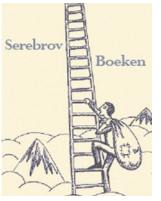
Appendix to the Trilogy 'Lessons of Master G'

Adventures of Master G and his faithful Disciples Morose and Bitumen in the Nigredo Valley, or Modern Alchemy

Phantasmagoria

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2. Live Three Incarnations in One
3. On the Path of alchemical Fusion
Appendix to the Trilogy ‘Lessons of Master G’
‘Adventures of Master G and his faithful disciples Morose and Bitumen in the Nigredo Valley, or Modern Alchemy. Phantasmagoria’



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This book is in memory of
Vladimir Stepanov a.k.a. Master G



Table of Contents

Books by Konstantin Serebrov 3

Chapter 1. An Attempt to figure out what's the Use of what's going on 9
Chapter 2. The Dragon bars the spiritual Path 13
Chapter 3. Voronezh, February. Inspiration 17
Chapter 4. Master is the Man No 10 19
Chapter 5. The Emergence of Panicovsky 21
Chapter 6. 'Alchemical Temperature': the Apple of Discord 24
Chapter 7. The Intrigues of Panicovsky 29
Chapter 8. The Value of the Substance of the Meaning of Life. 32
Chapter 9. Life in the World behind the Curtain 34
Chapter 10. Bitumen has become enraged 39
Chapter 11. Bitumen's Adventures in the World behind the Curtain 44
Chapter 12. Disciples are Graphite which the Master tries to turn into Diamond 48
Chapter 13. Death of Morose 52
Chapter 14. Lady Vanderlou 63
Chapter 15. The inner Worlds of Morose 67
Chapter 15. Four Worlds of Habitation of living Beings 69
Chapter 16. The instability of the inner Climate in the School 74
Chapter 17. The Luciferian Current 77
Chapter 18. The karmic Weight of real Knowledge 80
Chapter 19. A Bit more about three-brained Beings 84
Chapter 20. Master is a spiritual Superman 88
Chapter 21. The sad Fate of three-brained Beings 92
Chapter 22. The Master speaks about the Necessity of mastering four Kinds of mystical Arts 94
Chapter 23. The inner Woman. Death is an Advisor. The working Group 98
Chapter 24. What orderly Beetle-Fart has to do with escaping from Planet Earth 103
Chapter 25. The Master is working on the Refinement of his Students. Bad Company. 107
Chapter 26. Creating a Cosmos of personal Initiative. The Ray extends the Life of its faithful Adepts 111

Chapter 27. To Whom does the Life of Morose belong.
What is the Starry Tradition 115
Chapter 28. How One can enter the Ray. 119
Chapter 29. The magical Aspect of Cabbalism.
An active alchemical Crystal 124
Chapter 30. Morose tries to understand the Causes
of bad Karma 126
Chapter 31. An infernal Alien. The Prospects of the School
for the period of the next 300 years.
The ideal alchemical Solvent 129
Chapter 32. The Master grows Souls on Planet Earth
like a Gardener 133
Chapter 33. The Glad Tidings of the Ray of the School 135
Chapter 34. How karmic Punishment is assigned.
The Master cares about the Cohesion of our Team
to escape from the material World 139
Chapter 35. Mr Kukusha. The Need to assimilate the spiritual
Heritage of the Planet 141
Chapter 36. The Body is given for the Sake of reaching
Enlightenment. Working with Gyms 143
Chapter 37. The School of Gurdjieff and that of the Master 147
Chapter 38. How not to spill School Ideas. It is always
essential to avoid mechanical Existence 149
Chapter 39. Going with the Tides 153
Chapter 40. Training in Dandyism 155
Chapter 41. Without three alchemical Substances
the Transformation of a Student is impossible 157
Chapter 42. The School is a colossal Alarm Clock.
Knowledge is the Result of experiencing
with one's Being 159
Chapter 43. How to bring School Ideas into a Situation.
How to distinguish Essence from Personality 163
Chapter 44. The Liberation of Essence 167
Chapter 45. One's main Goal ought to be to develop Oneself
spiritually 169
Chapter 46. How to watch Movies. Education requires
Activism 172
Chapter 47. The Advice of the Master is a perishable Product .. 174
Chapter 48. How to become transformed from 'Homo Sapiens'
into 'Homo Ludens', 'the Man of Play' 176

