

From Practice. “A Rat from the Old World” (A Lesson in the Group of Creative Self-Expression (Therapy with Creative Self-Expression))

Burno ME*

Professor, Psychiatrist-Psychotherapist, The Russian Professional Psychotherapeutic League, Russia

***Corresponding Author:** Burno ME, Professor, Psychiatrist-Psychotherapist, The Russian Professional Psychotherapeutic League, Russia.

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This is a vivid account of time and time lived together with patients, psychotherapists, psychologists in the psychotherapeutic drawing room of a medical lesson (several related activities) according to my psychotherapeutic story “A rat from the old world” (1977). The story is published in the author’s book “A sick man and his cat.

Psychotherapeutic prose about healing creative communication with nature [1]. However, for a more complete insight into the lesson it is appropriate to bring the story here in its entirety. The exercise, in our experience, significantly helps defensive anxious-doubting patients, patients with anxious, apathetic, depersonalizing depressive disorders. The lesson is led by a psychiatrist-psychotherapist or a medical psychologist. At the beginning of the class, the presenter slowly, expressively reads the story aloud.

Old world rat

In the morning of May a samovar with a dent puffs on a table under a horse chestnut. The samovar is fired with pine cones, and next to it, under its old copper side, in a white teapot with a red rooster, thick mixed tea leaves are thickened - Indian-Ceylon-Georgian. Two people sit at tea: a man of forty, a psychologist, in a white suit with a short beard, and his twelve-year-old son, a sixth-grade student of a biological school. Transparent leaves have already been released around birch and poplar trees. The tart smell of the leaves is mixed with the aroma of tea. A gray cat lay in the grass with yellow dandelions near the wooden porch of the villa. His ears are twitching, and he excitedly licks when on the fence or in the bushes of the gooseberry, in spring, the sparrow chirps cleanly. Garden beds are white with strawberry flowers. It is already possible to pull a radish or a small carrot out of the ground by the tail. Humming wasp over jam.

But again for a man and his son it is bad here: in the soul there is an intense tension. They know that it’s bad because everything here is experimentally artificial and hermetically separated from the old world. Behind invisibly impenetrable walls there is slush with thick muddy air from mechanisms of a long civilization, the rumble of mechanisms, vibration, but there it is better than in this “natural” silence. It is hard, nasty to feel that everything living here, except themselves, is synthesized by man. Carrots, wasps, radishes, cats, sparrows, trees, gooseberries - everything grows, moves, smells, and also, like everything truly alive, differs from non-living by metabolism and the ability to reproduce. Here everything is modeled - up to the spring shifts in the metabolism, up to the annoying marshflies, you cannot tell them from the real ones. The corpses of these midges also contain rare metals important for the life of other living creatures. The unnaturalness is still damn felt, but the question is - what is it? Neither man nor boy can conclusively distinguish a synthetic blade of grass from a real one, last year’s artificial pine cone from the now rare last real pine cone, aroma of synthetic tea from the aroma of this endangered tea. What is this unpleasant, intuitively distinctly tangible artificiality of a sparrow, a cat, a radish? Why does it give rise to emotional tension, even more acute, sophisticated and painful, than today’s furious and fussy world? Why is there even a boy constantly concerned about the inevitability of his death? The words of the old poet: “the healing power of awakened nature will instantly carry away the sadness of your soul” to such nature do not fit Why? They were doing this three, that is, even with my mother, but my mother was especially tormented here. Yesterday, near the garden bed with salad, she had a nervous fit, and she was sent to the old world.

The boy called the cat and threw him oatmeal cookies, baked from synthetic oats. The cat did not eat cookies, but greedily devoured artificial sprats. The boy wrote it in a notebook.

A clumsy Stepan came out from the bushes of elderberry with a basket of old marmalade made from the juice of real cherries, real beet sugar. All this in the greenhouse, small amounts were still on Earth. A man and a boy immediately sensed the natural nature, hotly animated internally, and their eyes gleamed, but again they could not explain what the difference was, why all these mass of fresh radishes, cherries, apples, kittens, roosters are unwell. After all, all this with the current technology and color and smell cannot be clearly distinguished from the remnants of the nature of the ancestors. Now, when the sex cells of various robots, animals and plants with life programmed in them are synthesized to non-living things, when these cells reproduce in the process of development of an artificial organism, they give birth to new similar organisms - now it's especially important to understand there is not enough man in this so skillfully woven artificial world.

