



On the Eve of the War?

Opening Remarks of the Editor-in-Chief

Geopolitical summer 2013 was hot. Its information dominant was set by the events in and around first Egypt, now calmed down for a while, then Syria, intended to be the eventful culmination throughout the fall. The Syrian crisis and the new Egyptian metamorphosis, as well as the scandalous revelations of global peeping have quickly sculpted a new legal and moral framework of international relations. The realization of this framework by representatives of all civilizational habitats will soon result in new formats of relationships, new facets of what is permitted, the new ideological discourse, new styles of diplomacy, new alliances and new conflicts.

In the very least, many rhetoric and often starry-eyed packages previously taken by someone at face value are falling away as a useless husk, leaving purely real interests and ambitions at the theater of international actions. And the reality is less pleasant and unambiguous than the fictions of the imagination. However, on the eve of 1914 wasn't it pacifist euphoria on the streets and in the salons of Paris and Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna and London? And the specter of war had already wandered very close — in the staffs and boards of companies, and especially — away from them, in the vast expanses of colonies and threads of transport routes.

The war Phantom, along with the reason for the open military intervention in Syria has emerged like a genie from a bottle. And caused a split in the G20 that has never occurred before. It is essential not only that someone spoke out against Obama's intentions to attack, but the fact that there is the half of those among 20 countries and international organizations. Significantly also the opposition of the authorities and society in the United States, Britain, France and Germany that have not occurred for long. It is significant strengthening the authority of the BRICS group. It is significant the positions of the Pope whose word with reverence is received by hundreds of millions of Catholics, and the UN Secretary General. But it is also equally significant a growing coalition of thousands of hits. Each side has its own reasoning and logic.

The tragedy in a country where converged historical paths of several civilizations, and where, until recently, their partnership has been quite exemplary, every day bleeds with new and new precedents of the fights of several powerful forces that represent the civilizational essences. On a relatively tiny piece of land, visible and invisible trenches bristle with ruthless intransigence, anger, hatred, revenge, looting, and pervasive evil. But also with examples of martyrdom, courage, sacrifice for the family, for faith, for their civilizational ideals.

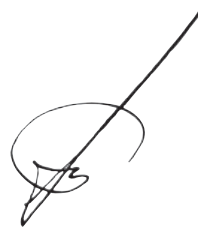
The Syrian crisis directly draws into a vortex of conflict interests, meanings, preferences and values of the majority of contemporary civilizations: Islamic in all its branches, the Western European, North American, Chinese, Eurasian, and African.

In the frightful vicissitudes of the Syrian troubles and its extensive metastasis it opens up its insides the new system identity, even a new civilizational reality. It has its entity features. Own human contingent. Own ideals and idols. Own network archipelago of basing. Own ancient genealogy, very hypnotic in its own way, not at all for singles. With own chroniclers and leaders. Its own tools. Allies. Energy and aesthetics of action. Own strategy and tactics of expansion on the principles of a roving ambush, wandering targets, anonymity of partners.

This is something beyond every limit parasitic. It is blatantly criminal. Unmerciful. Lethal. As the malignance. As the killer

In fact we are talking about a quasi-civilizational anti-system, bandit, terrorist by the methods, parasite by sources of vitality, and chimeric by aspirations.

Through all of a sudden coarsened at the highest official level vocabulary of interstate communication, through the geopolitical fault lines, humanitarian and natural disasters it shows through the disturbing features of the coming epoch. Huntington has managed to scratch its creepy, Rembrandt like etchings.



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