

The Official Russian Propaganda Manual – Step-by-Step Guide

“How to Write Like a Russian Propagandist – Whimper, Wail, and Weaponize”

Welcome, aspiring architect of informational collapse. If you’re reading this, you’ve been chosen by the Ministry of Manufactured Meaning – or maybe you’re an intern in a dank basement near Rostov googling “*how to make the West look evil without sounding like a lunatic.*” Either way, welcome to the family. This is not journalism. It’s theatre. Tragedy, mostly. It’s written in Cyrillic, funded by oligarchs, and directed by a bitter historian with a soft spot for Stalin and a hard drive full of Photoshopped NATO atrocities. Now, let’s begin your training in the fine art of Russian state propaganda.

(Western analysts have tried to dissect our methods, identifying five pillars of our disinformation ecosystem. They note how official lies, state-run media, proxy websites, social media trolls, and even cyber warfare all work together in harmony. We knew this all along, of course – we built it.)

Step 1: The Sacred Whimper of Perpetual Victimhood

Every great propaganda piece begins with a whimper. Your tone starts as a mournful dirge. You are Russia, eternal victim, and besieged fortress. Which means *everything* is an attack on you. Not just militarily – but spiritually, existentially, emotionally. By NATO. By EU cheese tariffs. By Latvia. Did your refrigerator break? Clearly NATO’s fault. Did your Eurovision entry score poorly? NATO again. Local bakery raised prices? Obviously a CIA economic subversion plot. Never explain these connections; simply assert them. (If possible, do it in italics for dramatic effect.)

The golden tone to achieve is haunted nostalgia mixed with the wounded majesty of a frostbitten tsar. Facts are for weak Western academics. Your job is to howl – weave grief and righteousness into one long, trembling lament of misunderstood greatness. Sprinkle the word “Russophobia” everywhere like holy water. If you’re unsure what to blame on Russophobia, just pick anything at random – it *always* works. In this opening act of victimhood theater, remember: Russia is *always* the aggrieved party, forever under siege by a decadent, hostile world.



“We Watch, We Broadcast, We Convince.”
“Наблюдаем. Вещаем. Убеждаем.” (Nablyudayem. Veshchayem. Ubezhdayem.)

Step 2: Historical Hallucination and Patriotic Pantomime

There is no such thing as *“the past”* in our propaganda because 1941 never ended. History is a weapon, not a timeline. So, weaponize it. Did someone criticize the government? Compare them to fascists. Did a neighbor support Ukraine? Call them a Nazi. Is there a pothole in Moscow? Remind everyone that the Red Army once defeated Hitler armed with nothing but tank wrenches and canned sorrow. The message: any current problem pales next to the Great Patriotic War – and anyone opposing us now is just the new Hitler.

Misquote Tolstoy. Mistranslate Solzhenitsyn. Invent quotes from Peter the Great if necessary. Build a patriotic pantomime where even cultural references are drafted into your narrative. And always invoke the mystical phrase *“sacred Slavic soul.”* Use it as if you’re writing fan fiction for Orthodox nationalists. Your audience shouldn’t be informed; they should feel swept up in the unbearable tragedy of Russia not being understood by the West. This is military cosplay on the page – dressing up modern politics in WWII uniforms and Orthodox robes. The Motherland’s glory and grief are your theatrical props.

Step 3: The Dance of Deflection (Mastering Whataboutism)

If something goes wrong – and trust us, it always does – blame the West. Then, accuse *them* of blaming you. Then act outraged that anyone would suggest you did anything at all. This is the elegant dance of deflection. Its beauty lies in strategic incoherence: you are simultaneously the puppet *and* the puppeteer, the victim *and* the victor, the wounded bear *and* the noble liberator. Logic is irrelevant; confusion is the point.

Master the art of whataboutism – respond to any accusation with *“But what about their bad actions?”* Make every criticism of Russia ricochet into a critique of someone elsed. Say everything and nothing at once. Deny and accused in the same breath. If confronted with a specific fact, just sneer: *“That’s exactly what a CIA operative would say.”* Watch as confusion replaces conversation, and your disinformation becomes divine truth. We have perfected this tactic as part of our classic *“reflexive control”* doctrine – by carefully feeding the enemy well-crafted lies, we can incline them to make the choices we want. When we flood the zone with shiny nonsense and contradictory narratives, it overwhelms logical thought. The goal is achieved when your audience throws up their hands and says, *“Who can ever know the truth?!”* – at which point, our job is done.