Awkward Stepan put a basket of marmalade on the table and trampled along in indecision. He was in a white shirt and blue checkered pants, broad-faced, about thirty-seven, blushing easily, shyly looking away from the human gaze. The boy's father specifically took to the dacha of this indecisive robot, an alarming slowdown, prone to doubt, analysis and self-accusation. This characterological type of robot was intentionally designed by the Institute as a natural science robot in the spirit of Darwinian. He, like Darwin, was distinguished by a very average instrumental-mental abilities, first of all by a weak mechanical memory, a poor ability to concentrate and with quick ingenuity to grasp accepted stencils of thinking, which should have slowly generated here, as in Charles Darwin, trusting inert, but original, that is own thought.

The psychologist wanted to supplement his sober-living, sanguine manner of thinking with the help of Stepan with a different mental approach to the subjects being studied. So far, however, Stepan gave only the difficulty of choice and slowness, inertia. All this without creative originality was cute, laughable, but nothing more. When in despair Stepan was tried in elementary household help, he began to drop everything, to spoil or confuse him by absent-mindedness. By the way, in Stepan there was also annoying artificiality, robotics, and it was also not clear what it was. Even the dent in the old Tula samovar, which arose from the fact that Stepan slammed the samovar on the steps of the porch, was somehow unpleasant by the fact that it was not made by a man, but a robot. He broke precious family cups from the nineteenth century, and it's amazing how he didn't scatter marmalade in elder bushes now.

Stepan was trampling at the table and was timid to move away. The man told him:

- What are you, my dear, type on your typewriter banality and absurdity! After all, you will soon be forty, your most creative-discovery age is passing. I, admiring your shyness, self-digging, hoped for discoveries, and you published that natural dandelion differs from synthetic life force. Pure ancient vitalism, darling. Do you not have this life force in you?

"As if to eat," said Stepan uncertainly.

- What is she?

- In the metabolism and the ability to reproduce. I have son...

- Yes Yes. The same tyutya. So why is this life force not in this synthetic dandelion? Does he not live by metabolism, does he not send seeds in all directions on parachutes?

- Yes.

- What "yes?"

- There is a life force in a dandelion.

"Why haven't they figured it out before?"

- Probably, from the load of old information.

- So, you have to think creatively!

The robot sighed.

"Let me better collect some cones for the samovar in the forest," he asked.

The boy said:

- Let him go to the forest, Dad. Crumbles cones - will not break, you can collect.

- Let him go, - the man waved his hand, bit off a piece of marmalade and cozy blissfully closed his eyes. - Do you want this marmalade, Stepan? Or do you not care what is so artificial?

"I don't care," Stepan nodded and blushed.

"Catch an experiment frog in the forest for me," the boy asked.

The robot nodded, picked up a bag of cones in the closet and trudged off to the forest. The man and the boy looked at his limp legs moving away to the gate along the asphalt path in sandals and with green spots on the scratches. Stepan was an eerie, alarming hypochondriac, and carried brilliant green in a bottle with him in his pocket. In the hypochondria, there was no vividness in his alarm, but an artificially mechanical shade sounded distinctly.

"But in fact, Styopa is not afraid of death," said the man. - Why? What do you think? So, it shakes over every pimple, a scratch, and when you speak with it that it stands behind its worthlessness, it's disassembled into spare parts, it's not afraid, it's my fault smiling, I agree. Because of this detached guilt and pity him. God knows what! Why do you think he is not afraid of death?

"Because he has no soul," answered the boy.

- What do you understand as a soul?

- Higher development of vital force, which in a rough, initial form is in a radish, but in a robot it is not and never will be.

- Why?

- Because the life force shines only in the special matter generated by evolution. We can never make even a cockroach, a real one, with life force.

- Yes, right, from all this country living creatures sick, but why sick? What is the difference between nature and artificiality?

"I don't know what elements explain this difference," the boy shrugged. - I know that it will always be, because artificial radish and artificial man arise without billions of years of evolution.

The man took a straw hat from a green bench and put it on: the wasp was spinning over his bald head, and he was afraid of her artificial bites, which were nasty, as if they were being made with some kind of tools.

