The Mirror of my soul

Volume 1. Born in the USSR

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Preface

There are several reasons why I decided to write my own biography. First, whenever I had occasion to talk about some events of my life, my stories would often come back to me in the form of the most unimaginable "folklore." In fact, my tales took on such "facts" and colorations that even I listened to them with interest. The second reason that impelled to such a "feat" was the fact that every now and then someone would appear and offer to write my biography—and every time something stopped me. Once I even agreed to have an American woman author garner my recollections onto audiocassettes and spent several days with her recording them. But then I changed my mind and gave up the offer. First of all, I had to expend a lot of time describing and explaining events that had happened to me. Secondly, to my utter astonishment, writers and journalists managed to distort everything despite their having my recorded recollections: this would include exaggerating, distorting facts and sometimes simply telling bare-faced lies. Therefore, when Dmitri Baida, the administrator of my web site, suggested that I write the biography myself, I decided to do just that. And—as the process unfolded, it also became the interpretation of my views on life. I thought that if my life and my modus vivendi were interesting to people, then nobody was more qualified than I to convey what and when things happened in my life, what I thought as to one or another situation, what I felt and experienced. Certainly, everything that I am about to describe will be highly subjective and will reflect the outer world through my own eyes. But despite all this, I will try to reflect everything with maximum objectivity, as much as possible. As this is my biography, nobody will do it better than I, and if there is any distortion it will be my distortion of my own biography, which is better than distortions made by someone else. Nicolai Levashov

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Contents

1 My childhood. My family's past. 1

2 My school years 7

3 At the University 25

4 Life is a good teacher 45

5 In the Army 57

6 In the Army (continuation) 65

7 Miracles go on 79

8 Other worlds are quite different 95

9 A thorny path to the stars 107

10 The first encounter with parasites 123

11 The war with parasites started 133

12 The third appeal to mankind 143

13 The contact? 151

14 Ready for superabilities? 163

15 Study is light 173

16 What is reality? 183

17 My psi-toys 195

18 Psi-generators 205

19 Patching up the hole 213

20 Life is going on 223

21 Hello, Germany! 245

22 Back to the USSR 273

23 Parasites attack 287

24 New turn in my destiny 297

25 Svetlana's secret 303

26 The transformation of the brain 309

27 The problems of upward evolution 319

28 My first visit to Arkhangelsk 329

29 The way to the stage 341

30 Moscow "holiday" 353

31 The White Brotherhood 363

32 The big layered pie 371

33 The one who turns them around 379

34 The August Putsch 389

35 The alien christener 395

36 Parasites attack again 403

37 The silver thread 409

38 The second visit to Archangelsk 427

39 Moscow fuss 447

40 Departure to the USA 455

Chapter 1.

My childhood. My family's past.

I was born in 1961 in Kislovodsk, Stavropolsky, to a family classified as "the former[1]" (i.e., "the former aristocracy")—a fact that I certainly discovered only later on in my life. My parents lived with us, three children, in a basement, which my father adapted for living quarters; there was simply nothing else available. Before his wedding my father lived with his parents in a small semibasement shed on the outskirts of Kislovodsk. The basement that became our home was attached to this shed.

The world of my childhood consisted of mountains, canyons and gorges, which were right behind my house. Mountains made the strongest and brightest impression upon me. Their beauty and grandeur simply charmed my child's imagination. But before I continue my recollections of childhood, I would like to give my ancestors their due.

Lately it has become very popular to search for aristocratic roots. Although, until quite recently such roots gave no advantage to people who authentically had them; on the contrary, they brought only problems. Most "formers" were totally destroyed by the Soviet power, and those who survived were doomed into oblivion by this power. My ancestors experienced it in full measure. More of this later, but for now—some words about my ancestors, who, for centuries, served their Motherland Russia with honor.

The origin of the last name, Levashov, is quite interesting. It comes from the nickname "Levash". At the time of the Ryurikovich, boyars[2]

[1] After the 1917 revolution the term was applied to a broad spectrum of Russian society, including the royal family, aristocrats, bourgeoisie, clerics, as well as the intelligentsia, business entrepreneurs, landowners and kulaks (well-off peasants), all of whom at various times were declared "enemies of the people," "enemies of the proletariat" or "class enemies." The latter, highly derogatory terms, were meant to imply that these "enemies" were conspiring against the entire state of workers and peasants. This was done to justify the Red Terror, a campaign of mass arrests, deportations and executions conducted by the Bolshevik government in Soviet Russia from 1918 to 1922. The victims were thereby subjected to imprisonment, exile or execution, plus confiscation of their property without any judicial process (E.L.).

[2] A boyar was a highest-ranking member of Slavonic aristocracy, second only to the ruling princes. (E.L.).

sat to the left of the tsar in the Boyar Duma[3], while to the right were Duma dyaks[4]. One of my ancestors of an old princely family was a Duma boyar: hence his nickname "Levash". According to centuries-old tradition only one representative of a family had the right to be a member of the Boyar Duma; usually the most outstanding representative merited that right.

Subsequently, everyone was given a nickname, which reflected his occupation or personal qualities. Family surnames were numerous, and nicknames prevented mixing up people of the same family. In the course of time, this nickname was attached to the descendants, designating all the family members, and was transformed into the surname of Levashov.

The Levashov family had been the richest noble family of Russia before the Romanovs, a westernized clan who seized the power in the country in 1613. The Levashovs conserved their status even during the rule of the first Romanovs. Such a state of affairs, certainly, could not please the new tsars. My ancestors fell into disfavor, as they were not a "new" nobility and refused to cooperate with the new dynasty. In 1682, in order to strengthen his power, Tsar Feodor Alekseevich Romanov ordered the ancient Genealogical and Rank Books to be destroyed and a new genealogical book, the Velvet Book, to be created in its place. Fortunately, these ancient books have been kept up until now in Europe. The noble family of the Levashovs was removed from the rostrum of the tsar's court and the state service for over a hundred years.

Only one branch of the family was allowed to approach the emperor's court, when Russia had fallen on really hard times. Vasiliy Vasilievich Levashov (1783-1848), a battle lieutenant-general, was the governor of Podolsk, Chernigov, Poltava and Kharkov. From 1838 he was chairman of both the State Council and the Committee of Ministers of the Russian Empire in 1847-1848. He was a cavalier of all the Russian orders. In 1833 Emperor Nicolai I gave him the title of Count.

By the start of the 1917 revolution, my family, while not the richest in Russia, nevertheless, had considerable wealth, including gold mines, stud-farms, etc. So, my ancestors had much to lose when the great "Russian" revolution swept over the land. In a single day they were

[3]The term is derived from the Russian word "to think" or "to consider". The Boyar Duma (10th-18th centuries) was an advisory council to the grand princes and tsars of Kievan Rus and Muscovy. The Duma was discontinued by Peter the Great, who transferred its functions to the Governing Senate in 1721. (E.L.).

[4]Dyak denotes an historical Russian bureaucratic occupation, the meaning of which varied over time and approximately corresponds to a "Bureaucratic Chief" (E.L.).

stripped of everything but their lives, and shipped away in cattle cars, along with other victims of fatal events, towards an uncertain destiny.

Such an ordeal is incredibly hard for anyone, even the strongest, to endure; however, many of them did not become embittered, despite the good reasons they had for it.

It is a pity that everything that happened with my family and with many others who belonged to the former aristocracy, will remain in secrecy forever. There is almost nobody left who would tell their descendants about those times. There were millions of destroyed souls and broken lives whose only guilt was that they were born into a certain social level that someone just hated. Most of these people could be called the flowers of their nation that burgeoned within their nation for many thousands of years.

My grandfather, Vladimir Georgievich Levashov, was in the bloom of his youth (he was born in 1890) when the revolution broke out. He was stripped of everything and was "carried off" to Siberia, along with almost all representatives of the aristocracy, nobility and other "parasitic" classes, who somehow had escaped being shot on the spot.

However, unlike the most oppressed members of the first wave who appeared in Siberia, my grandfather along with his wife and daughter, (who was born in Siberian exile in 1930), managed to resettle in Kazakhstan, and later moved on to the Northern Caucasus and Kislovodsk. Here he found a dwelling on the outskirts of this remarkable city, where my father, Victor Vladimirovich Levashov, was born in 1938 in a little one-room semi-basement apartment with all the "facilities" outside.

Neither my grandfather, nor my grandmother from the paternal side, Babanina Marfa Iosifovna, who died in 1988 at the age of 86, ever revealed their past even on their deathbed—who they were or what had happened to them. Even in 1988 my grandmother was afraid that this information could cause harm to her children and grandchildren.

I can only imagine what they had to go through. It is quite likely that only because they were able to keep silent, the birth of my father became possible and, as a result, the appearance of myself, my elder brother and my younger sister. The only thing my grandfather ever told my mother was that they were aristocrats from a very rich family, knowing perfectly well that this information would never reach the ears of strangers. I succeeded in finding some information about my ancestors with the help of my friends, when I lived in the USA.

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My mother, Valentina Petrovna Levashova (maiden name Andryushechko) was born in 1938 on a small farm in Vesioliy, Rostov region, which was almost hidden in the Salskie steppes. Her father, of Siberian origin,

was a skilled military man, also from the ranks of "the former".

In 1941 he, or rather, his experience and knowledge of several foreign languages were commandeered by the Motherland. In this role he performed special tasks, so confidential that my mother's brother-in-law was unable to find out anything from him, despite the fact that he was colonel of the rocket troops and worked in the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Defense.

The extremely high confidentiality level of his work is reflected in the fact, that my maternal grandmother, Anna Sergeevna Andryushechko (maiden name Ishenko) inherited his personal pension of 200 rubles. By comparison, her brother's widow received a pension of 3 rubles. Her other brother served on the World War II[5] front when he was 17 years old, having falsified his birth certificate to pass for older than he was. Three men of my family, from the group of my closest relatives, did not return from this war.

Starting as early as childhood, my mother was able to manifest unusual abilities: she could levitate, forsee the future and discern problems in the human organism. The latter proved very useful for her later on when she worked in a children's hospital. Destiny drove her to Kislovodsk, where in 1956 she entered and successfully graduated medical school, earning and entering the profession of medical assistant. It was in this resort town that she met my father, married him and had three children.

We all huddled together in the little basement room, which my father adapted for our living quarters. But the basement remained a basement and the walls were damp all year round, along with our clothes, bed linen, etc. The windows were two thirds below street level and the only things we could see were the feet of passers-by. Ever since then I could not stand dampness. These are unpleasant recollections of my childhood. However, most of them are warm and joyful, especially those involving nature.

The yard of the house containing our basement apartment bordered on the canyon of a small mountain river. This canyon became our playground. We would go down to the bottom of the canyon and then travel upstream through the small river to mountains of amazing beauty. Within a fifteen or twenty minutes' walk we appeared among an almost total wilderness sanctuary of nature. Only the vegetable gardens, where our neighbors grew potatoes, slightly marred this

[5]In Russia it is called the Great Patriotic War. Russia battled Germany for four long and bloody years—from June, 1941 to May, 1945, and won—but paid for this victory with over 30 million Russian lives. (E.L.).

"wilderness". By one kilometer deeper into the mountains—the traces of civilization almost completely disappeared.

In 1967, my father, who worked as a builder, got us a three-room apartment measuring 35.6 square meters in the city of Mineralnye Vody and we moved there from Kislovodsk. This tiny flat seemed a real palace to us. Rooms were dry and sunny, with windows on the fourth floor. For the next year or two we still had colds and then almost forgot about them; when we caught the flu, we only stayed ill no more than a day or two.

Chapter 2.

My school years

I entered school in 1968 and graduated, a decade later, in 1978. My graduation certificate consisted of two "good" grades[1] (while the rest were "excellent" and earned me several awards). I will not dwell on this period of my life too much, because my school years differed little from those of my classmates.

Probably the only difference was that I never missed a class, but always rejoiced when lessons were canceled for whatever reason. Like any other boy, I waited impatiently for vacations, especially in the summer. It is also true that my extracurricular interests differed markedly from those of my classmates.

I explored all the nearby ravines and personally checked the depth of every brook. I also organized "scientific" expeditions on the outskirts of Zmeika Mountain. My mother wasn't enraptured by the results of my expeditions and I often "destroyed the evidence" by washing the dirt off my trousers and shoes in the nearest brook. Very often I went home to dinner with my clothes wet, which she naturally noticed, and the consequences were not long in coming. Frequently a lizard or a frog could be found in my pockets. I brought home grass snakes or baby birds that fell out of their nests; sometimes I "helped" them to do it. I also tried to nurse injured birds and animals that were brought to me, and pretty often I succeeded.

Fishing was another of my enjoyable pursuits, along with modeling plasticine figures of people and animals, which were considered very good.

I also liked studying on my own by sketching pencil copies of pictures by the old masters. The works of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, Vasnetsov and Brullov especially charmed me. Using either plain pencils or crayons, I tried to copy the old painters with maximum precision. Modern art evoked no response at all in my soul. I also invented and drew drafts of various devices and mechanisms,

[1] In the former USSR children received grades from 1 to 5 — "very bad", "bad", "satisfactory", "god", "excellent". After graduating from school those pupils, who got the highest grades in certain subjects, were also given awards on those subjects. (E.L.)

some of which were awarded prizes. I enjoyed working with wood and still remember how the surface of a board felt after I treated it with a plane. At school I mastered wood and metal lathes quite well. And, certainly, I read a good deal.

Somewhere, after my fourth year at school, I began to read avidly. Several times I re-read my father's library, which was quite good and pretty large for that time. I also gobbled up everything of interest that I could find in school and city libraries, and what my father, brother or sister brought me. Science fiction, adventure, historical fiction, fairy-tales and just good books, regardless of the subject, became my friends.

However, my keen appetite for books did not interfere with my studies; on the contrary it was very helpful, because I also devoured books on physics, astronomy, biology, philosophy, history, geology, anthropology, etc. Besides, it took me less than half an hour to do my homework. The only subject that did not touch my heart was the English language. For me it was somewhat dead. All other subjects were extraordinarily interesting to me.

It was enough to just listen attentively to a teacher's explanation or read a textbook once, and I could retain the information in my memory. Besides, almost all my teachers were real educational specialists. I have never had problems with my memory, although unfortunately (or fortunately), I did not have a photographic memory. Nevertheless, the information I studied did remain fixed in my memory.

As early as my elementary school days I noticed the contradictions in the system of concepts teachers used to explain nature. However, I didn't think it meant anything serious; I just assumed that elementary school education was nothing but a rudimentary foundation and that only high school could give the whole picture of the universe.

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After graduating from school I asked myself—where should I go further study? I wanted to cover everything, which was certainly an impossibility. At that time I thought that the physics department of a university was something beyond my reach, so not even worth trying to enter. However, since biology was second place on my list of interests, I decided to apply to the biology program of Irkutsk University, which, I was advised, was one of the best universities in the U.S.S.R, with one of the finest schools of biology.

My parents did not even entertain the idea of influencing my decision. They just gave me what I needed and saw me off on the airplane, and thence to the glorious city of Irkutsk nestled on the banks of the Angara River, next to the wondrous Lake Baikal. I was staggered by the taiga. I had never seen the likes of it anywhere. The forestland was

right up to the city boundaries.

I had prepared for the entrance exams with a two-volume edition of biology by an American scientist named Villee; that, as it turned out later, contained the equivalent of two university courses in biology. I knew the material practically by heart so easily passed the oral exam in biology with a grade of "excellent." The same occurred with the chemistry exam, but, on the written exam (the essay on Russian literature) I undeservedly received the lowest grade.

As it turned out later, a quota chosen for Russians was already filled so that room had to be made for the higher education of the "minority people" most of who were, for some reason, Jewish children. I handed in my papers for the evening faculty and had already passed one exam with an "excellent" grade, when I was asked to give up my place in the student dorm. I tried to rent a flat with no success and was forced to withdraw my papers.

The examining board tried to persuade me to stay, but I had no alternative. I returned home and, after a while began working at the Civilian Aviation Factory №411 in Mineralnye Vody, where I stayed until May of 1979. I was then sent to a radio workshop assigned to working with precious metals. Our task was to remove gold, platinum and silver from used radio parts.

The way we "removed" it was as follows: we tore these spent radio parts to pieces and used hammers to break up the different types of relays, switches, etc. As is clear from the description, the work was very "creative". Nevertheless, I managed to make the process creative for me. I simply decided to arrange a competition with myself; in other words, I set myself a goal of breaking up a certain quantity of relays per hour, possibly without hitting my fingers in the process. Thereafter, I set myself a goal of breaking up five more relays per hour, etc., etc. . . .

As a result, boring, senseless work gave me some sense of purpose as an exercise in self disciple and I began to derive moral satisfaction when I succeeded in fulfilling a task that I had planned. Several fellows, who had recently transferred to the reserve from the Soviet Army, worked with me. A graduate student from a university physics department was our foreman. He could not support his family on a teacher's salary so was forced to join the "working class". An accounting clerk was the only woman in the group. When I began to work, I had to pass some "tests" just like everyone, everywhere, had to do. When it turned out, that I did not drink, smoke or swear, etc, my co-workers told me that I would be "just like them" in less than a month. There is no need to explain what they had in mind. However, in less than a month, all of them promised me that they would give up drinking, smoking and

swearing. A fine of ten kopecks was imposed for every swear word and the money was then used for cultural activities.

Oddly enough, this money box remained almost empty. And when a swear word escaped somebody's lips from force of habit, they apologized to me for it. They opened their hearts to me and sought my support in difficult moments. I also discussed problems of physics and astronomy with our foreman and almost always won our debates.

Probably, this is difficult to believe, but it did happen, and I did not consider it as something special. I simply was sure that I could convince them of the appropriateness of this or that action— no more. At that time I was very naive in thinking that it was possible to help get rid of harmful habits just by explaining the essence of a problem. I had only my own experience to rely on and seriously assumed that the likes of this happens with everyone.

In mid-May of 1979 I was discharged from the plant and began to prepare for applying to Kharkov University's school of radio physics[2]. The latter was considered to be the best in the Soviet Union.

This time I went to Kharkov. I passed the oral exams in physics and mathematics with "excellent" grades, plus two written exams, graded as "satisfactory", and thus became a student. These "satisfactories" were the first and the last low grades I got during my study at the university. It is of interest, that the written exam in mathematics included some calculations in higher mathematics which were not taught in the lower schools. Before entering the university I reviewed their entire school program of mathematics as well as a lot of additional material. However, some tasks on the written exams were simply unknown to me. Such a system allowed the authorities to control who may or may not become a student. Thus "desirable" university applicants could pass a "specially" prepared program prior to the preliminary admission exams and thereby enter the university without any problems.

Those people who prepared the "desirable" university applicants often wrote the tasks for the written exam in mathematics. Similar tactics were used almost everywhere and not limited to mathematics. So quitstudents from these "desirable" university applicants got "excellent" and "good" on their preliminary exams; however, on their first and subsequent sessions as enrolled students, they hardly made "satisfactories" and some actually flunked out.

I do not mention this to show off how "clever" I was, but to show how the Soviet educational system manipulated their admissions to

[2]Radio physics is a subspecialty of physics dealing with the propagation of electromagnetic radiation. (B.K.)

higher education, by favoring the entrance of representatives from minority groups, especially of one particular nationality.

At the time, everything seemed legal to me, including the manuals that contained all the examples from previous entrance exams in math, physics, etc. that were printed for the use of university applicants. By the way, I used them also to prepare for my exams. The fact is that if an applicant did not know what to expect on the written exams for any particular year, the possibility of becoming a student was very meager. Even the presence of talent did not guarantee success, while a "correctly" prepared dullard could easily become a student.

It was a mean, hypocritical system to control higher education this way, although, everything looked just fine from the outside. Certainly I, as a student, did not understand it, when everything seemed to me honest and straightforward. And only now, do I grasp it, when, in retrospect, I return to the days of my youth and glance at those events with the eyes of experience and the understanding that comes with years.

Thus, the myth about "chosen" and "special" minorities was created literally under our very noses, together with the myth of dull and ignorant Slavs, although, as with any other group, there is enough dullness and ignorance in our midst. Only for the sake of justice, someone has to speak the truth about "equal" opportunities for the same abilities

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But then I did not understand all this and viewed the world with somewhat naive eyes— poised to become engrossed in the world of science. I finished my first winter exams with only one "good" out of six exams (the other five being "excellent"). The summer marks, out of five exams, were all "excellent".

So I almost always received "excellent" in the examinations. I mention this for one reason only: I studied in earnest, though without fervent zeal. Everything came easily to me.

After graduating the university and getting my degree from the department of theoretical radio physics, which was considered the elite faculty. In 1984, I was deployed as an officer to serve in the army for two years—even without being asked as to my wishes. Evidently, it would have been a huge injustice to the long-suffering minorities if those in charge had honored my right (as one of their best graduates) to choose my place of assignment. Oddly enough, I am glad that it turned out that way.

After receiving the finest natural science education, I was still unable to find answers to the questions and explanation of contradictions which drew my attention as early as elementary school. Traditional

science showed complete insolvency in its ability to explain natural phenomena. Even a negative scientific result is a positive result too, because it shows in what direction you needn't continue to search. Unlike most who thought this way, I had two additional directions left. Below I will explain where they came from.

Unusual phenomena began to happen to me as early as in my childhood. My parents told me about some of them. The first incomprehensible phenomenon was observed when I was an infant. One day my mother had to go out and asked my father who had just come home from work to lull me to sleep until she came back.

My father was very tired and decided to sit down for a second. He sat down, got warm and instantly fell asleep. He was sleeping, probably for several minutes, but when he woke up, he did not find me in his hands. He was terribly frightened, looked down and saw a strange picture. My swaddled body was suspended in a straight line, with my head downward, which was impossible, because in this case my neck would have been broken instantly.

The point is that—during the first weeks of life a child's cervical vertebrae are made of cartilage which has not yet hardened, and cannot support the weight of even a child's head, let alone the body. My neck bones were no exception. Due to some reason, incomprehensible to my father, my swaddled body hung straight down above the floor without touching it. It was as if someone invisible had grabbed my feet and held on until my father woke up and took me in his hands. He was so frightened that he did not tell my mother immediately, expecting a serious scolding from her with good reason.

Also, when I was a baby, my health was seriously endangered by lobar pneumonia. My mother, being a physician, did not wait for the district doctor but gave me an injection of penicillin herself. The doctor, who came later, told my mother that if it had not been for this injection, I would have needed nothing else, in other words I would have died. However, the pneumonia was completely healed in a single day (most unusual in itself), despite the fact that we were still occupying the same damp basement that was our first family dwelling.

As I understand it now, I was not saved by the antibiotic injection, which often was not effective in many such cases, but by a powerful curative impulse, an outburst of my mother's vital energy (force), triggered by her wish to save her child. In such a situation every normal mother wants to rescue her child from death, but not every mother is a sleeping vedunia (a woman magus), whose abilities can be triggered and manifested in critical situations during powerful emotional eruptions.

Another unusual incident happened, when I was three years old.

Every summer, when my parents had their vacation, we stayed at the Kundruchenski Farmstead, in Rostov, which was secluded in the Salskie Steppes. There my maternal grandmother had a fairly roomy house with a large garden (by Soviet peoples' standards), where the families of her three daughters gathered every summer.

My great grandfather was an excellent gardener and grew an orchard that was considered the best in the neighborhood. He planted acacias along the fence, which, by the time of my childhood, had grown enormous. Their shade and the shade of mulberry trees that grew around the house and buildings created a protective shade for all living creatures, including us. My great grandfather built several stairs, which chickens used in order to climb up to the acacia branches, where they often spent summer nights, opting for the gentle freshness of a southern night instead of the hot, stuffy hen-house.

During our visit, my brother, who was almost two years older than I, offered to help me reach the highest branches of the acacias by climbing up the "chicken" stairs. When I was three I differed considerably from today's "me", but, nevertheless, I wasn't a hen. During the heroic climb of my first "Everest," one of the transverse slats of the staircase broke off and I found myself in free-fall. Unfortunately, unlike those hens, I did not have wings. So I had no choice but to personally check the law of gravity as a future experimenter: I started hurtling down toward the palisade.

My first "scientific experiment" remained unfinished then. There was a wire for a dog chain between two acacias that grew along the fence and I hung onto it without touching either the ground or the sharp posts of the fence. I began to "reflect" about the meaning of life between heaven and earth, both literally and figuratively.

My "philosophizing" continued until the "independent observer", my older brother, found my parents and explained the whereabouts of his younger brother "Tolka". It was quite a problem for my father to translate his words into Russian, as my older brother could not, at that time, enunciate the sounds "K" and "R". After my father managed to decipher the message and get the exact site of the occurrence, the rescue expedition was successfully completed—and I was removed from the wire. The moment was so joyful that I was not even punished for my first scientific experiment.

The summer recollections of my childhood remain the brightest and the most pleasant of my life. When I think about those times, the memories are so strong that I almost feel my toes sinking into the warm, fluffy dust of dirt roads, where we rushed about barefooted with the great delight that is possible only in childhood.

One more thing caused a similar delight and interest: the puddles left on those roads by swift summer thunder-and-lightning showers, when the air was filled with ozone, and freshness flowed into my lungs like honey; or when I felt something enigmatic and incomprehensible in every thunderbolt; and my soul would give a start—filling me with inexplicable wonder.

I had countless adventures without which it is impossible to imagine a boy's life. However, I'd rather not exhaust anyone with my childhood recollections, although they recreate the atmosphere of my perception of life, without which it is quite difficult to understand who I am. Therefore, I'll pass on only to those events of my life which directly touch the circumstances which made me think that whatever was happening to me had never before happened to anyone else.

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When I was five and a half, I had an accident that surprised everyone but me, since, at that time, I saw nothing unusual about it. It happened at the farm in Salskie Steppes. My grandmother worked at some neighboring apiaries, located about five to ten kilometers from our farm. They were reached by cart in those days and sometimes my grandmother took us with her.

I loved horses from early childhood on. To ride with them, even in a cart, was one of my most burning desires—the direct opposite of what I could say about being at the apiary. The problem is that I swelled up severely from bee stings, so had no special liking for bees, to put it mildly, especially, when they began to spin around me. That is why, I always returned home from there with great enthusiasm, whenever possible.

During one of those trips home, while passing a field of enormously-growing sunflowers, the driver offered to cut one off for me. My penknife was made of wonderful steel and very sharp. I reached out to a plant, grasped its stem with my left hand just below its cap and, following the trajectory of the knife, cut away vigorously. Either due to inertia or to excessive force for such a sharp knife, I cut my hand in the area of my wrist where my thumb joins to my hand.

I pulled back my hand and saw a very deep cut. I watched with surprise as the blood gushed from it almost instantaneously. The coachman gave me a newspaper and I wrapped it around my wounded hand. I was never afraid of pain and never cried even as a child. This cut was not the first one, so I waited quietly for the gushing blood to stop.

I didn't want to get a good scolding from my mother for my carelessness and thought the best way for me and the driver, who was more scared than I, would be to hide "the traces of the crime". We had dif-

ferent reasons, but one purpose. However, due to reasons that I didn't understand then, the blood quickly soaked several layers of the newspaper that was wrapped around my hand. I didn't like that at all—I had lost a lot of blood, turned white and felt that I had no chance to avoid a scolding that I didn't want to get.

Therefore, to stop the bleeding I pressed the wound under the newspaper with my right hand and began to think that the bleeding had finally stopped. At that time I already knew that blood could drain out completely from the body with all the inevitably dire consequences, and I wasn't ready to learn it from my own experience. In several minutes the strong bleeding stopped and in a few more minutes ceased entirely, which made me extraordinarily glad. When I arrived home within thirty to forty minutes, the wound on my wrist was already completely healed.

When my mother and her younger sister, also a medical worker, saw me with a bloody hand, or more precisely, with a blood-soaked newspaper, they were very scared at first. However, as soon as I removed the now unnecessary newspaper, they were more surprised than scared. They began to examine carefully such an insignificant (from my point of view) wound and, the longer they examined it, the greater their surprise, which was incomprehensible to me.

The only positive spin for me was that I was neither punished nor forbidden to return to my "super important" affairs—i.e., the games and exploration with my friends of the seemingly enormous and magnificent park across the road with all its unexplored "thickets" full of riddles.

The surprise of our "family physicians" was absolutely incomprehensible to me then. I was in blissful ignorance of it until I began studying anatomy at school. And only then did I understand why my mother and her sister were so shocked and surprised. I realized that during my adventure I had accidentally severed the humeral artery in my left arm. Certainly, the pressure in this artery in the area of the wrist is not as high as in the area of the shoulder. However, according to all conventional medical wisdom, arterial bleeding cannot stop on its own or simply when one wishes it.

Standard procedure requires a tight tourniquet to be placed above a gushing wound for no more than two hours; otherwise tissues deprived of blood flow will begin to die off. Also, during compression by the tourniquet, the artery must be stitched up. Nothing of the kind was done in my case. Without tourniquet compression I should have lost all my blood long before the cart could have reached the farm. From the standpoint of medicine what happened to me was simply impossible.

I had merely to wish strongly and it was enough to stop the bleeding, to turn the impossible into the possible. And now my mother and aunt's surprise and confusion became clear. They, as physicians, understood perfectly exactly what had happened to me! I have a scar on my wrist in memory of this accident.

A great number of similar accidents happened to me; most of these should have led to deplorable results, but all of them terminated quite positively. At first I thought it was because I was just lucky, but, at some point, perpetual luck stops being that and becomes something else. What? In those days I didn't reflect about such things—just as I didn't reflect about why, when I wished something very much, my wishes would come true.

I wished for sunny weather and the clouds would disappear; I craved a summer shower or thunderstorm and rain drops would fall upon the earth. Negative situations would occur and after a while they disappeared like a fog hit by sunbeams. I saw nothing special about it. That was my experience—I didn't have any other kind. There is simply nothing to compare this with until one starts to share his experience with someone else. Until then I considered that all of it was quite natural and ordinary.

At almost the same age (only it was in the winter) another interesting accident happened to me. The snow in Kislovodsk did not stay on the ground all winter and we boys were always delighted when the earth was covered with a snow carpet. Kislovodsk is located on foothills and it was hard to find flat areas there, especially on the southern outskirts of the city where we lived. That is why almost every street became an ideal downhill slope for sledding.

The best downhill slopes were certainly the roads, which were quite wide, with the snow rammed in by trucks and cars. Although there were considerably fewer cars on the roads in those days, our parents were not at all thrilled by our games and, if they caught us, our sleds were simply confiscated. It was the worst punishment for us.

Therefore, in most cases, pedestrian sidewalks became our routes for speeding sleds. The downhill phase took place in the following way: We would run up and plop our bellies down on the sleds, then plummet downward by helping to propel the sleds with our feet.

One day, at a pretty hefty speed, I ran into the concrete steps of a staircase projecting onto the sidewalk. As a result, the lower part of my face was smashed and the teeth of my upper jaw were almost fully separated from my jaw and hanging "by a thread". Within a few weeks they grew back onto my jaw as though nothing had happened.

I subsequently "repeated" this again in order to conduct a "con-

trolled experiment". That is, I deliberately ran into steps on my sled once more, almost duplicating exactly the first time around. The validity of my "scientific experiment" was fully demonstrated. My teeth again were hanging "by a thread" and again grew back onto my jaw, as if nothing had happened.

No dentists participated in this scientific experiment, I think all for the best. Neither before nor after have I had any problems with my teeth. Until now I have not lost a single tooth. With my teeth I could bite through a wire and crack walnuts, which grew abundantly in Kislovodsk. As I understand now, the likes of this has never happened with anyone else.

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Almost at the same time an event occurred that had certain long range consequences for me. The cause stems from the actions of a local eye doctor. When I was small my right eye was, as physicians say, "lazy". My left eye, the dominant one, had a visual acuity of 1.0, while my right eye was 0.9. This was a very common condition that was within normal limits. Nevertheless, the eye doctor made an erroneous judgment, which she later acknowledged, but then it was too late to change anything for me.

She prescribed spectacles with a black glass for my left eye and a transparent glass for my right eye in order to force my right eye to be active. Subconsciously I sabotaged such "treatment" the best I could. Every time I went out I put these glasses in my pocket and when I returned home put them back on the bridge of my nose. My little ruse worked for some time until I was caught "red-handed". At this point, I was admonished that it was very important for me to wear them constantly and I gave my word not to remove them under any circumstances.

I was just trapped. My mother knew perfectly well that once I gave my word, she would have nothing to worry about. I had never broken my word, even if it meant harming myself, as happened to me with the glasses. I began to wear the glasses constantly, in spite of the fact I disliked them so much.

One day I felt a stabbing pain in my right eye. I ran home with my bloody eye that badly frightened my mother. I was immediately driven to the eye doctor, who diagnosed paralysis of several muscles of my right eye. As it turned out later, one muscle even burst from the tension and I have a scar to commemorate it. The doctor apologized to my mother for the consequences of her faulty judgment, but it was too late to change anything for me. Several muscles of my right eye remained paralyzed for many years, which brought me a lot of unpleasant moments as a

child.

When I eventually understood that I could cure people, I restored my eye muscles, but this was not to happen until much later. And meanwhile I had a rough time because of the effects of the doctor's error. After this I became more careful about giving my word, knowing that I would have to keep it no matter what.

A lot of unusual things happened to me in my childhood. I often got into critical situations, which for the most people ended tragically. But I was always "lucky" and everything reached an outcome without serious consequences for me. I absorbed the outer world like a sponge, "thirsty" for everything new and unusual. I perceived and amassed knowledge of the world, delighting in its beauty and uniqueness with the ingenuousness of a child. My childhood years remain in my memory as something pure and wonderful, when everyone seemed to be marvelous and positive.

Although the future brought me a lot of disappointment in people, I never stopped believing in the goodness of people. Through my own experience I came to a similar conclusion that much later I found after reading the "Slavonic-Aryan Vedas": "One should respect those who deserve to be respected. One should love those who deserve to be loved. One should trust those, who deserve to be trusted in practice..."

As early as in my childhood I began to create my own world and it gradually grew; new "countries" and "continents" appeared within it, then new "stars", galaxies and universes... and they were not always imaginary. But more of this in the future, as the world kept surprising me. I would like to describe one surprise in more detail, because it falls into a special category.

When I was ten or eleven years old I had a "dream". I fell asleep and... suddenly I found myself, with complete consciousness, standing on the edge of the roof of our five-storied building. Everything was absolutely real. I felt the waft of wind that caressed my hair; I smelled scents, heard sounds, and the colors of the world were vivid and shiny.

Everything around had more volume, more depth and seemed more real. I stood on the verge of the roof and knew that I must step off and fly... but I knew that I was unable to fly and didn't take this step. My rich prior experience and my inner voice, told me: "You will be shattered or, at least, you will break your arms and legs". But, nevertheless, something deep within me impelled me to this step, drew me to it inexplicably. And I decided to make a compromise—I went downstairs and out to the street to check up on my "flying abilities" under optimal conditions.

I ran, jumped into the air and came down on the ground incred-

ibly slowly and softly. It surprised me and I pushed off the ground and appeared in the air again. This time I mentally directed myself upwards. I ascended several meters above the ground and in no time the surrounding trees were under my feet. At the same time I felt a tension in my soul, expecting any moment I would fall to the ground.

But for some reason I did not fall; the law of gravity did not apply to me, which I could not understand. I kept expecting some "nasty trick", but nothing happened. I "floated" in the air as if it were a dense substance. This feeling was absolutely incredible. My whole essence was filled with unbelievable delight and something in my breast continued to push me upwards. I ascended above houses, sky-rocketing higher and higher, all the time feeling this force impelling me higher.

The surface of the earth moved away; buildings looked like toy cottages peeping out through the gaps between the clouds. And all the time there was a question in my consciousness—how long would it last and wouldn't I fall down on our sinful earth, as had happened before to those born without wings? When I awoke in the morning in my bed, I did not understand what had happened. What a strange "dream" I had had, so strange, that I could not even determine what was dream and what was reality. The answer remained a deep dark secret for me. The clue came from a source that hadn't even occurred to me.

Sometime thereafter, my mother and I had occasion to visit Moscow and return home by air. Our scheduled landing was at Mineralnye Vody Airport above the district where my family had lived since 1967. The planes landing there always passed over houses, including ours. We had become used to the sounds of landing planes and no one paid attention to them.

In July of 1972 I had my first opportunity to observe the earth from the porthole of an airplane. I had a window seat on the starboard of the plane. My nose was absolutely "glued" to the plexiglass porthole. As the ground came slowly into view I suddenly saw our house in the gaps between the clouds, and something unbelievable happened. The houses looked exactly as they did in my "dream"! I was shocked, when I realized this. However, my response was quite natural—any other reaction would have been impossible. I had unexpectedly gotten a real-life confirmation of what had happened in my "dream", no matter how strange it was.

There were a lot of "fortuities" in my life. However, when there are too many of them, one cannot help wondering—are they really fortuities? Did it have to happen that my father was given a flat in the town of Mineralnye Vody? He could have gotten it in any other

city. My father did not want to move anywhere from Kislovodsk. He was born there, his children were born there, all his friends lived there and my brother attended school there. Not to mention that Kislovodsk was a wonderful city located in one of the most beautiful corners of the Northern Caucasus.

And once we were there, he had no choice. In the foreseeable future, the building company, where he worked, did not plan to erect any more dwellings in Kislovodsk. And to live in those conditions that we endured in our first Kislovodsk dwelling was simply unthinkable, so my father consented to move to another town in the region after discussing it with the whole family.

I still remember how all our things were loaded onto an open truck. We all sat down on bundles and suitcases and went to the new place. A May breeze blew in our faces. The truck rushed with a "mad" speed (as it seemed to us then). For us children, this trip was a real adventure. Thus we appeared in the town of Mineralnye Vody. There was a large airport, which was just outside of town. Due to the proximity of the Zmeika Mountain to the airport and the layout of the runways, all the airplanes had to fly over blocks of flats, including our house as well.

It was in this house that my father got our flat. Coincidence? Quite possibly. But, if it were not for this fortuity, I wouldn't have been able to see the same picture in the porthole of the airplane that I saw in my "strange dream". And at that time I had nothing to compare my "dream" with any reality, so what happened to me would have remained a "strange dream". But, after seeing exactly the same picture that was manifested in my "dream", I had no doubt that what happened to me had been real.

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I will not say that at the time I understood perfectly what had happened to me. But I was already sure it was real, because I had gotten irrefutable proof. After that nobody would be able to dissuade me from it. These are not just words. Ever since childhood I was very stubborn and if I was sure of something, mere words were not enough to dissuade me.

I recall my first "scientific deductions". Like any boy I had a large share of cuts and scratches, etc. Quite often I had occasion to observe dried blood. One day I noticed that rust on metal looks just like dried blood. It was my first "scientific discovery". I announced to my mother that there was iron in blood. I was five then and absolutely proud of my "discovery". I was eager to share it with my indisputable authority—my mother.

When I solemnly revealed to her my "great" discovery, she said

quietly that I was wrong. I tried to convince her of the truth of my statement by showing her dried blood and rust, but she was adamant. No arguments swayed her and she continued to persuade me that I was wrong. Nevertheless, I, being offended at her unwillingness to see the obvious, stuck to my opinion. A similar thing happened, when I wanted to share my conclusion that our sun was only one of many stars. Of course all this strongly distressed me, but did not budge me.

Later, when I had already attended school and knew from textbooks that I was right, I asked her about the reason for her answers. I asked her whether she, as a physician, really didn't know about iron in the blood or that the sun was one of the stars in the universe! Her simple answer surprised me.

She told me that naturally she knew about it, and that the reason for such answers was her desire to train my character. She did not want me to change my opinion only because someone, whom I or others considered an authority, negated my assertions without giving me any proof of their position.

Before I went to school she was my sole, respected authority and, this is how she trained me to be independent in judgment and opinion. I appreciate her greatly for it. Who knows how everything would have turned out in my life, if it were not for this? At school and later at the university I was already prepared for the fact that everything I was taught in those institutions was not the absolute truth. If you see and understand things differently from the way most people do, it does not mean that you are wrong and they are right, only because (supposedly) the majority cannot be wrong. But it can and then some!

When I was fourteen, I experienced a state rarely known to anyone. It happened in the summer of 1975. One evening I felt very tired—my eyes simply stuck together. I went to bed and fell asleep instantly. I woke up in two hours and felt a chill. The thermometer confirmed I had a high temperature. But there was no reason for me to have caught a serious cold—I had neither lain on wet ground, nor gotten chilled from the wind after a sweat. Nevertheless, my temperature continued to rise and fever-lowering pills had no effect on it. At about ten o'clock in the evening it reached 40.5 °°C. Generally speaking I always tolerated high temperatures easily. A temperature of 40 °°C made me feel a little sluggish, but nothing more. After swallowing another fever pill that my mother gave me I fell asleep quite quickly.

I woke up in the night gasping for air. When I awoke fully, I noticed that my throat was parched and my lips were cracked and extraordinarily dry. There was a "drought" in my lungs and throat, and my pulse and breathing were greatly accelerated. Curiously, I felt that my

blood was like boiling hot water, being forced into my arteries with every rapid contraction of my heart, and spreading throughout my body like a meltdown.

The feeling of boiling water coursing through my vessels was quite peculiar. Also, it seemed to me that my bed began revolving. I do not know what temperature I had then. The feeling of 40.5 °°C could not be commensurate to what I felt—the "magma" that was racing through my vessels. I was absolutely calm and contemplating myself as if I were a stranger. The thought entered my head that within another half degree my blood would coagulate. I knew that at 42 °°C, the blood proteins coagulate and thought about possible death, as though it were no concern of mine.

After that I felt as though I had fallen into "something" and didn't awaken until the morning feeling perfectly well. My temperature was 36.6 °°C. I got up and went outside, where my friends were waiting for me. What had happened to me was something unbelievable. I've never heard of anyone experiencing anything like it. Throughout my life there have been a lot of life-threatening critical situations, but I have never dreaded possible death. This was not because of a child's ignorance.

In the course of time my experience was filled with new oddities. Socializing with other people I discovered that a great deal of what was happening to me, other people did not experience. I understood that, of course, my friends and acquaintances did not tell me every detail of their lives. Nevertheless, I began to suspect that what I had experienced was, in many cases, at least, strange.

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All this reached "critical mass", when I was by then a university student. After finishing my first year I worked in a student building group[3]. I was the billeting officer of our group and had to pass my exams before the scheduled time of our group's next assignment so that I could prepare a camp for their arrival.

I had never before been to the Trans-Arctic Circle in the city of Urengoy. The summer tundra is something extraordinary. I could not even imagine such beauty in a land of perpetual frost. In summer the tundra is a land of lakes and bogs, or, more precisely, quagmires. Their beauty is majestic and mortally dangerous. However, the plans of our group were changed and we ended up billeting in Nadym.

[3]It was a general practice in Soviet times for those attending universities and other educational institutes to form student groups, which were assigned either to building projects or to work on the collective farms. (E.L.)

I wasn't so lucky there. Because I cooked quite well I had to prepare meals for the whole group. My working day began at four o'clock in the morning and finished at midnight. It was a daily routine: first, I had to wield an ax to chop firewood for the whole day and then feed the guys in three shifts. I also had to buy food and lug it to our camp on foot along a sandy road, and in between wash tableware. Every day a new assistant helped me. He could hardly crawl to his bed after one day of work in the kitchen. I was also running out of steam.

Meanwhile, I earned some money in the building group and decided to give myself the present of a good flash camera. It was in 1980 and I was in my second year at the university. One day I was invited to the birthday party of one of my fellow students and took my camera along. I began to take pictures using the flash. The camera behaved very strangely. The flash only worked off and on sporadically. I could not understand what was happening. Another classmate, by the name of Sergey Pohilko, also had a camera but without the flash.

When he saw that I stopped taking pictures, he asked to borrow my flash which worked just perfectly with his cameral. This convinced me that something was wrong with mine. I had no other logical explanation so I took my camera to a guarantee repair shop where I briefed them on the essence of the problem.

Leaving the repair shop I happily anticipated getting a normally working camera in my hands as quickly as possible. In a few days I went to collect my hapless camera. In the repair shop I was told that there were no problems with my camera. It was a fault-free unit. I believed the repairman but, nevertheless, asked him to check this for me on the spot. He kindly consented and personally demonstrated the functioning of my camera with a flash.

I felt a load off my mind but a little "worm" of doubt continued to gnaw at me. To dispel my doubts I asked to check the camera by myself. The inexplicable began from this moment. When I pressed the button there was no flash. This surprised me to a much lesser degree than the man and a girl assistant, a witness of the event. Full of surprise, the man pressed the button and the flash worked again. When I did it, the result was the opposite. The girl also participated in the "scientific" experiment. Later the second repairman also tried. The result was the same.

When I pushed the button—nothing happened. I had already begun to joke about a psychological incompatibility between me and my camera, when the workshop's senior specialist suggested that I use the isolated handle of some pliers to push the button. To their great relief the flash finally worked.

They began explaining to me that my case was pretty rare, that I had a very powerful static electric field which was short-circuiting the flash synchronizer. That was why my camera behaved so strangely in my hands. It was only necessary to replace the synchrowire by another one with an isolation of higher capacity. However, they did not have it in stock and I would have to call them periodically to check if they received it.