Step 4: From Despair to Delusional Glory (Emotional Theater)

All great propaganda follows an emotional arc like a doomsday cult's prophecy. Start with despair. Paint a picture of ruin: The Motherland weeps, her people suffer, stabbed in the back by "decadent techno-gays in Brussels." (Yes, really use phrasing this absurd – the more absurd, the more emotional impact.) Cue the imagery: an elderly babushka shedding tears at a crumbling Soviet war memorial while a slow balalaika tune plays in the background. This is victimhood theater at its peak – make the nation cry on cue.

Then, suddenly, rise from the ashes. Against all odds, Russia overcomes. Shift your tone to heroic revival. Children begin singing Pushkin verses in unison. Flags flutter (in digitally altered breezes if needed). Tanks roll over a CGI hill into a golden sunset. A lone goose even flies overhead for poetic effect. Show the West crumbling under the weight of its soy lattes and vegan pronouns while Russia stands alone – proud, defiant, slightly radioactive. This wild emotional whiplash – from tragic doom to triumphant delusion – will leave your audience exhausted but enthralled. It's emotional manipulation 101: break them down with sorrow, then lift them up with nationalist pride. They'll scarcely notice logic vanished somewhere along Act II. Just remember, in this performance of patriotism, subtlety is for the weak. We deal in opera, not journalism.

Step 5: Rainbow Panic – Weaponized Whimsy as Scapegoating

Now, we arrive at the delicate moral panic portion of your opus – the infamous "gay subplot." The Kremlin's rule of thumb: when in doubt, blame the gays. Every perceived social decline, every hiccup in public order, must be attributed to the nebulous threat of "gender ideology." (Never define this term – its vagueness is what makes it scary.) This is what we call weaponized whimsy: turning the rainbow into a symbol of dread. In practice, it's absurd – and that's exactly the point.

Include baffling references to, say, rainbow crosswalks in Canada as evidence of Western civilizational collapse. Accuse a random EU country of harboring a "secret transgender NATO covenant" in its forests (extra points if it's Finland). If your piece needs an emotional hook, consider inserting a confused Russian grandmother who has just discovered that her grandson in Berlin owns a hairdryer and wears pastel colors. Describe her face as tragic, her tears authentic, her despair a symbol of Western moral ruin.

"Наблюдаем. Вещаем. Убеждаем." (Nablyudayem. Veshchayem. Ubezhdayem.)
At every opportunity, interrupt discussions of freedom or democracy with hysterical warnings about "woke tyranny." You're not here to report facts; you're here to stoke fear that tradition is dying. And tradition, in our playbook, conveniently always centers on a hyper-masculine fantasy of society (usually involving a lot of shirtless men with very strong

opinions on plumbing). By the end of this section, your readers should be thoroughly convinced that LGBTQ+ rights are a plot to weaken nations, and only Mother Russia stands pure against this technicolor onslaught. It's hateful, it's ridiculous – and it works like a charm in propaganda land.

Step 6: Platforms of Propaganda – How to Scream in Cyrillic

Time to take the show on the road – or rather, online. Social media is your battlefield. Telegram is your war room. VKontakte is your spin factory. Forums are your sewer. Flood them daily with content. Your mission is to overwhelm the audience from every direction, a strategy Western observers have dubbed the *"Firehose of Falsehood."* We embrace this proudly. High volume, high chaos, everywhere at once.

- Never use a credible source. Instead, use screenshots of screenshots, blurry videos, and "leaked documents" from "respected experts" who are actually just your neighbor's nephew with Photoshop.
- Create memes and hashtags that double as threats. For example: #MotherlandUnderSiege, #SovietPrideNeverDies, #GenderIsARustyTank. These don't have to make literal sense as long as they feel ominous and patriotic.
- Exploit every platform: Post conspiratorial rants on obscure forums at 3 AM. Share doctored videos on TikTok. Unleash troll accounts on Twitter (or "X" or whatever the Westerners call it now) to swarm any dissenters. The key is volume and persistence.

If someone responds with actual facts, never engage with the facts. Instead, reply with something like: *"How much did Soros pay you to say that?"* or *"Typical CIA propaganda – we see you."* By doing this, you've shifted the focus to doubting the critic's motives, not answering their point. Remember, our approach is rapid, continuous, and unburdened by truth – we don't pause to fact-check or hesitate to contradict ourselves. We own the information space by sheer volume and speed. The first liar wins. So shout louder, post faster, and share more outrage than any honest person could ever counter. It's not about convincing the audience you're right – it's about exhausting them into submission.

(Analyst's note: Contemporary Russian propaganda "makes little or no commitment to the truth" – and that lack of shame is its secret weapon. Truth is for cowards; our firehose of fiction is forever.)