"You understand," he said to the boy, "we after all take into account evolution, the basic biogenetic law". Here, Stepan in his mother's stomach, just like you and I, was something like a fish with gills and then a hairy monkey, until the hair dissolved into the amniotic fluid.

The boy listened and walked back and forth on the grass with dandelions in his sandals made of artificial pig's skin, pulled up short white pants, his knees were in light green patches of grass, and in one hand shone with a sharp nature among oppressive artificiality of purple jelly jelly-baked jelly. The cat was sleeping now in the shade of the elderberry bushes, with its paws spread in the grass, but its bliss was penetrated by some barely perceptible chemical-mechanical artificiality.

"That's what, Dad," said the boy. - I think that only evolution, only the fact that you and I live not only for as many years as we have in documents, but also as much as all living things, that is, several billion years, only this is capable of forming us, such as we are now. After all, we have elements in common with the ancient mammoths, amphibious monsters, I'm not talking about monkeys.

The life force, the spirit, can only be emitted by evolutionary organisms, not modeled ones. Evolution is not programmed. You, as a psychologist, perhaps you do not feel this, but I am keenly aware of this with my whole body. A person differs from an animal, among other things, in that he always remembers, knows about his death, fears her, one less, the other more, but when he communicates with his animal and plant relatives, he becomes infected with the naive joy of being, the ability not to think, do not know about death or treat it naturally calmly, as if it was a dry leaf of a tree falling from a branch, and on a branch another leaf would grow.

But for this, it is important for me to communicate with a real, living tree. I have long been sick and my head aches, because I do not feel that these birches, dandelions, etc., are my relatives, that we are native branches of the same tree of evolution. My "animal half," as Pavlov called her, is therefore tense, because she cannot soften her kinship consonance with another - truly alive. You see, I would now, without laughing, hug and kiss a burdock by the path in the park, only so that it was a real burdock, too, like me, who arose in the process of evolution, carrying in me, like me, traces of that sea broth in which life began. Of course, who arose artificially, synthetically, outside of evolution, does not feel with his blood this unity with nature.

"So," the man said in surprise. - Wait, it means we are tensely mentally here, we are afraid of death, because we do not feel evolutionary unity, consonance with this nature, do not resonate with it, or what?

- Yes, I think so.

"But then why do you feel this more acutely than me?"

"Because you are more anxious than your mother, but you still have more living, sober sanguineism, that is, your animal half is richer than ours, and your worries are weaker.

The boy sat down on the step of the porch, hunched over and wept. His red sandals stood helplessly with their toes inside, bending under a dandelion.

"Nauseous again," he sighed. - Fearfully. Only a robot can live here in peace.

- Yes, you, of course, in mom, absolutely limp. Well, do not cry, I go to the house, bring a pill.

"Don't," said the boy. - Again chemistry ... Maybe you will find a living fly somewhere. If I could talk to her, I would feel better. Do you know if there is no real fly here?

My father went to the house, but did not find a fly there.

- When will we be released from here to the old world, to the remnants of wildlife? - asked the boy. - You can not call to quickly?

- Sure you may.

- So call, eh? And it feels like dying.

- Ok, I'll call you. And you eat the remaining marmalades. These.

- Good. I had to take with me at least a fly in a box. What does it stir in radish leaves? I'll go take a look.

The man went into the house and, when he later went out onto the porch, he started up at the joyful cry of the boy. The boy shouted in the garden. The man rushed there. His son was squatting near the garden, and a real rat crawling out of somewhere, fucked his teeth into his hand.

- Rat, Dad! The boy screamed, laughing. - It does not hurt me at all those evil teeth, these are the live teeth of my relative. She is terrible here too, starved, poor fellow. This is a real, not artificial rat - from the process of evolution, our relatives!

Father was slightly dumbfounded and, to his surprise, he felt that he was tired, dreary, jealous of this joy of communication with a rat. He even felt how his hand involuntarily reached out to tear off the sleeve of his white jacket in order to give the rat his own hand too.