When I arrived home, I exclaimed angrily, "Damn it, you must work!" and pressed the notorious button of my camera. To my great surprise the flash worked. I immediately began experimenting with it: when I thought that the flash must work, it worked; when I thought to the contrary, nothing happened!

As a result of this experiment I arrived at my first conclusion—independent of someone else's opinion—that the content of my thoughts had an influence on what happened around me, at least around electronic devices. I then proceeded to show my discovery to my fellow students. These future radio physicists were simply at a loss to explain it and avoided any comments on the issue.

The incident with the flash was that last straw which made me examine what had happened to me from quite a different perspective. From the reaction of people around me I understood that what was happening to me was not commonplace for everyone: on the contrary—none of my acquaintances experienced anything of the kind.

Chapter 3.

At the University

When I entered the third year, we were to carry out laboratory work, using either emitting or transmitting equipment. We studied all types of electromagnetic radiation in practice—from light to long radio waves. Every laboratory session lasted four hours. Everyone, who has studied physics at universities and institutes, knows it well. I mention it only for one reason. If for any reason the experimental data of the laboratory work failed to coincide with theoretical results, teachers required us to repeat the experiment. This meant that all participants in the laboratory work (usually two or three persons) had to repeat everything again in their free time and when the equipment was not occupied in accordance with the university program. In short, for all, including the teacher, it was a huge nuisance.

I am giving you these uninteresting facts for a reason: I and those who worked with me had to do it very often. The point being, when I took part in the experiment, the experimental data we got was far from the desired outcome. We took the measurements very accurately. I always preferred to do everything carefully; strictly following the terms of the experiment, but ... after their processing we observed nothing even close to the necessary result. Sometimes devices stopped working. Before my fellow-sufferers and I entered the room, all devices had worked normally, they also worked normally after we left; devices revolted and did not "want" to give up their "secrets" but only in the presence of my group. It happened almost all the time and everywhere when I was present. Intuitively, my fellow-students did not wish to do laboratory work in my company.

A "truce" came in approximately three months; devices "calmed" down and did not express their "gladness" so stormily in my presence. The fact that devices responded to me was realised pretty quickly and then not at the level of intuition. Someone paid attention to the fact that, if I passed near emitting/transmitting apparatus, the pointers of recording devices began to "go mad", if this can be said about devices. When other people passed by those devices—the "rejoicing" was not observed. As a result of these practical conclusions, everyone began to ask me, in a friendly manner, to move away with my "bio-fields", no

one wanted to repeat the same laboratory work. They were certainly not rude. I was still the head of our student group and our course, and it so happened that a lot of students and teachers respected me for my principles and what I stood for, which was never just for show—my words always agreed with my actions.

Also I was not weak physically. I could quietly "play" with weights of 16 and 32 kilos. It was enough for me to swing anyone around a couple of times or simply squeeze a thorax, no one wished to repeat inappropriate behaviour. One way or another, I was "respected" for being myself. In my first year there were attempts to provoke me. They poured a dash of cognac in my tea, expecting that I would not notice and drink it. They offered me money for every swear word, but everyone understood pretty quickly that it was not an act, but a genuine stance and they began to respect me for it.

It came to the point, that if someone swore in my presence without noticing me, they apologized to me. It shows that people always respect those, who have their views and who never change them whatever the situation...

I did not understand then, what was happening to me and what those "bio-fields" were. I was simply convinced more and more that those "phenomena", which I experienced, did not happen to everyone and they were not ordinary.

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The understanding of the fact that certain phenomena exist, motivates a person to research it in the end. Naturally, I also felt this desire. I began to look for books and publications on the subject of the mysterious and incomprehensible phenomena, which had happened with man. In Soviet times this kind of literature was prohibited. It was almost impossible to find anything on this subject. Unfortunately, those few printed materials, which I succeeded in finding, did not give the answers that I was looking for. They still carried more nonsense than modern science.

Once, I came across materials of different occult disciplines. My cousin sent me a printout on chiromancy. I decided to scrutinize it and began to study the lines of a hand and their meaning, and immediately to check its accuracy in practice. I had no problem finding those who wished to know. A lot of my fellow-students and also teachers listened to my explanation with interest. They were also surprised at how accurately I described their character and life by only studying the lines of their hands.

I did not know then that hand lines, or more precisely the picture of lines, reflected the genetics and spirit of a person. I was also unaware

then that lines were only a key, a code that opened the "door" to the fate of an individual, to the possible variants of his life, which nature had encoded in his genes, and to the realisation of these possibilities through realisation of the spirit, by means of genetics.

The hand lines allow one to get into the information about a person and to "read" his past, present and future. In other words, one can "connect" oneself to a person by means of the hand lines. The lines in themselves do not allow reading and scanning of the information about the person—this is done through them; they serve only as an instrument. Thus, chiromancy is only the method of entering into the informative field of the person, but this only grants access to the information, when the person who does the scanning possesses certain natural abilities. It is only one of the numerous methods of "entrance".

If this person does not have natural abilities, no matter how long he observes the hand lines, how often he peeps into the chiromancy manual, his reading of lines will consist of generalities that do not reflect the real life of the person in question...

I understood more details later, but I saw the essence pretty quickly. After I began to describe very exactly the events of the past of people, who were complete strangers to me, reading their hands, my fellow students and students of other faculties, asked me to make copies of my materials on palmistry and I did. I was surprised, when it turned out that they could not read hands properly. Some of them even blamed me saying that I had concealed something and had not made a copy of "everything" for them, that I kept the most essential information exclusively for my use.

Their reasoning was unclear to me, because I had given them everything I had. Gradually I began to understand that what mattered was not the method of entrance, but the person who used it. There are lots of ways to gain entrance into the information field of the individual: hand lines, coffee-grounds, astrological information.

All these methods only help to "tune-in" to a specific person, to his information field (which I understand to be a field created by an individual, who has certain genetics that contains his spirit with the memory of all previous incarnations and with the imprint of all events and actions performed by this person up to the current moment and events and actions which are yet to happen). In principle, these methods of entrance are not necessary when one understands the true nature of the phenomenon. It is possible to scan a person directly without these kinds of "crutches".

At the initial stage these methods allow one to simplify a "hookup", and facilitate tuning in to a certain person, but in the course of time

they begin to impede the development of the person who does the scanning. It is equivalent to using crutches when the fractured bone of the leg has already healed.

So, I realised the necessity of looking for ideas in order to understand what was going on with me. Regrettably, most of the information, which I managed to find, gave me no understanding. All it looked like "go there, I don't know where, bring something, I don't know what." But I had a great desire and no choice, so I "went" there without knowing where to look for something, without knowing what to search for exactly. The most interesting thing is that I managed to do it...

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When I was a student, I was on the board of the Kharkov university students club. I devoted a lot of time to amateur art activities, organization of different clubs and student activities. This allowed me to meet a lot of people, students, teachers and scientific workers, I inquired of many, whether they knew somebody who possessed unusual abilities.

After a while through several acquaintances I succeeded in arranging a meeting with such a person. I was told the time and place. It seemed to me that I had only to meet this man with paranormal abilities and all vagueness would disappear like the morning fog under the rays of the rising sun.

The person, for whom I was waiting, was a little late, I knew only his name (if I am not mistaken his name was Vladimir) and did not have the least idea, who he was, what he looked like or how old he was. But, nevertheless, when he appeared, I knew at once that it was he. We talked for a while. Regrettably, he was not able to give straight answers to my questions but used riddles and hints.

It is very possible that he was afraid of me, thinking, probably, that I was a KGB agent. One way or another, I was very disappointed with the results of this meeting with a person who possessed some abilities. Though, he did attempt to use several methods to influence me. He asked me to relax and to trust him, naturally, I did not do it. I had no reason to trust him, as he had no reason to trust me. Probably, that is why he could do nothing with me, though I felt his influence.

We conversed for nearly two hours touching on general subjects. He "sounded me out" using his methods—he would say something and watch my reaction. It was already late evening when we decided to go home. Together we went to the Kharkov subway, said goodbye and each went his own road. Probably, he was as disappointed as I was, maybe more, I cannot say for sure, but I was pretty upset. I had failed to come any closer to understanding what was happening to me.

Certainly, "there are other fish in the sea", but I was not going to wait in vain for another man with extrasensory abilities, who might appear on my "horizon". I failed in my attempt to get the explanation from the person, who I had hoped knew what was what. However, it is difficult to define now, how far this man understood what was going on with him and if he could have explained it to me. Most likely, he used his natural abilities without understanding their nature. Nevertheless, I am grateful to him in that he urged me not to wait for "manna from heaven", but try to understand everything on my own. I made this decision and did not want to postpone it for long. As I have already mentioned, I knew a lot of people at the university. Students were always curious and always ready to test something unusual.

In a day or two after my meeting with the extra sensitive man, I decided to try some of the tests on other people that he had tried on me. I asked a group of students, whom I knew, to participate in an unusual experiment. The first person, who responded to my offer, was a girl, whose name I unfortunately do not remember. I asked her to stretch her hands forward with her palms up, put my right arm above her right hand and began to imagine that a small warm ball appeared on her palm.

I accompanied my actions with words: "a small warm ball has appeared on your palm. It is dense and warm and your hand is glued to it, your fingers clasping it tighter and tighter, etc". I paid attention to the fingers of girl's right hand which were curled, as though she held an apple. Surprised, I asked her what she felt, she said that she felt a warm ball and her fingers clasped it against her will and she could do nothing about it. I was as amazed at the result as she was and continued the experiment with yet greater inspiration. Gradually a crowd was gathering around us, but I was so carried away with the successful beginning that I paid them no attention and continued my "scientific" experiment.

I imagined the ball becoming lighter and lighter and beginning to pull her hand upwards. Again, I accompanied my actions with words and again I was surprised that the girl's hand went upwards, higher and higher, as though some invisible force persistently pulled it. She was pulled upwards so strongly that she had difficulty retaining her equilibrium. It seemed that a little more and she would be torn away from the floor and fly in the air. The fact that my efforts had a result surprised me no less than the girl, and the casual audience.

A strange delight and gladness filled every my cell. I continued the experiment. I changed the direction of motion of her hand and imagined that the ball in it became heavy and began to pull the hand

downward. As soon as I imagined it, the girl cried out. I immediately stopped the action and asked her what happened and why she yelled.

The girl's answer surprised me more than anything that had happened before. She said that her palm was in a vice, which began to tighten, and she felt like her bones were being flattened out and she began to cry from pain. I apologized to her for those unpleasant moments that I had involuntarily caused and began to reflect about this incident. The only reason for this could be that I created two forces—one pulled the girl's hand up, while the other pulled it down. The palm was between two "elements" and those forces began to squash it.

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Unexpectedly I had seen the manifestation of the force of thought, which appeared to be very real. Someone could object and say that simple hypnosis was observed here. But first and foremost, what is hypnosis? Modern science only verifies this phenomenon without understanding its nature. I will expound my understanding of hypnosis later and for now return to my experiments.

What I applied in my first experiment was a combination of verbal and direct influence upon the person. The words helped this person to enter quickly into the necessary state, to be tuned-in to the event. They were only an auxiliary instrument, not the main one. The latter can be confirmed by this: I did not even say to the girl that the ball would begin to pull her arm down. I simply carried my hand downward, while her arm continued to move up. In addition, I did not say that her palm was in a vice, which began to squash it. What happened was a surprise for us both, for me, an even greater one.

This effect is simply impossible, when hypnotising a human being. What happened in the experiment: I created new influence, which made the girl's hand move down, without removing previous influence, which made the hand to move up. As a result the girl's palm appeared to be between two "fires".

It was quite a surprise for me that the force of thought had such real, material manifestation. Although I understood that a similar display of the "force" was the most effective evidence and the easiest for most people to understand, I personally considered this method of proselytizing impermissible.

Regrettably, the understanding of the force, which has developed in our civilization, is very primitive. If a human being writhes in pain, this means that he or she experiences the manifestation of the "force". If there is nothing of the kind, there is no manifestation of the force. Is it really so, that a human being feels satisfied, only when what happened to him is accompanied by pain or other unpleasant feelings?

Is it really so important to feel pain as a "proof" of the reality of the influence instead of taking as proof the very fact that real problems vanish after the influence has been applied, which is confirmed by real devices, and the person experiences no unpleasant feelings? I shall return to this philosophical, in a certain sense, problem later. For now I will continue.

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When I realized that the force of thought was real and could cause harm to people, I became very careful with its use and excluded any negative side effects. Before I go on, I would like to pay attention to the next (but not last) example of "fortuity" in my life.

It so happened that the first person, on whom I "attempted" to apply my force, appeared to be very sensitive to it. Who knows what turn my life would have taken, if this girl had had no reaction to my influence? Would I have tried something similar on somebody else or not, I do not know. And if I did, would I hope that the second, third, fourth person would be sensitive enough to this influence? Certainly not, but it turned out that unexpectedly for me my first experience appeared to be incredibly successful and inspired me to new "feats" for the good of Truth...

After this unexpectedly effective experience I asked my numerous acquaintances to participate in my experiments. Almost everyone agreed; they were eager to take part in something unusual. Some of these people had a strong reaction, some—average, and some were not responsive at all. Above all I was interested in those with very pronounced reaction. There were both fellows and girls among them. However, girls receptive to my influence prevailed. Soon I had a lot of voluntary helpers, because a lot of people wished to take part.

I carried out different tests: experiments with a ball in the hand, feet "frozen" to the floor, immobilised hands or legs, so a person could neither move nor stir them. I created barriers, which were like stone walls for them. I influenced them at a distance and had them leaning in all directions. The amplitude of deviation of their bodies from the vertical position exceeded the limits of possibility for the human body.

I tried the influence, both on one person and on a group of people. This was totally successful; I acquired new skills and discovered new methods of influence. It turned out, that it was possible to bring a person to the trance state, both using words and without them—just influencing. It was possible to influence sending energy through a hand(s) or only mentally. I could bring a person into a trance with the help of hypnosis, and bring him out of it with the help of my thought or influencing by my hand on certain areas of the brain. I did all this in immediate

proximity to a person and at a distance of tens of meters—as far as university corridors allowed. I discovered a very important truth—there were several methods of bringing a person into a state of trance, but the state itself was the same.

Different methods of bringing into the state of trance were different keys, which opened one and the same door. The most important was the fact that the "door" could be opened and the key was not of prime importance. Even simple hypnosis is accompanied by the influence of one individual on another and this influence is not only verbal.

In order for words have a certain force, the person has to fill them with that force. Then the ordinary vibration of the air turns them into "magic" words. Their "magic" force influences both those who understand them and those who do not. The magic is not in the word, but in the person who pronounces it. A word said in one state renders no influence, except for the usual one, while the same word said in another qualitative state "suddenly" renders surprising influence on human beings, animals, plants and even on lifeless matter. This truly proves that the "magic" is not in the word, but in the person. And far from everyone who pronounces the word gives it "magic" properties.

Thus, due to his majesty, Chance, and at the same time the natural course of events, I succeeded in discovering a new, surprising world of human abilities, which I began to study actively whilst being a student.

I made my next discovery also "by chance". One of my voluntarily helpers asked me, if I could define, whether he had any disease or not. "How could I know that?"—I answered with surprise. I do not know why, but for some reason this fellow wanted to hear my opinion concerning his health very much. "Try it"—he said—"it won't cost you anything!" I thought, why not! No sooner said than done. I knew the anatomy and physiology of the human body quite well and decided to try. I never saw how other people did it and decided to do it my way. I "simply" began to pass my hand over the body of this fellow, mentally tuning myself in to the internal organs.

Surprisingly I discovered that when I imagined an internal organ, I began to feel it in my hand. I could "touch" this organ, penetrate into it, etc. But, at the same time, I was not sure, whether this was a figment of my imagination or not. What was that—the information about the state of the organ or my imagination—I could determine that only by practice.

From my point of view the fellow appeared to be pretty healthy. The only thing that seemed strange to me was his liver. I could not quite understand what was wrong with it. I had a quite good picture of illnesses of the liver and knew what physiological and morphological

changes cause disease in the tissue, but I saw nothing of the kind in his.

I hesitated for a moment. On the one hand, I did not claim that I could do it, so, almost nothing would change, if I say something or not. On the other hand, I nevertheless, did not want to be mistaken. One way or another, I had to give an answer and my description of the state of his liver, I wanted to be correct. I said that he had a problem with his liver because of the absence of an enzyme that decomposed an ethyl alcohol. He was embarrassed at first and I thought that, perhaps, I was "barking up the wrong tree", when he suddenly answered: "You know, you're right, if I only drink one glass of beer, I lose consciousness and enter into a state close to a coma."

His answer staggered me—I did it for the first time in my life and hit the mark. Certainly, it was impossible to do without deep knowledge of anatomy and physiology, but I had the necessary information and managed to determine everything correctly. I still was in shock, when the fellow immediately asked me: "Cure me, please!" To my answer that I did not know how to do it, he simply said—"try". I tried and ... succeeded!

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The rumours that I was able to heal with my "bio-fields" spread quickly at the university. A lot of my acquaintances began to ask to me to diagnose and to heal them. I destroyed stones in the gall-bladder and in kidneys, removed stomach and duodenal ulcers, varicose veins, etc. One of my first successes was the treatment of cancer.

One day I went to my dean's office and saw there a tear-stained woman, who worked in the rector's office. Later on the dean's secretary explained me that this woman was in despair. Her husband had had an operation. The doctors had opened him up and closed touching nothing. He had a cancer of the size of a child's head, which "sat" on the abdominal aorta. To remove the tumour from this place was impossible, because they would have to remove part of the abdominal aorta. The surgeon, who did the operation, said that nothing could be done and her husband would not even die of cancer, but because the tumor would "simply" block the abdominal aorta when growing, which in turn would result in arterial blood being stopped from entering the lower part of the body. This would cause gangrene and death.

When I learned of it, I met this woman and suggested to her trying my method, because in any case the doctors could offer nothing except sitting and waiting for her husband to die. She agreed, but asked me to tell her husband nothing about cancer, as he was very hypochondriacal. Accordingly I told him that I would remove a liquid, which had

accumulated around his lungs in the area of the diaphragm and was why he had the problem with breathing.

Using this story as a cover, I worked with his cancer tumour. As a matter of fact, this situation was ideal, because it eliminated the possible influence of suggestion or auto-suggestion on the course of the treatment. If this man suggested something to himself, it was only the idea that the liquid, which never was there, must go away from his lungs. It turned out to be a clean experiment on cancer treatment.

My patient had a very good sensitivity and I succeeded in finding the correct strategy for destroying the cancer tumour and ... in four months medical tests showed that the tumour had disappeared without a trace. On his fiftieth anniversary in June, 1983, the surgeon, who had done the operation, said that he would never believe all this, if it were not for the fact that he had seen the tumor "sitting" on the abdominal aorta with his own eyes.

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June, 1983. I passed all my fourth-year summer exams, most precisely, almost passed, because all fellows had to go to the summer military camps to swear an oath, go back to the university and to sit the last examination—at the military chair of our university. Certainly all this spoiled the last summer vacation. Our military camps were located at the Black sea coast, not far from the city Ilichevsk, which "grew" near the commercial marine port of Odessa.

I saw the sea for the first time in my life, it made an unusual impression, but during the whole month of our military service I had the opportunity to swim in the sea only once or twice. And the heat was awesome! I have an extraordinarily white skin and ten or fifteen minutes in the sun was enough for me to burn it to blisters and for several days I looked like a boiled lobster. I was not thrilled with this prospect and after I bathed in the sea I put my clothes on immediately to prevent heavy sunburn.

One amusing episode was related to the whiteness of my skin. When I passed a medical checkup for the building group, the doctor had paid attention to my skin and begun to peer into my eyes. It surprised me and I asked him, what the matter was. He said in surprise: "I thought you were an albino, because only albinos can have such a white skin, and I checked your irises to make sure of it." Probably, he thought that I had dyed my hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, but I was not able to change the color of my eyes, which from my birth were brown with a greenish shimmer.

My white skin caused me a lot of unpleasant moments in my childhood. When in the water, I feel no sunburn as everyone else does. So,

when I was a boy I often burned so badly that my back converted into an entire wound. There were incidents, when my shirt was so stuck to my back that I had to ask somebody to tear it off. This feeling was far from pleasant, I must say. Thus, the sultry Black Sea sun was not for me.

There was no time for my experiments in the military camps. After we returned, we passed the last examination on military subjects; I got "excellent" for it, as well as for the rest of the summer examinations of the fourth year course; and went home for what was left of summer.

We had little to study in our fifth year. Most of time was intended for writing our degree thesis. In other words, I had a plenty of free time, which I used not only to write my thesis about the braking radiation of electrons on the edge of a vacuum-medium, but also to continue my own research on human abilities.

I continued to learn about an absolutely unknown world, a complete mystery and not only for me. I invented newer and newer experiments, having a lot of voluntary helpers who wanted to participate in something different. Besides, many experiments were accompanied by a good laugh. It was impossible to keep from laughing when watching a big fellow, who couldn't tear his leg off the floor. To see his reaction was great fun, when, full of surprise, he was unable to lift his leg, which had obeyed him without any problem just seconds ago. You would have to have seen it with you own eyes to understand the bursts of laughter of the casual and not so casual audience that observed the experiment. Moreover, the very "victims" also roared with laughter.

I discovered that at certain distances from a person it was possible to "hook" him and, for example, to pull him; the person could fall down, when doing it carelessly, or could rebound like a ball from the wall in the desired direction, when doing it quite abruptly.

Certainly, I did not drive the situation to the critical level; my task was not to explore the possibilities of distant assault, but to study the possibilities of the influencing at a distance, of one person on another (or others). I studied methods of hypnosis, when a person was submerged into hypnotic sleep by verbal or by only mental influence, or by the influence of my energy on certain areas of the brain, which I found out on my own.

I learned to bring a person into a state of trance without his immersion into hypnotic sleep, when he keeps fully his individuality, his ability to think adequately in regard to everything, except for what was suggested mentally or verbally. I did not know whether, if someone else also studied this phenomenon, he came to the same conclusions that I did. To tell the truth, it was not of great importance for me, I was

eager to understand the nature of things around me.

It is fully possible that I "reinvented the wheel", or it is also possible that accidentally I discovered something new. It was not important for me; the most important thing was to understand, to penetrate and to comprehend the essence of things around me. I was interested in similar matters when I healed people. I was eager to understand what a living organism, a living cell, truly was; how they functioned, why illnesses existed and how they occurred, and how damaged organs and tissues could be restored to their healthy state.

The result was that I could help people with their health problems pretty often. People reacted differently to my healing influence. Someone reacted almost instantly; someone reacted the next day, someone—in a week. The speed of change was also different as well as the speed of the restoration process. All this did not depend on whether a person believed or disbelieved in such treatment. There were cases, when a person believed in the treatment fanatically, but it helped little, and there were cases, when a person was a stubborn sceptic and, nevertheless, his problems "disappeared" without a trace.

The changes in the human organism were very unusual. For example, one person had longterm chronic stomach and duodenal ulcers... They disappeared after my work, also all old ulcer scars disappeared too together with "fresh" ones. After my treatment the doctors could not find any trace or symptoms of illness, the development of which they had been observing for, sometimes, dozens of years. Atrophied organs became absolutely healthy, for example, the cavities in lungs of a tuberculosis patient were not found, etc.

It is of interest, that lime formations in lungs were not part of the living organism; they appeared in the place of dead pulmonary tissue. After my treatment the dead tissue found in the living tissue disappeared and lung tissue, dead years ago, reappeared where nature intended. The dead tissue disappeared and the healthy tissue appeared so that no one would even suspect that the lungs of that person had suffered any disorder, not least tuberculosis...

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Sometimes some things happened which I could understand much later. For example, there were some stubborn sceptics among my fellow-students, who tried to prove me wrong. One day I was requested to carry out an experiment, which was intended to prove the "falseness" of my position. I was asked to define the illnesses of my fellow-student Uri Karpenko. He stood in front of me, my eyes were blindfolded and I began to scan his organism. My scanning was accompanied by the description of those problems I found. I felt his organs and his presence

in front of me.

When I finished, the bandage was taken off and ... he was not where he had been before I was blindfolded. I was surprised, because I felt his presence very clearly while he was not there. Thus, they tried to prove the falseness of my experiments, but for some reason none acknowledged the fact that I had described all his problems very precisely. They only paid attention to the fact that he abandoned the place where he was at the beginning of the experiment and I continued to describe his state of health.

Then I had heard nothing about Kirlian's photography and did not understand that a person, as well as any other living creature, left his imprint in the place where he stayed even for a second. The more time spent staying motionless on a spot, the longer the conservation of the imprint. Therefore, if one manages to tune-in to the place where this person was, it is possible to "read" any information about him and not only about the state of his health...

Later I understood and proved in practice that it was possible to obtain any information about the individual from his photo, voice, image, and not only when I saw or heard him personally, but also when someone else did it and had only to think of this person. I always adhered to the ethical side of this matter. I consider it permissible to do this kind of review only as a rare exception and when the person concerned asks me to do it. The only other exception I would understandably make would be a threat to my life, the life of my nearest and dearest or any other person. In all other cases, a person has the right to inviolability in his personal life...

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In the course of my experiments, I discovered the presence of telepathic transmission of information and even telepathic control over an individual. Orthodox science completely denied the existence of telepathy. From my own experience I was sure of the fact that telepathy was real.

I understood the skepticism of orthodox science. Very often people who studied paranormal phenomena had nothing to offer except for their enthusiasm. Very often parapsychologists were psychologists and psychiatrists who either personally experienced paranormal phenomena or witnessed them. Nevertheless, they remained the blind who advance by touch.

For experiments with telepathy they developed some tests with cards, which were based on statistics and the probability theory, which were not blameless from the point of truth. Besides, sceptics, when they saw positive results that exceeded probability, could always find

an "explanation" for these facts. It was of no importance that they were wrong, it was important to them that it was impossible to refute their nonsensical arguments.

Therefore, I decided to conduct some blameless experiments for myself, which would confirm the existence of telepathy. I decided to put a person into a deep hypnotic sleep, when he could react only to my voice and respond to nothing else. Usually, after I brought the person into this state, I stood ten or fifteen meters behind him and without any movement, without pronouncing a single word, mentally ordered him to get up and go forward avoiding all obstacles on the way. My eyes became the eyes of the person, who was in a deep hypnotic trance.

The signals from my brain controlled the movements of other person's body; at first my control was clumsy—the body moved jerkily and did not always obey. However, in the course of time I learned to control it pretty well. The feeling is similar to that when you are learning to drive a car. It is necessary to get used to the sensitiveness of the accelerator and brakes, so that the car moves smoothly. The same is true with the control of other person's body—it is necessary to choose the correct signals. When I solved this task, I managed to "guide" a person from a chart handed to me on a sheet of paper.

I was to guide a girl among some chairs, which were put at random, to bring her to the piano, to make her sit on the chair, open the piano and play something. I did it all. The examinee in the state of trance walked amongst the chairs, sat down and began to play... It is of interest that the girl was not able to play the piano (as well as I) before this test and could not after it. She played a melody, which was unknown to several professional musicians who were present at the experiment. This melody resembled something classical, something like Beethoven's music.

After coming out the hypnotic trance this girl remembered absolutely nothing of what she had done. She remembered only that she closed and then opened her eyes. This experiment was conducted once or twice with the same result and very quickly it was no longer necessary for me to spend time learning how to control the body of another person in my subsequent experiments...

From the very beginning of the study of my abilities and their development I always tried to prove to sceptics that the influence of one person on another existed and was real. Then it seemed to me that a sceptical person was simply in error and I only needed to help open his eyes so that he could see this incredibly interesting world, which hid numerous answers about the secrets of nature. Almost always I managed to do it. A sceptic was forced to accept the facts and... it changed

nothing. A lot of people told me: "When you prove it to me personally, then I will trust you!" And I proved it. But, the result was zero, nothing changed, these people continued to preach false conceptions to the others, even though they had the opportunity to be convinced that they were wrong...

It was difficult for me to understand, why people who called themselves scientists were not interested in knowing the truth. I found it strange. At the beginning I spent a lot of my force and time to prove to these people that I was right, and then I understood that many of them did not need the truth. It was even dangerous for them, because in acknowledging the truth they could lose their warm places, "scientific" reputation, etc.

Often, after I proved something to these people, they simply disappeared off my horizon, denying even the fact of their acquaintance with me. I was annoyed by this kind of dishonorableness, but no more than that. My aim was not to receive academic degrees, but to be cognisant of the truth. I understood perfectly that I stood against almost everyone in science, because my results and concepts about the nature of things contradicted the predominant scientific concepts. But it did not perplex me—from my childhood I had been stubborn and the phrase "it is like this, because it is like this" could not make me change my beliefs because a doctor of science or an academic said it.

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I saw the ignorance of some "scientists" on my second year at the university. The point is this—when I was a little boy, I used to invent different devices and mechanisms. After I finished my first year I meditated on the problem of laser beam divergence. During my summer vacation I succeeded in solving this problem. Instead of fighting with the side effects which caused the beam divergence, I decided to strengthen them, bring them to the maximum and control them. This approach allowed me to solve the problem—the beam divergence disappeared. I drew some drafts of my laser unit and some other devices and took them with me when returning to the university. I wanted to clarify some details, as I was not a specialist in lasers.

One day I took heart and went to the dean's office. I got permission to talk with the dean and asked him to invite someone from the chair of the quantum radio physics of our faculty. He did it, probably to get rid of me as quickly as possible. He invited one of the chair's employees and I expounded my idea and showed my drafts. He listened to me for ten minutes, looked at my drafts and declared: "I do not know what is wrong with all this, but it is wrong. All this is metaphysics." "Something is wrong here" was the only thing that the leading spe-

cialist on lasers could say?! If something is wrong, there should be an explanation, what is wrong and why. It even seemed to me that he understood nothing. I was disappointed, but not for long. I checked my calculations again, collated it with physical concepts and found no errors.

I again took heart and during a recess between lessons went to professor Tretyakov. In a few minutes I explained my idea to him, and he said: "Young man, congratulations, you've discovered nonlinear optics, but unfortunately for you, it was recently discovered by the Japanese." The "metaphysics" appeared to be the discovery of nonlinear optics. The fact that someone already discovered it before me was not of great importance to me. It was important that my idea was correct and carried no principle errors. Besides, nonlinear optics was not the basis of my idea but only an auxiliary element. Professor Tretyakov simply caught something familiar in my mumbling in the hubbub of the recess. Later, when we were assigned to different chairs, I got to the chair of theoretical radio physics which he headed then. I would like to say some good words about this man. To my mind he was the real scientist.

Unfortunately, I didn't have a lot of opportunities to talk to him. He was very busy and guided the term papers and degree theses of other students. We conversed several times including about my personal researches of human abilities. He had no scepticism; he was open to new ideas. Once, when we conversed on issues of physics he said something which I remember to this day: "Never stand on the "rails" of one or another theory. Their creators were not fools and squeezed out of their idea everything they could. If you do not want to pick up the "crumbs" of their ideas, always be outside of them and never "within". Only then you will be able to see their omissions and maybe go further than they." I memorized these words forever, they entirely resonated with my own concepts and subconsciously I always followed them even when I did not realise it...

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I had already studied two years at the university, getting "excellent" on almost all my exams, but classical science failed to answer my questions, which appeared as early as in my secondary school. I began my own search for truth in my third year. In my fourth and fifth years I was convinced of the rightness of the way I had chosen. Over three years I succeeded in finding answers to questions which had given me no rest from my childhood. I did not have yet the whole "picture", but I felt that I had chosen the right way. I continued the search for the truth through the cognition of my own abilities.

Sometimes I had to participate in "blind" experiments. In one of such experiments I was asked to define an object in the room. I began to scan with my hand and felt some energy. I felt the limits of gradients, etc. Then I was told that I had defined quite exactly the magnetic lines of a little magnet placed under the sofa.

So, unexpectedly for me, I knew that I could feel the magnetic field, and, consequently, electromagnetic and electric fields. It was considered before that a human being could not feel them, let alone to distinguish force lines. More pieces of the mosaic were put into a unified picture, but I did not "mature" yet. Meanwhile the time came to present my degree thesis; I stopped my researches to be fully engaged in it.

Mainly, my thesis was based on the formulas of mathematical physics. I felt no ring of truth in the mathematical mind-games, but did everything, that was required for the thesis. On my fifth year I was asked to write a thesis on economics. The teachers of the economic faculty saw a spark in my arguments concerning economy. When I found out that I had to pass several additional examinations on subjects that we did not study according to the program of our faculty, I decided to reject the offer. I was simply too lazy to spend my time preparing for additional examinations. For five years we had had to pass about fifty examinations and approximately the same quantities of tests. Sometimes I feel sorry that I rejected this offer and did not write the thesis on economics.

One way or another, I prepared my thesis, passed the examination on Scientific Communism[1], getting "excellent". For my thesis I received "good", although I do not think that it was worse than the other students' work. Indeed, it wasn't possible in our chair to put "excellent" to all, besides the dean's office was not fond of me. I was a constant headache for them, because of my meticulous questions. They also knew about my experiments and their results, because I hid nothing and the whole university "buzzed" about them.

Yes, by the way—about my experiments—I would like to mention some phenomena, which I ran into during my studies at the university...

As I have already said, during my first year I lived in the student hostel, because I came from another city. In my second year I decided to rent a flat, because life in the hostel did not suit me. Although I did manage to maintain a certain order—the light had to be turned off at exactly 23.00 in our three person room, nevertheless, I did not have

[1]Scientific Communism was one of the three major ingredients of Marxism-Leninism as taught in the Soviet Union in all institutions of higher education and pursued in the corresponding research institutions, and departments.

the authority (or the right) to require that everybody kept silence at night.

An old woman rented me a room. She had leg problems; they were covered with ulcers because of bad circulation. These ulcers caused her a lot of trouble and were quite painful. Usually, a person always talks about his diseases, especially, when a constant pain reminds him of their existence. However, I wasn't ready to listen to this for all eternity. Therefore, after I had listened several dozen times to this remarkable and "very educational" story at first hand, I was so "inspired" by this problem (of global proportions) that I decided to do something. In my boyhood, my mother used to treat what she called my "heroic wounds" with a salicylic-zinc ointment, after which they healed strikingly quickly.

So, to solve a huge problem, I remembered about the wonder-working ointment and said that my hostess should test it. The old woman didn't believe that it would work a miracle, especially when she knew that the price of a jar of this ointment was only 5 kopecks. She said that she tried all the ointments prescribed by her doctor and none of them was able to help her, although many of them were priced from 3 to 5 roubles.

On one hand, I wanted to help her, on the other—to be rid of such "instructive" narrations. Therefore, I suggested that she should try it, because the situation could not be worse. No sooner said than done. I personally went to the pharmacy and found this "wonderful" ointment. To my great joy after a short time of application all her ulcers disappeared. Moreover, the mobility of her legs returned.

The old woman began even to shop, and that suited me perfectly. After this case I began to recommend this ointment to everyone as a wonder-working remedy but for some "reason" it did not perform its "miraculous" cures. For some time I could not understand why. Only after couple of years, when I was engaged in my "metaphysical" research, did it became clear to me that the "matter" was in me and not in the ointment.

My unrecognised (at that time) desire that this old woman had her ulcers healed was sufficient to charge the ointment with my energy that would contain this program. It was only due to my ignorance that I attributed this effect to the action of the ointment instead of myself. This error was caused because there was rapid cicatrisation in my own case, when I used this ointment. Simply when my mother dabbed this ointment into my "battle wounds" and told me that now everything would be better, it began to heal very quickly, I trusted her, thought about it and the "miracle" occurred.

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Only then I did not connect this "miracle" with myself or with the influence of my mother. I only saw the result and thought it was the action of the ointment. How would I know that the like of this never happened to other users of this ointment?! As I did not know it, it was fully natural that I would assume what happened to me was the action of the ointment. This example shows evidently, how the absence of complete information could result in wrong deductions and conclusions.

I was lucky that I succeeded in clarifying the matter of the action of the ointment before too long and understood that it was not the ointment that operated, but my thoughts of the renewal and cicatrisation of tissues transformed the ointment and made it the transmitter of the healing program.

But at that time I did not understand all of it and was very content with the fact that the ointment "healed" my hostess. After this I also told her that sometimes a very cheap ointment could help perfectly when the most expensive things money can buy appeared to be useless and that it is not always the price that determines the efficacy. I erred and deceived the others without any bad motive only due to misunderstanding (the effectiveness of the ointment).

There was another reason, why I was content with the "miraculous" healing. Before it, the task of purchasing and delivering food for my hostess was laid entirely on my shoulders, in direct and figurative senses. It was not a huge problem for me, as I bought the food for me too. Sometimes I simply had to go and buy things especially for her. Those who still remember the Soviet times with a deficit of almost everything and enormous queues will understand me perfectly...

My budget consisted of my grant, which was higher than most students of that time (the ordinary grant was forty roubles per month, and an increased grant was forty five.) At our faculty of radio physics an ordinary grant was fifty five roubles and I got the increased grant—sixty three roubles in my initial years, and in my senior years—sixty eight, nevertheless, it did not allow the buying of all products on the black

[2]The discipline consisted in investigation of laws, patterns, ways, and forms of class struggle, Socialist revolution, development of Socialism and construction of Communism. Passing exams in Scientific Communism was an obligatory prerequisite in obtaining any postgraduate scientific degree in the Soviet Union. Typical courses of study included the following topics, among others: origins and development of the communist theory, theory of socialist revolution, International Communist movement, dictatorship of the proletariat, transformation of Socialism into Communism, socialist democracy, communist interpersonal relations and upbringing, criticisms of the anti-Communism. (E.L.)

market.

Due to the absence of meat in the Soviet shops and the lack of "good connections" among the "elite" of that time—butchers and similar "comrades" who specialized in selling food via the "back door"—I had to buy meat two or three times a month, sunflower-seed oil and all the necessities for cooking borsch[3] at Kharkovs' market. This economical activity did pretty serious damage to my financial state. However, the "socialist planning" of my budget brought its "fruit"—I never was short of cash.

Sure, my parents could send me money but it was not acceptable to me. I considered myself a grown up and was convinced that I must help my parents, not the contrary. Although, at that time I could not help them with money but I was not going to be a burden to them. I went to the student building group after I finished my first year to earn a little money.

When I decided to rent a room, I wanted to work at our chair for half the salary: and only after pretty tense debates with my parents, especially with my mother, I agreed not to do it and that they would send me money to pay the rent, first, 25 roubles and later 30. This was a large compromise for me that could be confirmed by anyone who knew me. Later, if I needed money, I worked extra, using my skills of working with wood and metal at the beginning, and then healing people.

[3]The Ukranian national dish, a soup made of meat and vegetables - beetroot, potato, cabbage and carrot.

Chapter 4.

Life is a good teacher

Most of my patients, who I treated whilst still being a student, did not pay me, especially at the beginning of my "medical" practice. My friends, their friends and their relatives became my patients. Usually I had only to work with one member of a family and the rest would ask me to help them too. I always felt awkward bringing up the question of money. I thought that a person should offer as much as he or she could afford to pay.

I thought that people understood perfectly the value of a life saved, or a return to health and should appreciate for themselves what I had done for them, and thank me to the maximum they possibly could. I thought this way and would have been right, if people were evolutionally developed to this level of consciousness, but... regrettably, there were almost no such people. Only those few, who understood the real value of my work, paid me. In spite of the fact that sometimes the way people behaved after they got everything they wanted from me offended me, I was still reluctant to raise the question of payment. I was ill at ease asking for money.

It was interesting to observe the fact that people, who did not pay me a cent, were the most demanding. When they needed something, it did not bother them if I were tired or hungry, or had not the spare time. The most important for them were their needs. They were interested in and worried about nothing else, and I felt too uncomfortable to refuse.

However, one day, similar self-interest helped me. A university teacher, whom I knew when I worked in the Student club, asked me to come to her home. Her son had a high temperature and pretty strong pains because of a gall-stone. I splintered it into fine sand, then widened his bile-ducts and drove this mass into his duodenum. The young man felt as if something hot had flown into his intestines. After this he had a high temperature for several days due to tiny scratches that appeared because the sand, nevertheless, had sharp edges and had scratched the walls of the bile-ducts.

Well, that day I was very tired; I had done a lot of studying, experiments and sessions of treatment. To begin with my experiments and treatments required a great deal of my energy; I felt like a squeezed

lemon, completely drained after them, although I always endured a heavy physical load easily. I had always possessed great powers of endurance, which my relatives knew all about.

When I was a child, I was unaware that I possessed unusual endurance. I discovered it quite by chance, or more precisely, my father discovered it. It happened like this. Our neighbour, an old man, gave me a couple of 3 kilogram dumb-bells. I hadn't touched them for several years and then one summer, when I had nothing to do; I came across them and decided to take some physical exercise to strengthen my body and spirit. As they say, God gave me (I personally strongly doubt it) a lot of strength, as was "given" to most men of the Levashov kin. However, I've never done any special exercises for my physical development. I decided to repair the omission during my summer vacation, since I did not have to "sacrifice" anything to this.

I took these 3 kilogram dumb-bells and began several exercises, one of which consisted of lifting them from my belt to the shoulders and further up until my arms were completely straight. In the first day I repeated every exercise one hundred times without a break, in the second day—two hundred times, etc.

On the tenth day I repeated every exercise a thousand times for approximately same time as on the first day. Then I got bored "waving" dumb-bells one thousand times and I decided to ask my father to find me something heavier. When I came to him with this, he said that my words were a complete fantasy, because it was simply impossible. He declared me a liar and asked me to say nothing about this to anybody, so as not to disgrace him.

His words strongly offended me; I was very touchy (to tell the truth I still am; only I've learned to hide it). The reason why my father reacted this way was that he was sure that even an adult man, who was constantly engaged in hard physical work, would be unable to lift a simple half kilogram hammer even one hundred times! And here was a boy saying that he had elevated, a thousand times, 3 kilogram dumb-bells without a break. Naturally, I was offended and demanded the opportunity to prove to him that I invented nothing. I'd like to give him his due, he gave me it and I am grateful to him. I invited him to sit on the sofa and with the offended face repeated the exercise a thousand times. After that he apologized to me, a boy, for being wrong.

Several years later in 1997 or 1998, an acquaintance in the USA also said to me that this was impossible, when I told him this story. He also said that, if he hadn't known me personally, he would bet money to prove the falsity of this statement. The point is that he was a professional weight-lifter and the master of sports of the USSR and

as a professional, he considered it impossible. I asked for several days, took eight pound dumb-bells (about four kilograms) and in two weeks I lifted these dumb-bells without a break one thousand one hundred times in half an hour before his eyes (gross weight was 17,600 pound or about 9 tons).

I did not tell this story to show how "mighty" and "strong" I was, but to demonstrate that I had inherited a very tough body from my ancestors, which is simply my good fortune...

So, even considering all my powers of endurance, I was drained to the limit that memorable day, but, nevertheless I agreed to go and sort out the aforementioned gall-stone.

After that I was dead on my feet and only my will-power kept me from dropping down right there and then. So, I walked up to the window and pretended to admire the view. I did not want anyone to see me fighting with myself. But my "contemplative" observation of "the beauty" of the rear yard of a block of flats was unexpectedly interrupted. The hostess asked me to work with her. I was not comfortable refusing and began treatment gathering all my will.

The first several minutes were incredibly heavy going, but then, in a moment, something happened, something switched inside me and all came with terrific ease. The exhaustion disappeared, and then came clearness and clarity of thought and the treatment began to go smoothly.

The notion of "second wind" is that it comes involuntarily. This was quite another thing; it was a breakthrough to another qualitative level of my abilities. After it, I carried out both my researches and treatment of people with ease. It does not mean that I stopped feeling tiredness but after this "breakthrough" I could endure a level of load tens times greater than before and I was not so tired. So, only once in my life I won something positive from an egocentric attitude toward me.

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In fact, it is very interesting to observe people's reaction to what I do. If I do not raise the question about money for the work, considering that a person himself should raise this question, a lot of people come to the conclusion that the treatment brings me "pleasure" or costs me nothing, or I am a fool.

This always seemed to me, at the very least, strange. Is it really so, that sympathy for a person, the desire to help, to deliver a living creature from torments and illnesses and often to save life without putting money at the top of the list is a sign of foolishness?! Sure, I got moral satisfaction and I was glad when I could help people, return

them their health and life. It manifested especially brightly, when I succeeded in solving a new problem, finding a more effective method of treating an illness already known to me, etc.

It always brings pleasure and satisfaction when a person creates something and attains a good result. This is how any creator feels. Anyone can certainly become a creator, in his own way, if he puts his whole soul into it, pushing himself, with the maximum devotion to the task in hand. It is not important what work you do, but how you do it. As for me, I almost always experienced great joy when I had created something. In my childhood I liked to work with wood and made stools, chairs, etc.

Certainly, my hand-made articles were not "works of art", but, nevertheless, I felt joy because my hands turned a rough board into something useful, gave it the smoothness of human skin; something shapeless assumed beautiful form and I was the creator of this "miracle". I soon began to see the drawbacks of my "miracle", but they would appear later. And in the moment of completion of the creation I felt myself in "seventh heaven". Besides, the more difficult the task or the problem, the greater the joy I felt after pushing myself so hard. It didn't matter to me that probably someone else had done the same thing much better than I. It was important for me to overcome myself, to attain and sometimes to go beyond my limit.

