures with peace in our souls and Truth in our hearts.

—Martyrius Hope



TO SAVE THE WORLD

Beauty will save the world."

—Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Progress with its machines
has made the world regress
to a place where there is no
beauty. If beauty is
undermined, what will
save the world?

From the womb we are taught that things detestable are attractive, and therefore the image of true beauty is deformed. Since there is no distinction between what is beautiful and what is deformed, the youth of today are left with chaos. We are told that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but if this were true the world would never have a chance to be saved, for man's interpretation of beauty can be deadly. It is said that "beauty is truth and truth is beauty," but truth could never be in the eye of its beholder, for to say this is to say that there is no ultimate truth and that there is no answer to the question "Why?"

In the past, mankind had a way to express true beauty, and to express man's seemingly confined soul, and to elevate it to its true state, which is Beauty. This was done through the arts, through painting, literature, sculpture, drama, and music.

The arts of the modern world have confused and deformed souls and no longer elevate them to a higher state. They only express the soul of modern man, which has fallen headlong into destruction, despair, and sorrow. This is due to man's fulfilling his earthly desires and forgetting his otherworldly calling. As time presses on it seems easier and easier to forget all that man was created for in the eyes of God, but we must not forget that "many are called but few are chosen to be not of this world."

—Monk Justin Martyr