The gate slammed - Stepan returned. The forest has not dried up the dew. Stepan was barefoot, dew washed away the spots of green on his legs. Sandals, he apparently put in a bag with cones, which he held in his hand. In his other hand, he had a lively, but unreal frog, and its hind legs, hanging down, glittered wetly. Stepan watched the boy shouting joyfully with his hand covered in blood, the father of the boy smiling awkwardly. Stepan could not understand what was happening, he only knew that now he had to clean the dishes from the table and, most importantly, try very hard not to break anything.

Main issue for discussion

Why is it hard for a boy and his parents in such a seemingly ordinary, beautiful, but internally artificial, modeled summer cottage world? Radish, dandelions, cat, sparrow, birch - like real. Robot Stepan seems to be no different from a living anxious-doubting person. Yes, they all, in fact, did not become themselves today's unique people who came from billions of years of the evolution of the plant and animal kingdoms. From the natural selection of Darwinian evolution. We do not have natural, hereditary kinship with all these "beings". So what? They say and write today seriously that the human soul with its experiences, passions, intuition, will, and the ability to morally sympathize with people in trouble, that our soul is "no more than the amount of information stored in memory". That "the supermind created by mankind" and the "civilization of robots" will endlessly develop themselves.

And they can stop obeying a person [2]. Scientists (and other people different classes) with a religious worldview, regardless of the content of the religious worldview, feel-understand that the true Creator is still not the man himself. Man only "hears" God. Many mathematicians, physicists, and cybernetics believe so. Some of them will not say, unlike a priest, that the soul is immortal (for example, in Christian understanding), but, nevertheless, it is imbued with divine power for them. For the convinced materialists (including scientists with a natural-scientific constitution of the soul), the Creator is an earthly man himself, just a genius from Nature in the event of his great discovery in culture.

So why is it so difficult for people here to breathe spiritually, spiritually here in this synthetic world? If you feel that you would feel uneasy in such a world, try to explain why it would be uneasy.

Possible conclusion of the lead group

Many of you believe that this is primarily in the Darwinian evolution, in the historical gradual development of the organic world of the Earth, the driving forces of which are variability, heredity and natural selection. The variability of the living to adapt to the difficulties of life is impossible without the uniqueness, the uniqueness of the living as well as of Nature in general. Unlike repeatability of everything modeled, built by man. We will not find two natural radishes, exactly the same as the other. Another, also natural, radish can be very similar to the first and still not the same. And artificial radishes can be made, "nashtampovat" a lot of the same. Evolution is impossible without a unique (unique) work of variability (for adaptation).

An enthusiastic boy studying natural science somehow feels this unique natural work (variability, heredity, natural selection) for billions of years. It feels the fruits, the results of this work in the uniqueness (uniqueness) of the natural radish. Nature is unique in any mineral, plant, animal, man inexhaustible. This uniqueness of nature is unique repeatability, since the single unique is inseparable from the general repeatable. In particular, the uniquely personal in man is inseparable from the general-repeatable, characterological. For example, it is inseparable from the general in the soul of anxious-doubting (psychasthenic) person with other psychasthenic people. In a strict, "model" sense, we will repeat the character, and the personality, which includes the repeatable character (general) in common,

is unique. Every autistic person (autistic unique personality) is unique, but it is related to other autistic people by an autistic character as a proportion-pattern of characterological properties, as a guide without uniqueness. However, when we are alive with images, not a schematic list, a proportion of characterological properties (symptoms), we describe a character, but we describe a character, for the sake of enlivening it in the soul of the reader, listener, colors of life, nothing remains, as properties of a particular character can be detected personal unique uniqueness, turning them (repeatable character traits) into a unique personal plethora. So did E. Krechmer, Gannushkin, Lazursky. But this is not accepted by psychologists, because Psychology (as opposed to natural science Clinicalism) is not Scientific Art, but pure Science.

Also, by the way, any natural pine cone is unique as a "personality", but it has a common, schematic, repeatable with other pine cones. Like spruce - with spruce. And the natural uniqueness of a cone, frog, person, in the event of some facets of consonance with the soul of some, for example, depressed person, can revive, set fire to his faded spiritual unique repeatability, that is, a depressed person. To enliven the light of creative inspiration (a bright experience of meeting with oneself: with one's own meaning, one's love for the world and people. Not only a creative healing experience of inspiration can cause a depressed person to communicate creatively with Nature, but in general (and for many healthy people) can raise vitality, dispel boredom, clarify thoughts, revive the desire to live, and do new things with new forces.