I was satisfied and even proud of me, when I successfully pressured myself into creating something that I had previously considered impossible. But, unfortunately, something like this happens very rarely. Hard work and the search for the optimum solution to the problem must precede every fulfillment, independent of whether it is a stool or the renewal of The Planets' ozone layer.

Once the problem is solved, the repetition of the process becomes routine, hard work. It does not mean that I felt no joy when I, for example, saved a person from a chronic ulcer, just because I already had done it once for someone else. However, frankly speaking, the second, third and so on time of solving the same task was perceived less brightly than it was for the first time. Put simply, these fulfillments became habitual and were hard labour.

Victories over me and over problems during my work, though, happened pretty often, but, nevertheless, not every day and sober reality, everyday anxieties and problems were present every moment. It turned out that as well as my own problems I was also surrounded by the problems and troubles of many other people and often only I could help them and thus their problems became mine.

Some people may say: Big deal! Everyone can wave his hands! Well,

it depends on how they are waved—the simple waving indeed does not require much wisdom, but waving with a certain sense can be quite hard work. What actually happens is that when "waving" correctly the information about the state of the person's internal organs and systems comes to the brain at every motion of the hand along the body; the brain analyses this information and produces the best strategy and tactics for solving the problem, and then the influence is put in place.

The next motion of the hand gives information about the changes that happened after this influence, how the organs and systems of the organism reacted and what kind of qualitative and quantitative changes happened. The brain analyses all this and brings in appropriate corrections for next curative influence to achieve the optimum result.

All this is viewed only from the side of the strategy and tactics of correct "waving". As for the easiness of this "waving", I would like to give one example of its consequence on a person, who did the similar "waving" for the first time. Several years later from the described events, a person, whose brain I changed to carry out similar "waving" (I'll tell later about the qualitative brain modification), tried to splinter a stone in a kidney for the first time in his life. This influence lasted about five minutes, whereupon ... an adult, strong and healthy man slept for thirty hours. His first words were, when he woke up and called me: "I cannot imagine how you are able to do this kind of thing every day for hours!" This is brief information about "simple" hand waving.

Certainly, most people will disbelieve it or will pretend that they disbelieve it until they can "touch" it with their hands. Actually, I was often surprised by this reaction. For some reason almost no one requires proof and understanding of TV functioning, for example. No one studies the theory of radio waves distribution before purchasing it.

Everyone uses this device without any proof of the way it works, although there is no explanation of the principle of its working. To be precise, there is the so-called theory of quadripoles, which asserts that there is a "black box" that has two inputs and two outputs. A quadripole can be transformed into a triple or bipolar device. When two inputs or two outputs are united together, it results in either a triple device with one input and two outputs or a triple device with two inputs and one output. When two inputs and two outputs are united together we have a bipolar. Independently of the configuration, these devices register what occurs in inputs and outputs.

However, no one explains, what happens within this "black box". Moreover, it serves as a basis for radio and computer engineering. Nevertheless, no one requires any proof or explanation of its principle of operation. It is enough for everyone to have practical confirmation

of its effectiveness based on the experience of other people instead of personal understanding of the phenomenon.

As for my methods of treatment—neither practical confirmation of its reality nor the explanation of both particular cases and numerous things which traditional "science" did not even try to explain is sufficient for the same people. They require personal confirmation and when they get this confirmation, they retreat hastily and silently, at the very best, or in other cases they deny that the treatment took place and that they were ever acquainted with me; and sometimes they tell a barefaced lie.

The oddest thing is that very often people passionately defend "positions", which were imposed on them without any proof and which for some "reason" they are reluctant to dispute and demand confirmation of their legitimacy. Similar selectivity in requirements would appear to indicate that most people were converted into zombies and their brains were successfully "washed". It is also amazing, that certain facts and information, which are demonstrated to them and which modern "science" considers to be something unbelievable and impossible, excite neither emotional response, nor interest. Nevertheless, most people fanatically and blindly defend illusions, which convert them into slaves; those illusions convert them into spiritual and corporal slaves and imbue them with a slavish mentality...

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When I was still a student, I came across the manifestation of similar spiritual slavery which converted people into bio-robots, when they were unable to think independently and pronounced "crammed" phrases and words, the meaning of which they did not understand and could not explain. Similar "discoveries" shocked me to the core and I tried to help these people to wake up, but the fact that many of these people did not want to wake up and get rid of spiritual slavery surprised me most of all.

This slavery was convenient for them; it guaranteed them a piece of bread and relief from personal troubles and "unnecessary" headaches. It's astounding when a person, who recently was a human being, transforms somehow into a lower creature, especially when one can see and understand all this. In fact, we all were born free both spiritually and physically. It is always staggering, when spiritually and physically free children have false concepts forcefully imposed upon them, which day by day, drop by drop convert free-born children into adult slaves.

Then I did not understand, who does it all and why. I thought it an unbelievable misunderstanding. I could not imagine then that someone does it on purpose... I retained a certain degree of naivety

from my childhood, or perhaps I wished to see in people and their acts only good. One of the first lessons about the nature of some people I learned when I began to heal them.

As I said before, I always felt uncomfortable bringing up the question about payment for my work. I always tried to find an explanation for why people avoid mentioning it. One of the "excuses" that I found was a supposition that for many people it was difficult to believe that my work could ease their sufferings, let alone relieve them from one or more illnesses.

I assumed that the only explanation (if there was any) they gave of what happened to them and what they felt was auto-suggestion or psychotherapy, which creates only the illusion of the relieving of problems. I supposed that the problem was not in people, but in their ignorance (which is partially true). Therefore, I thought that I had to work until a problem disappeared fully and then, after having a result confirmed by accessible medical tests, people would understand that what happened to them was real, and would pay me in accordance with their means.

Oddly enough, nobody refused my help, on the contrary, a lot of them tried hard to get it. Their "scepticism" appeared only when I completed the course of treatment and a person had to react somehow to it. Many limited themselves to words of gratitude, although I expected more from them and they understood that perfectly. I explained it by assuming that they simply did not have money. Sometimes it was so, but very often I found out later that people to whom I had returned their life and health bought, for example, cars, paying considerable sums of money on the "black market" (as it was almost impossible to buy a car in the Soviet car-shops; moreover, a person had to pay additional money for this opportunity).

This kind of thing left an unpleasant after-taste in my soul, but I was still eager to help people. However, some people continued to give me special lessons of their "gratitude" and "appreciation".

When I rescued a man from the inevitable death from cancer and when doctors confirmed this "unbelievable" fact and all relatives and friends of this man celebrated, his wife took me aside for a talk. I thought she would thank me for saving her husband's life. She had jeans (manufactured in Czechoslovakia) and offered them to me for 250 roubles. She said that she had got several pairs and I could choose any jeans I liked that fitted me. My height was nearly two meters and I always had a problem finding clothes of my size. I thanked her for the offer but said there was none my size. I did not show that I knew the real price.

It was possible to purchase the best American jeans on the "black market" for the price she asked for the Czech jeans. The price of the jeans she offered was maximum 120-150 roubles. The wife of a man, whose life I saved, without paying a kopeck for my work, tried to "foist" the Czech jeans at the price of the American ones on me, thinking that I was a complete fool; she "decided" I was and tried to earn an additional 100 roubles. Their behaviour shocked me to the core of my being. I could not even imagine that kind of sacrilege. After this I never met with these people again, although they tried to find me later.

The bitter taste of disappointment in people settled in my soul, but not for long. These people's deeds are their responsibility; other people are not responsible for them. Everybody is responsible only for his own acts and only then, when he carries them out. Therefore, I did not change my attitude toward all people, only toward those who deserved it. I continued to help people with an open heart and continued to search for the truth...

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It was when I was a student that I first ran into an unusual phenomenon known to everybody only from books and horror films—vampirism. However, with one distinction—in books and horror films vampires drink human blood, what I found was a vampirism of energy, or more accurately, of vital force. I can say nothing about those who drink blood, probably they exist and not only as cases of mental disease. Personally I have not met with the bloodsucking variety, I only saw vampires that robbed human vital force. The first case of vampirism, which I ran into, was very interesting...

It happened, when I was already in my fifth year. One day the secretary of our faculty, who knew that I healed people, asked me for help. The issue appeared very unusual and I had never come across anything like this before. She told me that something had happened to her that she could not understand. It always occurred after a visit from an acquaintance, who "suddenly" found it necessary to talk to her "heart-to-heart" and began to "visit" her at work.

After an "intimate" talk about nothing for thirty to forty minutes, this "friend" politely said goodbye and left. The most "interesting" part began later, when the dean's secretary came home. When she returned home, this very energetic and healthy woman could only go to bed and fall into deep sleep until morning because of complete exhaustion. Usually coming from work, she felt very well and could do everything that was required to keep house, she never felt this kind of tiredness.

When it first happened, she did not connect her state with the visit

of her acquaintance. She thought that it was because of the approaching menopause. But, when it repeated several times, she paid attention to the fact that the exhaustion occurred only then, when that woman visited her. After she was completely sure of it, she asked me for help. We agreed that she would call me, when the woman appeared again.

When it happened, I came to the dean's office as if "on business" and greeted the women. The dean's secretary introduced us to each other and I joined in the conversation, during which I scanned what was going on around and soon found the presence of a tube-sucker from the guest to the secretary's solar plexus. Continuing the conversation, I mentally cut and blocked this connection. After a couple of minutes, I said goodbye and returned to my chair.

Next day the dean's secretary thanked me and reported that she felt no exhaustion after the visit of this woman and the next day she told me that the latter had asked to meet me. I decided to meet with her—I was curious, what did she want from me. We met and she told me a very interesting story. She recently got carried away with esotericism, in search of spiritual development and a spiritual teacher.

She was acquainted with a "guru" from Kharkov who promised to "open" a door in her spiritual development. For some reason he could open this door only in his bed, (a very "spiritual" method!). The young woman was pretty attractive and for her, he "opened" the way to "spiritual" development personally and told her that if she wanted to remain alive, she must find donors of vital force, otherwise she would loose her life.

In a few days she began to feel completely exhausted and unsuccessfully tried to resist it for some time. To save herself from dying of exhaustion she found several individuals, from whom she could periodically replenish the vital force. She understood perfectly that it was wrong, but she was young and she did not want to die. And after our "acquaintanceship", she discovered that she was unable to replenish from anybody and decided to ask to me to help her to get rid of the "gift" from that "highly-spiritual" guru.

I saw that she was indeed a victim and that her behaviour was an act of despair and fear in the face of death and she had no chance of getting rid of it on her own. I decided to help her and "cut" a distant energy connection with the "guru". I blocked her "guru" the same way I had blocked her. Everything worked out fine. I met her several times just in case, as a precaution. But it was enough to carry out it only once in order to release her from energy slavery forever. I hope she has never been entrapped by other "great gurus".

Much later I understood the mechanism of the "Black Tantra", what

it was and why it was used by "the transmitters of enlightenment"; that was the first case, but regrettably, not the last of my collisions with energy vampirism, "Black Tantra" and other parasitic systems which appeared to be very real...

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But that too will happen in the future. Now I have finished the fifth year in the radio physics faculty, the chair of theoretical radio physics. I graduated from the university among the best students of our chair which was considered the elite of the faculty and waited impatiently for the assignment. Everybody knew that the military registration and enlistment office had requested 25 men for the Soviet Army from our chair. When they called my name and I entered a room, where the assignment commission was, nobody asked me anything. The dean simply said "Levashov—to the Army". They asked no questions, they were not interested in my opinion. They were obliged to fulfill this request for 25 persons, but they were reluctant to send "their people" to the Army and did not care about my constitutional right to choose my own assignment.

This kind of thing shocked me—even those who were the last in the queue for the assignment were asked where they wished to go, as I found out later. Quite simply somebody "desperately" needed my place. One way or another, I got my "assignment" to the Army. Everybody, including me, understood perfectly that after military service, it would be naïve to reckon on scientific career. Nobody would take time to refresh old material and to study new. Of course, I was disappointed, who wouldn't be?

I didn't know yet, that due to my assignment to the Army I would get the opportunity to make a discovery which became a crucial moment in my life and in the future would allow both creating for myself and penetrating into the mysteries of nature ...

But, that was still to come and at this time I began to go through the bureaucratic formalities. In the regional military office our passports were taken and we were given an officer identity card; we passed the medical and took our assignments. We also were given officer's holiday pay and traveling allowance, altogether 500 roubles, and we went on holiday before our military service.

I went home to spend some time with my relatives and then to the Black Sea, to the town of Sudak, where my then girl-friend did her practical work. It was the first time I had spent my holidays at the seaside, and the second time I had seen the Black (Russian) Sea, which was different in Sudak, at least the beach was stony and the water was very clean, which is why it was possible to observe fish and other sea

inhabitants: that was very interesting for me.

It turned out that although our family lived between the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea, we couldn't go to the sea, when our parents were on vacation. It was very expensive to spend several days at the seaside with the whole family. That is why every summer we went to the Kundruchensky farm and spent our holiday among the steppes. But there were a lot of large ponds there and I also visited a huge storage pond, but nevertheless, a sea is a sea, with its infinite water reaching the horizon, huge waves, etc.

When I was a teenager I learned to swim quite well in those ponds and could cover considerable distances. The only thing I did not like was to swim quickly. I adored lying on my back and swimming, looking at the sky. It charmed me a lot, but sooner or later the far bank appeared and the illusion of the endlessness of the pond disappeared. The sea is quite another matter. Of course, I have never reached the Turkish coast of the Black Sea but I have swum way out into open sea. It turned out that to swim in the sea was easier than in the pond, but to dive was harder.

The water was very clean and this brought some unexpected and unpleasant surprises. One day I dived very deeply and spent more time than I should and as result I had to "surface" very urgently. The surface of the water seemed to be very close—just extend your hand and you will reach it, but instead I swam and swam and still could not reach it. With enormous difficulty I managed to reach the surface and inhale. This was the way I became acquainted with the optical illusions of water. Although those impressions were new for me, they didn't become the most memorable and interesting.

There were some interesting small discoveries which were far from the delights of the seaside resort. The fact that I can heal became known very quickly in the small town of Sudak. In one family I was asked to scan a man. I quickly determined an active ulcer as well as the positions of past ulcer scars which surprised everybody.

But I was surprised by another thing. Every time I started to scan or to heal the ulcer, his wife received quite a powerful electric shock and began to jump. It looked very funny and I had to force myself not to laugh, although it was quite hard. The most interesting thing was that the reaction of this woman did not depend on the distance; her body somehow transformed my influence field into an electrical discharge. I had to learn to isolate her from my influence.

As I understood it after this, everybody who stood near me at the moment I was using my influence fell under it. I did not exclude this possibility, very often people asked to stand near me for a while.

Usually I was surprised at these requests. Once I even asked a person why he needed it. The answer was the following—it was enough to stand near me for 10-15 minutes and his insomnia disappeared for a long time. But I did not see how my field influenced people.

This unusual reaction which manifested itself so strongly allowed me to observe my influence more attentively. It was enough to stir me to activity, for as the current hit the woman she jumped as if she had sat or stepped on a thumbtack. This very clear, one hundred per cent connection to my influence, allowed me to learn to manage my fields more delicately. I succeeded in arranging everything so that I could influence one person without influencing another who stood at a distance of only half a meter.

I also made one more little discovery in Sudak. One day I saw a bill that announced a psychical session. I've never seen this kind of performance and decided to go.

An artist, whose name I do not remember, demonstrated simple hypnosis on holiday-makers. He offered his ability to read thoughts and to find hidden objects. It was something similar to what Wolf Messing did. I also decided to do some experiments on him. If a spectator hid something in one place, I mentally hid it in another. I feel a bit guilty about the spoiled performance.

After several unsuccessful attempts to find a hidden object, I "opened" it for him and he could find a way out with dignity. He repeated it several times that evening, the audience was very difficult. He decided to get revenge and offered to tell with exactitude the day, month and year of birth of several volunteers. For this he asked them to think about these dates and tried to "read" this information from their brains.

I was aware of the mechanism of telepathy by then and again spoiled the performance a little. I blocked the signals of the volunteers and started to send him mentally different numbers. He again was taken aback. When I made sure that my tactics worked I stopped interfering and let him dem onstrate his abilities.

After the performance I went to him and tried to explain the reason for what had happened. But I had the impression that he did not understand a word. This episode was of great importance for me—I discovered my new abilities and understood a lot...

Chapter 5.

In the Army

In ten days I came back to Mineralnye Vody and spent the rest of my vacation before going to do my military service, reading books, healing my friends, etc. At the beginning of August, 1984 I went to the headquarters of the Odessa military district. On the appointed day I appeared at the headquarters and reported on the telephone indicated that lieutenant Levashov had arrived for service. I was ordered to sit in the vestibule and expect somebody to come down to me.

My service began with a little confusion. I arrived in my civilian clothes, because we were not given a uniform in the military registration and enlistment office. Therefore, when in 10-15 minutes a staff lieutenant colonel appeared and unsuccessfully began to look for an officer, I decided to ask, whether he looked for me. I addressed him, as one should, and asked. He looked at my "civilian" clothes with surprise and confirmed my supposition. He had not expected someone without a uniform and paid no attention to a civilian. Then he offered me several destinations from which to choose for the assignment.

It was all the same to me, where and how to serve. Moreover, I had no idea, where those military units he mentioned were situated and I suggested that he send me where he considered necessary. Probably, my answer surprised him and he sent me to unit 44219 as the commander of the platoon. I got all the necessary papers and departed for this unit, which appeared to be the one where we had our military camps and swore our military oath last summer. It was located on the edge of the Black sea, not far from Illichevsk, a city near the port of Odessa. In fact, it was a suburb of Odessa, to where one could get by train, bus or taxi.

I got to my unit headquarters and introduced myself to the unit commander. Then I was presented to the company commander, where my platoon was, and to the other officers who were in the headquarters at that moment. One of the graduates of our faculty, who had graduated several years before, recently became the company commander. Also a last year graduate, who I knew personally, and Urij Milenko, my fellow-student, with whom I had studied in the same group, were among the officers. He had arrived the day before and already received

his duty roster, which several officers did in shifts.

First I was lodged in a small cottage in the grounds of the military unit where Urij had settled already. Officers had the right to live out of the unit; free places in the officer hostel were expected for the short term, but I decided to rent a room and Urij joined me. We found a room in a block of flats, which was only three hundred meters away from the Black sea shore. It would seem that we found ourselves in a resort! But it was only on the face of it. Sure, in the first evening we splashed in the sea, but as we were involved in the service, less time and desire remained to swim in the sea after being on duty.

Funnily enough, I stood on parade in civilian clothes for the first two weeks, because there was no uniform of my size in the depot. The situation was really comical—there I was, a pretty tall person (almost two meter height), standing in the front line, at morning and afternoon parades, in civilian clothes! By the end of the second week the commander lost all patience watching this "circus" and gave the order to unseal a war-time depot and find there something suitable for me.

We found it after a pretty long search, I signed all necessary papers, sewed on the shoulder straps and other insignia, and the next day I could finally put on uniform and take command of my platoon. Only box-calf boots made up a set with a field military uniform. They were also quite difficult to find (I wear size 45; however, for my height, it is rather a small size, luckily for me). I had to wear them during the August heat on the Black sea coast. Anyone who ever served in the army must understand perfectly what I felt. My feet were as if in a sauna.

All the other officers, who were "lucky" with their sizes, "cooled" off in their shoes. According to service regulations I must not be in the field uniform in peacetime, therefore I was sent to Odessa to the military atelier, where I was made both the everyday and full uniforms. I also found and purchased proper shoes and other accessories. After approximately three weeks I finally "corresponded" to my rank according to the service regulations...

Someone may ask who cares about this nonsense!? Firstly, two years of service in the army are also part of my life and biography. And, secondly, a great deal of what happened to me in the army during these two years directly concerns the events which became crucial in my life. And who knows, if I had got an assignment into some secret institute, would my life be the same? Most likely it would not: it could be on another path. And although it would also be the road of cognition, I doubt that it would be the same. Probably in the alternative variant

of my life, I would come to similar concepts and discoveries, but much later on. Fate arranged things in its own way and I got its first gift where least expected.

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After about a month of my service, an apartment in the officer hostel became free and lieutenant Milenko moved there. As for me, I did not want to move—I had never liked hostels, especially when three persons lived together in one room. So, I began to rent a room alone that suited me perfectly. One day the hostess of the apartment, an elderly woman, invited me to a cup of tea. Being a pensioner, she lacked a social life and was eager to exchange a few "words". We were drinking tea and chatting, and eventually our conversation turned to unusual phenomena and I told her Wolf Messings' story, which I read in a magazine. I recounted the content of the article, including how he first knew about his abilities whilst still a child. The article said that, when he was a boy, he got onto a train without a ticket and when a ticket collector came, frightening him, Wolf gave him a sweet wrapper, which the collector punched like a ticket.

During my narration I probably subconsciously entered into the influencing state that resulted in quite interesting after-effects. While talking I moved my hands. This made my hostess to react in a peculiar way. She looked at me with surprise and asked: "Why has your slipper jumped all of a sudden!?" I looked at my slippers—they were in their habitual place—on my feet. Another motion was followed by another exclamation: "Look, the other has just jumped!" I decided to conduct another experiment and went to my room, where I cut several pieces of paper of banknotes size. I returned to the kitchen and, holding my hands behind my back, said to her: "I will show you a banknote, would you be so kind as to tell me its denomination". She agreed and I gave her one of the pieces of paper thinking about 100 roubles.

It is hard to describe my surprise, when she told me: "It's been a long time since I held a 100rouble-note". It so dumbfounded me that I asked her, whether she was completely sure of it? She looked at me smirking, brought the piece of paper to the bulb and said: "It's not the first time I've held banknotes in my hands. Look, there are threadmarks and Lenin's physiognomy!" Her answer shocked me even more, I began to show her other pieces of paper and thought mentally—ten, twenty five, fifty roubles—and each time she told me their exact "denomination". I showed her several pieces and told her that it was a five thousand rouble pack of banknotes and asked her to check it. As if nothing happened, she shuffled these pieces of paper with full seriousness and naturalness and told me that there were five thousand in the

pack. She even asked me where I had got such a considerable sum of money.

I did not limit the experiment to the pieces of paper. I imagined that her TV set became invisible, and she exclaimed: "Look, my TV set disappeared and a vase with flowers that stood on it is in the air!" Then a wardrobe became transparent for her and clothes hung in the air, after that I made the walls of the house transparent and then I decided to check out another guess. I asked her to look at my hand and imagined that my hand had become transparent and the bones and vessels were visible.

Almost immediately my hostess stared at my hand and said: "Look, your hand became transparent and I can see your bones and vessels!" It surprised her more than objects floating in the air. Curiously enough, my hostess neither had any decent education, nor possessed a brilliant intellect. Nevertheless, under my influence she saw and gave a detailed description of things which she could not possibly know or invent. It was unbelievable, but it was a fact. I understood that under my influence a person can "see" what in ordinary circumstances the human eye was unable to see. Now, I had to check out this discovery with other people and make sure of it by repetition.

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Several times a week I had to conduct political studies with soldiers of my platoon. One day I pretty quickly managed to expound the obligatory material about some "very interesting" plenum of the CC of CPSU[1] and offered anyone interested participation in an experiment. All my soldiers woke up at once and stared at me with interest. I conducted some tests already known to me and selected some soldiers who were the most sensitive to my influence. Then I tried to induce in them a state similar to that of my hostess, when she saw invisible things. I discovered that not all of them could be influenced. After this my political studies become very popular among the soldiers and many of them asked me when I would do something like this again. Usually, I quickly expounded boring information about congresses of the party, conferences and their resolutions and passed to the experiments for which everyone waited with impatience (including me). Soon the rumors about my "political studies" spread among soldiers, ensigns and officers. Many of them asked me to show them something.

At that time every night there was an officer or ensign on duty in the quarters to prevent activities not provided by the service regulations. I also had to be on duty in quarters several times a month. The task was

[1] The Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. (E.L.)

simple—to sit in the Lenin's room[2] and to oversee the observance of service regulations. After that officers and ensigns went to their houses, a duty detail and duty officers (whose duties I just mentioned) remained in the unit. Before going to bed, soldiers often gathered in groups and asked me to demonstrate something. In the course of time first-class "stars" appeared among soldiers, sergeants, ensigns and officers.

I invented new experiments and checked them in practice immediately. I never humiliated anyone and never forced anyone to do anything abusive when I used my abilities on people. Therefore everyone agreed to participate in my experiments with great enthusiasm. It always was fun without any offense and everyone, both audience and participants, got a healthy charge of merriment. Besides, my experiments enlivened the soldiers and officers' everyday routine.

I took over the duty first as an assistant to the duty officer and then as a duty officer. We had to do almost ten duties a month. They lasted 24 hours—from 18.00 till 18.00 the next day, however, we usually came home after duty much later. Usually we managed to sleep for four hours maximum during these duties. A bed was right there in a small room behind a plywood partition. The assistant duty officer had his rest-time at night, so he could get some rest. The duty officer had his rest-time after morning parade and he had to "rest" among the staff's bustle, continuous phone calls and loud orders from the unit commander, the chief of staff and other officers. Those, who served in the army then, would understand me perfectly, especially those, who had heard the unit commander ordering someone to bring his car and his strong language, if the latter failed to appear in five minutes... The main responsibility of the duty officer and his assistant was to stay permanently in the duty room and attend phone calls. During the night there were almost no calls, but in the morning and till noon there was no respite.

One day, when I was on duty, several officers and ensigns came to me and asked me to show them my "miracles". As it was a "dead season" for phone calls, I called my "stars", chose from among officers and ensigns the most sensitive ones, and began my show in the duty room. This time I decided to invent something new. I created brick walls in front of them and asked to pass through; the result was the same as if I had asked them to walk through real walls. I imagined that I cut off my head and held it under my armpit. I created my doubles and sent them in different directions. I did a lot of other things, both

[2]Every organization or institution, be it industrial plant, country school or prison, was obliged to have the socalled Lenin's room with portrait of Lenin, his books, red flags and other communist paraphernalia. (E.L.)

very funny and not so funny (cutting off my head!).

When then I asked the participants in my "show", what did they see, their answer surprised me. When I imagined that I cut off my head—they saw everything down to the smallest detail. They saw, how I separated my head from my body, took it under my armpit, saw how my blood flowed and how the eyes and lips of my "severed" head moved. I could not have foreseen such reality and was glad that none went crazy because of it. But most often I did something funny like "gluing" feet to the floor, hands to the walls or to each other, I created a platoon of my diminished doubles and made them march on the table.

Participants in my experiments, including me, and the audience roared with laughter. Once, I decided to "displace" my assistants to the past, to the era of dinosaurs. When the usual reality disappeared for them and they appeared in Earth's past, their reaction was very interesting, especially, when they saw a Tyrannosaurus Rex. When they saw and heard the roar of T-Rex they reacted differently. One quietly slid down the wall, another turned into a motionless statue and somebody else very slowly moved from the dinosaur and, attaining a "safe" distance, began to "set" a world record in both short and long-distance running. All this and a lot of other experiments were really funny, because all participants of "the show" were completely conscious, continued to think independently, had their own opinion, but simply operated in those realities, to which I had moved them.

All this was really interesting. By the way, I found some practical use for these effects. For example, I discovered that my hostess began to "borrow" my money, sometimes ten roubles, sometimes twenty five. She probably decided that I was rolling in money and I would not even notice some miserable ten or twenty five roubles. I did not like this kind of "side effect" of my experiment with money and decided to put an end to this misunderstanding. I "simply" created an invisible wall for her at the entrance to my room. After I did it the "mystic" disappearance of my money stopped. After a while my hostess expressed dissatisfaction that she could not enter my room and "clean" it up in my absence. I wasn't enraptured with this kind of "care" and decided to rent another apartment. My brother, who came to visit me, helped me to rent a one bedroom flat to the end of my service...

Despite being occupied with my service, looking for an apartment, etc., I continued my experiments. Once, observing how different people react to my influence, I meditated on a problem: why one person saw everything that I created and the other, although sensitive enough, did not? After all, everyone has the same number of neurons, the same structure of the brain, etc. The ability to see and react to my influence

did not depend on the education of the person or his mental abilities. I set my mind to understanding the reason for this phenomenon. I did a very simple thing—I brought one person into the "active" state and compared his brain to the brain of another person who was not in this state. I compared ... and discovered the qualitative difference of the human brain in both active and passive states.

The next natural step was a desire to create qualitative changes in the brain of a person in the passive state. The first attempt was successful. I worked according to the principle "in the image and likeness", which to the great disappointment of the faithful had not divine, but purely human nature; I obtained the result I wanted in ten to fifteen minutes of the process of creating the qualitatively new brain of a person in the passive state.

Both began to see identically and synchronously. This success inspired me, but I needed to be completely sure that this was not a fluke or some psychic phenomenon. I tried to do it again... and succeeded again ... and again. The only difference was in the time which I needed to transform the brain of each person. Everyone has different genetics, spirit, upbringing and education, talents and qualities; which is why I needed to apply different times and effort to "bring" the brain of a person to the desired qualitative state.

I often give as an example, a mosaic so that people can understand this process better. Everyone has a different number of "fragments of the mosaic" necessary for qualitative transformation of the brain. For me to do the transformation in two to three minutes, a person must have no less than ninety-five per cent of these mosaic fragments. If someone has only five fragments out of the hundred that are necessary, I must "add" the missing ninety-five fragments to realize the qualitative transformation. When I accomplished it, new qualities always appeared and these new qualities were not at all illusory. After the transformation of the brain, a person acquired, for example, the ability to see internal organs of other persons.

I found this out it early on in the first the experiment with my hostess and it was not simply my hypnosis. In this state a person saw the internal organs of precisely this very person with all features and pathologies of this person. This discovery became the key, which helped me to discover one natural law after another. But that would be later, right then it was the beginning with a "Capital B", at least it was for me...

Chapter 6.

In the Army (continuation)

Probably, to be a radio electronic fighting troops officer was a little easier than to serve in the airborne or armored troops, but, nevertheless, it was not "all milk and honey", as some may think. Almost all the time it was necessary to be on duty. Although the Black sea was a stone's throw from the disposition of my unit, I was in no mood to bathe even in summer. Certainly, I could have told the orderly that I was going to the auto-park and once there, I could get agreement with a duty ensign that he would inform the duty officer, if he looked for me, that I "just" had gone on duty, whilst I enjoyed the sea, but I had no desire to do this. It had nothing to do with my devotion to military service; it simply did not resonate with my soul. On my weekends when I was off duty I preferred to have a good sleep and do some domestic chores.

I moved to another apartment where I was my own master. I rented it for the rest of the term of my service. It was nearer to my unit and further from the sea, although that was of no importance, because I had neither the desire nor the time to waste bathing and tanning. The apartment had a kitchen and two rooms, which, to be honest, was too many for me. It was my brother Vladimir, who did me a disservice. He arrived in Odessa on business and visited me. He immediately began to look for an apartment, found it and paid for it in advance, so I was faced with the fact and moved into a two-room apartment without furniture. I brought a bed and bedding and bought some trifles for my kitchen. The owners of the apartment had left a refrigerator and a kitchen table with chairs, and thus, my life was organized. Basically, I appeared in the apartment at lunch and at night, if I was not on night duty.

On infrequent weekend I went to Odessa to the famous market, Privoz, and bought all necessary for my cooking "experiments". They were not something outstanding, but on my salary I was able to buy delicacies which had been inaccessible to me when I was a student. I must say that the homemade sausages were simply amazing. There was a long row of sausage vendors and I usually passed through it and bought those sausages which seemed to me like they would be delicious.

Usually I tested the sausage I liked the look of and pretty soon I knew all sellers and their products as well as they knew me. There I also bought meat, fragrant vegetable oil, homemade sour cream, etc.

As a student, I could not afford to buy myself all this, but now I could indulge myself a little. When I was a student, I saw how market sellers drove students away who walked between the rows and "tried" their merchandise. "Tasting" the sausages of ten or twelve sellers, students tried to fill their empty stomachs, because in most cases they squandered their monthly grant very quickly and looked for a way to hold out till the next one.

I did not want anyone to take me for such a "tester", both when I was a student and much later. If this kind of thing was an entertainment for some, for me, it was humiliating. However hungry I was, I considered the likes of this humiliation, or even a hint of it, impermissible for me. Pretty often I went to Privoz in my uniform so that no one would get the idea that I wished to "eat off" "poor" merchants. Now it is funny to remember my feelings and ideas of that time, but, what can I say, that's how it was.

My life as an officer was not something unbearably heavy for me, as young fellows, who served in the army, often say. Certainly I was an officer, not a soldier, but I believe that it does not matter in what rank you serve, but how you serve. I heard about the burdens of service both from officers and soldiers. Certainly, there was a lot of stupidity and nonsense in the army, but also a lot of necessary things that indeed do make a man out of a boy.

In our company there were some officers who treated soldiers as a springboard for their career. For example, when checking up on a guard duty according to the regulations, a duty officer or his assistant every now and then gave the "alarm". This meant that all guard detachments, both resting and on duty, received the urgent message "the guarded object is under attack" and had to rush to this object. Soldiers did not respect such officers, and I agreed with them on this question, but it does not mean that I connived, quite the contrary. However, I tried to act justly, as I understood it.

When a person spends seven to ten days a month on guard, he pretty quickly masters numerous nuances of the service. When I was a "green" lieutenant and had to check a guard, I came to the guardhouse, took the commander or the corporal of the guard and the guard and went to check sentries. When I approached guarded objects, I always heard some signal sounds, the significance of which I understood pretty quickly.

Those who remained in the guardhouse warned sentries with these

signals of the approaching check-up and when I reached every guarded object the sentries cheerfully reported that there were no incidents. I, and not only I, was simply (but knowingly) "wrapped round a little finger". It was very clever, but I dislike the role of "simpleton". Therefore, I changed tactics.

Instead of running around guarded objects in vain, I came into the guardhouse and went straight to the commanders' room where there was an electronic chart of the guarded objects. There were bulbs on it and each bulb lit up when a sentry, walking around an objective on the set route, pushed a button. Therefore, it was possible to observe the movement of the sentry to the guarded object, from the guardhouse.

So, knowing the distance between points, I sat opposite this chart and observed the bulbs. If next bulb failed to light up within the time required for passing between two points on the route and smoking a cigarette; making allowance for the speed of a "tortoise", I gave the alarm. Interestingly, soldiers never considered my actions wrong. Very often, when I asked them to send me this poor wretched sentry, soldiers told me: "Comrade lieutenant, we will take care of it". I suspect that instead of his rest period this sentry added lustre to the guardhouse with a mop.

Sometimes, sergeants and soldiers in their second year of service escaped from the quarters to bathe in the sea or to visit girls. Usually, they laid their overcoat on the bunk and covered it with a blanket. The substitution would be unnoticed until someone passed between bunks. An orderly always had a ready answer that this sergeant, private first class or soldier went to the Gents. I knew where they really went and gave the orderly half an hour for the absentee to report to me when he returned. I knew that the moment I left the post a messenger rushed to the absentee, who, having been caught on unauthorized leave, reported to me and I imposed a penalty upon him. Mostly it consisted of washing the floor in the headquarters.

I never reported the incident to either the company commander or the commander of the unit, because I had already punished the infringer. Those absentees whom I "caught" always considered their punishment to be fair enough and washed floors impeccably. Some other officers acted in similar situations differently. They reported to the unit commander. As a result, the whole unit, including officers and ensigns, had to stand to attention on the parade-ground for one and a half hours, listening to the unit commander's oratorical speeches. Very often the extra duty that was imposed as a punishment was given to those who had nothing to do with the infringements.

Every Saturday we were to tidy up the unit. I gave the soldiers

of my platoon the plan of work for the day and said that, if they did all the work in advance, the rest of the time would be theirs. The only condition was the good quality of the work. This arrangement of things gave soldiers an incentive to do their work well. They were highly motivated to do everything quickly and well instead of stalling for time, imitating feverish activity, because usually when they completed one task, they were assigned a new one. If they finished the latter, they received another one, even if it was senseless work. Thus, any initiative, desire or necessity to do something quickly and well was "killed" in them.

In my platoon there was a soldier, who was a "walking disaster". He had a soldier's shrewdness, only the wrong way. For example, once, being on duty at one of the diesel stations, he decided to warm up in the warmth of the diesel electro generator room. According to the instructions, it was prohibited to be any length of time in the room with the generator running because of the high content of carbon monoxide. So, my "genius" decided to sleep on the camouflage nets which were stored there. To protect himself from fumes, he decided to put on a gas-mask. It would be very clever, if it were not for one little "but". A gas-mask does not protect from carbon monoxide. If the ensign, the commander of this diesel station and this soldier's direct commander, had not glanced accidentally into the room, there would be a "warm" dead body instead of an "ingenious" soldier.

But his "adventures" did not finish there. He somehow managed to start a fire at the military diesel station and it was pure luck that the fire was noticed and quickly extinguished. As the platoon commander I was personally liable for breakage of my platoons' equipment and together with the commander of this station had to restore it after the fire. The value of the station was several million roubles; it is hard to imagine what would have happened, if the fire had not been extinguished in time. We, the station commander and I, managed to write off some damaged equipment as being worn out, but some of it had to be paid for out of our own pockets. The "hero" only received several extra duties.

After this no one allowed him even to approach to the equipment. He was assigned to serve in a boiler room, where he again "distinguished" himself after almost blowing up the heating boiler. He again fell asleep and when he was found the temperature on the thermometer was up to the red area, a little more and the boiler would have blown up; together with the sweetly sleeping soldier. It was a great relief to me knowing that this soldier had served his second year and I did not have to observe his "ingenuity" for another one.

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My brother visited me several times. He liked Ilichevsk and Odessa very much and decided to live and work there. Thus, the second room, as well as the whole flat I rented came in very handy to him. Besides, I spent about seventy percent of my time on duty, and the rest of the time fell mainly at evenings and nights when I preferred to rest.

As well as other officers and ensigns off duty, I came home at eight o'clock in the evening and sometimes even later. I prepared supper, did necessary household things, like laundering, ironing my uniform and cleaning my boots and shoes; otherwise the unit commander would make censorious remarks for crumpled trousers or dusty footwear. The trousers were considered to be crumpled if there were no clearly visible creases. The rest of the time I read a lot. I was lucky—an ensign of my platoon had a very good library. I read a lot also on night duties when I had to "stand guard" over the telephones ready to answer any call immediately.

After ten o'clock in the evening almost all telephones "fell asleep" until six o'clock in the morning. Books were true salvation in this situation. However, after several hours of reading my eyes began to close independent of the content of the book. Strong coffee or tea did not help much and I had to put the book aside and come out to the headquarters porch to keep awake and to refresh my sleepy brain a little with a sea breeze. It helped for some time, but I had only to sit down at the officer's duty desk and look at silent telephones and the drowsiness returned very quickly. Another trick to battle it that helped a lot was a check-up of those on guard duty. It allowed me to feel refreshed for thirty to forty minutes, and then the sleep again slowly sneaked up from behind. The fight against it is far from pleasant. One must not sleep, but it was almost impossible to stay awake sitting at night, in full silence, especially if one has to be on duty next day or every second day.

In fact, I was accustomed to sleeping in complete silence since I was a child; I could not fall asleep at once if I heard TV set working in the next room, even with a low volume. I also liked to sleep in a dark room; the slightest light prevented me from falling asleep. Being a student, I "adhered" to those habits. So, it is easy to imagine what I thought of the situation, when I had to rest behind thin plywood partition accompanied by the sound of telephones and "quiet" orders of the commander and other officers.

I had to learn to rest in any conditions. Thanks to such "comfortable" conditions for rest, I learned to disconnect myself from everything in almost any situation. Independently of the sound "accompaniment",

external illumination and the position of my body I could disconnect myself for the time I needed and get back into an active state in seconds. After long "training" I could switch myself off sitting in a chair and immediately switch on when hearing the sound of the door opening or any other sound, which I considered worthy of my attention. I could sleep with crackle of telephones and buzz of voices, but woke up to the quiet bell of the alarm clock. So, it is possible to get accustomed to almost anything when life forces you to.

To a certain extent I had prepared myself for this whilst still a student—when preparing for exams, I would disconnect myself for ten minutes out of every fifty reacting only to the bell of the alarm clock. It allowed me to learn quickly enormous volumes of information. These skills proved to be useful in the army and developed there even more, which I consider a very positive acquisition... So, serving in the army was a bit tense, but I found it positive rather than negative.

The army that should have been the grave of my scientific career turned out to be very useful to me. Of course, I was not engaged in the theory of wave processes, as it was accepted in the classical school of theoretical physics. To my deep concern, mathematical equations, with which physicists-theorists "play", are to a greater degree games of the mind, but not science in the full sense of the word. Postulates once introduced into science remained white spots for good; scientists simply did not pay attention to them, ignoring the fact that there was nothing behind them.

Thus, it was this kind of scientific career that "died" when I went to the army and, to be honest, I was not interested in it. But, a chain of casual and not so casual events would only happen to me because I found myself in the army. That is why I am grateful to the dean of my faculty; because someone did not want to serve in the army and needed my place, and received it from him via "the backstairs", and I was sent to the army instead!

Numerous duty services also had its positive side. By the end of 1984 I had accumulated compensatory holidays for almost two weeks and decided to use them to celebrate the New Year. The unit commander agreed and even gave me permission to go to another city. For those who are unaware of army rules I'll explain the situation a little.

An officer or an ensign must be within the reach of military messengers even on their weekends or festive days. The officer must report where he can be found or called in case of the alarm even when dating a girl. Certainly, not everyone did it when they, for example, went to Odessa to spend several hours, but if they were sought and were unable to be found quickly, this officer or ensign would receive a serious

penalty, especially in case of an incident in their subdivision. Therefore, when I officially got almost two weeks of compensatory holidays, I could not simply go where I wanted.

First, I received the unit commander's authorization and then got all necessary papers in the office. As an officer I had my military identity card and without these papers any patrol could detain me and put me in the guardhouse. On my receiving these documents, I had nothing to worry about. By the way, military patrols never checked my documents, although I "came" across them a lot. But, nevertheless, in this case I preferred to stick to rules...

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I purchased a ticket and went to Odessa airport. There was a bus from Ilichevsk to Odessa. I knew the time-table and was at the bus stop in advance. But for some reason the bus I failed to appear. At first I was not worried about it, but when less than an hour was left before my flight my holiday relaxation began to "evaporate". It continued to disappear with every minute and I decided to take a cab. It was not easy and when I finally got one I had between thirty and thirty-five minutes left before the departure of my plane. To get a ticket before the New Year was always a problem and I had no wish to be late for the flight. Although the distance from Ilichevsk to Odessa airport was relatively short, I, nevertheless, was worried and was eager to be in time. I even had a glimmer of a thought that it would be fine if my flight were postponed.

When I finally got to the registration desk, it turned out that my flight was delayed. First, I was very happy at such a turn of events, but when I knew that my plane had not yet arrived in Odessa because of the bad weather conditions in Odessa and Kharkov my rejoicing about the delay was replaced by vexation. Oddly enough, the human reaction to one and the same event differs greatly depending on whether this event suits a person or not. In this case I got a wide range of emotional reactions to one and the same event. First it pleased me and then distressed. When I was late for my flight, the only thing I wished was that my flight be delayed. And when I knew that it really was and the reason for it, I was very disappointed. Such is human nature...

The airplane neither flew without me, nor could fly me away. It was the second "part" of the situation that I did not like. One way or another, I had to wait for my flight, who knew for how long; that did not suit me, along with any other person in a similar situation. I liked this situation less and less with every minute of waiting and began to think that it would be great, if the thick fog that covered Odessa airport disappeared and my airplane landed, etc. To my great surprise

in fifteen to twenty minutes the milky fog began to disappear and the sun peeped out from the clouds. Later I knew that the same thing had happened in Kharkov. Finally, the flight from Kharkov arrived in Odessa and I could board my airplane. I was very content because I did not need to spend a day or more in the airport waiting for flying weather. I thought then how lucky I was.

I spent my leave of absence in Kharkov and upon arriving at the airport, found the same inclement, flight-cancelling weather there. Besides that, the weather in Sverdlovsk, the city from which the airplanes to Odessa with boarding in Kharkov departed, was similar. The situation was repeated. I again sat in the airport due to weather conditions. Who likes that—nobody, me included. Naturally, I began to think about clouds and fog that caused so many problems for people, who had to sit and wait until everything got back to normal. I hated the idea of sitting in the airport for very long. To my great joy, in a couple of hours, the weather turned fine and I safely reached Odessa.

At first I did not connect this luck with myself. I went back to the unit in time, without a delay and boasted a little of my luck. However, very soon I had doubts as to whether "luck" had anything to do with these events. I began to have my doubts when one of the officers of my unit returned from his vacation almost two weeks later than the fixed date. He was late because of the non-flying weather in Odessa due to dense, milky fog that remained for almost the whole month; good flying weather appeared only twice, lasting several hours—first time, when I departed from Odessa, whereupon the fog again covered the ground with a dense cap, and second time, when I returned from my vacation, and the non-flying weather lasted two weeks more.