Step 7: Style, Substance, and Soviet Soap Opera

Your style must be as florid, absurd, and theatrical as the Motherland deserves. You are not writing mere prose – you are composing a theatrical lament disguised (thinly) as analysis. Take a deep breath of patriotism (and maybe a shot of vodka) and go for broke:

- Tone: Florid, apocalyptic, slightly breathless. Every sentence should teeter on the brink of hysteria. Ideally, write as if you're sipping kvass while screaming about Estonia's latest insult.
- Visuals: Graphs and charts? Use them only if they are inexplicable. Ideally, include a chart with ominous red arrows pointing everywhere and overlapping circles that prove nothing. If you make a map, color some random country (like Sweden) in menacing tones for no reason. The goal is to *appear* scientific or authoritative while actually producing nonsense.
- Sources: Disregard them. If you must cite something, attribute it to an "*independent Slavic geopolitical expert*" – who, conveniently, turns out to be your cousin in Omsk. Manufacturing sources and experts are standard practice (we've been known to ghost-write entire books under Western pseudonyms to bolster our narrative). Why? Because the appearance of truth beats truth itself.

In crafting your soap opera of Soviet nostalgia, remember that all the world's a stage – and all your readers are mere spectators to the grand Kremlin drama. If you do it right, they'll be too entertained (or bewildered) to notice it's all staged. The hallmark of our style is performative patriotism: big emotions, bigger lies, wrapped in just enough pseudo-intellectual ribbon to look pretty. By now, you should be adept at orthodox cosplay as well – dressing up raw propaganda in the trappings of tradition and piety. We can even make a security briefing sound like a sermon if needed. When challenged, double down on the theatrics. Every time a fact threatens your storyline, crank up the melodrama and nationalist opera until truth drowns in the noise.

Step 8: The Gospel of Grievance (Final Doctrine)

Everything – and we mean everything – is a plot against Russia. Nothing is ever our fault. This is the Gospel of Grievance, our final doctrine. If Russia stumbles or fails at something, simply declare that it was part of a clever centuries-long plan or blame it on sabotage by foreign devils. Russia never truly loses. And if it appears we did, well, we intended to lose *as a tactic* to lull the enemy – got it?

By now, comrade, you have graduated from the Glorious Institute of Information Operatics. Congratulations. Your keyboard is a weapon. Your hashtags are bullets. Your prose is a requiem for facts. Never inform when you can inflame. Confuse first; correct never. Cry often (on cue). And for the love of Mother Russia, always include the babushka in your story.

Go forth, soldier of the screenshot. History awaits your creative edits.

Remember: The truth is malleable. In our hands, it's not a mirror reflecting reality but clay to be molded into whatever shape the Motherland requires. Truth is for losers; victory is for vocal liars. If a well-timed lie in Old Church Slavonic makes the masses weep with pride, then that lie shall outlive any truth. This is the way.

Now, back to work. There's a babushka sobbing in Belgorod who needs interviewing – word is, *NATO bombed her turnips*. The FSB needs a fresh meme by noon. RT is praying for a miracle headline. Manoilo wants you to touch up his PowerPoint on “Western Gay Ray Weapons.” Romachev is busy molding new PhD theses out of thin air. Putin could use an infusion of adulation after breakfast. And Patriarch Kirill is waiting for you to Photoshop a rainbow flag onto a Polish tank for his next sermon.

The Empire of Make-Believe won't build itself. So, don your patriotic costume, and let's get to it.

Meet the Cast: The Kremlin's Propaganda Performers

Finally, as a fully initiated propagandist, you should know the luminaries of our craft. These are the main performers in our never-ending opera of outrage – the people and institutions you'll be emulating and amplifying. Think of them as your case studies in advanced propaganda.

- Vladimir Putin – Supreme Shirtless Sadboi-in-Chief: The maestro himself. More than a president, he's a carefully crafted meme in human form – a judo-loving, shirtless horseback-riding avatar of nostalgic imperial machismo. Putin doesn't simply speak; he sighs wistfully about lost empire and Western perfidy as if the Cold War was his high school sweetheart who left him for NATO. His every photo-op (be it with tigers or ancient amphoras) sets the tone for our propaganda: Russia is strong, mournful, and always just a bit tragic. In our manual, Putin is both muse and method – the archetype of the aggrieved strongman we write to glorify.