There are innumerable, abyss, natural features, as it were, for consonance, for the facets of consonance, with our spiritual, spiritual features. The medical psychologist Elena Alexandrovna Dobrolyubova, in her work of 1977, writes on this subject the following, in essence, for the first time as expressively as I can judge. "... in one human society, in one art gallery one cannot find so many individuals at once (in nature, every person will surely and quickly find himself consonant with himself - nowhere else: it contains the beginnings of all character radicals)". About helping schizotypal patients with creative communication with nature [3].

Of course, in accordance with the peculiarities of the soul, a man of one warehouse is closer, consonant to shy birch near Moscow, to another - muscular Siberian pines, to a third - saxaul in the hot desert, but different people in their native nature (where childhood passed, mature) yourself and therefore inspiring them. Even the natural consonance of his irritation with some kind of "evil" natural individuality (but only natural, uniquely unique), like, for example, the rat in the story, it seems, really shakes the apathetic lethargy with the meaninglessness of existence.

A psychiatric boy, his mother prone to neurotic reactions and motherly, synthonic, sanguine, father (also with a noticeable, though hidden, defensiveness - experiencing his inferiority, self-doubt, etc.) feel ill in the artificial world, saving a little only in the present, natural marmalade). Artificial, repeatable, radishes, trees, birds, a frog, pine cones are not able to cause the light of life in their lost souls, as our Great Relative Nature could have done. I was told by eyewitnesses that on a distant, long voyage without coast, the fishermen-sailors take with them green grass in boxes with earth, burdocks, chamomiles, rabbits. Of course, there are quite a few people who endure longer separation from living nature (for example, cosmonauts) more steadfastly. But it would be better for Mankind to live in ecologically healthy, related to it Nature. To do this, let each of us do what we can so that we can all survive. Survive with the creative light in the soul from consonance (from the verge of consonance) with nature's jewels in the forest, in the field, in the mountains, in a flower bed with butterflies in the public garden. I feel uncomfortable when I imagine that it would be the creativity of Pushkin, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Prishvin, Pasternak without their own Nature.

If we proceed from the natural-science dialectic (not vulgar-mechanistic) world view, then it is impossible to build a different, not natural, but artificial, modeled world of Nature and Technology that is safe for humans to develop by its laws. Man will always be wiser than a robot with its originality, with its billions of years of origin-formation (each of us). The machine is not a creator in the true sense, there is no uniqueness in it, and therefore there can be no intuition, the ability to accumulate a true living experience, not consciously based, but absorbed from an infinitely diverse, living life. Uniqueness (uniqueness), I repeat, forged by billions of years of evolution, cannot be repeated. This is also confirmed by the science of Cybernetics (from the Greek. "I govern"), established in its foundations in 1948.

Its founder American mathematician Norbert Wiener (1894 - 1964) called Cybernetics "the science of control and communication in a living organism and a machine" [4].

Wiener explains that a car is "speed and accuracy," and man "has a fantasy" and "creates a concept". And if the machine itself creates the program, then the program for this machine creating the program is also created by a person. And this person should know exactly what the consequences of the operation of the machine according to his program may be.

Programs for new machines "must always be precisely determined in advance, otherwise there may be not only positive, but also harmful consequences". Wiener talks about this "famous English fairy tale". Here she is. "One person became the owner of a talisman with which any of his wishes could be fulfilled. However, at what cost he had to pay for such a blessing, he did not know. When he once received with the help of his talisman a large amount of money, it turned out that he had to sacrifice the life of his beloved son for this ... ". Dr. Wiener notes that perhaps such an "unreasonable" "use of computers for military solutions". "I have no doubt," he says in his interview more than half a century ago, "that the problem of when to press the big button" is interpreted now from the point of view of learning machines. I would be very surprised if it were otherwise, because these are running ideas. You know: "Let Iron Mike do!" But you need to know the real result. "Otherwise, you can create a computer that will technically win the war, but it will destroy everything". Yes, a person "extremely" changes the environment. Can we adapt to the new environment? This "we will find out pretty soon. Or we will not know - we will no longer be" [5].