It turned out that flying weather appeared only then, when I needed to fly. I suspected that, most likely, the reason for my luck was me. Certainly, the probability of similar fortuity exists, but it is insignificantly small. I also suspected that the theory of chance in this case had nothing to do with this. I only had to get new confirmations of my direct participation in these phenomena to confirm or refute my supposition. After this event I began to observe my wishes and their consequences with more attention and not only wishes related to the weather.

As for the latter, I had only to concentrate or wish strongly and rain stopped or began, clouds appeared or disappeared. I only had to imagine the process. When I realized that my desire had influenced the weather I tried not to interfere in it without a special necessity to do so. But since then I almost never had to wait for flying weather. There was always good weather when I had "my" flights, even, if there

was non-flying weather either before or after. Very soon I struck the possibility of "fortuity" with the weather off the list.

It happened for me as in fairy-tales: "... by the wave of a wand..." However, I had no wand but it was enough that my unconscious (at that time) wished to control the weather. Although, they say that the nature has no bad weather and any weather is a blessing, I never liked boring cold drizzle, when low leaden clouds hung over the land for too long. This kind of "blessing" did not evoke a special resonance in my soul. Although I understood the necessity for this weather, I, nevertheless, tired of its tedium, arranged a break in this kind of "blessing". It also turned out that I did it on weekends and festive days, especially if I had to be outdoors.

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But all these are later events, while I still was in the army and continued to discover a new, beautiful world... My brother not only found a flat for me, but also bothered to notify the local population that I could heal. In my unit a lot of people knew, not only about my abilities to influence people and experienced it, but also about my ability to heal. Soldiers, officers and ensigns asked me for help. I tried my best to help them.

Because of my brother's "magic touch" he could easily establish relations with almost anyone, the inhabitants of Ilichevsk began to ask me to heal them. So, after my military service, if I was off duty, in the evening I received "civilians", as the military say. My brother drew people a very colorful picture about what I was able to do and often asked me to prove to these people that he had not lied. I asked him to stop creating this kind of "advertising"—and said there should be no need to demonstrate to anyone that he was truthful. But he was incorrigible. He not only told people that I could heal but also about my other "oddities". And there was one very funny case related to this.

Once, he told his acquaintances that I could drive needles under my nails and the pupils of my eyes did not even widen. They, naturally, disbelieved him and he asked me to prove to these people that he was not a liar. He very much wanted me to do it; he said that this was very important to him, otherwise, these people would not take him seriously, and his work required the contrary. Finally, he persuaded me. However, before I tell about my demonstration, I would like to explain a little the situation with needles driven under nails.

When I was a boy, a film dedicated to Kamo[1], a "flaming" revolu-

[1]Kamo (Ter-Petrosian) Simon Arshakovich (1882-1922), an active figure of "Russian" revolution. He organized underground printing offices, transportation of arms

tionary of the "Great Russian" Revolution, staggered me. In the film Kamo pretended to be mad to avoid prison and penal servitude. A doctor, who conducted the medical examination to find out whether he was mad or not, drove needles in his back and observed his reaction. Kamo did not show that he felt pain and continued to speak with his tame sparrow relaxed as if nothing had happened. The only thing that gave him away was the fact that his pupils widened each time the doctor thrust a needle into his body. When the doctor saw it, he was so amazed by Kamo's force of spirit that he confirmed the diagnosis of madness which Kamo simulated.

I was so impressed by the plot of the film and thought, what if I was able to bear pain and gave no sign? Certainly, I did not aim to disfigure myself during the verification of my own force of spirit. By that time I had been in many risky situations and had shown no weakness, but I did not know the limit of the force of my "spirit". Therefore, it would be easier to try something similar to that which was shown in the film. However, to drive a needle in the nerve-knots of the back was somewhat problematic; it was only possible with some external help. But I disliked the idea—what if my "spirit" flinched and other people would know about it... So, I excluded the external help at once. I had no desire to be in held in derision. Therefore, I had to rely only on myself.

I remembered that the largest number of nerve-endings was under nails and in eyes. I was not ready to pierce my eyes and chose my nails. Besides, I remembered that one of the keenest tortures was thrusting needles under the nails. This fact resolved my dilemma. Thrusting needles under nails I could get the desired result: I could verify the force of my "spirit" and avoid seriously harming my body. Also I could do this without any assistance and observe in the mirror whether my pupils widened or not, whilst I thrust needles under my nails! I choose a suitable moment when there was no one home, and with some agitation began my experiment. I took a needle, disinfected it in eau-decologne to prevent infection, and staring at myself in the mirror ... drove a needle under my nail.

I made it but still wanted to be sure that my pupils did not widen. After I made sure that I would be able to stand the test as one should, I asked my brother to be an independent observer and repeated the experiment in his presence. He confirmed that my pupils remained unchanged. It was exactly what I needed. I cannot say that while

and literature, participated in bank robberies and other operations to "expropriate" money. In 1918-1920 he organized the underground in the Caucasus and the South of Russia.

driving needles under my nails I felt no pain. I did. I have always been highly sensitive, but in these experiments I gathered all my will-power, prevented the pain from taking hold of me and even tried to smile.

I succeeded and was satisfied with the results. I demonstrated it to no one. I did not need cheap authority. I wanted to test myself and did it. The only person who knew about it was my brother. Ten or twelve years had passed since my experiment, but he told the tale and was called a liar. One day, after I was off duty, we came to these people with needles and eau-de-cologne.

The future observers suggested resisting "tomfoolery", but I decided to show the "trick". Before their very eyes I, smiling, drove several needles under the nails of my left hand (I am righthanded). When I did it, a woman said that it was an illusion and there were no needles under my nails that I simply created this illusion, that she had already heard of it from other people and there was no need to consider them fools! I asked her to check it out and pull the "illusory" needles out. The woman, quite sure of her rightness, calmly approached me, took a needle and tried to pull it out. Then, realizing that needles were real and were really under my nails, she fainted and I had to help her out of it.

Unfortunately, the story with needles and my brother did not end there. Some years later it got an unexpected continuation, when I visited my parents in Mineralnye Vody in the winter of 1991. My brother worked then in the district architectural office and boasted before local KGB-members of my ability to drive needles under my nails without widening of my pupils. He was again called a liar and again began to persuade me to prove that he was not, otherwise, he would be laughed at.

It turned out that the director of Terskaya stud farm invited me to the auction of racers. A lot of foreigners visited it; certainly, the KGB workers must be there. Among them there should be my brother's "unbelievers". I gave my word to my brother that, if we met these people, I would show them the "trick". We met them and my brother introduced me as "the" brother who easily drove needles under his nails. They said that they believed in it and there was no need to demonstrate, but their eyes manifested the contrary. Before their very eyes I drove needles under my nails and asked them to observe my pupils.

This time nobody fainted, but then I said to my brother that it was the last time I did anything like that for his sake and if he needed something to boast about, he must find something he could do, otherwise, next time he could drive needles under his own nails. It was not

that it was difficult for me to do it, I simply considered these actions quite unnecessary; I had done only it for myself, to test my will and my strength of "spirit", not to impress any one...

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Now to go back to my life in the army for one simple reason: my researches and discoveries had enormous value for me, and not only for me, as I understood it later but for the comprehension of nature. From time to time conducting my "performances" for officers and ensigns of my unit, who did not see but only heard from others and thus had doubts, I tried different methods of influencing a person, studied the reaction to my influence of the human brain and invented new versions of transformation.

There were always plenty of volunteers among soldiers, ensigns and officers eager to participate in my "performances", which certainly enlivened the everyday routine of our service and a charge of good laughter was always welcome. I "cast" my voluntary helpers into the past, brought them back to the present and asked them to tell me, what they felt during those displacements.

One day our unit had military exercises and my platoon was in the indicated position near a small forest. An idea flashed through my mind; I decided to find out how plants react to man and his conduct. I asked my voluntary helpers to observe. I asked for matches and slightly seared a leaf on a tree. The tree responded to my action, changing the colour of its "aura" from bluish-green to juicy red. Most likely, this was how the tree "cried" in pain. Other trees of this small forest heard the "scream". Probably, it was the way the suffering tree warned other trees that I caused pain: because I only had to get closer to other trees, without even thinking to sear leaves, for their "auras" to change as had happened with the tree that I had harmed.

When I asked others to come to the trees, none of them changed their "aura". It happened only when I tried to approach them. The tree certainly remembered me and could distinguish me from any other individual. Moreover, it not only recognised me, but also "passed" the information about me to other trees so that all the trees of the small forest received the signal that an "especially dangerous criminal" was in the vicinity. Not bad for "brainless" plants, is it?!

Vegetable organisms have their sense organs, they experience pain, joy, sadness and have a great many other qualities and abilities that we used to consider inherent only in humans. They have their consciousness, although different from ours, and they want to live, they are also afraid of death, as are a great many people. Therefore, I recommend causing plants no harm, unless there is a special reason for doing so.

My discoveries allowed me to have quite a different view of the world of nature surrounding us. Every living creature, be it a plant or an animal, possesses different levels of consciousness and the whole spectrum of sense organs, of which we humans, are totally unaware, considering ourselves and our abilities the pinnacle of creation. We do not understand, even partially, this nature, or our own...

Meanwhile, my military service took its normal course between my discoveries. After the service I healed people. Toward the end of my military "career", an employee of my university faculty who knew that I could successfully heal the fourth grade cancer patients that found me, asked me to help her neighbour who had been discharged from the hospital to die at home; doctors gave him less than a month of life. She felt pity for his two children and found me through my friends.

I agreed. When this man came to me he was already unable to walk, two men had to accompany him. The spring of 1986 approached, I had several months left to transfer to the reserve. The next inspection of our unit approached. It always was accompanied by additional fuss. I would return from my duty after ten o'clock in the evening. So, I had to work with him during my lunchtime. Nevertheless, the intensive work with him got a perfect result and in four months he went home quite healthy. He got on a plane without assistance and carried his own luggage. He told me this after he had returned home. I had destroyed his cancer together with metastases but he was still a little weak. I mention this not because he had cancer, but because this story got an unexpected continuation. I'll tell about it a little later...

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A funny story happened to me during the last inspection before my transfer to the reserve. The unit commander decided to divide all officers and ensigns into two alternating duty details. I was "lucky" to be on duty every other day. It would have been quite bearable, if I had managed to rest a little after each duty. However, I still was the commander of my platoon and was responsible for its readiness for the maneuvres. So, often, instead of going home after the duty, I went to the location of my company and platoon.

Those, who have served in the army, know what a madhouse it can be during those inspections, when a supervisor can give a training war alarm and declare the beginning of maneuvres. These days I came home after midnight and in the early morning had to be in the unit and after dinner again to mount guard. Normally, an officer on duty has his rest from eight o'clock in the morning to twelve o'clock. During inspections it was not possible to rest even in prescribed time.

After several duties of the like, one keeps himself from complete

disconnection only by the force of his will. When an officer finishes his duty he must give up his fire-arms. According to the instruction, he must unload his pistol and do a control pressure on the trigger, aiming the pistol at the floor or ceiling at angle of 45 degrees.

When I prepared my weapon for handing over, an officer distracted me with a question. On answering his question, I went back to the interrupted business. As I had in my head the picture of what I wanted to do before I had been distracted by the question, I pulled the breech-block of the pistol, directed it to the floor, and, pressed the trigger. There was a shot; a bullet rebounded from the floor and entered into the ceiling. A deathly silence set in amongst the staff. The frightened unit commander rushed out of his office. He and many others thought at first that someone either shot someone else, or committed suicide.

Puzzled I looked at my pistol and could not understand how a cartridge could appear in the barrel, when I pulled out the magazine! An uncompleted action appeared completed in my head. This time everything ended quite well, no one suffered—only the officer on duty was frightened a lot, although the bullet hit the floor between my feet. I was told off for inaccurate weapon handling and the issue was settled. I was lucky that even being distracted I done the check-up of my weapon according to the instructions, otherwise, a stray bullet could easily have hit someone in a room full of people...

In May I got promoted to the next military rank and became a senior lieutenant. The unit commander and the officer from the staff of the military district asked me to stay in the army. I promised to think about it, but it was rather a manifestation of courtesy than the inner hesitation of my soul. In due time, I was transferred to the reserve and left for Kharkov.

Chapter 7.

Miracles go on

Oddly enough, it was this unexpected turn of fate, my service in the army instead of my work in a research institute, which allowed me an enormous break-through in my comprehension of both nature and my abilities. Who knows, what would have happened with all this, if by will of fate or more precisely, my dean's, I did not get to wear officers' shoulder straps. Would I ever have "found" a person quite as sensitive to my influence as my landlady?! Maybe I would, maybe not. Thanks to the fact that I found myself in the army, I succeeded in finding methods of qualitatively changing the human brain, creating new sense organs, which nature did not create, and many other things. Although I had thought that my assignment to the armed forces would become the grave of my scientific career, in fact, it was in the army where I began it. There I found the way to true cognition of nature...

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On my return to Kharkov, I accepted the offer of a person, who I knew before my military service, and began to work in the department he headed; the department of the Functional State of Man, in the Research Institute for Industrial Design (VNIITE[1]). My work consisted of the study of the functional state of people in different stress conditions in their workplace, measuring bio potentials in biologically active points of the body. At the beginning I worked as an engineer and then as a junior research fellow.

The place of my new work was in the building of Gosprom[2] next to the Kharkov University building in Dzerzhinsky Square. I quickly reestablished my connections with all old friends and people who were interested in my own research when I was a student. The work in this institute gave me a great degree of freedom to be engaged in my own research. I conducted new experiments trying to understand the nature of existent phenomena.

One day my former fellow-student invited me to visit a married couple. Together we had studied in one group till the fourth year, and

[1] Russian abbreviation. (E.L.)

[2] Also known as the State Industry Building, Palace of Industry or Derzhprom. (E.L.)

afterwards we were assigned to different chairs. We chatted awhile and our conversation got round to my experiments and researches about which they had heard. They asked me to demonstrate something. I tested them and the woman's reaction to my influence was magnificent. I made a correction to her brain and she began to see money instead of pieces of paper, her husband's internal organs, etc. I decided on a new experiment. I created nine doubles of me and asked her to define which of them the real one was.

The idea for this experiment came to me from one of the Russian fairy-tales, when Ivantzarevitch was to guess the real Vasilisa the Beautiful out of her ten doubles. When my former fellow-student saw me in ten copies, she was obviously frightened and refused to even try to identify the real me, because she sincerely thought that I could not be in ten copies!

The situation was quite amusing. But I wanted very much to find out, what did a person feel when touching a double I created? Whether it was a simple hologram or something more? To get an answer I had to resort to some ruse. I removed eight doubles and also made myself invisible to her. I already understood the way human sight worked and "simply" created around me the state of invisibility. After all these manipulations my double appeared in front of young woman who was unaware of my "little" deception. Thus, I again appeared to her in "one" copy that conformed to her perception of reality. I also made my voice heard from the position of my visible double and asked her, whether everything was all right now and could she tap me on the shoulder?

She answered that it was all right now and she had known me for ages... and without any fear approached my double and tapped it on the shoulder as if it were my real shoulder, at the level of my real shoulder. Thus, she was fully sure that it was me. You should have seen the reaction of her husband, when his wife, being completely conscious and of sound mind, passed by the real me and tapped a "blank space". I had to make quite an effort to restrain my laughter.

In this experiment I did not succeed in finding out everything I wanted to: her fear of my doubles prevented me from accomplishing it, but, nevertheless, thanks to my ruse I did succeed in finding out that a person brought to a certain qualitative state of consciousness could both see and feel other levels of reality, clearly as well as the physically dense reality to which most people become accustomed.

It was also interesting that the participant of my experiment was absolutely sure that it was me she had tapped on the shoulder. Her sense organs—sight, hearing, tactile and, possibly, all other feelings—confirmed

with firm certainty that she tapped on the shoulder of a real, physically dense person. I never expected such a result from this experiment. My research into nature continued to bring me surprises and this was not the last...

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At the same time I continued to heal people. In particular; the case of the cancer patient, who I practically pulled out of the other world when I was in the army, got an unexpected continuation. The summer of 1986 was the first summer after the Chernobyl catastrophe; the sun that summer was very "malicious". My patient decided to sunbathe and as a result of that his lymph glands "rebelled". He was very weak after his illness and again sought my help with a new problem. I pulled him through again.

In January 1987 he again looked for me through our acquaintances and we met. This time he had passed a regularly scheduled medical test, which showed that he was absolutely healthy. I was content with the results of my work, but the course of events had an unexpected turn. This man claimed that he had nothing and medical tests had confirmed that; this meant that he had had nothing before... I reminded him about the medical tests, which he gave me when he came to me for the first time, and about another medical test concerning his lymphoma, from which he begged me to save him for the second time, and it was he who gave me all this medical information from those hospitals where he was treated.

However, he could not see the logical argument. He continued to assert that he had no illness and I had done nothing for him and demanded that I return the money he paid me for the treatment. When he said that, I understood everything. This man had decided to get back his money on getting back his life and health. This kind of behaviour and insolence strongly surprised and revolted me.

I told him that I would return him his money, but on one condition. If he had nothing, if he had not had cancer in the final stage, and I "took" away nothing, I would return his money and nothing would happen to him. But, if, nevertheless, he had these problems with which I worked, I would return him his money and he would have them back. I repeated my condition several times. It seemed to me that a person in his right senses could not affirm such things, as he did. But he continued to repeat stubbornly over and over again: I had nothing and you did nothing to me. Evidently, this man, being sure that he was healthy, could not even imagine that it might disappear.

I met with him one more time, gave him his money and said: "If you were healthy, nothing will happen to you, but, if you had those illnesses,

with which I worked, in a year from this day they will return to you in the state in which they would have been without my intervention" and asked him to think about it once again, but this man continued to insist. I gave him his money and forgot about him.

I told the woman who had asked me to help him about it. She apologized that he appeared to be such a scoundrel and a mean person. I was not vexed that I had to return the money, but that I spent a lot of my force and time on this dishonorable person. The likes of this was the first time in my practice; it had happened that people did not pay me; they said that my treatment did not "help" them, and then it turned out that they simply lied so as not to have to pay for my work. But no one ever said that they had no illness and I took away nothing.

Observing the conduct of people, I understood one truth—not everyone who asks for help deserves it! And my further experience confirmed fully the rightness of my conclusion.

The story with this man ended as follows. In a year plus a little more, I accidentally met the woman again and she said to me: "You know, my ill-fated neighbour was healthy during the whole year till that day, but when he woke up in the morning next day, he was already unable to move on his own and died in the evening of the same day."

He immediately got back everything that he "never" had and that I "never" took away! I do not know, what he thought about in the last day of his life, maybe he even felt sorry for his avidity and meanness, but I am sure he remembered well my words, to which there were several witnesses including his wife's brother. Meanness and avidity was punished, and I felt no pity for him, I considered that he had got what he deserved.

I was surprised at only one thing. I did not expect my words to come true on the same day, exactly as I had said. It turned out that my words had real force and I thought that I needed to be more careful with what I said and how I said it. This case was another unexpected discovery... After it I did not change my attitude toward people in general; I only realised the fact that people are very different and not all people are good.

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I continued to work at the institute. There were several professional psychologists in our department, many of whom were very interested in my experiments and researches. Some of them even became my supporters with whom I shared my new discoveries and ideas. Everyone in the department knew about my healing abilities and my engagement in my own researches. As it had zero influence on my work, no one objected; besides, I did my own research after work, in my personal

time. In fact, noone cared, what I did after work, the most important for them was that I did everything required of me to complete my tasks.

One day the head of my group, who I knew whilst still a student and who was greatly interested in my experiments and abilities, said that another person, who also could heal people, wanted to meet me. He had been eager to meet me earlier, before I went into the army. He had a group, to which he gave classes, and he often invited people who, from his point of view, were interesting.

This man called me and we agreed to meet in his flat. His name was Yuri Yurievich. He was a short person, about forty years old. When I arrived at the appointed time, his group was already assembled. These were young people, men and women in theirs twenties, no older. Yuri, as he told me to call him, asked me to talk about my experiences. I told them about my methods of influencing a person and that I had learned to rebuild the brain of another person, which gave them absolutely new abilities, such as the ability to see the internal organs, to move in the past, present and future, etc.

My story was of enormous interest to these people because none of them was able to do it, including their teacher. They asked me, whether it was possible for them to go through such a transformation of the brain. I saw no reason to refuse and asked interested persons to undergo some tests of their readiness for a similar transformation. Several persons had a wonderful reaction and after the tests I transformed their brain.

Probably, they had great doubts about the authenticity of what I told them, but when the first person, getting through the transformation, "suddenly" began to see the internal organs of others and to describe very exactly their health problems, everybody was literally astir. Like little children they began to ask me to do the same thing with their brain. Several persons got through it, and each began to see internal organs. These people asked me to come again and in a few days I again appeared in Yuri's apartment. I would like to do him justice, he was a very hospitable person and wonderful cook (I knew later, that he was a professional).

After tea with cake, which I brought with me, everybody moved from the kitchen to the living room, where excellent, big pictures of the night sky hung on the walls. The design of the apartment was done to create the impression of mystery and inscrutability. This time, more people who had already heard about my transformations (from the first "victims") arrived. I again transformed the brain of several people. Some of them had to wait only several minutes, but with some I had to work more than half an hour.

One way or another, several persons got through the transformation process and felt perfectly at ease with it. It resulted in the growth of my "popularity" among these people; that fact Yuri disliked. He did not want to lose his authority. He said that it was very interesting, but he and the members of his group had learned to go out of their physical bodies with their spirits and to travel in space; that being out of their bodies, they saw a lot of holographic messages from other civilizations and, coming back into their bodies, they drew these messages, and they already had a large collection of them.

I was in the habit of analyzing everything at once; I expressed my opinion immediately. I said that this kind of methodology had several substantial drawbacks. The first of them was passivity. The spirit, being out of body, was passive and could not interact, but only observe. Second, the distance was limited by the possibilities of the thread that linked the physical body with the spirit. Third, there was the possibility of damage to the brain at the moment of coming out of the physical body. And, fourth and finally, due to external reasons there was a possibility of the thread being damaged, which immediately would result in death; and that it would be more correct to go out into space having complete consciousness, when the spirit fully used the possibilities of the physical body and operated actively, not passively.

Yuri replied to my speech that, certainly, it was easy to talk about what was better and what was worse, and asked me to do something similar, and only then to criticize. He put me in a situation, which I could exit with dignity only by proving my rightness. Yuri Yurievich wanted to reestablish his authority in the group and this was an excellent moment to "disgrace" me in everyone's eyes. The situation was very silly, I must say, but I had no choice. I tried to say that I had never "gone" into space and had to prepare. Yuri said that he was ready to help me with it and gave me a picture of a message, which someone of his group drew after one of his voyages out of the body. I had nothing left except to prove my rightness. Everyone stared at me with curiosity, waiting to see what I would do...

I looked at the picture, and began to reflect. I had in my hands a picture which was done by someone after he left the body. This meant that the original message must be, in fact, a hologram and what I saw was only a reproduction of this hologram by the person who received this message, besides, it was necessary to consider the drawing talent of the person.

First of all, I had to restore the original hologram through this image. Passing a stream of my energy through the picture, I... restored the hologram, and it was immediately seen by those whose brain I had

transformed. This success encouraged me and I began to reflect, why did someone send this message into space? I came to the following conclusion. This hologram, in principle, must contain information about those who sent it; who they were, what they were and the co-ordinates of their planetary system. I had to solve the problem—what and how to do all of this! As I had no one to ask for help or advice, realizing that most likely no one would be able to help me in this kind of situation, I decided to act according my own understanding and suppositions.

My reflections about this problem were nothing but supposition; what would happen if I were to send the energy through this hologram again and watch? I did it. I sent the stream of energy into the hologram, and unexpectedly for me and for all the others, the hologram "blazed" up and a humanoid creature appeared instead of it! This creature appeared to be a woman, near two and a half meters in height; she was very beautiful with ideal proportions. Her bright blue hair and lilac coloured eyes were the first external differences that caught our eyes. No one had expected anything of the kind, we were motionless with surprise. Everyone stared at this creature that had appeared from nowhere, goggle-eyed, (if that could be said about using "brain sight"). It was utterly confusing.

The pause was somewhat long and I decided to address this creature. At that time I had some idea of telepathy, but telepathic contact with creatures not of our world was a complete enigma for me. Probably, I looked like a clumsy bear attempting to establish a mental contact and my actions were wrong, because the creature disappeared, rolling up into a point.

I was disappointed with myself. Probably I did something wrong and my clumsy actions resulted in the creature's "leaving". My vexation was so strong that I decided to correct my mistake immediately and apologize for my ignorance. I could think of nothing better but to try to bring this creature back. I again "pulled" this being up without even knowing from where, and then I apologized for possible slips originating from inexperience and ignorance.

Probably, I did something, without realizing it, that interested this creature, and thus my first "diplomatic" relationship with another civilization began. I had to think quickly, how to transform terrestrial thought-forms into "theirs" and vice versa. At first it was difficult to communicate: thought-forms were translated with distortions—it all looked like a computer translation from one language into another. But, pretty quickly, I succeeded in creating a telepathic transformer of thought-forms, using analogues, whereupon, the communication became very much more effective and "things" went better.

After creating the telepathic transformer of thought-forms, I "introduced" it to those who had undergone the brain transformation, whereupon the "translation" of thought-forms went much easier. It is of interest to note; the "translation" takes place at the level of development and education of the person receiving, even with the telepathic transformer available.

A thought-form does not consist of words. Words are sound analogues of thought-forms. A human being does not reflect on the process of thinking, which is a process of creation of thoughtforms by the human brain. Thought-forms are volumetric holograms. Sounds extracted by the vocal cords of a person are able to transmit the integrity of a thought-form, however, within narrow limits; the poorer the idiolect of a person, the greater the part of a received thought-form that is beyond verbalisation.

The brain of any person functions on the principle of similarity. It picks out words, which images are the closest to what a thought-form contains. The more multilateral the person, the greater the number of images to have their verbal equivalent, the more completely and exactly, the more clearly and simply he can convey the meaning of a thought-form, both of other civilizations and his own.

If a person were able to see the processes of thinking and those words with which he tries to transmit his ideas to other people on other levels of the brain, he could see the enormous difference even between his thought-form and the semantic content of the words which convey this thoughtform.

The multiplicity of the person's development, his education and ability to think abstractly and independently, determines the level of exactness and completeness with which the verbal expression reflects a thought-form. Therefore, every person receives a thought-form at his own evolutional level. This factor must be taken into account while working with similar situations.

The following example can give clear idea of this phenomenon. If we take ten absolutely different people and ask them to draw an apple placed on the table, there won't be a single drawing that would completely reflect the real apple. Besides, every person will draw the apple to the extent of his or her artistic talent. The apple will be different in each of these pictures, but any person, who does not see this apple, but who knows what it is, will define without any problem what is in the picture, if the person who drew it was in his right senses and drew the apple instead of something else.

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By the way, about being in one's right senses. When all the above

happened, I did not rush to draw hasty conclusions, although, I was enraptured of it. I considered that it was necessary to understand it, first and foremost, for myself. Therefore, I decided to make a thorough analysis of what happened and for this purpose I put forward several possible explanations of the event, trying to take into account all possible variants. As a result of the analysis I created several working hypotheses and carefully began to work over each of them. These hypotheses were:

1. I went mad. 2. The rest of the people went mad. 3. It is a result of my hypnosis. 4. I was simply tricked. 5. The event was real.

These five versions of the event crossed my mind as possible explanations. I began to "work" off each of them.

The first hypothesis was that I went mad. Was it possible? Undoubtedly, it was possible! However, if someone has "cracked", other people usually notice it. I began to observe other people's reactions to me. At work everyone reacted in the same way as before. But I had only worked a little time there and decided to meet my friends who knew me from my first year at the university.

Certainly, I told no one about what had happened, but simply socialized with them as usual. When a person loses his mind, it shows up in practically everything; how he behaves, what he says and how, his reaction to what is going on around him, his reaction to the words of other people, etc. Observing the others reactions to me, I drew the conclusion that everything was all right with my mind. Thus, the first hypothesis was no longer relevant.

The second hypothesis was that all the rest went crazy. Theoretically, it is fully possible that under my powerful influence the brain of another person can fail. This possibility should be taken into account. However, what is madness? Madness is a state when the person's brain reacts inadequately to the surrounding reality, to what is going on around and with the person. In other words, everyone goes mad in his own way, and there cannot be two persons with identical madness. Besides, if a person is not right in the head, it concerns everything and not only a certain situation. A person cannot be mad in one situation and absolutely healthy mentally in all others. When mad, the person looses the integrity of his perception of the world.

All witnesses behaved normally both during and after the event. Besides, they all saw one and the same thing. The only difference in their descriptions of the female creature was in the colour of her hair and eyes. Some said that they saw the female creature with bright blue hair and lilac eyes, the others said a little bit later that she had lilac hair and dark blue eyes. In all the rest their descriptions coincided

completely. "Contradictions" turned out to be quite another thing. The colour of her hair and eyes changed depending on her emotional state! It cannot be invented; those "contradictions" only confirmed the reality of the event. I could not even imagine, that the colour of eyes and hair would reflect the emotional state of the creature. This kind of thought simply would not come into the head of any inhabitant of our planet.

Later, only glancing at the colour of this creature's hair and eyes it was possible to define in what emotional state she was. Certainly, it became possible after I had observed her and established the connection.

These and other factors, about which I will tell later, allowed me to come to the conclusion that the other people were not mad.

The next hypothesis that required very careful work was about the possibility of my suggestion of this situation to others. Again, it was quite possible. My practice and my own experience of working with people convinced me that I can influence a person so that he or she could see money instead of piece of paper, etc. But, when I created something, I knew perfectly well what I had suggested to others.

For example, I knew what a banknote looked like and what it meant, before a person saw it instead of paper under my influence. In this case, what happened after I had sent the energy in the recreated hologram was as unexpected for me in the same way, or even more, as it was for other participants. I was not ready for such a turn of events and the appearance of the female creature had nothing in common either with the picture or with the hologram. Besides, it is impossible to suggest to others, things about which one does not have the least idea. It is simply impossible.

In this case, I was completely unaware of a lot of things which happened from the very beginning. I did not even know that some phenomena, about which I will tell later, could exist. One way or another, the version citing my possible hypnosis lost its importance.

The next in turn was the possibility of a joke from the side of people present at the event. Despite the seeming absurdity of this supposition, this kind of joke was impossible to eliminate fully. To exclude it with complete confidence, I decided to conduct an experiment inside the experiment. Aside from the members of Yuri's group I made a transformation of the brain in other people, about whom nobody knew except for me.

In other words, I had two groups to work with. These groups did not know about the existence of each other, and I told none of participants of my experiment, what was happening in the other group.

Nobody knew about the presence of the backup group. Only I had the information about events that happened during my work with every group. And despite this, the events developed consistently, which fully eliminated the possibility of any joke from the side of anyone. Besides, the fact of my work with different and independent groups, when the sequence of development of events was recorded, was the next proof of the reality of what had happened.

So, after I analyzed possible variants of the event, only the last version remained. It asserts that this event was REAL! When I drew the final conclusion about it, I stopped thinking about it sceptically and began to "work" over a new field of action; space, using an absolutely new method which I had to develop on my own.

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Before I continue to expound upon the events, which, for myself, I would have taken as a complete fantasy not long before, I would like to tell about some events which accompanied my verification of the reality of what had happened.

As I mentioned before, I had two groups with which I worked simultaneously. Then I did not have my own flat and worked with the first group at Yuri's place and with the second group at the apartment of a woman, whose brain I had transformed. Her husband was a professional soldier. He had the rank of major then and worked in the Marshal Govorov Military Academy. Their apartment was in the privileged house which was built for the employees of the district committee[3] on Lenin Boulevard.

I usually agreed about the next session of the "connection" and went there. The hostess's husband showed no interest whatsoever in what happened during these contacts and considered that everyone, including his wife, had gone somewhat crazy. However, as there was no harm to anyone, he had no objections to what was going on in his house. One day, when he had nothing to do, he decided to attend the contact. He entered the living room, comfortably settled himself in the armchair and ... began to listen.

That time we had contact with the female creature (of my first contact). Her name was Iolloyia or briefly Oyia. During that memorable contact I inquired about the civilization she headed at that time. Correctly saying, she was the head of the hierarchy of the civilization that involved their system of planets. Her civilization was considerably more developed than our contemporary civilization. The women of her civilization had perfect body forms and were incredibly beautiful.

[3]Of the Communist Party. (E.L)

"Our" major relaxed in his arm-chair, and when he heard it, began to dream. He imagined himself among these "pretty women" and enjoyed this unbelievable female beauty like King Solomon...

I do not think there is a need to give a detailed description of his fantasy; it is quite clear. Although, they say that there is no harm in dreaming, sometimes it can turn out to be quite to the contrary. His "flight of fancy" went considerably further than the decency of both worlds permitted; ours and Oyia's. He could not have imagined that all his thoughts were formed as volumetric holograms and thus, were not a secret for those, who were able to see them.

During a session of the connection, I usually "directed" the telepathic contact with Oyia to the brain of this man's wife, which allowed everybody to hear the verbal interpretation, especially those, who were unable to receive telepathic information. The telepathic transformer allowed translation of Oyia's information into the sounds and words habitual to us. After some correction, the information was passed quite accurately.

Well, it was a normal exchange of information, when our "gallant" major filled the space around him with some very "colourful" thought-forms. Apparently, his fantasies were excessive even for an alien creature, and overstepped all possible limits. According to the concepts of Oyia's civilization such "fantasies" were a serious violation of etiquette and were equal to actions; they required serious punishment, which was nothing less than a partial evolutionary spin back to the point of origin of the evolutional defect. When similar punishment is imposed on an inhabitant of Earth, it results in the death of the physical body. Oyia demanded that I punish this man, I tried to smooth out the situation, but ensuing events showed that I had failed.

It turned out that next day I and other young employees of my department left for the collective farm, which was under the patronage of our institute, where we were charged with very "serious" business. We were to mow down the wheat, which was "sown" along roads when delivered to the elevator last year. The wheat was fairly high; we sharpened our scythes and began to mow. Although, I was not a countryman, I was able to mow pretty well and even got satisfaction from this process. The smell of freshly cut stems of wheat, crisp air, singing of birds—this idyll was seldom disturbed by the sound of cars. On the second day of this rural life, I decided to call those people and find out how they were getting on. When I reached them on the phone, the major and his wife were on the verge of panic. They had tried to look for me at my work but found out that I was at the collective farm. The reason for their panic was the following.

Apparently, Oyia came to the conclusion that I did not take "seriously" the violation of ethical norms and decided to punish a "thought-criminal". When the matrimonial couple went to bed, she appeared and told the woman, that she came to punish this man. The poor woman tried to scream to wake up her husband, but her vocal cords did not obey her. She tried to push him with her hand, but she could move neither her arms nor her feet. Oyia entered with her hand into the physical hand of this woman and through it began to send the energy toward the heart of the major. Before the eyes of amazed woman, his heart shriveled and became flabby. In the morning her husband felt pain in his heart and immediately went out into the first-aid post of his Academy. After doing a cardiogram, doctors gave the alarm. In the evening I called them. I cleared up the situation and worked with his heart. The next day his cardiogram was normal. But, their joy did not last long. At night the same situation was repeated. In the morning next day his cardiogram was bad again. I worked with his heart and it became normal again.

My work on the fields finished and I went to them straight from the collective farm. This time the major did not smirk about our space contacts; he was scared to death.

I invited Oyia to the contact and began to explain to her that this man did not know that he had offended anyone with his thoughts, that he was unaware that his thoughts were material and visible to others, that he simply dreamed and nothing more, that he did not understand a lot of things, and that I would like to ask her to forgive him for this mistake, which would never happen again. He immediately confirmed everything I said. Oyia forgave him his mistake, whereupon, she never did anything of the kind to him again.

I called these people several times to check up the state of the major's health, but, after this his wife was afraid of contacts with Oyia and I left these people alone. It was curious to observe the quick transformation of this woman's husband from an ironical sceptic into a frightened "enlightened".

However, even this tragicomic situation was irrefutable confirmation of the authenticity of our contact with this creature of another civilization and not with astral creatures of the planet Earth, with which those who think that they communicate with the "Supreme Mind" mostly have contact.

This example shows clearly that our concepts of morality—what can and cannot be done— differ dramatically from the concepts of other civilizations. It also shows that "inoffensive", from our point of view, fantasies are seriously punished. Most people are firmly convinced that

their fantasies do not leave their head and that is why they permit themselves to think about things which they would never do or say. As it obviously follows from this example—it is necessary to be careful with thoughts; who knows, who may be near us and how he or she will react to our "inoffensive" thoughts.

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A person, who was born and educated on our planet, would never even think about all the abovementioned. I read a lot of fiction books, but none of them say anything of the kind, or imagine a lot of other things, which I run into during my contacts with other civilizations. Almost all fiction writers simply make earthly concepts "work" in the Universe, with other civilizations. If they depict Star Wars, they make fighting sides use weapons similar to earthly ones, only more powerful; bolts of deadly energy or rays replace bullets, instead of pistols—alien weapons looking something like, etc.

It is a natural thing; how could terrestrial fiction writers know that the weapons they describe exist only on those planets with a level of development of their civilization similar to that of modern Midgard-Earth (our planet). How they could know that there is no Galactic Empire in the Universe where emperors act in the same way as earthly emperors of the Ancient World and Middle Ages, when the power was inherited and possible claimants struggled fiercely for the throne...

The like of this exists on Midgard-earth, on the planets of the same level of development and on the planets that recently completed their planetary cycles of evolution. These civilizations look like young "cockerels", which swagger even in front of a fox or hawk, instead of running away as quickly as possible. To "rattle the rattles" is appropriate only in the nursery among similar new-born civilizations.

Unfortunately, star wars exist on the higher levels of development of civilizations. But there star wars have another nature entirely. No one rushes about space in military spaceships and no one shoots from laser cannons. Depending on the level of development, these wars take place on planetary, galactic and other levels according to quite different laws and principles, about which few persons are aware. Besides, all civilizations that have completed the planetary cycle of development have their hierarchies based on the principle of the levels of development, instead of the principles of the inheritance or "principles" of a bigger purse.

Only those intelligent creatures, which have reached a certain level of evolutionary development, can become the heads of a civilization or a union of civilizations. Under the concept "a certain level of evolutional development" is understood the following. Every intelligent creature,

which occupies a hierarchical position, has a level of development, which is high enough for solving all the problems of this civilization or the union of civilizations.

The hierarchical position of an intelligent creature is a level of responsibility, which this creature is able to assume due to real abilities in resolving vital issues that their civilization or a union of civilizations confronts. It is a level of personal responsibility for the fate of the civilization or union of civilizations, which (the level of responsibility) is supported by the real abilities of the intelligent creature allowing it to solve all problems. The evolutional level of development cannot be stolen, passed on or purchased. This level is achieved only as a result of the personal development of the intelligent creature, through enlightenment by knowledge and the realisation of personal abilities.

It differs "a little" from what is observed on our Midgard-earth, at least, during the last thirteen thousand years, especially during the last millennium—in the time of the last Night of Svarog.

However, there is no need to be ecstatic about contacts. Contacts can be very deplorable for people. Very often a person is in contact with an astral creature, which will play its own games, pursuing its main purpose—stealing the life-force of the person. Astral creatures are the spirits of extinct animals and intelligent forms of life (also the spirits of some humans) which, due to one or another reason, cannot be incarnated in new physical bodies and adapt themselves to the condition of existence without bodies, which very often leads them to parasitism. However, this is a special matter and I will touch upon these phenomena during my narration more than once...

Chapter 8.

Other worlds are quite different

And now back to 1987, to the point of unfolding of some absolutely unbelievable events, of a kind about which, despite "digesting" a very large number of works of fiction, I had never read. Only after I accidentally, (or not so accidentally!), had come across other civilizations, did I understand the degree of childlike naivety with which terrestrial sci-fi writers tried to depict life on other worlds.

This in no way belittles their talent as writers—simply that their "earthly" concepts became immediately evident. Although, I understood that it was quite natural, nevertheless, I felt it a matter for regret. Before my first contacts I sometimes regarded these books as revelations, which became impossible after contact—these "revelations" looked so naïve that I could no longer regard them as such. Nevertheless, I think the value of fiction books is enormous. They help people to learn to think in a non-standard way without which evolutional development is impossible!

When I clearly understood the nature of what had happened, I became utterly engrossed in the boundless world of the Universe that had opened up for me so unexpectedly. I am very thankful to Yuri for that provocation. Without it, who knows when I would have "set my sights" on the stars? I found myself in conditions which compelled me to make this step, and I made it quite successfully, albeit blind as a new-born kitten then.

I was also lucky, that at the time of my first contact I failed to meet "space" parasites and I had time to understand everything in a tranquil atmosphere. During my contacts with Oyia we discussed a lot of issues; I was eager to know everything about her civilization. Some may call it the "ravings of a madman", but however much they want to, these events happened and it was no delirium. Besides, some ponderous confirmations of the reality of these events began to appear pretty soon. For example, I, and not only I, was very interested in the structure and workings of Oyia's civilization's spaceships. She described their design and methods of control.

The basis of their ships, which could fold and unfold space, was... enormous spiral organic molecules similar to the molecules of DNA

and RNA. They differed from the latter in their enormous length. Also these spiral organic molecules had heavy metal compounds on their free electron couplings (only two of these metals are known on Midgard-earth, at least, at this stage of our civilization's development). Very soon, in several months, this information got a real confirmation. I will tell about it, when it comes to it.

Apart from the "diplomatic" relations with Oyia's civilization I decided to extend my extraplanetary contacts. As Yuri had no wish to give me the keys from other civilizations collected by his group, I decided to start on my own space journey. My thoughts about it were quite simple. If a star had its planetary system and there was a reasonable life on any planet in this system, then the radiation of the star would be accompanied by the radiations of intelligent activity. Thus, the following method could be applied in order to define the locations of stars with intelligent life on their planets—I needed to get real photos of the stars in our sky and scan them to find radiations, with which the activity of intelligent life was usually accompanied. I had to define the position of these stars on the photos. I found the necessary photos and scanned them. On the first, several stars shone with the "light" of rationality. I marked these stars and began to think what to do next.

I had no idea what to do or how I should do it. Therefore, I had nothing left but try something at my own risk. Previously, I had shifted myself and other people into the past, present and future, along the scales of both time and space. Then, the distance between my (or other peoples') real location and the point of displacement in space along the time scale had no importance. The reality of the present simply disappeared and the reality of the past or future appeared. The person simply became an observer of existent events the same way as he or she observed existent events in his or her normal life.

It was "only" necessary to have an understanding of the processes and certain qualities and potential. Using my experience as a reference point, I thought that there was no principle difference between moving within the limits of our planet and going to another planet. To realise this kind of displacement I needed to have space co-ordinates (which I already had), appropriate qualities and enough potential. I only hoped I did indeed have the necessary qualities and sufficient potential. When achieving a displacement of this kind, two points of space are as if superimposed upon each other. Thus, the idea was clear in general and I had only to check the validity of my suppositions in practice.

It is difficult to say, what would have happened, if I had lacked the necessary qualities and potential when conducting this type of "experiment". Most likely it would have resulted in the destruction of my

brain, a state of coma or even death. But I was lucky; I did have everything needed to do what I planned and everything happened without any unwanted consequences.

First I "jumped" to the star that I had chosen when scanning, then I determined (again with the help of scanning) which planet of this star had life and finally jumped onto the surface of the planet. And here it was... the landscape of another planet. At the point of "landing" the planet turned out to be a desert. There was a sea of sand that at first sight was no different from the sand of our planet. The local "Sun" converted this planet into a burning hot "frying-pan".

The "normal" temperature of our planet's surface would be pretty low for this world, and Midgard-earth would be considered a "refrigerator", and our Sun—somewhat "cold", if that can be said in regard to a star. However, everything is comparative; and a concept of "colder" in relation to a certain star is fully applicable. To my surprise the local sky appeared to be blue, which indicated that the planet's atmosphere had oxygen and other gases inherent to the atmosphere of Earth.

Considering my somewhat unusual way of "travel", it was not important, but, nevertheless, was pleasant. If it were not so, who knows, what consequences my experiments would have brought me. It turned out somewhat like the saying: "if the mountain will not come to Mohammed—then Mohammed must go to the mountain." The difference is that I am not Mohammed and the other planet is not a mountain! But the concept is the same.

I did not disappear in our world, but simultaneously appeared in the other. On my arrival, using such an unusual method, I began to study this other planet. There were no visible signs of intelligent life on the surface. The reason for this I knew later. Unfortunately, I was not the first "discoverer of America". The intelligent creatures of this planet had "discovered" this "America" long ago and not only they, as it turned out.

The sultry planet appeared to be inhabited. Moreover, it had an intelligent race. So, the scanning in order to find reasoning life had not failed... Soon I saw creatures looking almost like kangaroos. They had a mighty tail, their body looked like a human body, their upper extremities looked like human hands; they had six fingers, which did not differ from each other like human fingers. Their heads were round with black straight hair. They had a vertical mouth. They had no nose, as we understand it. These creatures communicated between themselves with the help of whistling sounds. The most interesting thing was that they ... paid no attention to me.

