

Reminiscence of the Future...

Si Vis Pacem, Para Vino © Andrei Martyanov's Blog

Sunday, September 8, 2019

I Seldom Use Poetry.

But [Alexander Blok's](#) magnificent 1918 *The Scythians*, being one of the most stunning in its prescience geopolitical poems of all time, I think, should be posted here. For those who want to see how Russian poetry must be recited (in Russian)--one can enjoy the "music", the sound and rhyme of it here, even if you don't know Russian:

But [here](#) is the best English version of it. 101 years on--it reads like it was written yesterday.

*Millions are you – and hosts, yea hosts, are we,
And we shall fight if war you want, take heed.
Yes, we are Scythians – leafs of the Asian tree,
Our slanted eyes are bright aglow with greed.*

*Ages for you, for us the briefest space,
We raised the shield up as your humble lieges
To shelter you, the European race
From the Mongolians' savage raid and sieges.*

*Ages, yea ages, did your forges' thunder
Drown even avalanches' roar.
Quakes rent Messina and Lisbon asunder –
To you this was a distant tale – no more.*

*Eastwards you cast your eyes for many hundred years,
Greedy for our precious stones and ore,
And longing for the time when with a leer
You'd yell an order and the guns would roar:*

*This time is now. Woe beats its wings
And every adds more humiliation
Until the day arrives which brings
An end to placid life in utter spoliation.*

*You, the old world, now rushing to perdition,
Yet strolling languidly to lethal brinks,
Yours is the ancient Oedipean mission
To seek to solve the riddles of a sphinx.*

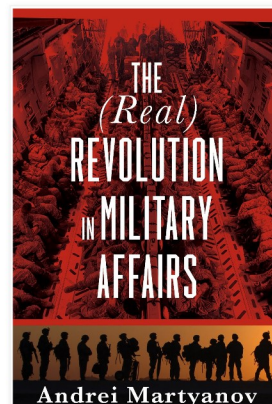
*The sphinx is Russia, sad and yet elated,
Stained with dark blood, with grief prostrate,
For you with longing she has looked and waited,
Replete with ardent love and ardent hate.*

Yet how will ever you perceive

For A Nice Shot Of Bourbon And A Good Cigar

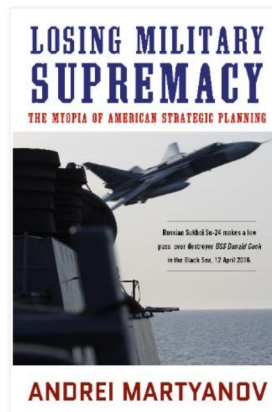


Real Revolution In Military Affairs



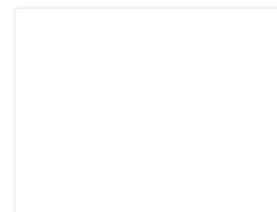
Is coming Soon

My Book Is On Sale



It Is Here

Saker's Review.



The above summary does not do justice to Martyanov's truly seminal book. I can only say that I consider this book as an absolutely indispensable "must read" for every person in the USA who loves his/her country and for every person who believes that wars, especially nuclear ones, must be avoided at all

*That, as we love, as lovingly we yearn,
Our love is neither comfort nor relief
But like a fire will destroy and burn.*

*We love cold figures' hot illumination,
The gift of supernatural vision,
We like the Gallic wit's mordant sensation
And dark Teutonic indecision.*

*We know it all: in Paris hell's dark street,
In Venice bright and sunlit colonnades,
The lemon blossoms' scent so heavy, yet so sweet,
And in Cologne a shadowy arcade.*

*We love the flavour and the smell of meat,
The slaughterhouses' pungent reek.
Why blame us then if in the heat
Of our embrace your bones begin to creak.*

*We saddle horses wild and shy,
As in the fields so playfully they swerve.
Though they be stubborn, yet we press their thigh
Until they willingly and meekly serve.*

*Join us! From horror and from strife
Turn to the peace of our embrace.
There is still time. Keep in its sheath your knife.
Comrades, we will be brothers to your race.*

*Say no – and we are none the worse.
We, too, can utter pledges that are vain.
But ages, ages will you bear the curse
Of our sons' distant offspring racked with pain.*

*Our forests' dark depths shall we open wide
To you, the men of Europe's comely race,
And unmoved shall we stand aside,
An ugly grin on our Asian face.*

*Advance, advance to Ural's crest,
We offer you a battleground so neat
Where your machines of steel in serried ranks abreast
With the Mongolian savage horde will meet.*

*But we shall keep aloof from strife,
No longer be your shield from hostile arrow,
We shall just watch the mortal strife
With our slanting eyes so cold and narrow.*

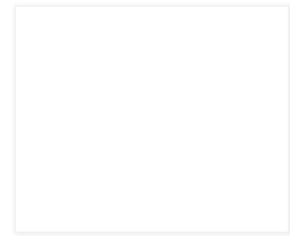
*Unmoved shall we remain when Hunnish forces
The corpses' pockets rake for plunder,
Set town afire, to altars tie their horses,
Burn our white brothers' bodies torn asunder.*

*To the old world goes out our last appeal:
To work and peace invite our warming fires.
Come to our hearth, join our festive meal.
Called by the strings of our Barbarian lyres.*

30 January 1918

costs.

Asia Times About The Book

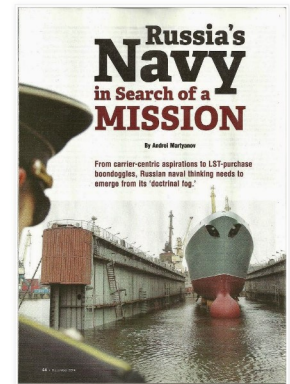


In Losing Military Supremacy, his latest, groundbreaking book, crack Russian military-naval analyst Andrei Martynov deconstructs in detail how, "the United States faces two nuclear and industrial superpowers, one of which fields a world-class armed forces. If the military-political, as opposed to merely economic, alliance between Russia and China is ever formalized – this will spell the final doom for the United States as a global power."

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Russia's Navy In Search Of A Mission



My article came out in December issue of US Naval Institute Proceedings

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