What to do? Cybernetics is vital and it is impossible to destroy it, Wiener is convinced. - Machines robbed people of "a lot of work," for a long time already "human physical energy" "costs a little". "Today, man, perhaps, could not have produced so much energy to buy food for his own body"; "We can no longer assess a person for the work that he performs. We must evaluate him as a person" (cc.310-311). That is the creator.

What does all this have to do with our today's occupation?

First, we have to live in such a way that, as far as we can, contribute to the growth of Morality, Goodness in Mankind, contribute, in one way or another, to the organization of the international moral and ethical world order on Earth, preventing a nuclear war, a tragic planetary catastrophe. To contribute, including, and volunteers.

The second is closely related to the first. Our creative development (in the broadest sense) is moral development. Creativity is creation, the creation of Good (uniquely in its own way) - as opposed to destruction, destruction. Let our healing immersion continue in creative self-expression and, in particular, in creative communication with nature, which we will, whenever possible, preserve, protect as our kin, as our close relatives. As the good people of Humanity, with whom we are also relatives by Mother Nature.

All this (both the first and the second), undoubtedly, strengthens our souls with health, alleviates anxiety, heartache, painful feeling of disorderliness, feeling of lack of self-worth, hopelessness, inferiority, and no one's uselessness. Trees, birds, frogs, hedgehogs, beetles, flowers, butterflies, timothy, Ivan-tea - all this over time, apparently, it will be possible to create as «live» cybernetic machines and machines, but communication with them will not give a healing sense of natural affinity, healing creative inspiration.

Another question is whether it is necessary to create all this, is it necessary for the future person for his creative moral formation more than the current artificial flowers? Except, of course, those special cases when such is in the good of man, that is, in the name of Good.

We considered the natural-science, spiritual-dialectically materialistic approach to living nature. Now consider the approach of philosophical idealistic (objective idealism) and religious - the example of Christianity.

For a person inspired by the materialistic warehouse of the soul, Nature is an element that exists by itself. The man is trying to manage it as best he can. Cares about her and ruins her. Responsible for her. Yes, and he completely depends on her. A person of a materialistic

state of mind is so naturally arranged that he feels (his brain, his body) the source of his spirit (of course, the society in which he lives in). The spirit of people, in accordance with its natural bases (their characteristics), is found in certain devices, the stores of their souls (in certain personality-characterological pictures).

People of the philosophical idealistic (in the case of objective idealism) and religious mentality and people who believe without any complicated religious reflections (since "so accepted") feel the Great Spirit ruling the world over themselves.

Believers without complex religious reflections are convinced by the power of their sincere feelings that, of course, only God is able to create our infinitely complex, beautiful, wise, mysterious world. This belief is seriously promoted or not promoted by religious or non-religious education.

People of the philosophically idealistic (objectively idealistic), religious-Christian character feel the understanding of the originality of the Spirit by the special nature of their soul, that is, that the Spirit exists primarily, in and of itself. And their feeling-understanding is expressed (depending on the characteristics of their thinking, the characteristics of their soul) by a greater or lesser proximity to various forms of religions or forms of an idealistic philosophical worldview. In these cases, a person's worldview does not depend so much on education. Usually in cases of objectively idealistic (philosophical) and religious worldview-worldview, a person feels his dependence on the Spirit, the influence-influence of the Spirit on him (usually, of course, healthy). Pavel Alexandrovich Florensky (1882-1937), a scientist, religious philosopher, theologian, recalling childhood, notes the following: "I appealed to God, Who I didn't know, and my heart was full of fear, longing and hope for miraculous help. Well, what else, and in miraculous help, I never doubted. And in my heart I already firmly believed that God hears me and will not leave me. But I was so excluded from religion that even when there was an opportunity to learn something, I was scared and refused to be confused" (p. 151). It is important for us that the boy Florensky also felt God through his "only beloved" - "Nature" (p. 63). Nature "sends me her signs, tells me significant forms, available to me alone, so that I know where to alert my attention. Young animals, some birds, small lizards with beautiful brown eyes, sometimes small green frogs, well, and, of course, many flowers communicated with me like that" Etc. That's what the boy said to himself: "Internally, I am chained to my form by certain, limited elastic surfaces, elastic lines". "In plants, in general, I was worried about <...> their fibrousness". Thin and long, resilient woodcock beak..." (pp. 88-90). What does the Florensky boy unwittingly seek? He himself will soon say about this, returning in his memories to his adulthood. "And all my life I have been thinking only about one problem, about the problem of SYMBOL" (p. 153) [6]. And the symbols, as we know from our other activities, reveal themselves to the original Spirit, God. Including, in theoretical opening or in an icon.