They simply did not see me. When I understood that I was invisible

to them, I was disappointed. I desired strongly to be visible to them and tried to make myself appear more solid on this planet. I made it! I materialized there, but did not disappear on Earth. I simultaneously existed in two places; besides, the second "me" did only what the first "me" wanted.

It was tantamount to having two physical bodies at the same time and the earthly body continued to be the "main" body, which perfectly felt everything that was happening with my second physical body. Thus, this materialized body was only a part of me, my temporal continuation, which I could assemble and disassemble according to my desire or necessity. It had no individual consciousness; my earthly consciousness controlled both my earthly physical body and my second body that appeared on another planet many light-years away from our Midgard-earth. I was pleasantly surprised when accidentally discovering such abilities.

I was motionless for some time and the kangaroo-like creatures surrounded me immediately after my materialisation. They touched me and behaved calmly. Their conduct induced me to move (I did not even know whether I could control the body I created). It turned out that I could do it without any problem. When the native creatures saw me moving, they instantly recoiled from me and very quickly hid underground. I did not understand the reason for such a reaction. I wanted to follow these creatures, but upon my approaching the place where they hid, some kind of power dome appeared above the surface.

I did not know the nature of this power dome, but assumed that it had protective features. I had no desire to verify the rightness of my suppositions. Besides, there was no need to do it. I found a simple solution for overcoming this power defense. I suddenly had an idea that if I were able to materialize myself on the planet, I could do the same with the protective dome. I "disassembled" myself and "reassembled" my body within the protective dome over the surface of the planet. There was an enormous city which showed no signs on the surface. On seeing me in the city, these creatures were alarmed and agitated. To calm the situation I decided to find out the reason for their strange behavior.

I defined, which of these creatures the senior was, and I asked him to explain the reason for their conduct. But before socializing with them, I had to "tune" my telepathic transformer so that I could understand their speech. The head's name was Tsoriy, at least, that is the nearest interpretation of his name in earthly language. It turned out that this civilization was exposed to permanent attacks by a team from a humanoid civilization, which representatives looked very like

the inhabitants of Midgard-earth. The aggressors attacked cities and destroyed them (an example of how a civilization acts, when it is at the beginning of its development and has not completed its planetary cycle of development). This was the reason that they hid their cities under the surface of the planet.

The reason for this aggression was simple. The planet synthesized a biomass, which was a base for the creation of zero-transition spaceships or, put another way, UFOs. In other words, the planet dispensed the most valuable strategic raw material, and the local civilization only interfered with the "great" plans of gaining control of it. The situation was to a greater degree very like that which we have on Earth, only there, the scope was galactic.

On my clearing up the situation, I was eager to solve this misunderstanding, as it seemed to me then. At that time I could not imagine that some developed humanoid civilization would pursue a policy of galactic genocide. It was beyond my comprehension. I wanted to believe that "there" nothing bad could happen, that "there" everything was bright and perfect. However, it turned out that it was time to outgrow "short pants". And this "outgrowing" happened in a very unusual manner.

To solve this "misunderstanding", I found out when and how the uninvited "guests" appeared and decided to use the method of displacement in time which I had already applied on Midgardearth. Six humanoid creatures, who on close examination were practically indistinguishable from inhabitants of Earth, disembarked (a spaceship). I tried to establish telepathic contact with them.

When I made it, I asked them, why not to try to find a more suitable way of relating that would be beneficial for both sides, instead of destroying the local civilization, etc. When I began to talk, their superior stared at me with surprise and asked who the hell was I and why did I assume the right to give them my ridiculous advice.

I tried to explain that what had happened on this planet was a simple misunderstanding which must be corrected as quickly as possible. During our conversation, it became clear to me that their actions were far from a misunderstanding—they were perfectly aware of them. Obviously, they were tired of listening to my lengthy tirade because I noticed one of them begin to take out an object that looked like a weapon.

. . . . . .[1] ....

[1] I consider this information to be too premature to publish. — N.L.

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During all these unbelievable and, so it would seem, impossible events, I learned a lot of things about the civilization of the kangaroo-like creatures which was simply impossible to concoct. For example, the way these creatures procreate is very unusual. Two quite different species take part in the process of reproduction. Also, their reproduction is not syngenesis, but a result of super- imposing one genetic code's field on another.

In other words, they beget at the field level, when a genetic code field of creatures similar to terrestrial butterflies is projected onto the genetic field of the kangaroo-like creatures. This results in the simultaneous beginning of new life for two species—the kangaroo-like and the butterfly-like. This symbiosis allows them to continue their evolution. Nothing of the kind had ever happened on Midgard-earth and it is simply impossible to invent anything like this.

These creatures have neither masculine or feminine species, nor hermaphrodites. Any creature can become a mother, but not in the sense of the word to which we are accustomed. A biomass created by the planet of these creatures, which is a basic raw material for zero-transition spaceships, serves as a source of food for these kangaroo-like creatures and most likely for the rest of the living organisms of that planet.

It turned out somewhat symbolical that I, a humanoid from Midgard-earth, helped these creatures to get rid of humanoids from another planet who had meant to destroy this civilization because of the strategic raw material!

....

Certainly, there can be "fortuitous" situations, but, in principle, all "fortuitous" situations appear to be natural, when you look at them more closely. Very often man is simply unable to correlate all the events and actions preceding such "fortuity". Man almost always brings it about by his previous life. Generally speaking, evolutional development is based on the principle of free will, and the responsibility for which a specific individual is prepared and ready to take. I understood it very soon after these events. And my enlightening happened "fortuitously".

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I continued to invent newer and newer variants of transformation of the human brain. I tested every new idea first of all on myself and observed the results. One day, after making the next change, I unexpectedly detected the presence of a creature observing my actions. Most likely, new changes allowed my seeing this creature, which was invisible before both for me and for other people who passed through

my brain transformation.

I asked this creature, who he was and why he was watching me. He said that his name was Terri (Terrium), and his task was to observe me and my actions without appearing and that my last modification of my brain prevented him from conducting a clandestine supervision. At first I did not like it. Why did someone need to keep me under secret observation? I never made a secret out of my actions and, therefore, did not understand either the behaviour or the necessity for it.

I asked him about this. Terri answered me as follows: his task was to observe me secretly and draw conclusions about my readiness for further evolution and my potential. If I did everything correctly, as a reward he must give me sixteen crystals which were to bring my abilities to the maximum. This meant that, according to the opinion of those, who had sent Terri, sixteen crystals should be the limit of my development, as I understood it later. But at that moment I was in seventh heaven and very happy. I had never assumed that my actions would be of interest to somebody else, and not only to me. Naturally, my first question was, whether I already deserved crystals and, if I did, how many.

Terri said that I had already "earned" eight crystals. At that time I did not have the slightest idea, what these crystals were, but the fact made me very happy. Of course, I asked Terri to give them to me. He warned me that I would not endure the load, if he installed all crystals at once. With enthusiasm I assured him that I would survive it and everything would be all right and that, if there were no other obstacles, I would like to do it right now. As a result of these "diplomatic" negotiations, Terri inserted four crystals into me. It turned out that I had overestimated the adaptability of my organism regarding the action of these crystals, because next morning I felt pain in my appendix, which had never troubled me.

During my next contact with Terri in the evening of this day, I told him about this discomfort. He explained that the reason for this reaction was toxins which appeared in my body after the introduction of the crystals. These toxins were the result of the changes that had happened to me. He inserted another crystal in my appendix, whereupon the unpleasant feeling disappeared forever.

I also asked Terri, why he should observe my actions. He said that, due to my ignorance, I could do something wrong and there would be a problem. His answer disappointed me, but later I understood that he was right. He said that if I started to do something wrong, I would be stopped; in order to prevent something irreparable from happening. So, I should not worry about this.

Meditating on his words a little, I understood his answer. If I act on my own, my actions and decisions are based on my own understanding, on my own experience, knowledge, moral and spiritual concepts. Thus, my every action is quintessentially me. In this case, my actions are based on my own understanding of existent things and I am responsible for the consequences. However, if someone tells me what to do and how, I can possibly do what is necessary, if I have enough potential; but in this case my actions will not be accompanied by a deep comprehension of existent events. And, if one day a problem appears and its solution was not explained to me, there could be a situation when I would commit follies because of my ignorance.

When I understood all this, I saw the rightness and uniqueness of this approach. Man can understand truth and the degree of responsibility for his actions only through complete awareness and enlightening by knowledge. It is the only way that truly allows evolving, and supervision by an observer or observers is correct.

The evolution of consciousness and human abilities can be compared to a biathlon. Man "runs" from one key point of his development to another at a certain evolutional speed. The speed, with which this man will reach the next key evolutional point of development, depends on his talent, personal qualities and abilities.

On attaining the next key point, man comes across qualitatively new tasks, which he must correctly manage: only then, when he is able to estimate these tasks fully and correctly, to develop effective tactics and problem-solving strategies, and when he possesses the necessary properties and qualities to put his decisions into practice; if everything is correct, man goes to a new qualitative level and the evolutional "run" continues to the next key point, etc.

In the case of a wrong or non-optimal decision by a "shooter", qualitatively new evolutional "targets" in a key point remain "missed" and a "muff" gets penal evolutional "cycles"; after their completion, he again appears at the same evolutional "point", where he again must solve his tasks correctly—to hit all evolutional "targets" in the "bull's-eye". And this will continue until all key "targets" are "hit" at the first "shot". After that—again the evolutional "run" to next key "point". Isn't that an evolutional "biathlon"!?

Thus, meditating, I understood evolutional mechanisms that gave me confidence in the rightness of all my previous actions.

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Meantime, my life took its normal course. It turned out that "by chance" my work at the institute involved measuring bio-potentials of the human body in different stress situations according to a spe-

cial method which required a good knowledge of the so-called Chinese meridians and the location of biologically active points of the human body. Therefore, when I decided to locate, where the first four crystals were placed in my body, I immediately had an idea—in my biologically active points! The verification of these crystals' location confirmed my conjecture. I began to reflect about my discovery. The longer I reflected, the more I wanted to check out the accuracy of my supposition. And I wanted to do it immediately!

Above all things, I asked myself, in what biologically active points I had to place the next crystals. These points shone brightly during my scanning. I was eager to check its accuracy. But I had no crystals to hand, and I was unaware of when Terrij would want to give them to me. Therefore, a "wild" idea flashed through my mind; in the end it appeared to be not so wild. I decided to scan one of the crystals and to create one in the image and likeness of the original.

After scanning the crystal that I already had, I concentrated on my next biological point and began to create a crystal of force. At first it was slightly difficult, but somehow I succeeded in concentrating and... the crystal appeared in one of my biologically active points.

Such rapid and unexpected success inspired me greatly. I wanted to share it with everyone, but I knew perfectly well that no one would understand me and at very best they would take me for a lunatic. I knew that I was not crazy, and to try to prove something that was beyond people's imagination was simply silly. Therefore, I set aside my exultation for better times and came down from the "Olympus" of my enthusiasm to simple earthly reality.

I decided to continue and created several crystals of force; this was already quicker and easier—and placed them in the proper biologically active points. At first I doubled the number of crystals and physically felt quite well. Then I doubled their number again, and again... and again. Over the course of several days I created an enormous amount of crystals of force placing them in all biological points of my body. I created a whole system of crystals and bound them into one general system.

After a while I had no place where I could put crystals. My "crystal" fever had reached an impasse. The question was what to do next. I had to stop and think about what the crystal of force was? Tuning-in to a crystal, I succeeded in unfolding it, and its essence and nature became clear to me. For obvious reasons, I will not expound the essence of this understanding. After my comprehension of this, I decided to unfold all the crystals of force which I had at that moment. As a result of this unfolding I got one qualitatively new crystal of force or, as I

called it, the crystal of force, mark two. And further, I began to create new crystals and place them in the biologically active points of my body using this new crystal of force as a model. I did this kind of transformation a lot of times; I began to create the crystals of force for different purposes, etc.

I continued to improve brain structures—I created something similar to the biologically active points of my body in my cerebral cortex transforming my brain for another qualitative level of functioning and abilities. Thus, new power points appeared in the cerebral cortex, where I had placed my crystals of force. I also did a great many of other things that lie beyond the comprehension of Midgard-earth's inhabitants.

One day I meditated upon the fact that one way or another, the abilities of a reasonable creature are limited by the size of his brain. The simplest (and the most erroneous) decision literally floated to the surface. Physical enlargement of the volume of the brain was necessary in order to increase its abilities. But even assuming that it was possible, it could not be limitless. Therefore this way was wrong from the very beginning, at least for me. I saw neither the possibility nor the sense of enlarging the volume of my cranium. I was fully content with what I had already.

Thereupon, I began to search for another outlet, another principle to increase the abilities of my brain. Above all things, it was necessary to understand, how a human brain functioned. At the physical level the brain is a colony of neurons—our organism's nerve cells. Neurons have outgrowths, axons, through which signals from the external world and from man's internal world go to them.

I understood that the physically dense brain is only a foundation, only the "tip of the iceberg" of what is actually our brain. All processes of thinking, our memory, consciousness, everything that man attributes to the concept of reason, all this takes place at other material levels (which are not physically dense) of our brain.

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As a result of all this, I succeeded in creating qualitatively another brain that was very useful for my new actions connected with future events.

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One of the interesting events that happened next was related to the actions of a creature called Yeori. He was a humanoid creature with one eye in the center of his forehead. This Cyclops secretly observed my actions on brain transformation and "adopted" my methods without my permission to use them. Using the terrestrial language, he simply

stole. One could ask: who needs the childish games of a human from an underdeveloped planet? I did not think that what I did could be of interest to anyone else but me, and those people whose brain I had transformed.

The first I knew about the importance of brain transformation was from Terri, when he lost his protection and became visible as a result of my next modification. Then he told me that, if I was able to comprehend what I had done, it would be a discovery for the whole of Space. Probably, he meant those cases, when someone by chance got a result without the slightest idea of how it happened.

In my opinion, I knew, what I did and how, but it is fully possible that I did not understand that my transformations of brain could be of interest to anyonr from another planet. Moreover, I did not think and therefore did not assume that these transformations of brain could be considered a very important discovery for many other civilizations of Big Space. The like of this never occurred to me. How should I know that what I had created could be interesting and important for other civilisations? Such thought was simply preposterous from my point of view. But, not everything that seems to be absurd, actually is! It turned out that the idea of brain transformation and its reality appeared to be that "gold-vein" which was important not only for our planet.

Thus, my brain transformation gained a strategic importance for many civilizations, whether I wanted it to or not. So, the appearance of Yeori during my work was a consequence of this increased interest. "Industrial" espionage, it appears, exists not only on our planet. Only "there" it is carried out on another qualitative level. One way or another, Yeori operated in accordance with the principle of "industrial" espionage, and this was impermissible for several reasons.

First, I had not only realised the brain transformation in practice but also carried personal responsibility as the creator of the system of transformation. I was responsible for whose hands this system would get into, and to what ends it could be used. Second, stealing in any form is a negative action, which could not be undertaken by Light Forces. And this meant that the actions of Yeori and his civilization related to Dark Forces. And it was impermissible for anything I created to serve Dark Forces.

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After I completed this work I had to think about the fact that my systems did not always endure the load of some actions. First thing I should do was to recover my "burned" nerves. A simple renewal would return me to that which I had at the beginning of this work and

the problem of the level of load would remain. Therefore, I decided to change my nervous system qualitatively and I succeeded in doing it. Since then, I periodically transform both my brain structures and the whole nervous system of my body, trying to achieve harmony and balance between them; I do not want to experience the feeling of molten metal running in my nerves anymore...

Chapter 9.

A thorny path to the stars

One day I had an idea to find the galactic centre of our galaxy. I managed to do it quite easily, but it was surrounded by a power protection which prevented anyone, who wished to visit it for no particular reason, from getting closer. This approach is totally comprehensible—the hierarchical center is intended to solve tasks at the level of galactic civilizations and unions of civilizations. It is neither possible nor necessary for them to spend their time solving problems on another level, which is others' responsibility.

If they were obliged to give answers to questions like, how much is two times two, they would have no time for anything else. There is no discrimination here; everyone must perform his task at the level of his own abilities and understanding. It does not mean that they are unable to answer, how much is two times two; simply, if they had to answer this question from billions of inquirers, more important problems, which only they are able to solve, would remain unsolved.

Therefore those, who are able to answer simple questions, answer these questions; and those, who are able to solve problems at the galactic level, are engaged in these tasks. Exactly this is the essence of the hierarchical system of Light Forces and for this reason there was a power dome placed above the galactic center.

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It is possible to describe contacts, visits to different planets and civilizations endlessly, but, most likely, for most people everything described above will look like a flight of unrestrained fancy or madness. To prove all abovementioned would be difficult, if not impossible, and I understand it perfectly, because I am neither a dreamer nor insane. Therefore, I will go on to those facts which serve as a confirmation of the reality of the events that happened earlier, for me—I would not like to find myself, even involuntarily, the captive of my own illusions, regardless of how wonderful they might be. I can say that I was lucky in this respect.

At the end of September I went on a business trip to Kiev. The reason for my trip was my ability to heal people. A ministry in Moscow knew about my abilities; they told the head of one of the largest in-

dustrial associations in Kiev about it. His daughter was seriously sick, and he hoped that I would be able to help her somehow. She had disseminated sclerosis of the worst form. My September arrival was the second visit. This time they asked me to stay at their place to save the trip from the hotel each day, and, apparently, they did not want to attract excessive attention to my arrival. The whole family was already imbued with trust in me from my first visit: it turned out that I had transformed their son's brain, whereupon they began to trust me even more and did not consider me crazy.

I would like to do justice to the head of the family—he appeared to be a very progressive person with a non-trivial way of thinking. Therefore, he did not consider that what was happening in his house was a "quiet" madness and, probably, due to this reason he shared with me some information he had. Before he became the general director of a scientific-industrial union, this man was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine and therefore he still had his connections and his summer residence[1].

That weekend he went there and "exchanged" a few words with his former party colleagues. They told him the following. All communist bosses of Ukraine and their families were ordered to take their vacation simultaneously and go to the Far East. Why did they suddenly all experience such a "great" interest in the Far East? It was explained very simply. It appeared that the situation at the fourth reactor of the Chernobyl nuclear power plant was extremely dangerous.

There had been a very fast uncontrolled build up of the plutonium in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor: a critical level of plutonium, after which a thermonuclear explosion of enormous power would inevitably follow, was expected on October the 9th or 10th. To evacuate Kiev and the inhabitants of the Kievan region was simply impossible in such a short time; and the "servants of the people" decided that it would be more "correct" to go on vacation together with their families to avoid spreading useless panic. Evidently, these "servants of the people" studied at school very badly or they had a "special" level of intellect, because their Far East vacation would not allow them to relax from the "tension" of their hard labor, for the good of the people, for one simple reason.

Each of the four atomic reactors had four hundred tons of enriched, enriched uranium and plutonium. The cooling system had about eight thousand tons of heavy water. Therefore, if the plutonium had begun

[1] All members of the Central Committee were granted by number of privileges among which was so-called "dacha", a well-equipped country-house. (E.L.)

a chain reaction in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, an atomic explosion would have then resulted in a thermonuclear reaction in the heavy water and that thermonuclear explosion would have caused similar explosions in all three remaining reactors... I think the picture is clear. The way this was developing, no "vacation" to the Far East would have helped anyone because—our planet would have barely existed after such an explosion...

Certainly, this man risked a great deal revealing to me such secret information. However, if what should have happened had happened, it would not have mattered at all. And that being the case, he nursed a small hope that my "connections" "there" were real and I would be able to rescue the situation somehow. One way or another, I was made aware of the situation with the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, and I immediately acted upon it the best way I could, as it seemed to me then. I contacted the hierarchical centre of the enormous union of civilizations, which united the civilizations of three hundred Universes similar to ours. I appealed to them with a request to help in this situation and they agreed. They said that they would send a spaceship with special equipment for dealing with similar problems.

In the early morning, about five o'clock, on October 10th 1987 this spaceship appeared above Chernobyl. A cone-shaped ray of light came down from it and the plutonium simply "disappeared" from the sarcophagus! When I asked the commander of the spaceship, why they had not destroyed the enriched uranium too; his answer was: "We helped you (inhabitants of Earth–E.L.) with what you were currently unable to manage, and further than that you must deal with by yourselves."

Their answer and actions seemed to me fair enough. One way or another, there was no superexplosion that day, the following day or any other day. Certainly, all this looked simply impossible for anyone to believe. Well, it does not matter whether anyone believes it or not. The only thing that really matters is that there was no explosion and planet Earth remained unharmed. When I came back to the institute, I talked about what had happened to several people who knew about my researches. Certainly, even they took my words with some scepticism. I do not blame them; even for me those events seemed unbelievable. There was no explosion; mass media reported nothing about a critical situation with the sarcophagus.

The confirmation of the reality of these events came from one of the employees of our department who I had told about the incident. One day she came to work in a state of shock. She took me aside and

told that she had watched "Vzgliad"[2] —they had shown testimonies of numerous witnesses who had seen a spaceship with a cone-shaped ray of light in the sky above Chernobyl at about five o'clock in the morning of the exact day I had said. Among eyewitnesses there were engineers, students and workers, and other inhabitants who, in the early morning of that day, were out of their homes and observed the UFO in the sky. I did not see this program personally, but now it did not matter. The most important thing was that facts about which I had told people long before this broadcast were fully confirmed. I was very glad that people who knew absolutely nothing about what exactly it was that they had seen in Chernobyl's sky confirmed my words.

Several years later I got another confirmation from a place I would never have thought of. In January 1991 I was in Kharkov and one evening, in the apartment where I stayed then, I told that story to a group of people. There was a military man who, after everyone left, came to me and said that he would never have believed it, if he were not on duty that day. Everything I said he had known about from military reports which went through him to Moscow. He told me that there was no way that I could have received this information except as I had said, because only a few people knew about it and I obviously was not among them. The leaking of similar information was impossible then and his story is a sure confirmation of the truth of my words.

But the most important thing that he confirmed was about the critical situation with plutonium in the fourth reactor's sarcophagus; he also shared the information that, in trying to rescue the situation, the rescuers had carved a tunnel to the sarcophagus to pump in a special concrete to prevent the concentration of plutonium rising to a critical level, which causes an explosion; and that indeed after the spaceship appeared, a cone-shaped ray of light struck and the plutonium disappeared! I would never have imagined getting that kind of confirmation of the reality of those events. However, some quite unpleasant, for me, events followed this.

As was clear from his words, this man was most likely an officer of the GRU[3]. Therefore, his duty was to report to his seniors about me; even if he had not done it, another person among those who were present would have done it instead. But he wrote his report, and after several days I received an offer from a woman who at that time occupied quite a high position in the communist hierarchy of the coun-

[2] "The Look", a very popular broadcast in the former USSR in the end of 80's – beginning of 90's. (E.L.)

[3] Russian abbreviation – the State Intelligence Bureau. (E.L.)

try—she worked in the party control of the CC of CPSU[4] and received orders directly from Moscow. When we came out from the building of the insurance company where I insured my Mercedes, which I brought back from my journey to Germany at the end of 1990, she said to me: "Kolia[5], why not put on your shoulder-straps again, you would get six hundred roubles, wear "civilian" clothes, could do everything you wish, if you want, the television will be yours, you could take any trip abroad, etc. And for this you will do almost nothing—sometimes you will do what we ask you..."

In the summer of 1986 I got my discharge from the Soviet Army as a senior lieutenant and knew that the salary of six hundred roubles corresponded then to the salary of a colonel-general. Although I was offered the rank of colonel-general from having been a senior lieutenant, I was not enraptured. I answered that I was always ready to do anything, which did not contradict my principles of good and evil, but I did not consider it right for me to be obliged to execute any order. I understood perfectly what consequences may follow my answer, but I never expected that it would be acted upon the next day.

The next day I planned to go from Kharkov to Moscow by car. I wanted to depart earlier, but was tired and decided to rest a little before my journey. Eventually I set off from Kharkov in the evening. The road was slushy; the cars in front of mine covered the wind-screen of my Mercedes with mud. Pretty soon the water for cleaning it ran out, but, even having the water, windshield wipers only spread dirt on the wind-screen. So, my eyes got tired very quickly and I decided to find the nearest parking place and sleep for several hours and continue at night, when there would not be so many cars on the road. Indeed, at midnight there were almost no cars on the route between Kharkov and Moscow.

Several hours of sleep refreshed me, and then I carried on driving. Between Belgorod and Kursk the road had sections of high embankment with very steep and deep slopes. Driving at ninety kilometers per hour, I tried to overtake a truck, which spattered my car with dirt, I heard a loud bang exactly then, when I was travelling the area with steep slopes, and my car rushed toward the slope.

I managed to change the direction of motion, but, nevertheless, I hit an iron post with my front left bumper, whereupon, I could not control my car. It began to move diagonally, swinging from one marker strip on the road to the next. Moving in this strange way away from the

[4]Communist Party of the Soviet Union. (E.L.)
[5]Diminutive from Nicolai. (E.L.)

precipice on one side of the road, my car began to "ride" with its rear end over the precipice on the opposite side of the road. Unexpectedly, my Mercedes stopped with a strong jerk lifting its "nose" to the stars, thus, probably, "deciding" to send a light signal to space.

If it had happened in the daytime, I would probably not be writing these lines now. It was only due to the fact that there were no cars on the road, that there was no collision. When stopping, my car hit a wayside post with its right front door. The impact was so strong that the chassis bent at the point of the blow. A steel rope stretched from one post to another forming a loop and this loop "caught" the trailer hook of my car. The jerk was so strong that the bottom of the boot bent considerably. On examining my car later, the traffic patrol declared that it was impossible, it could never happen! But, nevertheless, it happened.

A huge "Ural" dump truck with a winch happened to be among the few vehicles that were on the highway then. It dragged my car back onto the road. Other drivers helped me a lot, for which I am extremely grateful to them. When my car finally appeared on the road, I could see the reason for the accident. There was an enormous hole in the left front wheel which had a new Swedish winter tyre. I changed the wheel and continued my way to Moscow. The rest of the journey went without incident and in the morning I reached Moscow. When later I showed my car to the specialists, they all assured me that if there was a defect in a tyre it could burst, but in that case this type of lacerated hole never appeared. All this suggested to me the idea of intentional actions.

The scanning of the situation gave the following "picture". After my refusal to co-operate, a small charge of explosive was introduced into the tyre of my car, on the left front wheel. This little capsule had a radio-controlled detonating fuse snapped into action by the signal of a special beacon which was put in the right place on the side of the road. In my case it was placed above the sheer slope between Belgorod and Kursk.

Evidently, they overdid it with the charge a little: it appeared to be too powerful even for a winter Swedish tyre, because it tore out a very big piece. Evidently, they wanted to have a "total write-off" result. This was the first "swallow" of gratitude for my actions, in this case, for my help in the prevention of a thermonuclear explosion in Chernobyl. Although my role in the rescue of Midgard-earth was very modest: I only contacted the necessary hierarchy and asked them to help, but, nevertheless...

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All described above will happen in the future, for the moment I was "digesting" with great pleasure the confirmation of the reality of the events in which I took part. It is difficult to understand, it should be experienced. When you take part in events which from the point of view of most people are unbelievable and impossible, and even those few, who are more or less open to new things, look at you with doubts, at the very best, and suddenly you receive complete confirmation of the reality of everything you said from a quite unexpected quarter, — such moments inspire and add force and faith in yourself!

It turned out that the autumn of 1987 was filled with many events which one after another confirmed the reality of what I did and what happened to me. At the end of October I went to spend a weekend in Moscow together with Yuri and a woman from his group, who was one of the first persons whose brain I had transformed. After her transformation she could receive telepathic information very well and perfectly "see". We took the Kharkov-Moscow train on Friday evening, and on Saturday morning we were already at the Kurski station in Moscow.

This time we planned to meet some very interesting people. The meeting point with one of them was several hundred metres from the station. The name of the person was Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov. We met and went to the flat of Olga Sergeevna T. who lived nearby. She was a retired engineer and a clairvoyant by nature. This woman experienced a lot of unusual events which I had to fix. I will tell about it later, and now I will go back to the day of our acquaintance.

Vladimir Dmitrievich introduced us to Olga and her husband. By tradition of those times we came with a cake, which we purchased in nearest baker's shop, the hostess put out a pot of tea. Everyone took their seats at the table and... something absolutely unexpected happened. Vladimir Dmitrievich got an odd-looking metallic fragment from his large brief-case and laid it on the table. We stared with surprise at this peculiar object. Then Vladimir Dmitrievich told a very strange story. He was a scientific worker at the Institute of Space Research. Some time before the described events, an unidentified object was wrecked on the Kolski peninsula. One of the inhabitants, knowing nothing about it, found some pieces of strange metal that resembled the alloy of copper and silver.

The pieces of this "metal" had a coarse-grained structure and were very heavy. They all had marks of artificial origin of unknown purpose, but natives were evidently accustomed to unusual objects they found in the tundra. Therefore, the man put the newly found pieces in his cross-country vehicle with an idea that they might be of use at home.

Thus, several pretty large pieces of "strange metal" wreckage appeared in the workshop of one of the inhabitants. After that this man quickly began to feel very poorly and decided to give these pieces to another person. The same thing happened with another owner of these pieces. After that several persons, owners of these strange bits of wreckage, got sick in an unusual way, someone had an idea to send these findings to the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. From there they were sent to the Institute of Space Research, where Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov worked.

When these pieces made an appearance at his department, he learned the story of their discovery and spent his next vacation in those places and found another pretty large fragment. This exact piece of very strange "alloy" now lay on the table before our eyes. Vladimir Dmitrievich asked us to help him to understand what it was. Everyone began to discuss it and express their opinion. I began to scan as usual and suddenly... I heard someone speak to me. I turned my head trying to identify who was talking to me. Indeed, everyone talked, but the pronunciation was quite different from those things I heard. The words I heard were expressed very clearly and pretty loudly. I needed some time to realize that it was the piece of spaceship which held a conversation with me.

I did not expect it at all; I could not even imagine anything like this. But it happened in reality. Certainly, it was my brain which transformed telepathic signals sent by the fragment into a verbal form usual for me. It was simply unbelievable, but it happened—the fragment of the wrecked spaceship conversed with me.

As it turned out later ships of this type were quasi-living artificial organism-ships which possessed a pretty high intellect. They were made of the material which had as a basis enormous organic molecules, like DNA and RNA, with metal compounds introduced at their free electronic connections. Their organization was exactly the same as the spaceships of Oiya's civilization. Every fragment of a spaceship preserved its artificial intellect and possessed a certain potential proportional to its size.

So, here is what this fragment "told" me. It said that I had the right to access the information and began to give me the information about the organization of the spaceship, principles of control, and co-ordinates of the star system where this ship had arrived from. I got a complete picture of principles of action of the spaceship. For example, if a living creature approaches it, the ship does a control distance scanning to find the level of evolutional development of the creature. If the living creature meets the requirements, the ship enters into telepathic contact

with this creature and reveals information, to the level of evolutional "admittance".

If the living creature mismatches with the evolutional parameters found in the memory of the ship, the latter sends the telepathic signal of warning about its possible actions, if the living creature continues to approach the spaceship. It is like the shout of a sentry: "Stop, who goes there" or "Stop, or I will shoot" If the creature does not perceive the telepathic information or ignores a warning, the spaceship blocks its moving abilities or its technical equipment—engines die, all electronics devices fail. If even after this the living creature continues to approach the spaceship, the latter delivers a strong power blow to destroy the creature. The fragment of a spaceship does the same, only its power is considerably less compared to the whole ship—the smaller the splinter, the weaker the influence.

The reason for such pretty strict programming of the artificial intellect of a spaceship is very simple—the ship is controlled telepathically and the situation, when a living creature without proper qualities and concepts penetrates into the spaceship, may result in an annihilating explosion of extraordinary power, which inevitably causes the death of a planet. Thus, all actions of the spaceship are dictated by the rules of safety. Curious that no one except me heard anything and even was aware of what was happening.

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On my next arrival in Moscow I was introduced to Professor F.R. Khantseverov who then also worked in the Institute of Space Research. I was invited to his flat. During our meeting he was interested in my method of brain transformation and asked, whether I could do something with him. I tested him and he happened to have a pretty good sensitiveness. I made the simplest transformation of his brain and he saw his heart.

Being a scientist, accustomed to doubt in the like of this, he said that he had a very good imagination and visual memory and therefore he saw his heart. I reminded him that there was a dead man's heart in the anatomic atlas and the image was plain, but he observed a volumetric and colorful picture of the living heart and this fact had nothing to do with either imagination or visual memory. Besides, he did not even notice that he had begun to describe his carotids and his brain, which I opened for his perception without saying a word.

After my arguments he had to agree that he saw his own heart and brain. After that we talked at length about different phenomena. But the most essential thing for me was his report about their research on wreckage fragments of the spaceship. He said that they had taken pho-

tographs of one and the same cut of the fragment with the help of the electron microscope. They all clearly showed the spiroid form of giant organic molecules of DNA and RNA type with the metallic inclusions. Professor Khantseverov did not specify, what kind of metallic inclusions, but it was a question of minor importance. The most important was that the research of the spaceship wreckages confirmed the qualitative structure of the material of the ship and that it fully corresponded to descriptions given by Oyia and by the fragment of the spaceship during those telepathic contacts.

Here we have, on the one hand, most "scientists" calling into question even the possibility of the existence of telepathic information and declaring it an absurdity, and on the other hand, real events which happened on our planet—telepathic contact when I asked for help during the crisis in Chernobyl in the autumn of 1987, the reality of which was confirmed by secret services, and by the very fact that Midgard-earth still exists as a planet instead of being turned into asteroid-wreckage, as happened with a planet which was between Mars and Jupiter.

It seems to me that it is a very real and material confirmation of the reality of telepathy, irrespective of whether "scientists" acknowledge it or not, understand its principles or not. Unfortunately, modern scientists understand very little of the information they have at their disposal. As for understanding the nature of telepathy in particular, the problem is that scientists, who study it, understand its nature even less than those scientists who do not study it. Although a lot of insights connected with the understanding of the nature of telepathy literally lie on the surface, the attempts to explain the nature of this phenomenon by scientists are no good at all.

Analyzing this, I came to the conclusion that this state of affairs was not accidental. It is very advantageous to some that people remain in complete ignorance about the nature of telepathy and many other natural phenomena; it is very undesirable for them that people understand correctly. For this reason, the mass media constantly drums into people's heads the idea of the absurdity of these concepts; using for this purpose numerous scientific "experts" who, with a superior air, reason how nonsensical these concepts are and earnestly request us to trust their words because they have a certain academic status or one or another scientific degree.

They try to impress people with their scientific "shoulder-straps" which, allegedly, gives them the right to make unfounded statements. But the funniest thing is that these "experts" cannot explain even the simplest concepts of those scientific disciplines in which they obtained their scientific degrees. All modern science is built on false founda-

tions, which were intentionally created, and now we are all witness to the consequences of its false concepts in the form of imminent ecological catastrophe, which is inevitable because of the embodiment into practice of the concepts of orthodox science (see my article "The theory of the Universe and the objective reality").

Another way to discredit true knowledge about natural phenomena is to create false concepts and to make people believe in them with the help of mass media, when an avalanche of false information falls on the heads of unsuspecting people from TV screens, pages of journals and newspapers, and the shelves of bookstores. This information comes from people yet more ignorant than modern scientists or from people with obvious psychical problems, or from those who suffer megalomania without any reason for it. The "revelations" of the likes of these people are promoted by the mass media as "a breath of fresh air", "dawn of a new era", or "divine" truth. And everything that can indeed open people's eyes is suppressed; people who bear this knowledge are pursued and often are eliminated physically, and these are not mere words...

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Plants, animals, and people exchange information telepathically, the latter do not always even recognise it. I do not exclude myself from this category of people. The only difference in my case is that I did not close my eyes to what most people choose to ignore. They simply do not need another "headache"; they do not want to play the role of "everyone's laughing-stock". I was not afraid of all this, it was very interesting to me just to understand, first of all for myself, and not for the sake of scientific degrees or to be generally recognised.

After my performances or conversations very often people told me that I answered their questions before they asked them aloud. Sometimes is it is difficult for me to separate what a person has already said and what he or she has not, and it does not matter in what language a person thinks and speaks. It is practically all the same to me whether a person thinks or speaks aloud. If an idea was born in the head of a person, this means that it is as real for me as if the words had been spoken.

Certainly, I have to be attuned to the person, converse with him or her. When I talk to a group of people, I perceive the thoughts of the person who created them stronger and brighter than others. It is of interest that when I catch a person's thoughts, I do not hear them as phrases and do not see them as images, I "simply" begin to answer the person's mental question at once.

Only once was the telepathic contact accompanied with full sound illusion—when I "talked" to the fragment of the spaceship. The illusion

in that sense was that I heard words pronounced by a fragment of the ship as if it were ordinary conversation between two people. No one else heard my conversation with the fragment because I exchanged the information telepathically, although, in the beginning I did not pay attention to this and was sure that everyone heard this conversation.

It appeared that no one heard it. No one even knew that I had had this conversation, and I understood it only when the telepathic exchange terminated and I began to hear the voices of other people in the usual way. During my very unusual information exchange with the quasi-living fragment of the spaceship all the rest exchanged their opinions about the nature of this splinter. It was also unusual that the telepathic conversation with the fragment of the spaceship seemed to me very long, but in reality lasted several seconds. The speed of the telepathic exchange of information, even at the level of verbal exchange, exceeds the speed of sound transmission considerably. It is quite clear why.

The vibrations of vocal cords, when transmitting sound information, are very limited in frequency and amplitude, because of the very limited possibilities of muscles for reduction and renewal, and also because of the limited volume of air that muscles push out of lungs to create the necessary sounds. Man is accustomed to the sound exchange of information and will not assume the possibility of the existence of another way of human communication. This concept man applies, for some reason, not only to himself but also to the whole world of living nature.

The approach of scientists is so primitive, that it reminds me an anecdote from "Planet of the Apes": "A terrestrial spaceship was wrecked on the planet of the Apes; the crew was taken prisoner. They all were put in cages and began to be studied. Apes showed them a banana and pointed to a button, thus, making them understand—push the button, will get a banana!

The terrestrials protested with indignation as they considered themselves to be reasonable creatures and this treatment humiliating to their human dignity. No one hurried them, one day followed another and the apes continued to show the terrestrials the button and the banana. When a very hungry human finally pushed the button and got the banana, an ape-researcher wrote down in his diary: "After long training, the first simple conditioned reflex was formed."

This anecdote always made me laugh through tears. It is exactly the way our terrestrial scientists study life on our planet. And I would like to give an interesting example of such narrowmindedness.

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In the summer of 1987 Yuri and several persons from his group, to whom I had given brain transformations, went to the Batumski dolphinarium. There they succeeded in getting to the dolphins after the public performance. Modern science considers that dolphins communicate among themselves with the help of ultrasound. It is a totally wrong concept. With the help of ultrasound, dolphins ... orientate themselves in the water, because they have very bad and limited sight. They communicate among themselves ... telepathically. Therefore one can clearly understand what kind of results can be obtained studying the dolphins' rationality by analyzing the sounds they send!

There was a woman in Yuri's group, Natalia A., who was in the water with the dolphins and it occurred to her to mentally ask dolphins for help. Immediately a dolphin swam up to her, more precisely a female called Lada, as we knew it later. She was the leader of this small pod of dolphins. When Natalia continued to send telepathic reports Lada gladly entered into a telepathic contact telling her that they had very difficult life, because their "trainers" did not understand that they communicated telepathically and required them to perform those ridiculous tricks, and they were forced to execute them, otherwise they would die of hunger.

It is just like the "Ape" anecdote and it is a shame that creatures who call themselves Homo sapiens act as unreasonable children. On what basis do "scientists" consider that the behaviour and life of all living creatures on the planet must be subject to far-fetched concepts, which never had any foundation? However, that is another subject, and now I will return to telepathic contacts with dolphins.

Lada telepathically communicated the information about the dolphins' life in captivity and why they live a considerably shorter time than they do when free. The reduction of their life span is caused by the loss of unity with the ocean rather than by a longing for freedom. The worlds' oceans have accumulated an enormous potential of life-force for billions of years, and being free, dolphins are in permanent contact with this ocean bio-field which helps them to normalise optimally their vital functions. Besides, at liberty a pod of dolphins creates a common psi-field which also helps them in the optimisation of their vital processes. It is also of interest that dolphins drive away and sometimes kill attacking sharks by striking a powerful psi-blow. They also use their psi-potential as weapon of defense.

Lada gave a lot of details about their everyday life and when Natalia began to specify these details with the "trainer" he was shocked and surprised. He asked her how did she know that two days ago he had hit Lada on her muzzle (I almost wrote "face"), or that four days ago he

gave them rotten fish while taking fresh fish home. The poor "trainer" could not even imagine that "dull" animals can socialize telepathically with man and give all these details. I will leave the poor "trainer" alone with his doubts and go back to dolphins...

I was very sorry that I did not to go to the dolphinarium, but it is true that no one invited me. After visiting the dolphinarium, Yuri and Natalia arrived in Kiev, where he asked me to introduce him to the person of high rank with whom I had recently become acquainted. It was on my first arrival in Kiev, when I came to heal his daughter who had disseminated sclerosis. I introduced them to each other, and this was when Natalia told me about their contact with Lada. I suggested making telepathic contact with her distantly and also "met" Lada. All this can seem very strange and for most people simply impossible. But very soon, after several months, there was a situation which confirmed the reality of the telepathic contact with a dolphin.

In the autumn of 1987, Lada unexpectedly established telepathic contact and said that she had come to say goodbye. A small quantity of mercury had got into the water and she accidentally swallowed one drop. This metal is mortally dangerous not only for man but for all living things. Even a small concentration of mercury in the organism of both man and dolphin inevitably leads to a lethal outcome. It was the reason why Lada established the contact with us.

I did not have the data of Batumski dolphinarium, but Natalia had; she called the "trainer" and he confirmed the information I had obtained telepathically from Lada. I decided to help her, and the only way to help was a complete disintegration of the mercury which had got into her body. I tried to fulfill it and... succeeded. Later the workers at the dolphinarium confirmed this fact...

During our telepathic contacts we learned that dolphins had established telepathic connections with other space civilizations long ago. The only civilization with which they failed to make contact was our humanoid one on Midgard-earth! Is it not ironic that these reasonable creatures failed to establish a connection with other reasonable creatures of the same planet only because the latter (i.e. people) were so ambitious and peremptory in their concepts about how nature "must" develop that they converted themselves into foolish blind men alleging that they know the Great Project of Nature better than everyone else (even nature itself).

In the past dolphins attempted to set up a telepathic connection with people. It resulted in the origin of a Delphic cult on Crete and in other places in the Mediterranean, but only telepathically gifted people, mostly women, could establish this telepathic connection between

two intelligent races of Midgard-earth which travel quite different evolutional paths. That is why the symbol of this cult was a young woman dancing with a dolphin in the water...

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The story of Lada, the dolphin, had an interesting sequel. When in the autumn of 1987 I met with Olga Sergeevna T. and she knew about the contacts with Lada, she asked me to connect her telepathically with the dolphin. Lada was very glad to have a new telepathic contact. Olga Sergeevna recorded her telepathic conversations with Lada. At the end of December, 1987 she gave me her notes to read. She recorded everything very honestly, changing and embellishing nothing. The most curious was her questions. Most of them concerned her family, what would happen with her sons, with her and her husband.

Lada answered all her questions, but I was surprised at Lada's reaction to similar questions. Lada told Olga Sergeevna that she was still a child—instead of using the telepathic contact for mutual cognition of outer worlds, sharing knowledge between people and dolphins, she spent the contact time on her personal interests. Dolphin Lada appeared to be more mature spiritually than the woman with whom she conversed. It does not mean that Olga Sergeevna is bad or limited person. As Lada noted, she simply is still a "little girl" spiritually.

Spiritual and moral development is not connected with man's age or education, but is a reflection of his level of development which is determined by his acts and understanding. It is quite natural that different people can be at different levels of this development, irrespective of their age and education. In this case, the spiritual level of the dolphin Lada appeared to be higher than the spiritual level of the human.

Our opinion about ourselves does not always reflect the real state of affairs and if man continues in this state of blindness, he will be the first to suffer from it and then—the rest of the living world. And while man is blind in his ignorance, dolphins, the second intelligent race on Midgard earth, are being killed for their meat or simply for the fun of it. We do have some important things to reflect, don't we? ...

Chapter 10.

The first encounter with parasites

It turned out that my meeting with Olga Sergeevna T. made me understand a great deal of what was happening in nature and society. It may sound quite strange, but it was just so. Certainly, it was not connected with Olga Sergeevna herself, but with the events in which she had unwittingly taken part: the consequences of which she asked me to fix later. Undoubtedly, these events were quite interesting, but the phenomena related to these events were totally unexpected. However, I will not foretell the events but expound them one after another.

When I first met Olga Sergeevna T., she asked me to help with her health problems which appeared to be very serious. She had cancer that caused severe problems in her abdominal cavity. To tell the truth, everything, especially in the area of the solar plexus was almost destroyed. It is of interest, how she came to "earn" all this.