Chapter 49. We live in a World of the distorting Mirrors 180
Chapter 50. Allow Yourself to be taught..... 182
Chapter 51. The Great Work..... 183

Chapter 1. An Attempt to figure out what's the Use of what's going on

Six years have passed, many things have changed in Kasyan's life. He managed to leave behind the city where he lived, together with all that kept him busy there and move to the city where the Master lived. He spent a long time together with G and underwent many 'teaching situations', which G had been arranging every day. However everything which was happening in the company of the Master remained for him still evasively-mysterious and incomprehensible. The Great Unknown had been hiding Itself like a swift shadow from Kasyan's direct, unceremonious glances. Neither teaching nor Master had become more understandable for Kasyan after all these long years. On the contrary, from time to time some kind of black mountain torrent of undigested 'teaching situations' would bury Kasyan, depriving him of subtle perception and obscuring his consciousness. These regular blows of heavy energy had been wiping off completely the understanding of already familiar spiritual truths and the skills of solving the problems. Yet again he would not be able to distinguish between the illusion and the Truth and to keep himself in the state of 'here and now'. Kasyan didn't know how to rid his soul of this still growing heaviness. He stopped practising Kriya technique and meditations, which was his constant pursuit from the days of his youth, because he started to believe that he would reach enlightenment by following the teaching of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky. 'I must have become an utter idiot,' he thought sometimes bitterly to himself.

He gloomily continued following the Master, driven by his almost lost hope for Enlightenment. Because of one or another unknown reason it either didn't want to come or it was Kasyan who wasn't ready to receive it.

The things which yesterday were totally clear for Kasyan, were becoming next day an unsolvable riddle for his weary consciousness. He even had a new problem: how not to lose his former spiritual achievements at all.

Because of all this Kasyan gradually became a gloomy person and he was given the nickname 'Morose'.

Following the recommendations of the Master, Morose kept a diary and wrote essays on spiritual matters. In order to absorb the secret, incomprehensible knowledge, which was poured from time to time into his consciousness, he carried regularly the luggage with the equipment of the jazz-rock band called 'Arsenal'. The Master had explained to him once that the mystical doctrines should be inculcated not only by mind and feelings, but most of all by the physical body, as the memory of our physical shell was the most reliable. Moving the four tons of equipment from point A to point B was according to the Master an excellent means to make the content of the mind sink into the body and to penetrate into the muscles and the bones. It was for Morose a hard truth, especially because he realized that he would have to maintain this inner alchemical process of assimilation of knowledge until the moment when his soul would leave this transient world. Gloomily smiling to himself Morose had been thinking: 'Baron Munchausen did it just once, while every day I must drag myself out of the swamp by pulling myself up by my hair!'

However the thing which troubled him the most, driving him into depression, was total uncertainty of his situation and lack of a visible, appreciable result of both his inner and outer work.

During all the years that Morose spent with the Master, he had to become acquainted with many of the Master's disciples, of whom the majority didn't consider themselves as such. The destructive power of pride and self-importance made their false personalities consider themselves as the bearers of the elevated knowledge, which was meant for the chosen ones and inaccessible for the plebs. Playing brilliantly but unconsciously their roles in the theatre of the Master, they at the same time were inwardly opposing him. Some of the former disciples considered it even as a good act to abuse and to slander the Master, feeling while doing this an enormous burst of Luciferian power. The Master however continued communicating with them and supporting them.