Thus, for a genuine philosophical objective idealist, a true believer (in any case, a Christian), the divinity of nature and the eternal human soul is undoubted. Attempts to construct artificial people and artificial nature are the same as people and nature are from God - here the "devil's work" is in vain and in general, in the words of the believer.

Professor of Surgery Valentin Feliksovich Voyno-Yasenetsky (Archbishop Luke) (1877 - 1961) in his book Spirit, Body and Soul (1945 - 1947) writes the following about his sense of God. "Reading or listening to the words of the Holy Scripture, I suddenly got a tremendous feeling that these are the words of God addressed directly to me. <...> Separate phrases, quite unexpectedly, precisely escaped for me from the context of Scripture, lit up with a bright blinding light and indelibly imprinted in my mind. And always these lightning phrases, God's verbs were the most important, necessary for me at that moment, suggestions, instructions, or even prophecies, invariably come true later" [7]. Archbishop Luke in the same book believes that "the spirit of animals - even the smallest element of it, the spirit of life, cannot be mortal, for it is also from the Holy Spirit. And animals have a spirit connected to the body, like a human being, and therefore there is every reason to expect that their bodies will exist in the new nature, the new universe after the death of the present world. "Of course, the "primitive spirit" of the creature "cannot endlessly develop and be morally perfected". "Eternal life for a low creature will be only a quiet joy in enjoying the new luminous nature and in communication with a person who will no longer torment and destroy it" (p. 160).

A person with a natural (natural), spiritualized and materialistic world view also usually believes that animals have their own soul, undeveloped in comparison with a human, but, especially domestic animals, maybe in something better than a human. For example, we know the dog's surprising longing for the owner, its infinitely sincere sympathy for him and devotion without a "double bottom". But for a Christian, this feeling-experience of the dog towards the owner arises, develops not in her body with his growing up. This little soul is inhaled by God into creatures. And it is eternal, like the soul of a dog owner who believes in Christ. In eternal life they will find each other.

I would be happy to be filled with this world view. Unfortunately, nature does not allow, and already an old man. But it's not so bad for me, because I tried to do my own psychotherapeutic good, that I wrote a lot in my own way (explicitly or hiddenly) about people close to me, about our domestic cats and dogs, even nettles and burdocks. And, therefore, I will also somehow continue to live with all of these in my broad sense relatives, relatives and more distant ones. We all live in our genealogical Tree of Life - people, animals, plants. And robots and artificial flowers will collapse in a landfill.

Thus, an inspired idealist, like an inspired materialist, is also a burden in this artificial world of robots, because any soulfulness is unique.

What is happening in the story about the rat from the old world is akin to the bright computer-based virtual picture (imaginary) world in which the young people, adolescents especially long live today, are akin to their artificial nature. The common thing in these worlds is that both of them are more or less depersonalized. The figure conveys the uniqueness (uniqueness) of nature that animates the soul, much less than, for example, film photography. It is especially difficult in these worlds for those who are already suffering from their incompatibility in anxious apathetic depersonalization depressiveness. Virtually iconic trees, birds, quests, cartoons, etc., as people complained to me, recklessly inhale themselves, but deplete, sometimes nauseating. In any case, they do not inspire their unnatural repeatability (the lack of creative, natural uniqueness in them). Only the Spirit, spirituality is unique. Regardless of whether they are original or natural (from nature). People also told me that the apple in the computer is more beautiful, but it doesn't care how it is in the picture or in life. And they also said that digital photography with its special ("model") repeatability is not as artistic as film, and disc music is not as complete, natural as disc music. But, of course, the digital world carries with it so many advantages, gifts, that many will laugh at me and even despise me for this distrust of the new. I want only caution on the road on which there is Humanity, on which we ourselves are going. That is, it would be good for each of us to carefully co-ordinate the new life that we have already entered into, with our spiritual natural features. With his desire to be, to feel oneself in his relationship with Nature (the topic of our today's occupation). Try to feel more about the new life and more deeply understand what is happening in it and in us in this new life. The digital world frees a defensive, anxious and depressive, anxiously apathetic person from directly injuring communication with living people, but often imperceptibly, aggravates his loneliness experience, pushes away from the related person of Nature and direct communication with uniquely-inspired painting.