Shortly before I met her, a very curious thing happened to Olga Sergeevna. One of her acquaintances invited her to a performance of Arcady Raikin[1], during which she sent him her energy. After the performance her acquaintance took her backstage and introduced her to the Raikin! Olga Sergeevna asked him whether he had felt the energy she had sent him, because it seemed to her that he was tired and exhausted.

"It was you?"—he asked with surprise and asked her to help him this way constantly.

Olga Sergeevna was beside herself with happiness then. But, it turned out that this "momentous" event almost cost her life. She became Raikin's shadow. When he was on-stage, she stood behind the scenes and pumped him full of her life-force. At the beginning, the fact of being constantly next to such a "great" man flattered her very much. In gratitude for her life-force, which Olga Sergeevna gave so generously, Arcady Raikin presented her with a bouquet of flowers which one of his admirers had presented to him when he got out of his car upon arriving at the theatre for his next appearance. It was the only gesture of his gratitude for her life-force which supported him during

[1] A Soviet stand up comedian of Jewish descent who led the school of Soviet and Russian humorists for about half a century. (E.L.)

concerts. Most likely, he considered that he showed enough gratitude simply permitting her to be so close to him!

This situation continued for some time, and then the "great" artist Arcady Isakovich wanted more. He was going to perform in the USA; he asked Olga Sergeevna to become his mistress and go on tour with him. With all due respect for his talent she firmly refused his offer. He did not expect this answer, but he aimed not to lose so valuable a donor of life-force. He then asked if she would go with him in her former "capacity" (as a donor—E.L.). Olga Sergeevna answered that this would be possible only if her husband went with her. But this condition did not suit the senescent maestro.

He tried to convince her that the presence of her husband in the USA would be unnecessary, despite the fact that he spoke several languages fluently. In short, Olga Sergeevna said a firm "no" to all the maestro's suggestions. But the "great" humorist evidently was not accustomed to refusals of any kind, certainly not from women. Over quite a long period of time his managers tried to "entrap" Olga Sergeevna, almost constantly being on duty under the windows of her apartment. She was very scared, and all this sharply changed her opinion about the far-famed artist.

Soon Raikin left for the USA, his people disappeared from under her windows and Olga Sergeevna thought that the nightmare was at last over. Unfortunately, it was only the beginning... The "great" artist decided to punish the obstinate Russian woman who had dared to say NO!

What happened to her and to her family after Raikin had gone to the USA was a complete surprise for both her and other people who voluntarily or not participated in these events. It may have seemed in the beginning that events took a favorable turn for Olga Sergeevna; but in fact, a real "witch-hunt" had been organised for her.

The same acquaintance, who introduced Olga Sergeevna to Arcady Raikin, shared the information with her that there was a summer home for sale in a prestigious summer residence settlement and it could be hers if she hurried up a little. They had to sell their "Volga"[2] to purchase it. After they became the possessors of the long-dreamed of summer cottage, Olga Sergeevna with her family decided to spend the whole summer there.

One fine day a neighbour invited Olga Sergeevna to her place to have a cup of tea, watch TV and chat a little. Everything was just perfect,

[2]To buy a car in the former USSR was a real problem. First, it cost a lot of money. Second, even people who had money were to wait their turn for several years (minimum 5). "Volga" was the best car people could get then. (E.L.)

but she had only just returned to her cottage when she realised that this fine day had turned into a nightmare. This nice neighbour went to the police and declared that Olga Sergeevna had stolen a considerable amount of money from her. As if by magic, numerous witnesses of this "crime" appeared, and almost immediately all necessary proceedings were instituted against Olga Sergeevna. Moreover, some details "appeared" in the case which could put her behind bars for quite a long time.

All this was happening, despite the fact that that there was no proof that the neighbour had money in the house. Moreover, Olga Sergeevna went there in a summer dress without sleeves, without any bag or anything of the kind in which to put and take away this tremendous amount of money. A careful search was unable to find this imaginary money either in Olga Sergeevna's cottage or in any other place. Nevertheless, everything confidently moved toward a trial and if it were not for the intervention of a friend of the family, Olga Sergeevna could easily have found herself in prison. Well, this time she was lucky. But, only this time...

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The "great" actor's next attempt at revenge was to use a very "refined" method of physical elimination. In 1987 the First Medical Institute of Moscow tested and began to use on a regular basis, rejuvenating and healing sessions for "the chosen". To do this they used a so-called astral machine, an enormous spiral tube with circulating physiological solution (0.9salt). With the help of the vibrations of a magnetic field they succeeded in transferring vital energy from a person-donor to "the chosen", whereupon the latter felt a burst of energy and a rejuvenating effect was observed, while the person-donor weakened and had different pathologies afterwards.

The more often a person-donor participated in such "transfusion" of the life-force, the more serious and hazardous the consequences for his health were observed to be. "The chosen" one settled himself comfortably on a special chaise-longue which was placed inside the giant spiral and the treatment of healing and rejuvenation began. Certainly, only a mentally unsound person could voluntarily agree to become a donor. But, very often no one asked donors about their consent! They "simply" took a photo of the desired donor and placed it in the special area of this devilish machine.

They irradiated the photo of the person-donor by magnetic fields and obtained the same effect as if instead of the photo, it were the person! I think, there is no need to explain that donors were not warned about their participation in similar actions. Unfortunately, this is not

an invention of a science-fiction writer, but objective reality!

Well, after Olga Sergeevna managed to avoid prison, they decided to punish her that way. It resulted in the fourth grade cancer that she was suffering when I first met her in September, 1987. I came in for this problem and the rest of the "bouquet" of problems. I arrived in Moscow periodically, mainly on weekends; therefore, I conducted most sessions with Olga Sergeevna by phone.

At that time I had neither telephone nor my own apartment. I rented a room and even this was not easily got. The fact that I was unmarried and travelled light simplified the situation considerably, besides, all my property was placed in a couple of suitcases. All "unnecessary things" I simply abandoned in the old place, which was, probably, a pleasant surprise for my former landlords. Therefore, after work I went to public call-boxes and called Olga Sergeevna, in Moscow.

By the way, I would like to clarify the situation with phone calls. The work itself takes place not by phone, as most may think, but through space. The telephone is needed only to receive a direct feedback from a person— what and where happened with him (or her) during my influence. This is important in order to control fully the process of healing and to prevent an overload which may have serious consequences.

During my first session with Olga Sergeevna I destroyed this astral machine, which probably sent a great many "voluntary" donors who had disagreed with one or other of the "big fish", for whatever reason, to an early grave.

When I called Olga Sergeevna after my return to Kharkov, she told me enthusiastically that not only was she feeling considerably better, but also that the astral machine in the First Medical Institute had begun to work vice versa. This machine now made "the chosen" ones feel worse as it did not satiate them with the life-force, but on the contrary, took away what they had. I was very glad to hear this news. I had always been indignant over the meanness and baseness of some people and I always fought them to the best of my ability and forces, which due to certain reasons became pretty effective.

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I had thought that it was over, but, unfortunately, this was not the case. I continued to work very successfully with Olga Sergeevna's cancer, from Kharkov, and whenever I appeared in Moscow on a business trip, I worked with her directly; since she lived next to the Kurskiy station there was no need to spend time covering enormous Moscow distances.

In the evening of December, 18, 1987 I boarded the Kharkov-Moscow

train and in the morning of the next day I was in Moscow. This train was very comfortable—you went bed in Kharkov and woke up in the morning in Moscow and had two entire days at your disposal. Sunday evening you boarded the Moscow-Kharkov train and in the morning you went work straight from the station. It was comfortable (certainly, there was no border between Russia and Ukraine then). Thus, having had a good sleep on the train, this December morning I was in Moscow.

I never could even think that this arrival in Moscow would become a new reference point for me, a test, and at the same time would bring understanding of many events that had happened in our country, and their roots; which for many reasons were beyond comprehension for both most inhabitants of our country, and all of civilization on our planet Midgard-earth. I also could not assume that my actions aimed at the renewal of Olga Sergeevna's health and that, what I had come across in the process, would lead me to something fundamentally new—to understanding of the ways of development of civilization and its backstage processes.

On Saturday evening, December 19, 1987 I visited Olga Sergeevna and began to carry out a regular healing session. During my work I discovered that she had been connected to some enormous system in the area of her solar plexus. There were also a great number of other people connected to this system. It could be compared to an enormous vine with a great many bunches of grapes, only, the "grapes" were people.

I had no idea who all these people were, but the fact was that all these people were connected to the same system as Olga Sergeevna; and she was fading away pretty quickly because of this connection—her body was deteriorating. This allowed me to draw the conclusion that this could not be something positive for Olga Sergeevna or for all the other people-"grapes" who even did not suspect that they were hooked up to some system and were a part of it.

Threads from every person-"grape" were united in some kind of a cable assembly that led to some other people; threads from the latter created new cable assemblies, etc. Threads, coming from people, became thicker and thicker and cable assemblies became more dense and "fleshy" with every next level. The higher the level, the fewer the number of people who formed this level, and there was only one man at the top of the pyramid.

When this picture unfolded before me, I had no idea what it was. I understood only one thing—this system killed people! Some died quicker, some—slower! I could not remain aloof. Taking Olga Sergeevna's case as an example, I saw with my own eyes, what this kind of hooking

up could do to a person. Certainly, the degree of her hooking up to the system was maximal; that is why she was deteriorating very quickly. The same effect happened to the rest of the people connected to this system, only their degree of connection was smaller, and ill effects showed up slower, but it did not mean that the system was harmless for them.

If even a small quantity of blood is taken from a person every day, he will slowly weaken and fade away. The same thing happens when a person is connected to a system like this. It results in the loss of life-force in small portions that finally leads to weakening of the body, the appearance of illnesses and lifetime shortening. Certainly, I understood all this later, but then I saw the system which, literally before my eyes, was destroying a human being. This system could not be good, especially, if most who took part in it knew nothing about its existence.

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I appeared to be in a situation resembling an episode from a famous Soviet cartoon serial[3]. A hare pours water on flowers on his balcony and finds a rope has appeared from nowhere! According to the script he cuts it while a wolf is trying to use it to climb to his balcony. I did almost the same thing after discovering this system.

I decided to free Olga Sergeevna from this system as well as the rest of the people who kept her "company" unaware of this fact. Like the hare from the cartoon I "cut" threads of this system of both Olga Sergeevna and everyone connected to it. Surprisingly for me, I succeeded in doing it quite easily and quickly. In one moment millions of people became free from this monstrous system that sucked their lives.

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When I destroyed the pyramid, I did not even pay attention to the "head" of this parasitic system to whom lead all these threads from an enormous number of people—I simply did, what my heart and sense of justice told me. Millions of people got rid of the parasitic system that stole their life-force and health. After it the system-pyramid fully disintegrated and the man who was the head of this system was not able even to live without so powerful a replenishment; his life drained out like a small brook from his perishable body, where his criminal soul dwelt.

The information about the death of this man after I eliminated the parasitic system surprised me. I could not assume that the system's elimination would bring the head of this pyramid to his death. Actually I destroyed the parasitic system because it robbed innocent people, who

[3]It is very alike "Tom and Jerry". Only there was a hare and a wolf instead of a mouse and a cat. (E.L.)

had no idea that they were being robbed of that which was impossible to purchase—a part of their life!

It is not important that most people did not have even the slightest idea, of what and how they were being robbed, and it is also of minor importance that most victims did not believe that this kind of phenomenon existed, being fully in the grip of false concepts that were imposed on them precisely by those who stole their life-force and health, who, assuming an air of importance, claimed that the like of this was impossible, because it just never was possible! This crime of a group of degenerates is especially nasty, because the thieves convince their victims that, what they steal does not exist.

Every time, when a person or group of people, during their search penetrated into forbidden territory, even slightly, even without knowing it, these men-werewolves destroyed the brave immediately. When the circumstances allowed, they burned them at the stake and like insatiable leeches sucked out the tempestuous life-force of innocent people burned alive in frightful torments, whose unique guilt was that they only glanced into the territory forbidden to them.

When for several reasons it became impossible to burn or to kill these people, the dark masters of the destiny of Midgard-earth's civilization, remaining in the shadow, began to place those who attempted to discover their dark secrets, in madhouses declared them pseudo-scientists and their work—false doctrines, and organized the most cruel badgering; far from everyone could survive the like of this and not break. Besides, the puppeteers also "cared for" those people who had just began to awaken from the sleep and see the light—they furtively put false concepts and "doctrines" especially designed to lead up a blind alley, or, most often, to convert the "neophytes" into bio-robots or into sources of the life-force for themselves.

One way or another, bumping into this parasitic system, I was able to destroy it and feel no regrets about this. As I understood it later, the system, which I had destroyed, was a parasitic social one, which black freemasons used to control the masses. The black freemasons used the life-force they took away from people to psi-influence the masses—the "job" was carried out at the level of sub-consciousness and thus, masses, being under control, were completely unaware that someone controlled them.

What a devilish system—a small group of scumbags exerts influence upon millions of people making them do whatever satisfies their mean interests, secretly using the potential stolen from these people. The influence upon the masses at the level of sub-consciousness resulted in people doing many things, being absolutely sure that their actions

corresponded to their own desires and reflected their own interests, while in reality they did only what was advantageous for the small group of backstage puppeteers.

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When parasitic system was destroyed, it resulted not only in the release of great number of people from energy slavery, which is a very positive fact from my point of view, but also pretty noticeable changes happened in the public consciousness. It was like the scales fell from people's eyes, as if they awakened from a narcotic dream which had seized them for very long time. People began to wake up and understand the true essence of the falsest and the most inhuman system, which was ever known to humanity: communism.

I would like to change the "great" Lenin's phrase and give the following characteristics to the communist system: communism is a state capitalism + slave-owning system[4]. This fact is known to everyone who is capable of making the simplest analysis and has lived within this system. Oddly enough, the criminal code of the USSR tells about it quite plainly.

Soviet lawyers told me that the criminal code of the USSR prescribed a punishment in the form of a quite considerable fine to a person for his failed attempt of suicide. If a person attempted suicide, but for one or another reason remained alive, he (she) must pay a fine to the state, because he (she) dared to try dispose of his (her) life at his (her) own discretion, rather than following the instructions or necessity of the state!

The state had spent funds for the upbringing and education of the person, and he (she) without returning money with tremendous interest (consider lifelong) decided independently to use that, which belongs to the state—namely his own life. So that no one was tempted to commit this "crime", the large fine was imposed on those who survived the attempt of suicide. In this law the state made clear its attitude toward the "citizens"—it treated them like slaves!

Tens of millions of destroyed souls during the years of the Soviet power are the best confirmation of this. As for the article concerning insolvent suicides, it was withdrawn from the criminal code of the USSR in 1975. Nevertheless, the essence of the state did not change!

It is clear today for everyone that any state expresses the interests of one or another group of the population. It is also clear, whose interests—you only need to look into whose hands the riches of Russian and

[4]Lenin's phrase was: communism is the Soviet power plus electrification of the whole country. (E.L.)

other native people of the Russian Empire appeared after the collapse of the "socialist" system.

It is of interest that one of those, who occupied in the black freemasons' hierarchy one of the highest ranks, in real life played off parodies of the same system he coordinated. And the people, suspecting nothing, were enraptured with the "boldness" of this man. But for some reason his "boldness" did not touch the most dangerous areas of this system, but only those which did not allow people to see and realize the real essence of this antihuman system. The rest of the people were not allowed to do even this. There is one saying: "What is permissible to Caesar is not permissible to a bull." What "Caesar"-Raikin allowed himself, no one else, i.e. "bulls" could do!

The destruction of the parasitic system not only resulted in the liberation of the involuntary victims of this pyramid and removal of psi-influence on human consciousness, but also in a pretty sharp change of political situations in the world, especially in socialist countries and Israel, which surprised me greatly.

Certainly, I realised it later, but as a well-known personage[5] used to say—the process has been started!

That memorable Sunday evening of December 20, 1987 I took the train and in the morning was already in Kharkov. Right from the station I, as usual, went to my work at the institute. I was proud of what I had succeeded in doing and was really glad that my work made people, surrounding me in the street, in the subway, at the institute, free of the parasitic system, which they did not even suspect had existed. It was not important that no one thanked me for this; I did not do it for the sake of gratitude.

[5] Mikhail Gorbachev. (E.L.)

Chapter 11.

The war with parasites started

Next week I worked as usual – after my official work I was engaged in my own research and extrasensory influence on my patients.

At the end of 1987 the Soviet newspaper "Komsomolskaya pravda" (The Komsomol Truth) published an article "The extrasensory individual in the mirror of physics" which informed readers about the results of research into individuals with extrasensory abilities, in particular of one individual – Djuna[1], in one of the laboratories of the Institute of Radio physics and Electronics of the Academy of Science of the USSR.

The article came to the conclusion that the extrasensory influence was nothing but a weak thermal influence on the so-called zones of Zaharin-Ged — areas on the surface of the patient's skin which were projections of internal organs. According to the newspaper, specialists reported that the weak infra-red radiation of the hand of an extrasensory individual rendered a stimulating influence on these areas and this resulted in a patient beginning to feel better.

This statement was an obvious absurdity for anyone who understands physics a little, even without any knowledge of extrasensory effects. In fact there is absolutely no difference between the infra-red radiation of the human hand and any other weak thermal radiation. The thermal radiation of a candle, a bulb or a central heating radiator, etc. also affects all those zones of Zaharin-Ged, but it renders no healing influence on a patient.

Infra-red radiation occupies a certain range of electromagnetic vibrations, and the intensity of the radiation can vary from very small to very powerful, but radiation of the same intensity and frequency from different sources must render the identical influence on the Zaharin-Ged zones. This is not observed, which must mean that the conclusion given in the newspaper is fallacious.

Therefore I was curious, whether this information was intentional misinformation of the populace or the absolute blindness and ignorance of the "scientists". It was important for me to find out on my own, what it actually was — the first or the second!

[1]Eugenia Uvashevna Davitashvili (born in 1949) – a well-known psychic. Lives in Moscow. (E.L.)

It turned out that just before that New Year's Eve I was sent to Moscow to deliver some materials to the main office of our institute. I arrived in Moscow on Friday morning, December the 25th, quickly found the office, gave in the reports from the Kharkov branch and began to look for the Institute of Radio physics and Electronics of the AS of the USSR. There I succeeded in meeting academician Guliaev, who supervised a laboratory which carried out the study of individuals with extrasensory abilities. For obvious reasons the address of this laboratory was not specified in the article.

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I introduced myself as a young radio-physicist who studied extrasensory influence and said that I would like to visit the laboratory, which studied these phenomena, and to consult with the scientists there. To avoid questions, I decided not to specify that I studied the extrasensory influence on my own. Academician Guliaev gave me the address of this laboratory and I found out that it would be open on Saturday morning because they were expecting a delegation.

Next morning I barely succeeded in finding the address of the laboratory. It was not far from the subway, in one of the countless Moscow side-streets. There was no signboard to show that there was a scientific laboratory there. This fact perplexed me a little, but, nevertheless, I pushed the bellbutton. To my joy the man, who opened the door, confirmed that I was not mistaken. I said that academician Guliaev gave me this address and I would like to meet an employee of the laboratory. I was guided to the office of Professor Godik, the head of the laboratory.

I told him the same thing—that I was also studying extrasensory influence and I would like to get, if it was possible, some information about what they did and what conclusions they came to. If I had said that I studied and conducted my own experiments upon myself, they would possibly have considered me to be mentally sick. I needed to get an objective picture of the phenomena, in which I was interested, and not the reaction they may have to a person "off his head".

Professor Godik told me that one of their experiments was as follows—they placed a glass screen between Djuna and a patient. In this case no Djuna's influence on a patient was observed. Hence, they drew the conclusion that the nature of the extrasensory individual's influence was thermal, because the glass prevented it from passing to the patient. When I revealed to him that in my experiments an extrasensory individual affected a patient at a distance of thousands of kilometers and also through walls, etc., he looked at me in surprise and said: "Young man, if it is so, consider the Nobel Prize to be in your pocket!"

The intonation of his voice gave me to understand that he thought that, being a young scientist, I was cheated by some impostor who I had reason to trust. For very clear reasons, I kept from persuading him to change his mind. I could not manage to talk with Professor Godik for long, because the delegation appeared. He excused himself and asked one of the employees to show me the laboratory and equipment, and to tell me about the results of their researches. I am very grateful him for this.

A senior staff scientist, whose name I cannot remember, told me about the work of the laboratory and about the experiments conducted. They explored the weak luminescence of the human body, radiations of the electromagnetic field, etc. At the same time they did not quite understand what they looked for and explored. In other words, they conducted a blind search, in the way they understood the task, but they did not understand it at all.

When I mentioned that in my experiments an extrasensory individual could see human internal organs in colour and volume, and control and tune his vision as necessary, and get concrete in

formation about the state of different organs and the person as a whole: that this information coincided fully and often anticipated the information that doctors got with the help of the most sophisticated devices, this man looked at me with pity and asked:

— Young man, how long have you been engaged in physics?

When I answered his question, he told me with dignity:

— Well, when you have worked as many years as I have, you will not trust this nonsense that

the subjects tell you. You know, to see internal organs, a man must emit X-rays of the most enormous power, which is simply impossible!

He would not even consider that there could be other methods of receiving information, which accompanied absolutely new abilities for man. He barred this possibility and thought only within the limits of his usual concepts.

When I understood the level of narrow-mindedness of these peoples' concepts, good people, but absolutely blind in regard to science, I thought again that I had chosen the correct tactics when I said that I explored the extrasensory influence only as a scientist. This "story" allowed me to get maximum information without drawing their attention to the information concerning the possibility or impossibility of internal vision and distant influence, let alone the possibility of displacement into the past or future, etc.

As I had supposed, it turned out that this laboratory had no picture at all of the nature of extrasensory phenomena, or even physics, but

just another scientific profanity, which hid a woeful ignorance of both, behind pseudo-scientific terms. Certainly, I was upset to find out about this state of affairs, which convinced me even more—I had to continue my researches without expecting either support, or help, from official science. And I continued my lone "sailing" through the ocean of the unexplored.

I understood that I could rely only on myself and that orthodox science would hardly accept my discoveries, if any, with open arms. Most likely so-called "science" would be the most severe enemy of everything I would do, but I hoped, all the same, that there would be true scientists who would appreciate truth rather than their own position. I did meet such people in my life, however, there were not so many of them.

It was my last attempt at addressing official science to find the answers. Unfortunately, the "science" appeared to be in the state of a "blind kitten" to a much greater degree than I. When you get into unknown territory, you should not ask the blind for help in finding the right direction. After this, I sought no further contact with official science and went my own way relying solely on myself...

I returned to Kharkov on Monday morning and went to work straight from the train. Last days of 1987 were ordinary, nothing special.

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On Thursday December 31st we worked only half a day, and after lunch I was already at home, in the room I rented then. Yet in the morning I had felt somewhat strange and in the evening I felt as if I was literally burning from within, although I did not have a high temperature.

This feeling was highly unpleasant, as though being flattened by a tank. The sense of "crushing" was very real. I barely crawled to my sofa and literally sprawled on it. I did not understand the reason why I felt like this. It did not look like a cold or 'flu; neither had I had pneumonia nor bronchitis. In this crushed state and with internal burning I met 1988. The next day I felt better, but, nevertheless, the internal burning did not disappear fully.

Only on January 2nd did I have the idea to search for the reason for the problem of my unusual state not in myself, but outside. To my surprise I found it almost at once. I was right; I felt like this not because of some infection, but because of some external influence and it was conscious and in tentional aiming at my physical elimination.

When I understood what was happening to me, I was able to block this destructive influence and managed to render harmless those who had influenced me. My "neutralizers" found themselves as if in strait-jackets. Thus stopping my terminators, I got the chance to talk to

them. I found out that my "angels of death" were sent from an external parasitic hierarchy, in order to investigate what had happened with one of the elements of their system, which they had created on Midgardearth.

As it turned out, the parasitic system, which I destroyed, had owners from far worlds, and it appeared that the problem of parasitism was not only on our planet, but a problem for both our galaxy and our Universe (and not only our Universe, as it turned out later). And these owners sent a fast-response group to Midgard-earth to redress the situation on the spot, to establish "order" and punish the guilty. As is clear from the above, the guilty in this case of "universal alarm" was me, and the messengers began to execute my punishment, which implied my physical elimination, and they did it quite industriously, taking full responsibility.

I was lucky, because by the time of my decisive actions, which resulted in complete elimination of the parasitic system, I had already reconstructed my brain and my body and created (as it turned out later) some very powerful and effective structures in my brain and many other things. That is why the actions of the fast-response group of space parasites did not result in my death.

Who knows what would have happened to me, if I had not fixed my eyes on the sky! But now, I can only guess about it, and I have no wish to go back to the past and look at how it would be if things had turned out differently. One way or another, I paid attention to the space terminators and, thanks to new qualities and structures of the brain I had created before, I succeeded in converting the hunters into the "game".

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I understood perfectly that those terminators were only "instruments" and followed orders, therefore their neutralization would not solve the problem, because their masters would send a new group instead, most likely more powerful and numerous. Therefore, the only way to prevent the appearance of more groups was to "settle the affair" with those who had sent them.

I had no alternative; nobody would give me time for thinking and preparation, therefore I decided to act immediately, with whatever level of readiness and abilities I had at that moment. You never know in such situations, whether you have enough forces, qualities, flexibility and mobility of mind to win such a war. Going into battle alone, you are absolutely unaware of what kind of a "dragon" you will fight, how

many "heads[2]" and how and with what weapon these "heads" can be separated from the "body". It is also unknown, how many "dragons" will fight against you, and also, whether they will adhere to the rules of the knight's ethics—when all together do not attack one on his own.

I have learnt from my own experience that all my enemies were not brought up on novels about knight's honour and military valour; they reminded me rather of a horde of hyenas which attack from the rear, falling upon their enemy when he is asleep, tired or injured. Therefore, I decided to act immediately against the whole system, without even waiting to recover from certain damages done by the first detachment of terminators. I had two choices—either to act at once and possibly win, or wait for the unknown and have to go into battle just the same when I least expected it: therefore, my chances to win would be considerably diminished.

I chose the first—not because I was absolutely self-confident and presumptuous—I simply had no alternative. When you have no choice, you have to act in conditions with many unknown parameters and to clear them up during your operations, as well as find new solutions in the very short term: to change yourself during the battle and create conditions for possible victory. The point is that in spite of the qualitative changes and transformations which I had done to myself, I had absolutely no idea about a lot of the phenomena I came across in those situations, whilst my enemies had.

It was perfectly possible that I had something my opponents lacked, but also they possessed a lot of qualities which I did not have. Everything that was unknown to me and that the other side owned was very dangerous for me. According to my conceptions, I created different systems of defense, which were very effective until they found loop-holes in my systems and delivered the blows there.

This state of affairs, when my enemies had characteristics and qualities which I lacked, or was unaware of, was tantamount to being defenseless. Therefore, they always struck their blows exactly where they could possibly eliminate me. My life was at stake in this "game". Being attacked, I had only a few seconds, sometimes less, to find the gap or breaches in my defense, which appeared as a result of enemies' blows aimed at my destruction, and I had to create the necessary properties and qualities, which I lacked, without leaving the field of battle. In this case it did become possible to patch gaps in my defense and give an adequate rebuff to my enemies, taking advantage of what I already

[2]In Slavic fairy-tales a dragon is called Zmey (snake) Gorynych. It has 3, 6, 9 or 12 heads that grow back if every single head isn't cut off. (E.L.)

had.

These flaws of mine, discovered in such unusual circumstances—with the help of the attacks of the opposing side—and new properties and qualities created on the battlefield allowed me to create something absolutely new that neither I, nor my enemies ever had. It all took place in action!

Certainly, I did it without knowing whether I would succeed or not, but all the same I had no alternative. If I had not done it, very likely to the great joy of some reading these words, nobody would have written them.

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However, whether someone likes it or not, for the time being I was able to find solutions in these kind of situations and that is why I can write these lines, thus arousing indignation in my enemies and ill-wishers, which causes me no concern whatsoever. Actually, I am grateful to my enemies who tried to destroy me—their actions aimed to kill me using my weak points, but instead indicated the failings in my defense and often involuntarily prompted the previously unknown to me information that allowed me to develop quickly.

When you go along an absolutely new way alone, you are unaware of what you are looking for and where to search for it. It is still like in a Russian fairytale—"go there, don't know where; bring that, don't know what!" In a situation like this, the actions of my enemies, who knew much that I had no idea of then, rendered me an invaluable service; indicating by their actions, my omissions or unknown things.

Certainly, my enemies "helpers" pursued a quite different end, but because of the fact that I succeeded in finding ways out of seemingly hopeless situations quickly, they became powerful catalysts of my development instead of destroying me. The secret of this paradox was that, when my enemies tried to destroy me, they influenced me, using their secret weapon and matters and structures, which I lacked or knew nothing about.

But, at the moment of application of those matters and structures, when they tried to destroy my bodies and structures, I began to scan and analyze them. As a result, I got the necessary information for creating new bodies and structures, and often it gave me missing "pieces of mosaic" to build something absolutely new. And quite often, these pieces, found in this way, allowed me to make a qualitative jump in my development. Indeed!

However, there were some unpleasant moments. Their actions against me were far from pleasant—they were aimed at my elimination and when they were carried out, they caused quite painful feelings accom-

panied by an enormous load on my organism and my brain; at that moment there was a partial destruction of the bodies of my spirit, structures of my brain, etc. Therefore, as I mentioned before, I had to act as quickly and effectively as I could to prevent them from completing their mission, otherwise, death expected me! So, I had to create new things in very hard conditions, very far from optimal. Besides, I had to solve the problem once and for all.

The neutralization of assailants could not solve the problem. It must be solved for good, i.e. I must "settle the matter" with that system, which repeatedly sent groups of terminators. Only after I had succeeded in solving the next problem fully, did I get the possibility of healing my own wounds and restoring the damage. Often, taking into account my new experience, I did not confine myself to simple restoration of the "old" me, like I was before this or that military operation, but I created in myself an absolutely new quality.

Indeed, who knows, how many years and may be lives I would have required to do what I accomplished, without these actions of my enemies, who wanted to see me dead by any means and sent newer and newer legions of their servants to achieve their aim...

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One way or another, I managed to sort my enemies out and understood in practice, in my own "skin", in a direct and figurative sense of the word, that what was happening in our Midgard-earth was controlled by external forces. It turned out that the creators of the parasitic system on Earth, which I had destroyed, reacted almost immediately upon its elimination. And the creators of this "ugly thing" were not from here. And we—terrestrial aborigines— did not have the least idea about this external "care".

None of the terrestrials knew anything about the existence of any "brothers of the mind", moreover they could not imagine that these "brothers" appeared to be universal parasites. Most likely, it was exactly these "brothers" who imposed upon us terrestrials, the idea that we were alone in the boundless Universe to facilitate their parasitizing of our civilization.

Taking into account that the level of development of Midgard-earth's civilization, to put it mildly, is not high, the purpose of these universal parasites is not technical "achievements", but quite another thing. But what might space parasites need from a planet with civilization at the initial stage of its evolution, which had not even completed its planetary cycle of development?!

The parasitic system, which I destroyed, was "engaged" in taking away from millions of people their life-force, their potential for devel-

opment. Certainly, earthly servants of the universal parasites used the part of stolen human potential, but the rest of it, through these servants, went to them! Otherwise, they would not have reacted to the elimination of the parasitic pyramid on Midgardearth!

It means that the evolutional potential of terrestrial mankind was an important strategic raw material. In fact they were the first, not the local social parasites, who began to "blitz" me after I had eliminated the parasitic system. So, the evolutional potential of the inhabitants of this, at first sight, undistinguished planet, located at the outskirts of our galaxy is the most valuable raw "material" here, because only this "article" is exported from it.

Later on I could verify it more than once, but it will be in the future, then, I was very surprised that it was precisely the evolutional potential of Midgard-earth's inhabitants that was of insatiable interest to interstellar parasites...

Chapter 12.

The third appeal to mankind

Except for New Year's "adventures", nothing special happened in January, 1988. Every day I went to my official work at the institute and dedicated the rest of my time to my own research. At the beginning of February a very noteworthy event happened. It made me reconsider many phenomena and see them from quite another point of view.

One day I was called. When I picked up the phone, a masculine voice informed me that I did not know him, but his friend, with whom I had met about a year ago in Kharkov, had asked him to give me some documents. We agreed to meet the same day at one of Kharkov's subway stations. He gave me a folder, we exchanged a couple of phrases and I neither saw nor heard anything of him, or the person who asked him to give me the folder ever again. When I opened it, I found the text of the "Third Appeal to Mankind"[1] given through Roerich[2] in 1929.

When I read this Appeal, I clearly understood all the information–it was so consonant with my whole being. As I have written before, I came to the same conclusions on my own. Therefore, I read with sincere interest about a cloud of antimatter, which was headed toward our solar system and destined to reach us in somewhere around five thousand years. When I received this Appeal, the term of fifty years, which the Coalition Observers' Group (COG) had determined was the time limit for mankind on Earth to take the necessary actions so that the Union of Civilizations of our galaxy could help us to protect ourselves from this cyclone, had already expired more than ten years ago. However, the situation in the world demonstrated to me clearly that neither the League of Nations, nor later the UN had acted upon or was about to react to this Appeal. Therefore we were all abandoned to our fate without any hope of help from the outside. Certainly, I was not happy at all after I realised this, but the deed was done or better to say not done!

[1] Nicolai Levashow The Final Appeal to Mankind

[2] Nicholas Roerich, (October 9, 1874 - December 13, 1947) also known as Nikolai Konstantinovich Rerikh was a Russian painter and spiritual teacher. He was the father of Tibetologist George (Yuri) Roerich and artist Svetoslav Roerich. Nicholas and his wife Helena Roerich were co-founders of the theosophical Agni Yoga Society. (E.L) (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nicholas_Roerich)

Those in power did not dare to accept the COG's terms–they feared losing their undeserved position just for the sake of saving the planet from some "mythical" death, which "allegedly" could happen in five thousand years! These people were never interested in anything except their own immediate interests. It was of absolutely no importance to them what would happen to humanity in five thousand years, but they were very concerned about their own power and position in society, which they were so reluctant to lose.

One way or another, on reading the Appeal, I decided to find out, first and foremost for myself, whether the information about the antimatter cyclone was a hoax. Unlike most people, who either do not accept any information at all or totally trust it, I had and still do have the ability to check up on this or that information using my own methods. Therefore, on reading about the antimatter cyclone moving toward the solar system, I decided to make sure, whether or not this anticyclone existed in reality.

As I wrote before, I had managed to find a method of displacing consciousness into space without the spirit exiting the body, which gave me unlimited possibilities to work in space. As the saying goes: "If the mountain won't come to Mohammed–then Mohammed must go to the mountain"! I do not consider myself to be Mohammed, but, nevertheless, the principle is the same. I do not move in space but change it around and inside me. It is tantamount to pulling space over me and... it "comes" to me.

One way or another–either I went out in space or space itself "came" to me–I began to search for the cyclone of antimatter and found it pretty quickly. Unfortunately, the information given in the Appeal was not a fake. The veracity of the information made me glad and sad at the same time. I was glad that the Appeal was real and distressed that this truth carried no joy.

The death of the whole of Midgard-earth's civilization, albeit in five thousand years, can not make any sane person happy. The understanding of the fact that those in power in this world will have doomed all civilization to death because of their petty ambitions can cause nothing but indignation and contempt for these monsters in human appearance.

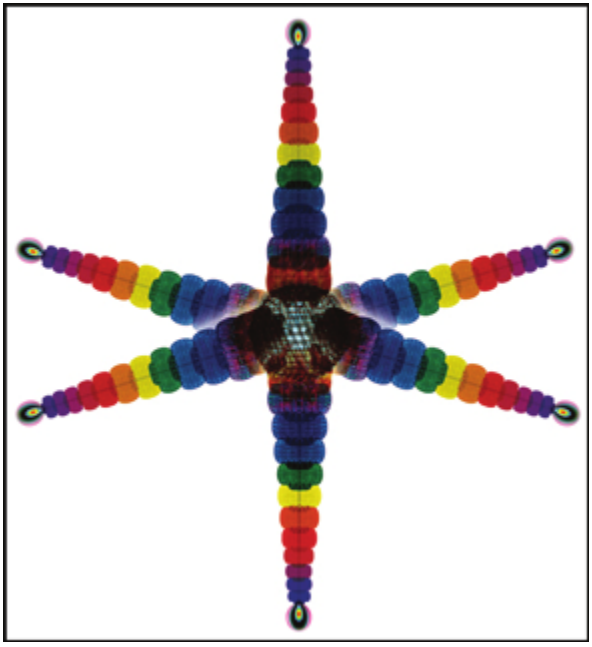
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But as the saying goes, what's done can't be undone. Of course, in this situation one can rant and rave and complain about the smallmindedness of people in power, but it will not help to solve the problem.

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In reality our Space-Universe, although of an enormous size, according to the concepts of the Earth's inhabitants, is finite in all directions.

Our Space-Universe is only a spatial "petal" with its own properties and qualities which, together with a great number of other "petal"-universes, forms an amazing spatial flower[3] –a six-ray[4].



Each of these "petal"-universes contains billons of billons of civilizations which create their hierarchies–the unions of civilizations. Together they have created a united hierarchy of the six-ray.

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The Council of the six-ray was held in an enormous amphitheatre which had six sectors corresponding to the number of rays. This amphitheatre was in open space and looked like an opened flower, a sex-foil lotus. Despite its enormous size, there was an impression caused by the curvature of space that everyone present was close, within an outstretched hand's distance.

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Certainly, the qualitative and quantitative composition of the anti-matter was different for every petal-universe because of the fact that

[3]Nicolai Levashow The Last Appeal to Mankind. Chapters 11, 12.

[4]A coined word signifying a spatial structure consisting of a center and six radiating branches or "rays."

each of these petal-universes was formed by different amounts of primary matters which, in addition, were arranged in different order.

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The six-ray had appeared as the result of an explosion in the area of contact of two space matrices. Primary matters of one and the same type liberated at the moment of the super-explosion were absolutely harmonious with each other. However, when they were distributed on the areas of space deformation, which also appeared at the moment of the super-explosion, and began to form one or another space-universe, these initially concerted matters began to interact with each other according to the conditions and laws of precisely that area of the curvature of the space matrix where the formation of this space-universe was happening.

Thus, the matter released during the super-explosion was forced to submit to the terms of that spatial area of deformation, where the formation of a specific space-universe of the six-ray had occurred. Therefore, when what were initially harmonious primary matters found themselves in different conditions, they periodically appeared in qualitatively anti-phase state towards each other. This was the reason why the cyclones of antimatter appeared either in one petal-universe or another.

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In order to solve the problem of these cyclones of antimatter it was necessary to co-ordinate all space-universes of the whole six-ray with each other and to create conditions for the maintenance of harmony of all matter within its limits. Besides, it was necessary to take into account the fact that the free primary matter, which formed 90but also the six-ray, moved between its "petals". The visible matter makes up only 10both "small" and "big" universes. It is free primary matter that determines the behavior of the matter which is visible to the human eye.

Therefore, in order to synchronize space-petals within the six-ray, it was necessary to synchronize precisely free primary matters within each other and that would result in the synchronization of all spaceuniverses in the six-ray... The synchronization of all space-petals should be done simultaneously. Only then was the success of the synchronization guaranteed. If it were not possible to carry out the synchronization of all space-universes of the six-ray simultaneously, a huge catastrophe would happen. Instead of solving the problem, there could be an even greater one.

It would seem that to solve the problem under these conditions was impossible! However, not everything which seems impossible at first

sight, in reality, is.

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Theoretically several creatures can influence synchronously, but the greater the number of participants, the lesser the probability of a successful termination of the job. Therefore, the best choice is–only one should carry out the influence. But there is a problem here–how it is possible for this creature to be in all "petal"-universes of the six-ray simultaneously and to carry out synchronous influencing, when these "petals" are so far from each other that no one would be able to give any idea about these distances, no matter how many zeros he may put on it?!

However, this problem appeared to be unsolvable only on the face of it, and only when using an ordinary approach. Each "petal"-universe of the six-ray was formed by the confluence of certain amounts of primary matters. Each body of a human spirit or any other reasonable creature also appeared as the result of the confluence of a certain number of primary matters. The more developed the man (creature), the greater the number of bodies that form his spirit and the greater the number of primary matters forming each subsequent body. Also, there is a certain order according to which the primary matters of each spirit body forms this body and in which they are themselves arranged. But, after the whole body of the spirit is formed, each body of the latter would have an unchanged qualitative and quantitative composition.

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In order to influence synchronously all space-universes of the six-ray, the creature must have a quantitative and qualitative structure of his spiritual bodies which would absolutely agree with the amount and qualitative structure of these space-universes. Only when the qualitative structure of the spirit of the influencing creature is identical to the qualitative structure of the six-ray, can the real possibility of fulfilling this harmonization occur!

In this case, the only problem can be the ability of the influencing creature to endure the load– the power which would pass through him–to achieve the harmonization of the six-ray. If the spirit and corresponding structures fail to sustain this power, the influencing creature will be simply burnt out and nothing will happen to the space. Here are prospects and risks for the influencing creature.

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All these states "knock out" concentration and affect the mood necessary for the implementation of this work and can result in the instability of the process of influencing. This is fraught with danger within

the scope of the six-ray. It is difficult to even imagine the level of responsibility for any action, especially, the fate of billions of civilizations that inhabit the six-ray space.

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The many "divine" acts described in religious books clearly reflect only human concepts about God, the Universe, and the creation of the latter. However, the concept of the Universe's structure, which I had already discovered, showed that "holy" books completely misunderstood the true state of affairs.

I found myself in a pretty critical situation. That, which I had already succeeded in understanding and doing, totally refuted the conceptions of both modern science and all world religions. Whether I wanted to or not, I had somehow placed myself in opposition to the rest of humanity with its concepts about the nature of the Universe, the origin of life and man himself. I had good reasons for doubting and worrying, as I unwillingly challenged the rest of the world.

There was nothing left for me except either to give up my own understanding and experience and adopt conventional concepts or continue to trust my own experience and understanding regardless of anything. I chose the second option, perfectly understanding in what situation I would find myself because of this decision. To assert independently that all the rest were wrong, whether they trusted in either God or modern science was tantamount to social suicide. It would include not only the possibility of evident and implicit mockery and accusations of madness, but also the possibility of quite relentless persecution from almost all sides. Well, I would not call this future enviable and optimistic.

Nevertheless, I chose this very way—not as it might seem, because of my excessive arrogance, but because modern science was not able to answer my simplest question and religion is only good for those who are afraid of taking responsibility for their own actions and instead put it on someone else, in this case, God. Any religion deprives man of the freedom of choice and his responsibility for what is happening. Besides, as I wrote before, I had succeeded in doing some things that would be interpreted by all religions as divine manifestation and a lot of other things which religious books did not even mention and had no idea about at all.

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I considered that faith in God appeared either at the initial stages of the development of a civilization, or as a result of the imposition of these concepts on primitive civilizations by social parasites. But it was also my understanding that others thought differently, independent of whether they trusted in God or in modern science.

Unfortunately in this situation I had no so-called "material" proofs of what I had done. But, I also was not going to prove anything to anyone. It was I who needed the proof in order that my concepts became my credo; and so that I had not so much as a shadow of doubt about the possibility that I could, accidentally, mislead anyone. My errors, if any appeared, should not become a snare for others—this was essential for me.

I always felt responsibility for my acts and could not allow self-deception or the deceiving of all those who would be interested in my concepts. Exactly this was the heaviest burden for me personally. Despite it, I continued my advance firmly convinced that sooner or later I would get the proof that what had happened to me was true, or I was mistaken. I, certainly, would like to believe in the former, which is quite understandable...

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However, if, due to your duties, you have to repeat this operation millions of times, you will be forced to execute one and the same action, despite the fact that you know it quite well and it does nothing new for the development of your soul. Similar routines give no creative inspiration. Moreover, it can "drown" a person who simply "gulps down" an ocean of equitype decisions and still has no time to do all that is necessary. Everything depends on how many equitype problems must be solved in a time unit. If there are too many such tasks, almost nobody would be able to do them, independent of how quickly this or that operator is able to act.

A special filter of the incoming information, which I created for myself, allowed me once and for all to solve this problem, which was seemingly impossible. One may ask—why make a fuss? If someone knows that two plus two is four, he can teach the others to act correctly and the problem is solved!

Certainly, if it concerns the arithmetic operation of addition, such approach is indeed a way out. However, even in this case, if millions of people repeatedly add two to two and do nothing else, it only will be a distribution of the equitype routine among many. Only millions or ten of millions will do it instead of one. Is it really the best decision?!

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That is why I found the only possible way out, at least for me. Thanks to it, I got the possibility to satisfy the responsibility incumbent on me and was able to save my own freedom of action, my creative freedom. I applied an absolutely new principle.

When my brain received information about a problem, the solution to which was unknown to me, this problem "emerged" on the level of my active consciousness and I began to solve it using my abilities to the maximum. When I succeeded in solving the new problem, its solution with all possible variants was placed in my personal data base: when my brain received the information about a similar problem, my double automatically went to solve it; on completion, he came back and the nuances of solving this problem enriched my "database".