The Master explained to Morose, who couldn't grasp this, according to his common sense idiotic, situation, that this multitude of disciples constitutes an integral and sophisticated pattern on the carpet of life. Studying this pattern could reveal to a seeker a fragment of the teaching, which the Master carried inside him. The Master often had been spreading this carpet before the patient and persistent seekers, granting them the experience of decades of years and a possibility to transform their consciousness and understand the

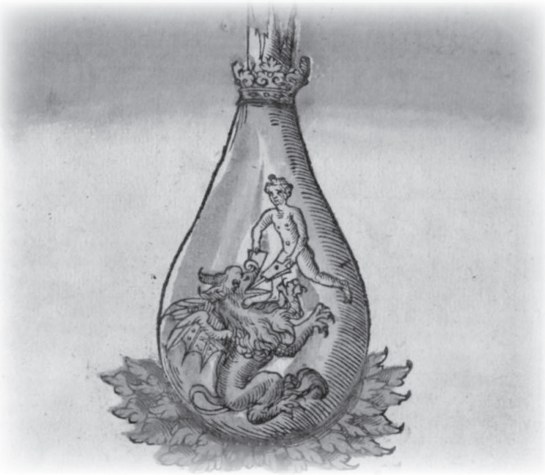
spiritual Path still deeper. The Master called this pattern 'an initiatory labyrinth with ritual statues in it, where each statue has a splinter of the teaching'. After six years Morose had realized that all the former disciples were lost people, who strayed off the true path, for each of them was enslaved by his inner dragon, which grew and barred the path to the highest knowledge.

Thus amongst all the people who surrounded G, Morose was the first one who considered him as his spiritual Teacher and followed him in all his journeys, expanding his consciousness and becoming more experienced. The others considered the Master to be a great intellectual, a genius, or an extremely mysterious person. The Master however didn't care as he didn't want to be some kind of guru or a brilliant philosopher. He just wanted to have various theatrical stages in Moscow and other cities at his disposal, where he could stage his intricate mystical performance in real life, transforming in this way life into a performance, and performance into life, animating the souls of the participants by enigmatic ethereal initiation, bringing in their lives creativity, lightness, colourfulness and sparkling fire in the heart.



When Morose would find himself in a teaching situation, which the Master skilfully and unnoticeably arranged, Morose's pride often suffered unbearably. At such moments the Master would explain to

him that e.g. insults, which made Morose suffer, are just effective means to transform his pride, which is one of the heads of his inner dragon, in something more positive. 'It is not you, who suffer,' the Master would say, 'it is your inner dragon, Uroboros, which suffers and which then torches your soul, trying to get even. But if you want to grow spiritually, you should learn to endure this pain and suffering humbly, or, even more with joy. Let blood ooze out from your dragon. If you, out of your own free will accept and endure the suffering, then the monster which lives in you, will become smaller in size and will weaken its deadly grip on you. The alchemical process of your sublimation will go a step further, for the fire of inner suffering exposes all your inner weaknesses and imperfections, which before you could skilfully hide from yourself and others. You must be treated like a sword from Damascus, which is heated and then all the irregularities are levelled by a small hammer.'



'It is certainly a beautiful, and, undoubtedly truthful idea,' Morose thought to himself at moments when his dragon was not hurt by a remark or mocking, but patted on the head.

Chapter 2. The Dragon bars the spiritual Path

Being in a placid state this fire-spitting beast could even ask the Master to raise the alchemical temperature for it so that it would get enlightened quicker. However immediately after the Master had raised the temperature for Morose's dragon, it would boil with malice and hatred which it would spit out even on a completely innocent passer-by.
At such moments Morose's heart would be fully imprisoned by a raging dragon which had total control of his heart. Being consumed by those gloomy states Morose recited with pleasure poems full of nightmares and horrors.

Someone comes, and someone leaves,
Someone presents us a banana.
I am not understandable,
You are not understandable,
We are not understandable for you.
When we cook a soup, we get a corpse instead,
Which devours everything.
Right now it will mercilessly
Set its teeth into my neck.
Is it a dream or not?
Who are we, where are we, who are we,
Where are we, where are we?
We know nothing, nothing, nothing,
And the Blick Pine torches us.
In a shop we stand in the queue to get vodka,
There stands someone behind us.
Red lips, long fingers,
Horror of his shaggy eyelids.
He will now set his teeth in our necks
And will suck us dry.
Dear Lord, this passer-by
Is our own father.
Who are we, where are we, who are we,
Where are we, where are we?
We know nothing, nothing, nothing,
And the Blick Pine torches us.