Perhaps the Western world, Western depressed people are easier to experience this digital depersonalization due to the more common idealistic-pragmatic national characteristics of the soul. The Eastern Slavs in this respect more difficult.

Of course, there are some pitfalls here. You have already asked. True, not quite on the topic of employment. And the great symbolic painting of the mature Kandinsky, where the infinitely unique Spirit is expressed only by line and paint, is it repeatable? And the symbolic Beauty of the great Theorem is also not really repeatable? But we will leave these stones, which are not directly related to wildlife, for later. Immediately you cannot talk about everything.

In the meantime, briefly summarize.

It is especially difficult for people to have a defensive, depressive with painful escape of their individuality, an experience of meaninglessness, hopelessness of their painful state of life without a living unique nature. They are then more impersonal, suffer from it. It is important for them, using the experience of our classes (and above all in the group of creative self-expression) and in accordance with today's lesson, strive to be more often among living nature, to study nature as much as possible, to read about artistic nature. Some of them

are drawn more in reading to realistic prose and poetry (Pushkin, Turgenev, Nekrasov, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Prishvin). Others who are prone to a religious outlook are more specific to the religious and artistic books of the writers Boris Zaitsev, Ivan Shmelev, Alexander Strizhev.

A.N. Strizhev in his brochure "Flowers and the Temple (plants in the Russian church)" [8]. Reminds that "holy righteous John of Kro-nstadt said that "flowers are these are the remnants of heaven on earth" (p.3). And further. "The main church path is lined with flowers that delight the eye from spring to autumn. In the spring snowdrops flaunt here: galantus, crocus, Scylla; a little later primroses, daffodils, daisies, pansies, and behind them irises and tulips" (pp. 21-22). "The whole earth around the temple is consecrated, therefore one must have special care about it. Weed here is not thrown out, as it happens on the estate, and save for reserve. Rev. Seraphim of Sarov instructed the Diveevo nuns: "The ground on both sides of the Church of the Nativity is surely enclosed with a fence: there are piles of the Queen of Heaven" (p. 25).

It is important to feel-understand what is closer to you, what is more in tune with your character, your nature. Religious attitude or natural (natural).

As a matter of fact, so to speak, objectively, regardless of the natural features, the natural properties of each of us, has been accomplished, everything has been formed in the Universe, I think there is an insoluble question, the eternal Mystery. The spirit (God) created the sky, the earth and everything in heaven and on earth - or did the original Nature, self-developing, begin to create the spirit (in a broad sense) in plants, animals, people? Who is right here - a materialist or an idealist? I do not know. I do not know a convincing answer to this question. But this ignorance, its mystery, helps light many unbelievers, but people living for good, and nature, to live peacefully before death.

Exercise can seriously help people with defenzivny, depressive-apatetic, anxious-depressive, depersonalizing disorders to soften the acquired, increased sense of kinship with nature, feeling in herbs, trees, birds, other animals billions of years of our common evolution, in which our unique spirituality. Maybe you want to take a kitten, a puppy, an aquarium, flowers in pots, etc., into the house, to study carefully the unique nature. At the same time, the sense of their spiritual and physical uniqueness, which suppresses amorphous, faceless depression, is intensified and inseparable from the feeling of kinship with nature. Someone, perhaps, will want to somehow associate their religious faith with the kingdom of plants and animals. Someone happens to feel for the first time, thanks to the occupation, the movement of religious feeling, the unique feeling of the Personality of Godhead, the own grain of sand of the Personality of Godhead in his soul.

In conclusion, I ask you to consider on screen a computer slide of Shishkin's painting Morning in a Pine Forest (1889). Recall this painting in the Tretyakov Gallery or an old (non-digital) reproduction of this painting. Here the uniqueness of nature is enhanced by the experience of nature by Shishkin (his personal uniqueness). Significantly clearer than on a computer slide. We will try to feel-understand the digital need in our lives and our careful attention to the figure. Let's compare the digital slide of this picture with a film - from an old projector...



Figure: I.I. Shishkin. "Morning in a pine forest" (1889).

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