Using this approach it became possible to advance, and this solution also made it possible to harmonize creation and responsibility, when the first does not interfere with the second, and the second—with the first. Only in this way did I succeed in solving the problem that had appeared so unexpectedly. After that I was able to continue my search for truth. I could not have imagined that this was only the beginning...

Chapter 13.

The contact?

Despite the above events my life went on as if nothing had happened. In the morning I went to work at the institute; my working days passed as usual. No one knew what had happened. And I told almost no one about my work and its results. Most people around me, notwithstanding how good they were, would not be able to assimilate this information correctly. It was just so far beyond common concepts, and I did not want anyone, having no idea about the issue, to consider me to be some kind of lunatic, suffering from megalomania.

I had no proof certified in "necessary places". Moreover, I needed neither approval nor support from anyone. In fact I did not do it so that someone would be entranced by me, or for praise. I always felt ill at ease when someone expressed his or her admiration for my work, even if the words were said sincerely. Any flattery, subtle or obvious, was always unpleasant for me and only caused indignation. Many people, who flattered me falsely, thought for some reason that I did not see it. Each person, doing so, was usually looking for personal benefit and thought that words of flattery would make me blind.

In fact, I observed a very interesting phenomenon. People knew that I could detect problems with their health very accurately, to a cellular and molecular level, and despite this they thought that I was unable to read their thoughts and intentions, even in those cases, when their "ingenious" projects were clearly visible with the naked eye. Usually I gave no sign that I could clearly see what their game was.

This phenomenon is like that of bank robbers. Every robber thinks that all other unfortunate bank robbers are fools, and that is why they failed, and he (she) has a genius level plan, which would guarantee "their robbery's" success one hundred percent.

Almost the same picture was observed when someone began to flatter me, subtly or overtly, having a "grandiose" plan in their head, on how to lull me into a false sense of security, "win" my favour through flattery, to obtain what they want. Usually, it concerns my healing activity (but not always), when a person looks for a way to get what he (she) needs without paying for it.

Sometimes, it happened that people received orders to uncover in-

formation about what I was able to do, use this information for blackmailing me in order to get me to assist in the accomplishment of their tasks. Sometimes, they managed to do it, when what they wanted from me coincided with that which I would do myself, because it corresponded to my own understanding of the situation and agreed with my own concepts of good and evil. Sometimes my "watchers", after they had studied my position and knew my keen sense of justice, used me blindfolded. But, this happened very rarely, and only at the beginning of my journey.

In fact, I understood perfectly that there would be a person or several persons from "the services" introduced into the circle of people around me. If they failed, they would recruit someone from those, who were already close to me. Almost at once I detected these people, only gave no sign. In fact, none of these people were bad and low by nature, because bad people were simply pushed to one side as they could not withstand my blocking influence.

On the contrary, "embedded" agents of "influence" were clever and mostly decent people. I did not unmask them, because I understood perfectly that another would come in their place and this would continue endlessly. Therefore, when I understood the rules of the game, I decided to pretend that I was unaware of who was who and what their aims were. I allowed these people to think that they controlled the situation fully, revealing to them only that information which I considered necessary and important to pass on to those behind them.

When for different reasons these people became witnesses to events, information about which should not fall into the wrong hands, such information "just" erased itself from their memory automatically. If these people had recording equipment, it reproduced nothing–the information which was not destined for the ears of strangers was erased. The disrepair of recording and transmitting equipment appeared only when it was needed. Sometimes it was necessary to disable the equipment fully to protect myself from excessive attention, but it was done rarely. Unfortunately, at that time I did begin to experience excessive attention.

One way or another, I succeeded in controlling the information that filtered back to "the services". As I understood it later, I succeeded in playing the part of "Ivanushka the fool" pretty well! In fact, it is unimportant who is considered to be the fool; but important to know who the real fool is!

By the way, about the word "fool" (in Russian "durak" [duːrʌk] – E.L). This word became a common name only with the arrival of Christianity to the land of the Ruses. Initially, according to the Vedic

concepts, the word "dURak" meant a person who was a disciple of the UR; and URs were hierarchs who voluntarily became the teachers of our ancestors, giving them cosmic knowledge after the catastrophe 13 016 years ago (for 2006). It is no accident that in Russian fairy-tales Ivanushka the fool appeared cleverer than the rest of the protagonists and won over all enemies with his keenness of wit.

I "fed" the people appointed to "look after me" only that information I considered to be necessary. Very often this allowed me to get feed-back, which was important to me. Often under my influence these people told the truth and for this purpose I needed no "injection of truth". When I needed that, people "simply" told the truth and only the truth; the honour and conscience woke up in them, albeit for a short time. Certainly, it happened, when there was still something to wake up.

Later I developed other very effective methods, but about them—another time, meanwhile I will go back to the spring of 1988...

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Knowledge of my accomplishments stayed with me and those who observed them personally and knew who was who. This position was convenient for me; I succeeded in avoiding megalomania. Someone may object on this occasion—they have their right, and my truth is that if I succeeded in doing something, I did not yell about it at every corner, I did not even yell about it at "special" corners, considering that I did not need to and that it was simply silly.

People, who suffer from megalomania, yell about their imaginary or real achievements anywhere they can, demanding acknowledgements and laurels. I never did it and for this reason I consider myself free from megalomania. Besides, what would be the point of yelling about my accomplishments, if most people were unable to understand their essence and "touch" the results?

Certainly, there was a possibility of unintentional self-deceit or deception on the part of participants in various actions. This was impossible to eliminate fully, but it did not mean that it was necessary to deny completely what had happened. If someone is unable to understand something, it does not mean that it cannot exist at all. At the same time, it is quite simply an impossibility to invent what had happened.

In order to understand this, it is enough to read modern science-fiction, where the best dreamers reflect their ideas about developed civilizations. Almost all of them cannot go farther than those concepts, which they got being reared on Midgard-earth—if a civilization

is more developed, it means the presence of more sophisticated space technology and armaments. Almost none of the science-fiction writers understand the realities of space hierarchies in the Universe. Everything that happened to me was very far from the ideas popular in those circles.

After all, I was educated in the same conditions and under the same concepts. And, therefore, if it were my subconscious activity, my brain would give out patterns common to all (including me). But nothing of the kind took place. Everything that happened was, above all things, a surprise to me, which implies that it cannot be a lie. But, nevertheless, I always kept that feeling of healthy scepticism on every occasion, because it was impossible to get confirmation of the verity, even of those events which happened within the limits of our planetary system...

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Soon after the events described above I "got" farther into space. Constantly reconstructing my brain and spirit, I succeeded in creating qualities which allowed me to get beyond the limits of the six-ray. It appeared that our six-ray was only one of numberless spatial "knots" in the so-called space matrix. These "knots" are located in spatial "honeycombs"—where each of the six-rays is like an atom located in a cell in the lattice, if the latter had the requisite honeycomb structure.

What kind of "bees" created these space "honeycombs"?!

No matter how strange it will seem to anyone, I would say that these "bees" are nature itself, or more precisely, the simplest laws of harmony between the properties and qualities of space and the properties and qualities of matters which fill this space. The so-called space matrix is a Mobius strip made of spatial "honeycombs". The beauty and grandeur, elegance and perfection, of this creation of nature is amazing. A person, who once saw it, would never be able to forget it. But that matrix space, in which one six-ray very like ours is only one insignificant "atom", is only one of the numerous layers of the space "pie"!

Here we have the explanation of the absurdity of the idea of God!

In all terrestrial religions God creates the Universe..., but this Universe acquires exactly the form which coincides with the concepts of people looking at the night sky and observing stars, planets and other phenomena within sight. And for some "reason" the Universe created by God corresponds exactly to these concepts of man! It is nonsensical—God creates the Universe according to human ideas about it. And human ideas about the Universe were and are very far from what it is in reality.

That part of the Universe, known to man here on Midgard earth,

at this stage in our civilisation's development, (which is reflected in various religions), is only a tiny part of our Universe, and this in turn is as a grain of sand in the real Universe. And even this comparison will be very conditional; in reality, the correlation is yet more impressive. I am talking only about the scale of the Universe known to me at the beginning of 1988!

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At the beginning of spring an elderly woman arrived for treatment from Sverdlovsk. She had a pretty large cancer tumour in the area of the solar plexus. She asked me to relieve her of this tumour and, in the meantime, began "agitating" for me to join her group which had made contact with highly developed extraterrestrial civilizations.

I already had some idea of extraterrestrial civilizations, and it was clear to me that this woman did not have contact with them. I asked her to tell me about how it happened. And here is her story...

She retired after she had worked as an accountant all her life. She had a lot of free time and decided to dedicate it to the development of her spirituality. She decided to try to establish contact with higher forces and, for unclear reasons, decided to do it by means of a circle wherein she wrote down letters of the Russian alphabet, and a coin, which executed the function of a pointer. In a state of trance her arms moved the coin, pointing to one or another letter. They converted into words, and the latter into sentences.

When I observed how she did it for the first time, her hands moved so quickly, that neither I nor anyone else could follow her. It was impossible to see how words were formed from the letters, etc. Most likely, the circle with letters and the coin served as a method of entry into the state of trance, when she became a conductor of the information. I had no doubt that she received the information from outside.

However, I quite strongly doubted that she received the information from extraterrestrial civilizations, because the level of development of her spirit did not reach necessary qualitative state. It was clear to me, but my understanding would have meant nothing to her. If I had told her about it, most likely she would have thought that I envied her: I understood and did not do it. I only asked her, whether she had any confirmation about the veracity and exactness of the information she got with the help of such a channel?

She answered me in the following way. Through this channel she and her group received warnings about different incidents beforehand. And all these reports came true and they had no reasons to doubt the correctness of the rest of information after they received such confirmations.

The thought flashed through my mind: "come on, try to prove your case, and she will think at once that I simply want to "slander" all the achievements of her group". But, her cancer tumour in the solar plexus, my own experience and my knowledge about some issues told me that she and her group had become a toy in someone's very capable "hands".

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I managed to find a way to show this woman the real state of affairs and to avoid an accusation of (non-existent) envy. One day I gathered a group of several persons and invited this woman too. I introduced everyone to each other and asked her to talk about her method and results. Later I asked her whether I could establish a contact through her with anyone whom I knew, or could she only make contact with "hers"? She answered positively and said she could contact anyone, and she only needed to know the name of the creature with whom I wished to establish contact. This answer further convinced me of the rightness of my suppositions; but I told her nothing about it.

I "covered" myself. I did not want to frighten off or put possible deceivers on their guard; put on the "clothes" of Ivanushka the fool and gave it (my disguise) a name. She prepared for the contact and..., we started! I asked questions, got answers... and these answers did not come even close to the answers of the real creature that I knew. It was clear to me from the beginning that the creature, which answered my questions, was not the one with whom I had wanted to establish contact.

But, wrong answers to my questions were not the only criterion which showed me the presence of a hoax. Every creature, with whom I was acquainted, had a name which reflected his level of development. Therefore, the name and the creature were, in principle, a single whole, a unique code which was almost impossible to counterfeit. In order to counterfeit such a personal code, a falsifier must possess a very high level of development, considerably higher than the level of development of the creature, whose name is to be used. Thus, it makes no sense for a highly developed creature to pretend to be the other less developed creature. Besides, according to cosmic law, a very severe punishment is due for such an action, almost the same, as for the creation of holographic camouflage—the complete erasing of the spirit.

So, those who know these laws will never do a similar thing—it is simply not worth doing. Therefore, if someone does it, he is obviously not a highly developed creature and he is certain of his complete impunity. And such confidence in one's own impunity can only be the case when an infringer of cosmic laws is absolutely confident that no

one will know about his sins. There is simply no one to report. But, as the saying goes, even a wise man stumbles.

Thus, it was clear to me from the beginning of the contact that quite another creature was with us; but I did not rush to unmask an impostor. I wrote down the questions and answers of this contact for the protocol. Once or twice I asked this woman how everything was going. She answered that everything was just perfect. It was important for me that she had the proof in her own "hands" that someone played a foul game with her.

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When there were enough questions and "answers", I decided that it was time to show the "trump card". Instead of asking the next question I asked the answering creature, why he pretended to be someone else. The creature began to assure me that he was exactly the creature that he purported to be. After this assurance I "uncovered" myself and created an insuperable barrier around the creature. And repeated the question again: who was he and why did he pretend to be another creature.

After that this creature stopped disowning and said that his name was Milon and he was sent to fulfill the following task: being on Midgard-earth's mental level (the fourth material level according to my system) he was to "pick up" all those who were able to "break the egg-shell" there. And, if these "chickens" believed in God he should declare himself to be this God or a messenger of the latter, if the "chickens" believed in the extraterrestrial intellect he should pretend to be a representative of the latter, which, by the way, was not so far from the truth.

Only the representatives of this extraterrestrial intellect are peculiar—they are parasites.

The purpose of these creatures and even of whole civilizations is parasitizing on the potential of those who possess the latter, but are unaware of what is it and how to use it. Milon did exactly this, contacting this woman and her group. When he was "pinned" and had nowhere to escape, he began to testify, trying to justify his disgraceful acts. He claimed that he did nothing "felonious"— he "simply" took away from fools what they had, but never used.

Milon tried to show that his actions caused no harm to anyone, that he took "only that", which no one needed and herein there was no violation of cosmic laws. It was not his fault that these people had no understanding of what they had and therefore did not use it. It would be a shame, he said, if such a treasure disappeared, because its owners had neither understanding, nor knowledge, of what they possessed. To

take the "unnecessary" was not a crime: that was how this pilferer defended himself. Besides, he said that he executed these actions carrying out the order of his higher bosses. It was their needs for which he collected the unused potential for development of Midgardearth's aborigines. He tried to pretend to be a dependent "cog", with no responsibility for the orders he received.

Here he was partly right. He carried no responsibility for orders given to him, but he carried the most direct responsibility for his actions in executing these orders. As for the inoffensiveness of his actions, he, to put it mildly, suffered a very "strange" myopia. The potential for development of people deceived by him is neither a cobble nor a gold nugget, which "lies" who knows where until a person who understands the value of this nugget, finds it and is able to use it for the sake of "world revolution". Although the "benefactors" of the "world revolution" are not from here, the essence of their "care" is the same.

There are local and foreign, in our case—extraterrestrial, parasites, but the essence is the same; their methods and aims are identical. In fact, instigators and producers of certain events are the same too; I understood this much later... This exchange of information between me and Milon was conducted through this woman. It was she who transmitted Milon's answers, so, it was impossible to accuse me of distortion or falsifying of facts.

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Instead of spiritual enlightenment, an elderly woman from Sverdlovsk got alien brainwashing. "Good" aliens "picked" her up and "robbed" her, in the direct and figurative sense of the word— and not only her but also all those who were in her group.

Unfortunately, a lot of people, who have accumulated their potential of development, appear to be in the state of hatched "chickens". They were able to accumulate a necessary potential of development in order to "force through" a qualitative barrier to the fourth material level of Midgardearth (the first mental level), but not enough to facilitate operating at this level correctly.

One should have knowledge and understanding of the laws of nature which govern on other levels, as well as methods and principles of action on these levels. Unfortunately, people who open the "doors" to other qualitative levels of the planet, take the skills and concepts of our physically dense level with them; without any understanding of the fact that these do not work in other qualitative conditions. And parasites, both "local" and "cosmic", immediately use this childlike blindness, which (the blindness) is fully natural at a certain level of development.

These parasites, independent of their type, are very interested in keeping people in this blindness and ignorance as long as possible, better still—forever!

They use a very effective method for this purpose. Depending on the psycho-type of the recently "hatched" person, they begin to carry out a psychical "processing", in order to see his weak points. Usually it happens like this. First, parasites scan the brain of a freshman to know his ideas and affections. If a freshman believes in God, they appeared before him on behalf of this God or pretend to be the latter. If a freshman believes in the existence of alien civilizations—they declare themselves to be the representatives of the latter without specifying to what type of civilization they belong.

Most people, who are waking up now, consider for some reason that if they establish a contact, that this is possible only with light forces and light civilizations. Most likely, this happens because in the literature available to them, as well as in generally accepted ideas, a concept that the mental levels of our planet correspond to a high level of spiritual development is insistently imposed upon people. Therefore, these people automatically place all creatures, beings on these levels, in a category of spiritually highly developed creatures or in the category of Gods and angels.

None of them understand that the overcoming of all six qualitative barriers of Earth (gaining of six bodies of the spirit) does not mean their merging with nirvana and completion of evolution. It means only that this person has completed the zero planetary cycle of development, that he (or she) has only got rid of the planetary evolutional captivity and is ready to "open" the next chapter of his life and development—the galactic stage of his movement forward.

Any person would be surprised if a traveller stopped at the threshold of his own house after he had "fitted" the keys in the right order to open all six doors and go outside.

Certainly, if a creature is able to "open" the fourth "door" of our house-planet, he will have a higher level of development, than a creature, who is only able to "open" the third "door". And, if someone is able to "open" the fifth "door" of Midgard-earth, he will have a higher level of development than a creature, who is able to "open" only the fourth "door", etc. That is right, but it does not mean that the "dwellers" of all these levels can be necessarily referred to as light forces and bring only light. It is a very dangerous error for which many people pay with their health and sometimes, their life.

Moreover, much worse things can happen. Parasites can fully destroy the spirit (soul) of a creature, who got into such a trap, and

sometimes convert it into a slave, turning him into the source of their potential. In order that their potential victims "go" readily to their arms, parasites apply a very widespread psychological trick. To dissipate mistrust between them and their victims, parasites give reliable information which can easily be checked at the terrestrial level and which renders a strong emotional influence. Usually it is the information about forthcoming catastrophes and natural calamities.

After a victim confirms the exactness of given information, parasites begin to pass false information, impossible to check. However, after getting the verifiable information, the victim carries his trust over to information which he is unable to check. I think that there is no need to explain, what kind of information, impossible to check, is given.

Also parasites use another very effective method; they "throw dust in the eyes" of their victim which allows both the robbery of the evolutional potential and the destruction of the victim's mentality and personality. In order to keep their victim firmly in place, parasites begin to reveal to them that they are chosen by them on purpose, that this is their fate, that only they deserve to conduct their information for the "good" of all humanity.

The difference in the "message" is insignificant. If their "client" believes in God, parasites announce that God has chosen them because only they truly believe in him and only they deserve his attention and salvation. If a person believes in extraterrestrial life, the same parasite will declare himself a representative of this or that civilization and begin to "sing a song" about a very important role which his victim must fulfill to rescue terrestrial civilization.

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The most interesting thing is that people, who fall under such an influence, do not even notice the obvious nonsense given to them. For example, "alien" civilizations contacting through one or another channeler call themselves the civilization from, for example, the constellation of The Swan or Orion or the Great Bear. These terrestrial channelers take it as "goes without saying". But, these are purely the terrestrial names of constellations, which an observer sees from the surface of Midgard-earth.

Planets and stars of every civilization have their own, "local" names, not terrestrial. It is highly possible that they have neither swans nor bears, and even if they do, they would, probably, give them their "local" names without any borrowings from Midgard-earth.

Besides, a map of the stars seen from one inhabited planet differs dramatically from that seen from another. Therefore, if they unite stars in constellations, the number of stars and their location cannot

possibly correspond to terrestrial concepts. Moreover, the uniting of different stars in constellations is a characteristic of civilizations at the initial levels of development which have their planetary cycles (of development) uncompleted.

In fact very often there are enormous distances between the stars in any constellation, and sometimes, in reality, a star of the "constellation" appears to be a very remote galaxy, which involves billions of stars of its own and its size is considerably larger than the size of our universe.

Therefore, if there is a contact with real representatives of another civilization, they give no names, neither theirs, nor terrestrial, which is for them simply foolish. Instead, they pass a volumetric hologram of their system with the points of reference, considering the spatial position of Midgard-earth. And if the representatives of other civilizations introduce themselves as messengers from the constellation of Swan or any other, it means only one thing—those who establish the contact begin to play nasty games with all the ensuing consequences.

One way or another I will touch upon the subject of extraterrestrial contacts, and for a while I will come back into the spring of 1988...

Chapter 14.

Ready for superabilities?

In case of the elderly woman from Sverdlovsk I had succeeded in proving to her that the information given through her group was false and I hoped that she would not repeat the error and leave the unreliable and dangerous practice of establishing contact alone. However, I had wrongly supposed, based on her level of development, that she could not have contacted an extraterrestrial civilization.

In reality she did make contact—only with the representative of an extraterrestrial civilization, who settled himself comfortably on her exact terrestrial planetary level. It is also true that this alien Milon was a catcher-parasite of people, who had just "hatched" from their evolutional "eggs". It turns out that not every contact, even with an alien, promises positive results and possibilities for spiritual development...

In May, 1988 I had my next vacation. I went to my homeland to visit my parents. Also I spent a week in Sochi, where I had several friends. They booked me a room in a very good hotel in the center of Sochi and managed to get me a pass to visit the hotel "Zemchuzina"'s beach, where there were no great crowds of holiday-makers as there were at public beaches.

But I did not waste my time lying on the beach due to reasons I mentioned before. I spent a greater part of my time in discussions and conversations on my favorite subjects since I had interesting interlocutors. The only event that was worth attention during my vacation was a direct contact with "wild" dolphins of the Black sea. When I entered the water, I asked them to skip the energy of water through me—they controlled the energy of water with amazing skills.

When the stream of water-energy ran through my body, a very interesting phenomenon was observed. I lay on my back, the stream of energy went through my body, it rose to the very surface (I lay motionless) and began to revolve around the axis which passes through the solar plexus. It was very unusual and next time I invited my friend to observe this phenomenon. Everything repeated again...

On my returning from vacation, I continued my own researches and private practice, in my free time from the "official" work in the research institute. It was in 1988 that I had the idea of writing my

first book—The Last Appeal to Mankind. Exactly then I wrote the third chapter of this book—"Psi-fields in nature and in the evolution of intelligence". Certainly, what I wrote then was not the chapter of the book yet. It was a single article. Later on, this article became the third chapter of my book. Then I also wrote a poem, which I placed in the book. After I had written this article, I understood that it was not enough, I should write a book, wherein I decided to expound my understanding of laws of the Universe.

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At this time some of those whose brain I had modified, failing the test of possessing the abilities which they received together with the brain modification, moved away from me and began to "bathe" in the rays of their new abilities. I became an obstacle for them, because they could not "shine" in my presence, as much as they wished. It was a surprise to me, when people told me that someone of their acquaintance, whose brain structures I had modified less than a year ago, confidentially "shared" with them the information that she saw human internal organs since her childhood, traveled to the past and future and visited another planets!

How nice! I did not know that she was less than one year old—I made a qualitative modification of her brain, in 1987 and only then did she see both her own brain and other people's internal organs for the first time in her life, I also shifted her along the scale of time and she saw other worlds for the first time. The most interesting fact was that neither she nor my other students could travel in time and space independently. For this they would have had their own potential and their own knowledge and skills.

In order that they could do it I had to bring them into necessary qualitative state and keep them in this state so that they would not "fall" out of an event. In fact, they were observers, who were very important, but not determinative. To a greater degree they played the role of "passengers." Certainly, their own potential allowed them to put themselves into the state of internal sight and obtain information about the state of the internal organs of humans, but they were not able to travel in time and space independently.

Nevertheless, even their participating in events as "passengers" developed their sense of selfimportance very quickly. They behaved normally in my presence, but, when they were among other people, they began to create a halo of grandeur around themselves. Gradually I became for some of them a "thorn in the flesh", an impediment to the creation of their "divine" halo. Besides, some "well-wishers" helped them to do it. They eulogized them and begged for help. Often this

help was required in affairs very far from being virtuous. But they were paid well for it, they were "respected", they had felt their "force" and saw evident confirmation of their "power", as well as other people saw it.

It appeared that not everyone could pass the test of new "superabilities" as a result of the qualitative change in brain structures, or as I would say—brain modification. A lot of them craved that the rest of the world should know about it, they desired acknowledgement and corresponding "deserved" recompense. In other words, megalomania was developing. I never could understand this reaction. In fact their "superabilities" appeared as a result of the brain modification which I did for them. Before, they had nothing of the kind! These abilities were not their own achievements; they were a gift!

Why not simply use this gift and do something good, although relatively small, but useful!? In order to do anything greater, it is necessary to accumulate experience, to learn to use these abilities correctly, to develop them. But time and labour is needed for this, a lot of labour. And they wanted to have everything immediately.

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Partly, this was my fault and my responsibility. When, observing my actions, they wanted to do the same, I tried to support them, not create an inferiority complex in them. I tried to encourage them, saying that if they went through everything that I had gone through or went further, they would reach what they desired. It was true, only for some reason they thought that it would be very easy and that they already could do more than I.

Most likely, the outward appearance of ease with which I operated played a wicked trick on them. Besides, their participation in my work as observers also created an illusion that it was pretty easy. It seemed to me that it would be incorrect to "rub their noses in it" when they made mistakes; it could result in an inferiority complex. I thought that they would understand what it was all about, but it did not happen.

I did not allow the eulogizing of me and did not eulogize them. I felt this kind of behaviour to be a sign of small-mindedness and foolishness. I considered that it was necessary to work instead of "bathing" in the rays of one's illusive "grandeur." I was always interested in solving the problem and not in what this solution would bring me personally. From my personal experience I can say that those problems, which I succeeded in solving, brought me nothing except for small or big troubles. I mention this as a fact and not in order to "cry on someone's shoulder." In fact, I did not expect any other reaction to my deeds.

I understood perfectly that many (if not all) of my actions had

stuck in the "throat" of both "local" and "foreign" parasites. It did not stop me, on the contrary, every time I was certain that I had done everything correctly. Someone may well ask: who gave me the right to decide what was evil and what was good? The answer is simple: I always considered that the prevention of something bad was, in itself, positive and needed neither approval nor permission from anyone.

In fact, you would not be running around different offices in order to gather permissions to rescue a drowning child. Probably, you would manage to get permission, but that would hardly help the child—most likely, he would have drowned. There are situations, when you should act immediately without waiting for someone's approval or support. You should assume your own responsibility instead of waiting for someone else to decide for you, especially in cases when those who take decisions will never make the right one, because it is extremely unprofitable for them.

After my "students" had received from me their qualitatively changed brain, they wanted eagerly to be immediately generally recognized for what they did not do; and to which they had only become loose witnesses. More precisely, they thought that they were able to do the same, as I did. Certainly, there were those, who began to give them what they desired so much. Flattery was "honey" to their souls. In the course of flattery they were asked to do some "insignificant" things. For example, their flatterers needed that a very bad person did one or another thing, or it was necessary that a yet more "terrible" person would free the world from his presence.

I hope that everyone understands—similar requests seasoned with flattery are nothing but pure provocation and a test for "weakness." It is like, when someone has no wish to start smoking or drinking and is told that he (she) is a "mama's darling" and is too feeble to break parents' rules. Unfortunately, most people immediately rush to prove that their parent's opinion does not matter to them and they are grown ups and there is no problem in them having a drink or smoking a cigarette and..., demonstrate it readily. The like of this happened with persons who got qualitatively new abilities after modification of their brain. They wanted very much to prove to the whole world that they were special and were ready to grasp any offer to be acknowledged by others.

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I observed this phenomenon more than once. For example, Natalia A. was one of the first persons, whose brain I modified at the end of 1987. She possessed excellent natural inclinations. After her brain transformation she was able, perfectly, both to see with the help of

her brain and to receive telepathic information. Her genetics was very dynamic, and I succeeded in transforming her brain very quickly. The new abilities of other people, who went through brain transformation, were less bright. For example, their telepathic capabilities were not strong enough to receive transmitted information accurately. But, very soon she wanted to be "the great" Natalia. Some elements of this had appeared before, to which I drew her attention, but my remarks only irritated her.

In the end of 1987 she was present at my work with a woman, who had fourth stage breast cancer. In fact, I have always considered the action of showing one's abilities at any given moment, to be tactless. I consider that to talk about someone's health problems is convenient only when a person asks my opinion. To my mind, it is indecent and incorrect to "play the oracle" about problems with health of everyone in the room right off one's own bat.

I did not need such "authority" and excessive attention. Why "get heavy" with people declaiming your "peculiar properties"? From my point of view this is a cheap trick. They say that any initiative is punishable, especially if it is based on ignorance. Her case was not an exception. In three days she called me in a state of panic. The point was that she had a tumor in the same place, where this woman had her breast cancer. Over three days her tumor had reached a pretty big size.

She was so scared of the possible consequences that she swallowed her pride and asked me to help. I helped her, but this taught her nothing. She simply began to avoid patients with cancer with out understanding that it was not enough to see the problem. It is necessary to understand, what you see, to know how to solve the problem and be able to do it. And any, even the smallest, error or misunderstanding can result in the loss of your own health and even life. It is one thing to be an observer and quite another to be an active participant. After these events, unexpectedly for her and without any apparent reason, her father died and soon her brother was involved in a serious car accident and was in the intensive care unit with a very serious cranial-cerebral trauma. He had one of his brain's arterial vessels damaged and the resulting haematoma grew pretty quickly and in a couple of days he died.

After this, I had a serious talk with her and explained the real reason for these deaths from my point of view. In my opinion, she had meddled in some dirty business and what had happened was directed toward her. But due to the fact that she was strong enough, it ricocheted on people close to her—her father and brother—who were genetically weaker.

My words only made her angry, especially, when I said that I could not allow her to act like this using the brain structures which I created for her. I considered then and consider now that I carry responsibility for those to whom I give new qualities and abilities.

My position about this made Natalia A. challenge me, with "Who are you to tell me what to do!?" I was taken aback a little, but explained nothing more. I only said that I would take away what I had created for her, but everything she had had before would remain with her, if there was anything left afterwards.

I noticed one very "strange" feature. After I create for someone properties and qualities, which he never had before, the person "forgets" about it very quickly and thinks that nothing can happen to them.

Evidently, Natalia A. thought that everything would remain with her, because she considered her newly acquired qualities to be only hers. I did as I said and as far as I know, after it, nothing special manifested in her. My gift appeared to have been a very heavy load for her, which squashed her because of the immaturity of her soul.

Exactly after this case, from the beginning I began to put in a program of self-abolition and I always warned everyone, whose brain transformation I did, what was possible and what was impossible to do, using new qualities and abilities, according to my views! Moreover, I explained, why it was impossible to do something. And if someone, due to misunderstanding, even thinks of something unacceptable for realization, such a program of action would be blocked.

If the like of this happens three times, action would be blocked every time, and after the third time the system would be cancelled and a person would come back to the qualitative state which he had before my interference. I called this the principle of the "goldfish"[1]—persons unprepared morally and spiritually to new qualities and abilities finally get the "broken washboard"... The crux of matter is that I did not have the possibility, time or desire to look after each person, who passed through my "procedure".

Some may say that it is necessary to see what to give and to whom!

[1]From the famous Alexander Pushkin's tale The Tale of the Fisherman and the Fish. The tale tells about a fisherman who managed to catch the Golden Fish which promised to fulfil any his wish in exchange for letting it go. The old man did not want anything, and let the fish go. But his wife did. She sent him to ask the fish for a new their washboard, the next day for a new house, then for a new palace... She wanted to become the ruler of her province, to become the Tsarina and finally to become the Ruler of Sea to subjugate the golden fish completely to her boundless will. The fish cures her greed by putting her back in the old cottage and giving back the broken washboard. (E.L.)

However, it is impossible to guess beforehand, how a person will behave in one or another situation, especially, when he (or she) receives these absolutely new, unknown qualities and abilities. One must not deprive the person of freedom of choice, of the possibility of making the correct decision, thereby winning over himself and his temptations, even if he does it at the last moment.

There were cases, when after getting new qualities and abilities, an "exemplary" in every respect person, manifested a side of himself which was never observed in him before. Sometimes a person leads a regular life only because it is profitable for him, wearing the mask of a decent man. And, in absolutely new conditions—getting new qualities and abilities—the necessity for this mask disappears, and his real personality oozes up to the surface. Is it possible to see the mask or weak points in man before temptations? It is possible in principle, but one cannot deprive even such people of the chance to make the right decision at the last moment.

One way or another, when used wrongly, a new qualitative structure created by me rolls up. It is my concept of justice. I neither assert nor insist that my concepts are the best. But they are my concepts and I am responsible for what I give to others, and therefore I will continue to act like this until something makes me use another approach. I will later return to this subject more than once and now back to the events of that time...

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Besides the events described before, in the spring-summer of 1988 some other interesting events happened, which, although they could be referred to as being in the purely terrestrial category, were not quite ordinary. In June one gentleman found me through my friends, asking me to rescue his wife who was at death's door in one of the hospitals of Kharkov. She had a very bad form of meningitis, medical treatment gave no result, and the doctor in charge of the case informed her husband that nothing could be done and warned that she could die within the next few days. Exactly after this he found me and appealed to me to save his wife's life.

I promised him nothing until I could check the reaction of his wife to my influence. He immediately organized it so that I could visit her in the hospital; the doctor in charge of the case had no objection, because he was absolutely sure of the deplorable end and disbelieved that anyone, particularly a "healer," would be able to do anything in such a heavy case. It was all the same to me whatever kind of opinion had the doctor about me. After the first session this man's wife felt a lot better, and after several sessions she regained consciousness and ...

began to recover quickly.

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Almost at the same time, I came across another manifestation of the use of black magic, which does not exist according to modern science. A gentleman asked me to help in a quite unusual situation. Here is his story. One day he gave a lady a lift. In gratitude for his help she invited him in for a cup of tea. This tea appeared to be very expensive to him. They had a chat. Some facts did not escape the woman's attention—he had his own car and very well-paid work. Evidently, he seemed an adequate candidate for her to get her hands on. After tea she invited him into her bed, which, most likely, fully coincided with his own desire.

Unfortunately for him, it did not turn out to be just a "little" adventure away from home. This woman gained complete power over him—he was converted into her slave. At her demand he arrived and brought her money. Sometimes she rewarded his "exemplary" conduct by access to her body. Occasionally it took place in the presence her husband, a Georgian by nationality. This man (the victim) understood everything, but could do nothing about the situation. As he told me, he loved his wife and children but his feet "drove" him to this woman again and again against his will. And he asked me, whether I could help him in this situation.

After scanning the situation I understood that he told the truth and that he was under the influence of female black magic. Usually, in order to bewitch a man the woman's menstrual blood is used, in which there is an enormous amount of female hormones. Usually, this blood is added into soup, tea or coffee together with a code of control through the subconscious, and.., if a man is receptive enough to this kind of influence he is doomed to be under the complete control of this woman. In a case when the "black magic woman" carries out the ritual herself, the control force is maximal—which exactly happened with this man.

Certainly, he is partly responsible for this "little" adventure, but in some situations a man is not able to resist the female sexual influence, especially, if she possesses a very powerful personal force. Moreover, this female sexual influence intensifies considerably, when the man is in the mood to flirt a "little." In other words, in this state the man is maximally open to such sexual influence from the side of the woman, and "heavy artillery" with the use of menstrual blood makes him an easy prey for purse hunters.

When I understood the cause in this case, I removed the unnatural dependence of this man from his subconscious and he got rid of it

forever. I also created for him a protection against similar influence in the future. From my point of view, any manipulation of man with or without the use of his (or her) weaknesses is inadmissible under any circumstances: especially when it concerns the so-called love magic. The only love magic, which I consider to be possible, is that, which is based on real feelings between man and woman, when people are not under the rule of hormones, but are guided by high spiritual feelings, when an intimate relationship is never determinative for them, when the union of souls occurs...

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The summer of 1988 was my last summer in the glorious Russian city of Kharkov. In the middle of July I handed in my resignation and discharged myself from the institute. There were several reasons for this. First, my work at the institute gave me no personal prospects. My own researches were in no way related to that, in which I was engaged in the department. My institute salary was very insignificant. My private practice gave me enough for living and at the same time left me time for the search for truth.

There was another reason, why I left Kharkov. In the spring of 1988 I met a woman, who as I thought then, could understand what I did, and would follow the path of truth with me. Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov introduced us. One day in March he asked me to meet a "cosmic" woman. We came to her in the city of Vidnoe near Moscow. There I first met Mzia Solomonia. Her health was sapped by her healing work, because she took everything upon herself. After she became exhausted, most of her "admirers" disappeared, leaving her alone with her problems.

She had two children; one of them was a little daughter several months old. I felt sorry for this woman and offered her my help to solve the problem with her health. I conducted the healing session and began to call her from time to time and we conversed quite a lot. Her special feature was the ability to go out from the body, with her spirit, and she remembered what happened to her there. I asked her to marry me and take up common cause together. Unfortunately, it was my error. She betrayed me several times and appropriated some results of my work, whereupon, I decided to leave her. I have no desire to go on with this subject, because I cannot say anything good about her and have no wish to say (more precisely, to write) bad things. She was my second wife.

I was engaged to my first wife for five years; we married and divorced at the beginning of 1987.

The main cause of this, my first divorce, was her parents fear that

my healing activity could draw serious trouble to them, and they found the best way out of this situation—our divorce. However, they waited until the divorce could not influence their daughter's assignment after she graduated from the institute, otherwise she could get work in some remote place[2]. I divorced my second wife because she betrayed me and appropriated some results of my work because of her purely professional envy. But it was for the better. My fate led me to the meeting with a woman, who was my promised, my second me—to my Svetlana, who became not only my wife but also my friend and comrade-in-arms—but about it later, in due time.

In July of 1988 I moved to Moscow and only in September I received a one-room apartment in Kharkov. All the time that I lived in Kharkov, including my student years, I had to rent rooms in flats, where lady-pensioners dwelled. Only when I moved from Kharkov to Moscow did I finally get my tiny apartment. Quite a quirk of fate!

I did not register in the apartment of my second wife so that no one could reproach me about my interest in a Moscow registration. I tried to change my Kharkov apartment into an apartment in Moscow but failed. For the greater part of my stay in Moscow I lived in other peoples' apartments, which I rented or in which my friends and relatives allowed me to live, and at the same time there was my empty apartment in Kharkov, although only a one-room apartment, it was mine, and ... I did not need it, but I needed a dwelling in Moscow and could not have it...

A lot of my patients came to me in Moscow; several times I went to Kharkov. However, I did not stay in my flat, because I had to refurbish it, to buy in furniture and all that was necessary. And I had neither time nor special necessity. I spent my money mainly on keeping my new family until we divorced.

[2]I the U.S.S.R there was a special system of assignment for graduates of Soviet educational institutions. A young specialist must work during 3 years at the place of assignment. The enterprise should provide him with a dwelling. Young families had some advantages—better place of assignment, for example.

Chapter 15.

Study is light

Gradually I began to heal patients from Moscow. People visited me in Vidnoe to get both treatment and knowledge. I gladly shared my understanding of the essence of existent processes with people. At the insistence of some of them I began to teach. One of my new students was Vladislaw Dolgushin, the chief medical officer at one of Moscow's maternity hospitals. He was interested in extrasensory phenomena and was acquainted with Mzia Solomonia, who did not have the least desire to teach him, or anyone else, anything; because she considered it to be impossible. That is why he appealed to me with such a request. After my testing him, I determined that he was genetically pretty inert, and to modify his brain using my method would require time.

He noticed positive signs pretty quickly, which inspired him greatly. After that he introduced me to Vadim Belozerov, a TV reporter. We met and pretty soon had the idea of making a one-hour documentary. At the meeting there was also Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, a deputy of the editorin-chief of the documentary films department of Soviet Television. From that moment on he visited me almost every day independent of where I lived, be it in Vidnoe, in one of my friend's apartment in Novo-Gireevo or in my aunt's apartment in Butovo, etc. In the morning he was usually at work and by two o'clock he joined me and very often he left late at night

Vladimir Sergeev was sincerely interested in my work and my concepts. I understood that an official of such rank did not do it out of idle curiosity. But also I perfectly understood that he or some other person would be around me anyway. I liked him and thought that if someone had to be near me all the same, I would rather have him.

He treated me quite well in his own way. At least, I saw no falseness in him, although, I could assume that he was an excellent actor or I was somewhat blind and saw no game. Vladimir Sergeev was one of the creators of several famous popular science broadcasts. He received the Oscar as the director of the Soviet-American film "Peter the Great". One way or another, he was a very sociable and intelligent man. He had been around me for more than two years and I could pass, through him, any information which I considered necessary, to certain establish-

ments. Sometimes, Vladimir spilled the beans involuntarily, but about that—later; in the meantime I've just met him...

Sometimes I received groups of people. Usually, I had no idea who those people were. They gave their names and that was all. That is why, from time to time there were amusing situations. One day I began my talk with the statement that modern science had reached a deadlock and had no chance of finding the way out if it continued to adhere to old concepts. As an example I gave the information that modern medicine and biology were unable to explain the nature of the human embryo's development, and wanted to go on further, unfolding the subject, when suddenly a middleaged man, whose name I unfortunately did not memorize, asked me a question:

— Young man, what is your education!?

When I answered him that I had graduated from Kharkov University, the department of theoretical physics in the radio physics faculty, he said:

— You'd better do what you were taught to do!

Certainly I could ignore such an obviously aggressive and tactless comment. But I decided to cross my "t's". It was fully possible that there was something I did not know, I never considered and still do not, that I know everything about everything and I am never ashamed of learning something new. Therefore I asked him a question:

— Excuse me, and who are you?

He appeared to be a Doctor of Science in biology. Having found that out, I asked him to explain the nature of the human embryo's development. And he began to explain that different hormones and enzymes appear in different zygote cells (cells of a fertilized egg) and, as a result, a brain is developed from one zygote cell, a heart is developed from another cell, etc. I said that I know this from my eighth school year, when I studied "Human anatomy and physiology." Then I asked him whether he was familiar with histology (microscopic study of cell tissue) and whether he agreed with the concepts of this science? He answered positively. Then I said:

— After conception there is one fertilized egg which begins to divide. After one cell divides, two absolutely identical cells appear. When they in their turn divide, four identical cells appear, and so on: eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, etc. In other words, all cells of the embryo have identical genetics and are copies of one fertilized egg.

After I described the process, I asked him the question:

— Will you explain to me, please, how is it possible that different hormones and enzymes appear in absolutely identical cells of the embryo?

He, being a little bit embarrassed, answered:

— Only God knows!

To tell the truth, I did not expect any other answer and said to him:

— I am not a God but I know this!

Certainly, I could have ignored the Doctor of Science's caustic remark, but then the rest of people present at the talk would have got the impression that I spoke about subjects of which I understood nothing. The most frightening thing was that everyone was completely sure of the fact that modern biology and medicine indeed understood the nature of living matter; that did not correspond to the real state of affairs.

It turns out to be very interesting: the knowledge of your opponent's "language" allows not only discussing one or another question on equal terms, but also completely defeating your opponent on all points of the dispute. Certainly, it is impossible to know everything, but it is quite essential to know the main theses and concepts of modern science, if you have no desire to "drown" in the bog of "scientific" terms, which hide nothing else but plain ignorance.

An educated person is not a person who holds in his memory everything that he (or she) has read or everything that humanity accumulated, which is impossible in principle, but a person who knows the basis and knows where to find the necessary nuances. My interest in biology, physics, astronomy, chemistry, geography, history and philosophy, and the aspiration to "get to the bottom of things" was neither in vain nor "wasted". My understanding of what stands behind scientific terms and my orientation in the "Minotaur labyrinths" of science became my Ariadne's guiding thread.

Certainly, my interest in biology and medicine was beyond the school program. As I already mentioned, after I graduated from my secondary school, I studied a course of general biology using a two-volume edition by the American biologist D. Villee, while I was preparing for the preliminary exams for entrance to the biological faculty in 1978: not only this—I read a lot of books and articles on evolutional biology, paleontology and anthropology... So, I had sufficient foundation to understand the current state and development of this branch of science.

My knowledge of concepts in different branches of science was extremely useful in my life so, when someone asks: "Why do you need it, when in fact, you am not going to be a biologist or physicist or historian?", I always answer with the following: "If a person does not want to be a "puppet on a string" or a biorobot, he (or she) must be developed multilaterally. The more multilaterally developed the person, the more chances he has to become an innovator, which is highly

necessary and extremely important, first of all, for the person himself."

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I remember one amusing case from my healing practice. One day a new patient from Kharkov arrived. She knew about me from one of my patients, who I had cured and whom she trusted. She had a serious chronic inflammation of the kidneys. She received traditional medical treatment for a long time with no success and... her state only worsened. The courses of "treatment" with huge doses of strong antibiotics gave only the illusion of improvement, causing only temporary deceleration of the development of her disease and the destruction of her liver and immune system with all the consequences. So, this woman had a long-term chronic inflammation of kidneys— pyelonephritis—and she asked me to relieve her of this chronic ailment. I began to restore her health.

At that time my patients, who paid for my work, paid me for every session and for those times it was a pretty big money. Usually, I carried out one course of treatment with a person, whereupon the patient went home and the process, already begun, proceeded without my direct influence. I created a special program which unfolded gradually, during several months. After that the person should come again and continue the course. Such chronic problems usually required a lot of time for the result to become manifest. And naturally, the person could not have everything perfectly cured immediately after the course of healing sessions.

This woman arrived, and in a couple of days her husband arrived too and also decided to have a course. I began to work with him. Within several days, after a session with him, his wife unexpectedly said: "Could you work with him more intensely, as we need to return home and he started his course later than I?"