- **Dmitry Medvedev – Minister of Late-Night Telegram Rants:** Once a mild-mannered placeholder president, Medvedev has reinvented himself as a full-time keyboard warrior. Think of him as the regime’s drunken Twitter troll laureate. By day, he might appear in a suit, but by midnight, he’s firing off unhinged Telegram posts that read like World War III fan fiction. He threatens to nuke countries in one breath and posts cat memes in the next. Is he drunk? Is he deranged? Doesn’t matter – his rambling, fiery tirades set an example: no statement is too extreme if it rattles the West.
- **Sergey Lavrov – Dean of Deadpan Disinformation:** Russia’s foreign minister is the master of the straight-faced lie. With a gravelly voice and world-weary demeanor, Lavrov can look a reporter in the eye and declare black is white, up is down, and Russia is the real victim – and do it all with utmost calm. He has turned “whataboutism” into an art form in diplomatic circles marshallcenter.org. Every time he says “Frankly speaking...” expect a whopper of a falsehood to follow. Lavrov demonstrates that delivering blatant propaganda with an *air of bored credibility* can be more effective than shouting. He’s the patron saint of the *lie-to-your-face-and-shrug* technique.
- **Andrey Manoilo – Professor of Parallel Universes:** A former FSB officer turned academic, Manoilo is our disinformation theoretician. Cloaked in credentials and big words, he churns out thick “research” tomes proving that Western NGOs are actually mind-control cults or that IKEA catalogs are spreading anti-Russian subliminals. His job is to make our wildest conspiracy theories sound empirical. He’ll footnote 400 pages of nonsense to claim, say, that the CIA is weaponizing hip-hop to corrupt Slavic youth. If you ever need to add a veneer of scholarly respectability to your propaganda, Manoilo’s work is your template (just copy his citations – he made half of them up anyway).
- **Roman Romachev – Social Engineering Apostle:** The founder of a so-called private “intelligence” academy, Romachev is an FSB-trained social engineering guru. He teaches courses on how to phish, troll, and psychologically manipulate societies. Imagine a self-help seminar on manufacturing mass paranoia. Romachev’s Alter Academy is basically a brain trust for state-approved conspiracy theorists who see “rainbow-scented liberal satanism” behind every EU policy. His contribution? Turning academic jargon into intimidation. When you need to confuse people with pseudo-intellectual buzzwords about information war, Romachev and his circle provide endless material.

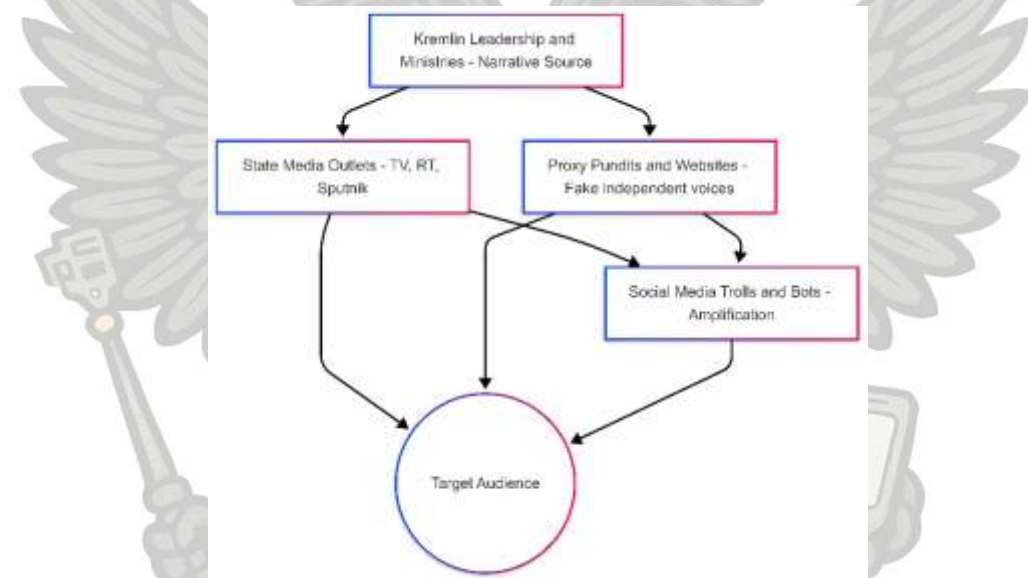
- Vladimir Solovyov & Olga Skabeyeva – The State Media Attack Dogs: Ah, the dynamic duo (and their colleagues on state TV). Solovyov, the talk-show tyrant, and Skabeyeva, the “iron doll” of news, are the shrieking voices of Motherland Approved Outrage. They don’t report news – they perform it. One minute Solovyov’s veins are bulging as he accuses the West of satanic orgies in Brussels; the next, Skabeyeva is furrowing her brow so hard at some “Ukrainian Nazi” that you expect the camera lens to crack. They will dutifully show any fabricated footage (even video game clips) and call it “breaking news.” Their emotional range runs from smug sneers to theatrical sobs of patriotism. Watch and learn how to sell a lie with absolute conviction, volume turned up to 11.