Like a heavy shadow,
Overwhelmed by constant doubt,
Our life drags itself forth.
Walk into the square,
Get on your knees,
And say 'Amen' to yourself.
Listen to the radio, watch TV,
Have a coat made,
Forget your grief and go to a crematorium:
And they will tell you there who you are.

Malice piled itself up in him as if it had been animating the sheets of paper, covered with his writings, and the sheets had been crawling like small predators over the writing desk.

At such moments Morose would forget completely that he intended to become enlightened before his soul parted from the body. When feeling hurt he was seized with such powerful self-pity that malicious vindictiveness crawled into his heart. Morose couldn't remember at such moments that the Lord can be seen only if the heart is pure and warm while malice, vindictiveness and resentment darkened it instantaneously with a darkness similar to soot. Let alone the Lord, even the guardian-angel wouldn't bear just to be near such a heart!

Kasyan-Morose had a travelling companion on his path along the Holy Mountain, called Gouri, who walked in his footsteps. He became Kasyan's disciple a year before Kasyan's meeting with the Master, and had been meditating for many hours every day behind the big wardrobe in his room, imitating his mentor. Gouri also immediately recognized G as his spiritual Master.

As Kasyan already long ago set as purpose to obtain Enlightenment in his current incarnation he tried every day to penetrate in the mystery of the Egyptian sphinxes. Gouri did his best trying not to be behind in this ascension on the Holy Mountain. However another huge dragon, which by the way dwells not only in Kasyan and Gouri, but also in every man and woman who live in this Universe, barred his path along the Holy Mountain.

In the indistinct evenings Master often had been slating his disciples with the purpose to school even for a tiny bit their inner dragons, or, in alchemical language, their Uroborosses. After these alchemical beneficent sessions Kasyan was turned into the gloomy Morose. He would then retire and immerse in himself in order to

analyse and to reconsider the instructions of the Master. Gouri in his turn, having received the fiery impulse of the Master, had been radiating for hours, days and weeks huge amounts of black, glittering acid energy, which could even put cameras, clocks and electronic devices out of order. At the same time he was trying with all his might to simply forget the painful correction. Morose, who could see this energy with his third eye, gave Gouri a nickname 'Bitumen'. At the moments when Morose's dragon was torn off a strip Morose would forget completely his purpose to reach enlightenment for he would identify himself with the dragon's evil / essence and its pain. The dragon had never intended to climb along the Holy Mountain as it didn't want to encounter the spiritual fire of the Absolute which would turn it into ashes instantly. Morose had to endure sometimes for weeks the steel-like grip of Uroboros waiting for the dragon to slacken it and sink into its cave somewhere in Morose's inner cellar. Bitumen was less firm in pursuing the spiritual goals and from time to time he would fall in love with one or another girl, losing his head completely. The reason for this was that he didn't know how to deal properly with a surplus of his accumulated substance of the sense of life.

As a result he would get into the secular current of life, trying to hide himself from the Omniscient Universal Eye, abandon the spiritual Path, fall off the Holy Mountain right into Lucifer's arms. Notwithstanding these, to his idea minor faults, Bitumen considered himself to be an educated man who understands everything that Moscow's maestri would say about alchemy, search of the philosopher's stone and not split hydrogens of Gurdjieff.

Bitumen however understood alchemy in his own manner and sought for the alchemical gold in the jungles of love but he always would bump into the unsolvable contradiction between man and woman. In a fit of imitating the Master Bitumen would read one or another of Berdiayeff's philosophical treaties and peer for hours at the photo of one or another Hindu guru, most of all Rajneesh, waiting for a miracle. The Master however told him that it was by far not enough for curbing Bitumen's dragon and gave him the task of learning by heart all the psalms of King David and the Gospel of Saint John the Divine, a line a day.

Having heard from the Master that he could tame his dragon, which had become even bigger because of the heightened energy in the School, by playing *consciously* chess, backgammon and mahjong, Bitumen immersed himself in these magic games, playing until he

was totally exhausted. His dragon however remained unsplit, because Bitumen's way of playing wasn't *conscious.* Frankly speaking he didn't really know what 'conscious playing' meant but his pride didn't allow him to enquire about it because in secret Bitumen considered himself to be a genius and an exemplary disciple who doesn't need advice. However other disciples of the School considered Bitumen a 'mechanical' disciple of the School who didn't find his essence yet and is therefore an example of what a disciple shouldn't be.

This energy was generated by one and the same problem which was constantly rising in Bitumen: how to get rid of the negative energy of his unsplittable and constantly growing inner dragon. 'Where? Where on earth?' This question resounded in his consciousness like a kind of graveyard echo. And if his buddy and benefactor Morose couldn't give him a practical advice at that moment, then Bitumen would go to church to pray. He would pray there not like all people, but in his own special way. One part of his self would pray ardently for the salvation of his soul, while another part, which got stuck against its will in the dragon's embrace, was conversing in whispers with the devils.

Having prayed in such a way to his full satisfaction, Bitumen would leave the church walking upright, with his chest sticking out, waiting for a deserved praise. However, his direct boss in 'Arsenal', called Boatswain, would revile Bitumen even more, as he didn't use his time to repair the coffers of the band which were falling apart from constant lifting.

After such an unsuccessful attempt to enter the closed door of the Kingdom of Heaven Bitumen would swallow a couple of dozen pills Adonis-bromide and would quietly fell asleep, being temporarily freed from his persona. In his marvellous dreams he was the first one to climb to the top of the Holy Mountain, but still he didn't manage to have an audience with God, because of the huge queue, for which people had been signing up from their very birth.

Chapter 3. Voronezh, February. Inspiration

Once, on a tour in Voronezh, Morose woke up feeling that he had found his small sense of life: a literary inspiration visited him and he decided to write about the way of studying in the School that is how he climbed along the Holy Mountain. He immediately shared this inspiration with his fellow-members of the School. The Master gladly welcomed this idea, but the other disciples became thoughtful: just imagine, they worried, that Morose would immortalize them in an unattractive way in the esoteric history of the Russian State! The first School comrade, who tried to put in a good word for himself in order to go down in history as a 'white hat' was of course Bitumen. 'We are actually two comrades-in-arms, two old pirates, aren't we?' He said as sincerely as he could to the future author and put on the table a bottle of Moldavian cognac. 'Do not forget to mention in your book that I am an official representative of the School on Earth and an unrecognized genius as it is already five years that I have been polished in the bosom of the School.' 'Well, I can consider this,' answered Morose, and started to ponder on the relationship between the Master and the disciple. At first sight there is nothing complicated about it: a disciple should respect and honour his Master. However while the disciple might think that he perfectly observes this rule, the Master, being a much more refined person, might feel that the disciple is rude and boorish towards him. 'This is the seed of conflict,' Morose was thinking to himself, 'having received a reproach from the Master, a disciple should urgently analyse his behaviour and find out where he was sharp and coarse. And not harbour a grudge, indulging in his false personality and hampering his advancement on the Path instead.

If a disciple willingly or unwillingly radiates a heavy atmosphere when contacting the traditional Teaching then he of course turns from being Master's assistant into a saboteur. The point is that the Good news that the Master bears in him, constantly creates psychological 'heightened temperature', which transforms the coarse and raw spots in the souls of the disciples of the School. The Teaching is always new, unknown and painful for all kinds of devils which entrenched themselves in the disciple's sub-consciousness, which is rough and often rude to the Master, while the disciple doesn't notice it. The rudeness towards the Master is in fact an insult towards