And then we have the supporting cast in our propaganda theater – the shadowy men in balaclavas and suits who ensure our narrative’s “truth” is enforced:

- FSB (Federal Security Service) – The Homeland Hall Monitors: Think of the FSB as the internal affairs department of our narrative. These are the folks who will literally arrest a teenager for an anti-war meme and call it counter-terrorism. Paranoid and proud, the FSB sees foreign agents everywhere – every dissident is a CIA plant, every protest a Western plot. They excel at a uniquely performative repression: publicized raids, coerced confessions on camera, and press statements about foiling imaginary coups. In our propaganda symphony, the FSB is the bass section playing the ominous notes that keep the populace in line – the message that Big Brother is always watching (and he’s very angry).
- SVR (Foreign Intelligence) – The Sophisticated Storytellers: The SVR is our overseas disinformation export bureau. They like to consider themselves the subtle spies, “chess masters” of influence. In reality, they often recycle old Cold War playbooks. These are the people who send out “independent analysts” (read: undeclared intelligence officers) to quietly seed conspiracy theories in foreign academia and media. They’ll forge documents, whisper lies into receptive ears, and publish entire fake journals if they must. The SVR’s style is less brash than others – more tweed jacket than tracksuit – but make no mistake, their mission is the same: convince the world that Russia’s enemies are monsters and Russia’s actions are noble. They provide the subtler touch when a blunt instrument won’t do.
- GRU (Military Intelligence) – The Mischief Makers: If SVR is chess, GRU is MMA. These are the operatives who hack emails, leak embarrassing info, and occasionally poison

someone with a nerve agent and a wink. They're behind many of the juicy "leaks" we then amplify on state media. Got a cache of stolen emails? The GRU probably procured it. They're also known for outrageous stunts – blowing up ammo depots in Europe, then leaking a "false flag" narrative to blame someone else. They are, as one wag put it, a "war crime improv troupe." Subtlety isn't their strength, but chaos is. Chaos is fertile ground for propaganda. Every crisis or confusion they create, we exploit with glee on all channels.

(Here's a simplified view of how our disinformation pipeline flows across actors and channels:)



- Orthodox Church (Patriarch Kirill & Co.) – The Holy Enablers: Even the Church joins our pageant of propaganda. The Moscow Patriarchate has essentially become a liturgical public relations department for the state. Patriarch Kirill, draped in gold, will solemnly sermonize that the war in Ukraine is a fight for the "spiritual unity of Rus" – which is ecclesiastical code for "God wills Russia to reclaim Kyiv." Priests bless missiles and sprinkle holy water on nuclear warheads. In their sermons, NATO is denounced as a new Babylon, Brussels as Sodom and any hint of liberalism as the devil's work in a sequined dress. It's Orthodox cosplay at its finest – all the incense and choirboys, repurposed to sanctify the Kremlin's talking points. By roping in religion, we tap into deep veins of cultural identity and obedience. After all, if dissenting against the government can be framed as heresy against Holy Mother Russia, who would dare complain? The Church's job is to wrap our propaganda in a

halo, giving our lies a righteous shine. And they perform it expertly, with every gilded icon and murmured prayer for the troops on the front.

Together, this cast – the aggrieved autocrat, the ranting sidekick, the deadpan liar, the conspiratorial scholars, the flamboyant TV shock-jocks, the secret police, the hackers, and the robed priests – form a sobbing, screaming symphony of disinformation. Each plays their part in the grand Kremlin Kabuki of truth-twisting:

- Our guiding ideology: Victimhood + Vengeance + Vodka (the emotional cocktail of eternal grievance).
- Our motto: *"We didn't do it, but if we did, it's your fault... and we're proud of it."*
- Our mission: Keep the Motherland's narrative immune to reality.

This is the Empire of Make-Believe we've built – a world where every day is Victory Day, every opponent is a fascist, every ally is a saint (until they aren't), and every fact is flexible. It's a paranoid, performative, but strangely compelling alternate reality. And now, as a newly minted propaganda operative, *you* are both its product and its producer.

Go on, then. Whimper. Wail. Weaponize. The Motherland is depending on you to keep the show going. In the name of the Tsar, the Tank, and the Telegram – go and flood the world with our sacred truth.

Na zdrowie, товарищ! The show must go on.