I began to explain to her that I gave her husband exactly that load which he could endure; otherwise undesirable overloads might appear which could result in a coma or clinical death. She answered that her husband was a strong fellow and would be able to endure a couple of additional minutes. I again tried to explain, but she continued to insist on my intensifying my work with her husband.

I could not understand the reason for such obstinacy and her inward aggression towards me. I decided to "glance" in her thoughts and ... the reason for her strange behaviour became clear to me. As far as I understood, she worked in the Soviet trade system and had become accustomed to cheating everyone. Therefore, she thought that people always acted the same way she did. Most likely, she did not understand the possibility of any other kind of behaviour.

When during my work nothing special happened, there was a fight in her head between her desire to become healthy, and mistrust and avidity. She thought: "Suppose, we pay him and he cheats us? Anyone can wave their hands. Maybe he has very little force or he gives small doses on purpose—to have more sessions and therefore to make us pay through the nose?" When I saw her thoughts, I was disappointed because she measured others by her own yardstick and I decided... well, if she wanted me to intensify my influence on her husband—I had warned them... They both smiled with satisfaction and I continued the session with her husband.

After a couple of minutes this "strong" fellow felt sick and giddy. I began to take away the overload and had almost brought him back to normal; when at that moment I heard a doorbell, and when I came back to him in a minute ... he was lying on the floor with his body convulsed. His wife ran around him like a frightened hen. After her husband returned to a normal state neither he nor she ever mentioned working with them "more intensely" up to the end of my course!

Indeed, the human psychology is very peculiar! When you create conditions in order that a person experiences no unpleasant feelings, he (or she) requires proof that you indeed do your work. It is tantamount when a patient wakes up after anesthesia, and asks whether the operation was really done, on the grounds that he felt no pain. Is it really necessary to feel pain to believe in the reality of what happens?! It always seemed to me that for a person it is important that the problem with his health has disappeared without a trace and if he feels no pain in the process—just wonderful! Is it really necessary for a person to get through an "operation" without anesthesia to believe in the reality of a "miracle"?!.

After the course this woman, nevertheless, asked me, when she should expect the results of my job, because she still felt pain in her kidneys. I explained to her again that it would require time to substitute kidneys with pathological changes, with new ones, in other words, to create new healthy kidneys. My words did not convince her, despite what had happened to her husband. I asked her to call me in six months and to repeat the course if necessary. She was very sceptical of my words because she saw deception everywhere. But she had no choice, because all other ways of treatment had not helped her.

In about half a year this woman called me from the sanatorium and reported that she had been through all tests and... her kidneys were healthy! She was very glad and asked me, whether I could "repair" her liver, with which she also had serious problems. I congratulated her over the release from chronic pyelonephritis and... refused to engage

in her sick liver. And not because I had no time, but because I was not pleased to work with a person who saw everyone as the type of impostors and deceivers, with whom she had got used to dealing...

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There was slightly different situation, when I worked with a woman who had a heart attack. Usually a scar of connective tissue appears in human cardiac muscle after a heart attack. The human body uses this tissue as repair material. When some area of the cardiac muscle dies off, a "patch" of connective tissue appears in this place, but the regeneration of cardiac muscle never occurs. In order to help a person in this situation I first remove the scar of connective tissue, as though cutting away one layer after another. This procedure is very painful without anaesthesia. Therefore, I create a strong effect of anaesthesia and a person only feels something slightly touching his cardiac muscle.

As I influence, the connective scar tissue is "cut away" or "melts" layer after layer, but irrespective of what one may call it, the process is very painful. Therefore, I always aimed for zero unpleasant and painful phenomena. My purpose was always to make the person healthy and I did not need that he or she writhed in pain or was crushed because of my influence.

Most likely, this kind of unpleasant phenomena could create certain opinions about the force of my influence, but I always was convinced that this kind of "authority" was unnecessary for me. It only shows the primitiveness of the person who wants to "feel this authority" and the narrowmindedness and ignorance of those who create it. When I first came across the manifestations of this narrow-mindedness and ignorance; I reacted to them.

As in the case of a young woman who had serious problems with her heart; when I began to work with her, her first question was—why she felt only a soft touch within her heart?! Did it mean that I had little force?

I was taken aback not only by her attitude toward the event, but by the fact that her question was tactless and boorish. She was mostly worried about how she felt my work, instead of being interested in the process and the result. But she did not ask about that. Exactly this filled me with indignation. Therefore, I told her that, if she wished to feel the process without complete anaesthesia, so be it—I would do her a favour.

However, I was not sure that I could remove all anaesthesia; in fact, my principle of work was built on the opposite. Moreover, it was impossible to take off everything; otherwise, she could die of shock from the pain, which was very likely considering her sick heart. But,

nevertheless, I decided to teach her a little lesson in good manners.

I began my influence with the minimum level of anaesthesia. But, for "some" reason she did not like it. She hardly concealed her grimaces of pain, and periodically simply flinched from it. I told her that I had satisfied her request and would only work with her in this way, in fact, she wanted it to be just like this and according to her "opinion" exactly this is what should accompany my influence! Oddly enough, when she finally got "sharp" sensations, she was scared; and I did not see her anymore. Most likely, those sensations appeared too "sharp" for her. It often happens like this—a person asks for something and is frightened, when they get it.

In fact, I always observed the reaction of people to my healing with certain curiousity. Very often people inquire about something or ask me to demonstrate something, being totally sure beforehand that, what they ask for is simply impossible to fulfill or, in other words, that I am stringing them along. And, when I turn out to be no cheat, they are terrified.

To tell the truth, not only people's lack of foresight should be blamed, but also their experience of practical relations with those who proclaim their abilities, especially, if these people are strongly supported by mass media. The existing stereotypes predetermine these reactions. For some reason people are pretty sure that a person who frequently appears on TV or in newspapers and journals is the best in his (or her) field.

Unfortunately, it is far from truth. Most often it is quite to the contrary—mass media backs up those who have nothing except for their ambition or intentionally mislead others. Sometimes, people, who are used for these purposes, sincerely believe in what they say. This is the most dangerous case, because when a person believes in what he or she says, his or her influence on others increases dramatically. I will return to this phenomenon more than once, while now I continue to talk about the events of the end of 1988...

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One day an elderly woman asked me to relieve her of a problem with salt deposits, especially in the lumbar part of the vertebral column. She appeared to be very sensitive to my influence. This fact made me glad and I gave her the maximum level of my influence that she could endure. Salt outgrowths "simply" began to flow down along her spine like melted "beeswax". It took several minutes, but after this the woman was able to bend and unbend easily and walk without pain. She was beside herself with joy, but in several hours she felt very acute pain which had her "climbing up the wall".

It happened, because my anaesthesia began to wear off and then the rest of the manifestation of my work was more than enough to make her feel very strong pain. It occurred because I had accelerated the exchange processes in the areas of salt deposits by thousands of times in order that spine salt outgrowths could flow down like melted beeswax, otherwise it was simply impossible to melt them.

Strictly saying, this kind of influence is not a melting—simply during this process man feels that he is hot and something very hot flows down his spine and salt deposits or bone callosities disappear literally before his very eyes, the bones become soft as plasticine and it is possible to bend and stretch them out almost like plasticine. These are man's subjective feelings, but what really happens with him during such an influence?

There are real processes, about which man either does not reflect or know, behind subjective feelings. In order to understand the nature of these processes, first, it is necessary to understand the nature of the processes which bring a person to this state of health.

Salt deposits appear in bones and vessels when, for example, at dysbolism, when the concentration of calcium salts in blood and, especially, in lymph increases and, after reaching the critical level, they start to crystallize. As the speed of movement of lymph in bone tissues is minimal, the crystallization of salts begins, above all, in bone tissues, which is the reason for salt deposits in bones.

There is another reason. Salt deposits appear, when the chemical composition of lymph changes as a result of the breaching of exchange processes of the organism. As a result, some chemical compounds pass from soluble to insoluble. Chemical compounds fall in sediment and are accumulated in bones and vessels.

Most often both processes occur simultaneously. Therefore, to eliminate these deposits it is necessary either to launch chemical processes in the opposite direction or to annihilate salts and bone outgrowths. To make these processes to flow quickly, it is necessary to accelerate the inverse processes sometimes by thousands of times: otherwise, the process of resolution of salts or bone outgrowths will take decades—exactly as many years as was required for them to appear. Therefore, it is necessary to launch the inverse processes with much greater speed than the speed of the direct processes, which led to salt deposits.

This acceleration of the inverse biochemical processes makes the brain react with pain only. This is because the formatio reticularis of the human brain—the control "station"— compares signals which come from organs, with those signals which correspond to the normal functioning of a particular organ. If a signal, which comes from an

organ along the nerve, exceeds the norm, the brain reacts to the surplus or insufficient signal with pain and ... starts to fight with it. The brain is unable to recognise that this change is positive. In nature any deviation of the signal from the control signal of the formatio reticularis is negative.

That is why, in order to return the state of a certain organ and the organism as a whole to the normal, healthy state, it is necessary to change standard signals in the formatio reticularis, which appeared in the process of transition toward the chronic state of disease. If the organism is unable to win over illness, what happens in the majority of cases is, the chronic state is adopted as new norm in the formatio reticularis and the organism does everything to prevent further worsening of the state and tries to keep the parameters of the sick organ and organism as a whole, at the level of, if not optimum, but at least acceptable, functioning. The brain simply tries to prevent further worsening of functioning of the organism, using the peripheral nervous system. Therefore it gives a hostile reception to any deviation from its accepted "normal" state of the organism, trying to return the organism into its original state.

This is the nature of connections, organ—brain and brain—organ. Therefore, the brain takes the acceleration of the inverse processes by thousands of times as a new danger and reacts to it with pain, and tries to return everything to "how it was before", despite the fact that the state of "how it was before" is a pathological state of the organ or the whole organism. I will remind you that the brain, at the level of a primitive brain, where the formatio reticularis is, does not think and only reacts to any deviations from the accepted "standard".

Besides, such acceleration of processes—even though positive for health—is a huge load for the human organism and very often it is necessary to diminish considerably the intensity of the influence to that level which the person is able to endure without excessive overload.

That is why, it is possible to achieve the result in one minute, but very often the speed of processes should be slowed down to that level which the person is able to endure. And very often the process of the health restoration takes years instead of one minute. Otherwise, the load could kill the person or result in failure of organs or systems of the organism (for example, kidneys) that may result in a lethal outcome. Therefore, during the healing process it is necessary to adjust not to that which can be done, but to the load which the person can endure without disabling his organs and systems.

Only in pretty rare cases, when the person can endure the required load, it is possible to make qualitative changes of the state of the or-

ganism in minutes, and witnesses of this consider it a miracle; it is no miracle—just in this case necessary changes happened rapidly.

The like of this takes place during the work with bones, when they become like plasticine. In order to ensure that this can happen, it is only necessary to understand the nature of bone formation and growth. The only difference between a bone and cartilage is that the intercellular space of the former is filled with calcium.

When the concentration of calcium salts reaches the critical level, in the intercellular space of cartilaginous tissue the crystallization of calcium and the formation of the hard basis of the the intercellular space occur. There are cells of bone tissues, blood and lymphatic vessels and nerve fibres in its interstice.

This is the way cartilaginous tissue turns into bone. Thanks to this, man (and not only man, but any other living creature) is able to exist, otherwise woman would simply be unable to give birth, if the child had bones instead of cartilage. Only after delivery does a child's cartilage gradually turn into bones, due to satiation of the intercellular space of cartilages with calcium salts.

So, in order to change the form and the length of a bone, it is "only" necessary to do the opposite—to convert a certain bone into cartilage, to grow new or to "remove" unnecessary cells, to change their position, and then again to satiate the intercellular space with calcium and return it to the state of normal bone. How to do it is already a question of "technique" Sleight-of-hand and no ... swindle!

It is necessary "only" to find a key, how to transform a bone into the state of a cartilage and get it back, to have necessary characteristics and qualities, and necessary force to fulfill this, and the most important—to prevent a person getting into the state of clinical death while experiencing such a load...

In order to work "wonders" it is necessary only to learn to understand nature, to comprehend its principles and to learn to do to the same only using your mind and abilities. Then bones will become soft and a lot of other things will happen...

Wonders exist where ignorance or narrowness of concepts prosper, where dogma and snobbery live. And if man just "opens" his eyes a little wider, starts to think, and tries to understand what he sees, many riddles of nature will disappear like a mirage and man will find the secrets of nature and begin to bear the name of Homo Sapiens by right...

And now, after the revelation of the "secret" of nature and how to change bones and take away salt outgrowths, using the force of thought, I will return to the "current" events.

Chapter 16.

What is reality?

Although the elderly woman, who had salt deposits, experienced a certain residual pain shock next morning, nevertheless, she was very satisfied with the result, because the salt deposits in the small of her back completely disappeared and her joints acquired a long forgotten mobility. When she began to have confidence in me, I asked her to take part in one of my experiments, knowing about her high sensitivity. She agreed. I modified her brain, whereupon she was able to see and hear beyond the range of five sense-organs. When I tested her, I decided to repeat the experiment with my doubles, which remained uncompleted.

When this experiment was conducted for the first time, my fellow-student refused to touch my doubles, explaining her conduct by saying that I could not exist in ten copies. Although I found the way and she touched my double all the same, it was, nevertheless, unclear for me, what would she say when touching the real me. I decided to repeat this experiment and created nine doubles. This time the fact that I simultaneously existed in ten copies scared no one. Therefore, I attuned the perception of this woman to one of my doubles and asked her to define where the real me was.

She came and calmly began to shake hands with my doubles to determine where I was. After shaking my real hand for several seconds, she passed to my next double, then to the next until she checked all. Whereupon, she confidently came to the double I chose beforehand and said it was I, paying absolutely no attention to the real me. Later I repeated this experiment several times and the result was the same.

What a person perceived as real, was only that level of reality with which he was in qualitative resonance! In such a state the physical level became as if ephemeral; the reality for this person was only what he perceived through his sense-organs, no matter how unusual a method was used. The physical reality stopped being material for him, and another level of reality became the objective one, transmitted through his senses. So, where is this notorious objective reality!? Which sensations should we consider as being either correct or incorrect?

In fact, in the modified state of consciousness the person saw the internal organs with his brain absolutely clearly, he also could see a

cell, a molecule and define the presence of one or another pathology absolutely correctly, often way before and far more accurately than the most sophisticated medical devices. The person could not only see, but also run the whole process of receiving the information in the most accessible and comfortable way for him: does that mean the information obtained with the help of this method is illusory? certainly not.

Man has created a lot of "crutches" i.e. devices to penetrate into areas inaccessible for his normal sense-organs. Moreover, these crutches are created from the standpoint of those five senseorgans, which nature gave us when we were born, as it did for all living creatures. But nature did not provide man with mind so that he would only use the senses, given to him at birth, but in order that he could use it to penetrate with its power, where no animal could penetrate ever.

Well, it looks like I am getting carried away with philosophising again—probably, I am "growing older"...

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Apart from my experiments of this kind, I also conducted other very interesting experiments. Once I had an idea to find out how my influence affected the person's weight. For this purpose I asked my patients to stand on scales and began my influence, observing what was happening to their weight.

Within several minutes the weight would change, decrease or increase, within the limits of five hundred grams to two and a half kilograms. Also, weight deviations were different when I worked with different pathologies. Thus, it turned out that my influence, which was not based on the use of physically dense matter, manifested in a very material way. Under the "non-material" influence the real (material) weight of a person changed—a fact that contradicts all concepts of modern science.

When I stopped my influence, weight deviations also stopped. It turned out that quite another natural law operated during my influence, more precisely—the real natural laws about which modern science has no idea whatsoever, notwithstanding its "superiority".

Weight deviations were not the only "oddity" that I found. Some other "oddities" appeared to be very useful. When I exerted my influence on people who had problems with lungs, the side effect was the appearance of ozone in the room. It was felt quite strongly.

In nature ozone, in which each molecule consists of three atoms of oxygen, appears during thunderstorms. Powerful discharges of atmospheric electricity generate the ozone freshness, which we all know. In artificial conditions, ozone appears when a voltage of thirty kilovolts

is applied to centimeter square electrodes, located at a distance of one centimeter from each other.

When changing the size of the electrodes and the distance between them, the tension applied is multiplied proportionally. Only then there is an arc discharge between electrodes accompanied by the formation of ozone molecules. I reprised school physics on purpose—to refresh the reader's memory and to draw attention to the fact that it is quite an unusual phenomenon that ozone should appear when man is influenced upon.

According to the concepts of physics, in order for ozone to appear during my influence, there must be tens of billions of volts between my hands! Too much, isn't it!? In fact, nothing of the kind was observed there.

Thus, I accidentally succeeded in finding quite another way of synthesising ozone, which had nothing to do with electricity! According to the concepts of modern science, this could not be, because it could never ever be! However, the phenomenon existed and it was real and this again speaks about the fact that modern science has very little knowledge and understanding about nature.

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The ozone effect awakened my interest and I began to study it using my own methods. One of the principal reasons for such rapt attention to the side effect was the fact that by the end of the eighties our civilization was approaching technocratic catastrophe. The technocratic development of Midgard-earth's civilization resulted in the appearance of numerous ecological problems. At the same time, not a single method of renewal of the planet's ecology was created. This fact only indicates that civilization is heading in the wrong direction.

If we continue to use this approach, our civilization will destroy itself long before we find some technological methods of healing the wounds caused to our planet by unreasonable activity, if such methods can be found at all, considering the present approach to the "understanding" of nature.

I will give a simple example to demonstrate this. From 1960 to 1989, with the beginning of the so-called space age, our Midgard-earth lost 30reminds one of a pear, the thickness of the ozone layer is not the same all over the planet. At the equators it is maximal and at the poles is minimal, especially at the South Pole.

The diminishing of the ozone layer's thickness by 30of man resulted in the so-called ozone hole above Antarctica. Every year it was widening, which indicated that Midgard-earth continued to lose its ozone. Satellite pictures of the ozone hole above Antarctica, which were made

every year during several consecutive years, served as the evident confirmation of that fact.

Now here is some information from school textbooks, which most people already forgot, and the others for "some" reason are not in a hurry to refresh their memory. The ozone layer of our planet was formed over the course of four billon years! It required one billion years of developing life on Midgard-earth in the primary ocean, for microscopic and other vegetable organisms to create enough oxygen by the process of photosynthesis. Oxygen partly transformed into ozone during thunderstorms: therefore enabling, first plants and then animals to leave the primary ocean.

The fact is that the hard space radiation is mortal for all living things, and water absorbs and thus, neutralizes it. Before the appearance of the ozone layer, the atmosphere of the planet freely allowed this radiation through, and for this reason life on land was impossible... until an ozone layer of sufficient thickness appeared. It partly absorbed and partly reflected this radiation in the same way as the water of the primary ocean did. So, the albuminous form of life is doomed to be born in water and therefore, the basis of the albuminous form of life is water.

In order that the primary ozone layer could appear, the oxygen which enters the atmosphere, mainly as a result of photosynthesis by vegetable organisms was necessary; and as it is quite clear from the above—only by the vegetable organisms of the primary ocean. The sunlight could penetrate to a maximum depth of one hundred meters in the world ocean, so exactly these one hundred meters became the "fertile" layer. There the vegetable organisms of the primary ocean absorbed sunlight and emitted oxygen, without which the ozone layer would never appear. Later, when the land plants appeared, considerably more oxygen began to be synthesized but, nevertheless, ozone appears from the atomic oxygen only during thunderstorms, which happened more frequently then.

So, modern civilization required only thirty years of its "reasonable" activity to destroy 30of the ozone layer, which nature took more than a billion years to create! And this is not all. As I was informed in 1989, the problem of the ozone layer was discussed at the joint conference of the NASA representatives and the leaders of space projects of the USSR in Florida.

According to the NASA calculations it turned out that if the intensity of spaceship launches in the world remained at the level of 1989, the remaining 70be destroyed in 10–15 years of humanity's space "activity"! And that meant only one thing: by 2000-2005, life on land on

Midgard-earth would become IMPOSSIBLE! And this was not a bibli cal prophecy, but the calculations of scientists from a very prestigious establishment— NASA!

The trouble is that every launch burns oxygen and ozone through the entire thickness of the atmosphere over the diameter of a mile—1.6 kilometers! The motion of atmospheric masses results in that same "hole" shifting, and a new "hole" appears during the next launch of a rocket or a sputnik, etc. Precisely for this reason, the thickness of the ozone layer began to decrease so catastrophically with the beginning of the "space age" of humanity...

It is very interesting, isn't it?! But may be there is no need to worry about such "trivia" and modern civilization can easily solve this simple "misunderstanding"? No, it cannot, even if all power-stations of the world worked to produce electricity only to create ozone, millions of years, or, probably, tens and hundreds of millions of years, would be necessary to recover only that, which had been destroyed by 1989!

But, who said that the process of ozone destruction had stopped after 1989? It follows from NASA's calculations that the process of the elimination of the ozone layer had just begun! So, even considering the most optimistic calculations, modern civilization will not be able to cure the wounds inflicted on nature by its "reasonable" activity.

However, it is erroneous to separate ourselves from mother-nature. We will die together with the rest of nature. As soon as the ozone layer is destroyed sufficiently, all living things will die on the surface of the planet, and life will remain only in the worlds' oceans, but only if man has failed to destroy it there! Quite a pessimistic picture, isn't it?! But this picture is real and I, at least, did my best to understand the situation and did not shut my eye to it. Maybe, some think that it is easier to ignore it and expect the inevitable which was created by our own hands, but I never belonged to this category of people. Therefore, I was very glad to discover this unusual side effect—the synthesis of ozone.

If all methods known to modern science are unable to stop and heal the damage to Midgardearth caused by the "reasonable" activity of man, then it is necessary to look for other ways and means, which possibly will solve these problems.

The synthesis of ozone, as side effect of the influence on man, appeared to be one of these ways. This phenomenon, when ozone appeared without any serious energy input, made attention obligatory, especially, knowing perfectly well that to produce ozone with the help of technical means, it is necessary to apply enormous energy, and that the problem with ozone layer is dangerously close.

To solve this problem I had only to find the key in order that ozone appeared as a direct effect, not as a side effect, and then it would possible to create as much ozone as was needed to restore the ozone layer by means of this method. As the saying goes—there is no harm in trying. The situation cannot be worse, but fully possibly it can be better, if I succeeded in finding the "key".

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Therefore, when I was given the floor at the press-conference of the Fund of Popular Medicine for soviet journalists, which took place in Moscow in the hall of the Historical Museum on March 29, 1989, I not only talked about my method of qualitatively transforming the human brain, but also about the strange side effect—the synthesis of ozone and suggested pooling forces in search of the necessary solution.

I understood perfectly, how journalists could interpret my statement, but, nevertheless, I hoped that at least some reaction would follow. At the very least, it was necessary to draw attention to this problem, otherwise it could be late. Unfortunately, the mass media completely ignored my public statement, but single individuals responded to my words. I was not afraid to look like lunatic. First, I knew that I was in my right mind and, second, I understood the real threat of this problem and it was all the same to me, what other people would think—my aim was to solve the problem.

Cyril Kasatkin was among those few, who paid attention to my words. At that time he worked in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR. He came to me after my statement and offered to organize a press-conference in the Press-centre of the MFA of the USSR to draw the attention of the international community to this problem. As I made my statement at conference of the Fund of Popular Medicine, he suggested inviting several persons from this fund to the press-conference. At that time the president of the Fund of popular Medicine was Pokryshkin, regrettably I did not remember his name. He invited several persons to the MFA press-conference, among them there were Avdeev, Chumak and some other people, whose names I did not know.

The second press-conference, where there were foreign journalists, took place on April 4. There I repeated the information about the qualitative transformation of the human brain, about the problem with the ozone hole and possible method of solving this problem. I again appealed to all countries to unite over this. Dead silence. Most likely, the slogan "Proletarians of all countries unite!" discouraged everyone to unite for any purpose whatsoever. Well, my concern was to offer to unite forces, and I was not going to sit and wait in vain for responses

to my appeal. Although they say that one mind is good, but two is better, there are situations when one mind is quite enough, and the second can only hinder.

One way or another, no one responded to my appeal, considering my words the statement of a "madhouse" patient. But this reaction did not distress me, and I continued to do my work, in spite of the opinion of those around me. I was sure that there were a lot of situations where one could be right, and many wrong, especially, when these many were blind and uninformed.

After the first press-conference several persons asked me to transform their brains. Well, as the saying goes—in for a penny, in for a pound! I did not test anyone of those four persons who came. They were two professional journalists—Rudolf Gaevsky and Michael Dekhta, a photographer from APN, Alex, whose last name I do not remember, and an engineer from Armenia called Ruben.

Certainly, it would be better, if I had the opportunity to conduct the elimination tests in order to reveal the most prepared persons for the brain transformation, but in this situation I was forced to prepare those people, who came, otherwise, I would be accused of lies. In other words, I had to prove my case in "field" conditions, when the rules of the "game" were dictated to me. But, even in these conditions, being far from the best, I managed to achieve that Michael Dekhta and Rudolf Gaevsky got the ability to see internal organs, both theirs and other peoples' within several days. I did it particularly quickly with Michael, who saw his brain and everything that happened to his brain even during my first influencing of him.

There was also a very funny situation. When Michael arrived home after my "trepanation of the skull", he called me and asked, whether everything was all right with his head? He felt that his head remained opened. After all those "oohs!" and "ahs!" concerning his ability to see his own brain, his organs, etc, I forgot to "close" his brain after my influence.

When the similar influence is happening, a person sees and feels as if the upper part of his cranium is taken off and.., the human brain comes to light in all its beauty. At the end of the work I put everything back, restoring the integrity of the system. Therefore, when Michael called me, I put everything in order and joked that he was lucky that it was not raining and nothing dripped "there" and it would be wise to have an "umbrella" in such cases. We both laughed apropos the rain and said goodbye. Rudolf Gaevsky also acquired the internal seeing, although not so quickly. Ruben appeared to be the most inert person for transformation. In my opinion his progress was very slow. He lacked

a lot for the qualitative transformation of the brain.

The process of qualitatively transforming the brain can be compared with assembling a mosaic out of qualitative "pieces". First, it is necessary to understand and know well, what kind of qualitative "picture" is to be assembled. Second, it is necessary to have all qualitative "pieces", in order to assemble it.

Let us assume that to create a new qualitative "picture" we need 100 pieces. Everyone has different number of these qualitative "pieces" depending on his genetics, spirit, personal development and capacity for dynamic changes of consciousness. Therefore, if a person does not have one or another properties and qualities necessary for the qualitative transformation of the brain, it is impossible to make such transformation.

First, a person has to gain the missing "pieces" of the mosaic, which is possible, but improbable, and it will probably take several human lives to accomplish it. Or, someone else can create the missing "pieces" of the mosaic for this person. The greater the number of missing "pieces", the longer the time and the bigger the effort required by the person who creates them.

In other words, I must "put" the person on my "neck" and evolutionally "carry" him on my "shoulder" to the necessary evolutional point and after that make the qualitative transformation of his brain, spirit and genetics. With all this going on, it is almost always necessary to "work out" his evolutional "sins" for him, because they are those "weights" that evolutionally pull the person down. If the person lacks less than ten "pieces" of the evolutional mosaic, it usually takes very little time to create them and conduct the qualitative transformation of the abilities of the brain. It can last from several minutes to several days. If 70 "pieces" of the necessary 100 fail, then the creation of missing "pieces" can last from several months to several years.

Very rarely it is impossible to make such transformation. It is only my supposition, because I never "dragged" anyone more than several years. Probably it is possible to do it with anyone, only I have no statistical proofs and can only suppose it. The main reason for the absence of such experience is that I saw no need to drag anyone up the ladder. For an experiment I chose several people who had zero inclinations for similar transformation and in several years I managed that "hopeless", at first sight, people got qualitatively new abilities of the brain—some sooner, some later! Ruben belonged to the category of people who simply did not have the greater part of evolutional "pieces"! And, nevertheless, after I worked with him, he began to acquire new qualities and abilities which he had never had...

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But, let us come back to the events. Michael Dekhta and Rudolf Gaevsky advanced with gigantic strides. Both were journalists and.., they could not do without their journalistic "tricks". For example, Michael asked me to describe the problems of his wife whom I had never seen before. I informed him about the results of my scanning. Whereupon, Michael asked me to influence her from a distance according her image which he had in his head.

I began to conduct the influence and felt very good contact. I told Michael about it and said that if his wife were sensitive enough, she must feel at this moment that and that. Michael immediately called and asked her about what and where she felt a minute ago, and what was happening with her at that moment. It was a complete surprise for him, when she described everything exactly as I had told him before he called home.

Rudolf Gaevsky brought a black-and-white photo of a young woman and asked me to describe her health problems. There was only the woman's head on the photo, and I began scanning without limiting myself to the head. I reported the result of my scanning, whereupon Rudolf told me the following.

It was the photo of his wife and I described very accurately all her problems, but the most surprising for him was the fact that in the photo his wife was thirty years younger, and I mentioned both her problems at the moment of photographing and her problems which appeared during next thirty years!

Once I told Michael that in the same way it was possible to tell about problems with a car. He immediately demanded proofs. He had "Volga-24" and literally dragged me out on the street. I made diagnostics of the car using my method, he carefully wrote down the results and left. As it turned out later, he went straight to the service station and asked mechanics to check up his car. He was very surprised, when their diagnostics completely coincided with mine. Michael never stopped his "tests". He wanted very much to find any misfit. Such was his journalistic soul.

As I already mentioned, Michael Dekhta's wife had an excellent sensitiveness and I made qualitative transformation of her brain, when I saw her and she agreed. I spent only several minutes to do it and her quality of internal seeing was very high. She was so dynamic that I managed to lead her up the evolutional stairs very quickly, and as a result of it she got some abilities that still were inaccessible to her husband. For example, I could easily shift her to the past. At first she saw everything as though from the outside, but I decided to "plug her

in" to someone who lived at that time. It was tantamount that in a while she began to see, hear and feel everything that a person from the past felt.

When I established the contact, she began to see the reality of the past through the eyes of the contemporaries of events. But I was surprised when she exclaimed, because she experienced pain in the loins of a person, through whose eyes she observed the entourage of the past. The owner of the body was an old man. Moreover, she felt and perceived the minor details of the reality of the past, such as little pebbles on the road, burning sunrays, etc.

Someone may say that all this is ravings of a madman, but I had to disillusion the sceptics. Later I happened to carry out a similar displacement into the past to obtain certain information, which later was fully confirmed, although, none of the participants in the experiment disclosed any such information at the time!

This I will tell about later, and now let me come back to the current events...

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Michael Dekhta and Rudolf Gaevsky were also present at the second press-conference in the Press-centre of the MFA of the USSR on April 4, 1989 as "living" witnesses, that what I had said several days ago at the first press-conference, was true, at least, regarding the creation of new abilities and qualities in a human being. But even this drew absolutely no attention to the problem of the ozone layer I raised.

Most likely, my idea about the possibility of solving the problem with the ozone layer without the use of any technical devices seemed too mad for people mesmerized by traditional ideas of what man can and cannot do.

For some reason everyone believes in technical equipment, forgetting that it was created by the power of thought of man as an addendum to man at a certain stage in the development of human civilization.

Technical devices play the role of "crutches" for the still weak "legs" of humanity. But, when "legs" become strong, it is at the very least unreasonable to continue to use "crutches", if not to say harmful! In fact, "muscles" of "legs" should be trained, otherwise they will simply atrophy. The renunciation of "crutches' does not mean the complete rejection of technical means. It means that new auxiliary technical devices must be created but only then, when man stops depending on machinery and gets true freedom and the possibility of evolutional development...

One way or another, notwithstanding, whatever the reasons, which forced people to ignore my appeal to unite efforts to solve a very real

global problem, I continued to do my work—to search for the key to understanding the unusual phenomenon which I observed. I got accustomed to relying only on myself, without expecting someone else to come up with solutions. I was not sure that I could do it, but in case of success there would be hope of solving this apparently insoluble problem. As the saying goes—nothing ventured, nothing gained.

There will be no harm done if I try, but if I get a result, everyone will benefit. It is of no importance, whether anyone understands why this solution is possible or not, when the problem, which never could be solved by using normally accepted methods, is finally settled. Or, if most people consider that something is impossible, can it be the reason to loose heart and wait for the inevitable? No, certainly not; at least, for me.

Besides, according to my experience, none of those, who occupied high positions in the scientific hierarchy, were able to explain a single simple concept from their own sphere of knowledge! What can be said then about the rest who studied at schools, institutes and universities, in order to forget this knowledge on the next day?

It was always important for me to find a solution to a problem, especially, if it is very important for humanity: not because megalomania seized me, as some, or even the majority may think. In fact, I tried to find another solution. One way or another, in this case, quite simply there were no orthodox solutions. I did it not because I waited for someone's "thank you', in the case of success, (although, that wouldn't be bad!), but because my soul and my unwillingness to humble myself required this.

Certainly, the solution to the problem was not ready in one day. It ripened in my head like a fruit, gradually acquiring "flesh"—new qualities and abilities, future strategy and tactics for the solution; the "critical" mass necessary for making the correct attempt was gradually accumulated.

Meanwhile, life took its normal course; I invented new "doodads" and checked them out in practice.

Chapter 17.

My psi-toys

I invented some devices which could replace my direct influence, at least partly, based on items with liquid- crystal displays. It is possible to create a multilevel device, using almost any carrier, but liquid-crystals have a unique quality—they are very dynamic. Certainly, I did not have my own production line, it was unnecessary. Calculators and electronic watches with liquid-crystal displays suited my purpose just perfectly. Any electronic watch with a calculator was especially convenient for this, and here is why.

In fact, it is possible to control this device telepathically. It is enough only to think about a necessary influencing program, which is then recorded on a liquid-crystal carrier. But for most people the concept of telepathy is incomprehensible, not to mention it being unimaginable, that it is enough, just to think of the necessary healthful influence, and a special program in the liquid crystal is activated.

Therefore, I utilized the buttons with numbers, on a calculator, to control the device. I simply "tied" the activation of a device's specific structure, which influenced certain organs or systems of human organism, to every number on the calculator. It was enough to press the necessary combination of buttons, according to each individual problem of a person, for the influence to begin.

However, it could not be done without some curious incidents. One day Alexey Dobryakov, a physicist-nuclear engineer, with whom I often discussed the issues of physics as well as many other things, asked me to make this kind of device for his friend who worked with him at the institute and had problems with her health (I do not consider it proper to talk about the health problems of a person without his or her permission) and brought an electronic watch with a calculator.

I recorded several programs on the carrier attaching them to the numbers. Also I took into account the fact that people had different genetics, spirit, level of development, etc. and designed the programs so that every next push of the same button would increase the force of the influence tenfold. Pushing the same button three times, it was possible to increase the power of a particular program a hundredfold. I think that the principle is clear to everyone. This approach allowed

regulation of the force to meet the needs of every individual. Besides, a person could adjust it for himself, relying on his own feelings and state. Nevertheless, there was an incident even with all this going on.

After I made such a device for Alexey's friend, he some time later came to my place and asked me a strange question—what did they need to do to get rid of a problem? And the problem was the following. When I created the device and explained the principle of operation, "scientificexperimentalists" decided to push the button for this program as many times as the display of the watch allowed. As a result the program was activated to its maximum and after that "wonders" began to happen. This woman stopped sleeping.., at all. At the beginning she could not understand the reason for her insomnia, until one day she accidentally left the watch at work and.., slept that night normally. The next day she took the watch home with her and again... Morpheus failed to visit.

Thus, the reason for her insomnia was ascertained experimentally. Alexey's first question was what to do in this situation?! First, I recommended decreasing the influencing power of the device, and second, at night, it was possible either to turn it off, or lower its power considerably. To restart the device it was enough to push "0" on the calculator which would immediately disconnect all influencing programs and then to push the necessary buttons as many times as was needed for the person to be comfortable. That was all and the problem was solved. Most likely, this woman found it quite difficult to imagine that a simple push of a button could influence her state of health so dramatically, and that an electronic watch or calculator could turn into so powerful a device.

However, upon converting the watches into healing devices a very strange effect was observed almost always—the watches would not show the correct time, and it was simply impossible to use them for this purpose. Also, using calculators for any mathematical operations was not recommended. In fact, a push of any button would cause the activation of one or another healing program: therefore the numbers, pushed arbitrarily, and their rapid change would cause "influencing chaos" which was obviously undesirable and fraught with serious consequences for the person.

The influence of the device is not connected to any effect of autosuggestion or self-deceit. The devices I created were checked in a laboratory—there they measured bio-potentials in active points before and after activating the device. Under the influence of the device for several minutes, bio-potentials increased by up to sixteen times! Not up to sixteen percent, but up to one thousand six hundred percent! Moreover,

the data was taken when a person knew absolutely nothing about the fact that a device was switched on.

Exactly this fact staggered the experimentalists most. They simply could not understand it. Most likely, they still had a small hope that these changes in bio-potential parameters are related to auto-suggestion, a person's suggestibility, etc. The "naked truth" that even when a person was unaware of being influenced, bio-potentials changed, could have only one explanation—the device indeed influenced the person! And the action of this device resulted in many health problems disappearing without a trace.

Imagine a situation: a person has problems with his heart; he pushes a button on an electronic watch and after a while his heart becomes healthy! Thus, he does not need to swallow pills, or go through many very unpleasant procedures, etc, which in the overwhelming majority of cases have numerous side effects, which sometimes are much more serious than the initial problem.

Usually a person has a whole "bouquet" of health problems. Almost everyone knows this already, and suddenly, here is an incomprehensible device which restores a damaged, sick organ, without any medication. Moreover, it does not simply alleviate the symptoms, but indeed restores a sick organ or system of organs to the normal state. And this is not a fantasy, but reality!

Certainly, this device cannot help everyone. It is impossible to take into account all the peculiarities of all living persons in one program, but, if even 10-25 percent of people could be healthy using this somewhat unusual method, I think, it would be simply great. And it seems to me that the percentage of people, who can be helped by this device, is considerably higher, with only one caveat—the period of time for some to get positive results will be longer than for others. Also, using the simplest tests, it is possible to define those persons, on whom the device will render the maximal influence!

Probably, some will consider it to be insufficient, but, if one looks at the percentage of people who can get real help in modern medical establishments, everything will become clear.

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There were several funny cases related to these devices, but one case really stood out. In May, 1989 the Ministry of Merchant Marine organized a meeting together with the Fund of Popular Medicine. I was also invited. The issue of a possible future cruise with the participation of a group of healers was discussed at this meeting. There were several journalists, including Michael Dekhta.

There were several healers at this meeting, including Allan Chumak,

a pretty well-known healer now. At this meeting I spoke about my psi-devices and other projects. Later Michael Dekhta called me and said that Allan Chumak had told journalists about his creative plans, and due to a "strange" coincidence much of what he said in his interview, copied almost word for word what I had expounded upon at the meeting—he mentioned healing devices and the charging (or structuring) of water.

The phenomenon of "borrowing" ideas is far from being rare and new. But, Allan Chumak chose a very curious way for this purpose. He declared to journalists that he heard a voice from above which gave him revelations. Michael Dekhta was at this meeting and A. Chumak's behaviour surprised him a lot. However, it is necessary to give Allan Chumak his due—he did it in quite masterly fashion. It was impossible to level a claim of plagiarism against him. I even joked, saying to Michael: "I had no idea that I was a voice from above..."

I do not state that no one before me structured water or created psi-devices. In fact, so-called talismans are psi-devices too. In the past, magicians "charged" pendants, bracelets, rings, etc. They simply satiated with their energy one or another carrier, which had one or another program. In other words, the physical carrier of a psi-device was only a "vessel", containing a charge of the magician's structured energy.

It is very like the Genie from eastern fairy-tales, which is driven into a jug or lamp and sealed up there. He sits and waits the time of his liberation. And when he is freed, he grants three wishes to his liberator; by the way, the fulfillment of these wishes depends on the power of Genie, whereupon, the jug or lamp turns into an ordinary piece of iron. Talismans created by magicians carry a certain charge of the magician's energy which sooner or later, after the talisman is activated, is exhausted and comes to naught. At least, all the talismans, which I came across in my life, were arranged like this.

The difference between my psi-devices and the talismans described above is in the following: I use a physical carrier only as a point of reference for my devices, which are created from other matters. It is they that create the influence for which they are intended. If someone says that they are not devices, he is mistaken. These devices have a real effect on living and lifeless matter, and the results of this influence can be "touched" with hands and measured using conventional methods.

The position of a sceptic, who does not understand what kind of matters I use to create these devices, is his personal problem, since even modern science asserts that the physical matter of the Universe makes up only 10very real and material space.

And this very science, physics, to which these sceptics adore referring, asserts that 90and for "some" reason sceptics show no "scepticism" on this occasion! I found this approach very strange, however, I understand who stands behind these "sceptics" and why.

So, if we accept these concepts of modern physics about "dark matter", as the dominant matter in the Universe, and proceed, then it is possible to say that I make my devices of this "dark matter", which for me is not "dark" at all, but is as real and clear as "ordinary" physically dense matter which "sceptics" adore so much.

The devices I create, though invisible to the "naked" eye, have a very real influence on all material objects, according to the purpose for which they were created, and physically dense carriers of these psi-devices serve only as a point of reference, some kind of an "anchor". And this is the principle difference between my psi-devices and any magic talisman, as they were called in the past, or any device built on the concept of torsion fields, the favourite expression of modern scientists, as if the phrase "torsion field" clarifies the essence of this issue...

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In May, 1989 I was asked to help a well known scientist. He was an academician of the Acad emy of Science of the USSR and was one of ten of the world's greatest physicists, and worked in the field of radio-physics. He was in his late seventies and had a problem with an intestinal blockage. The Kremlin doctors had set the day of the operation when I first met him.

All other methods had failed and the fact that the doctors decided to operate on a patient of his age, speaks volumes about his very critical condition. In fact, at this age, the chance of a patient waking up after general anesthesia is around fifty percent! In other words, an operation at this age is a huge risk, and the fact that doctors take this risk means that they believe, one-hundred-percent, that this person will die without the operation. And the fact that they prescribed the operation for a man at such a high level in the scientific hierarchy of the USSR eliminates any thought of disparaging behaviour toward him. I do not mention the last name of this man for several reasons which will become clear later.

So, I met this person at a very critical moment of his life. He did not believe in the possibility of this kind of treatment working, but when one has nothing to lose, why not try something like this. Or, as happens often, when it comes to such an exigency, man is ready to do anything, if only it could help. One way or another, I came to his home and began my influence. The reason for the blockage was that

the mucous membranes of his stomach and intestines almost did not work. They did not produce the necessary chemical compounds.

It was a system failure of the functions of the sympathetic and parasympathetic systems. It showed up in that the stimulating signals for the stomach and intestines did not pass through the floating nerve. No stimulating signals—no production of gastric juices. This meant that the operation would not help in this case. When the reason for the problem became clear, I renewed the distorted functions and everything began to function by the next day. In two or three visits the academician had everything within the limits of the norm.

Every time, after I finished my influence, I was offered a cup of tea and we discussed a lot of things. It was interesting for this man to talk with me about what I did and what I thought about my work. During one of these conversations I asked him, as a prominent scientist-physicist, to explain to me exactly what an electric current is. He quoted me the definition from a secondary school textbook: "an electric current is a directed movement of electrons from plus to minus."

I thanked him, but reminded that this was the definition from a school textbook. I also said that there would be no need to explain the concept of "directed movement", but I would like to hear from him the explanation of what was "an electron", "plus" and "minus", and why did electrons move from plus to minus?! In other words, in the generally accepted definition of an electric current there was no explanation of four principle concepts! And the concept which did not need explanation was not fundamentally important, and was regarded as conceptual motion (the concept of "directed motion").

Thus, I asked an academician of the Academy of Science of the USSR to explain for me four principal concepts from the definition of an electric current! The answer again was: "Only God knows!" It is quite an amusing answer from a world-renowned physicist, isn't it!? I answered: "I am not a God, but I know!" And the problem is not in that I am such a "genius", but in the fact that most people do not go deeply into the sense of one or another phrase which they pronounce. Someone "hammered" into their head certain notions, then they hammer them into heads of others, but almost no one reflects on "what do these words mean?" So, is it time to stop and think about these things!? That is the question...

The course of healing of the academician was accompanied by cordial conversation which obliged nothing. In spite of the fact that he was very sceptical about the possibility of untraditional treatment working, exactly this treatment rescued him from death. In fact, I "simply" switched on the functioning of the gastrointestinal tract, which had

"decided" to turn itself off and stop working. It would have been impossible to "repair" the refusal of the system of the organism to work, by operating on it. It was a functional failure caused by age changes.

Therefore, the fact that my influence renewed the normal functioning of the gastrointestinal tract was a unique medical phenomenon: in traditional medicine, the like of this could be found extremely rarely, if at all. Therefore, I asked Vadim Belozerov to meet and interview this man. The academician did not refuse, but when Vadim Belozerov asked him about the effect of my influence, he answered: "I do not know what helped me, whether it was the pills I took, or whether it was Levashov, who waved his hands in front of me..."

That was the gratitude I got for saving his life, which lasted longer than nature planned for him. I do not think that he did not understand the whole seriousness of his state, and the future prospects, which modern medicine offered him. This man either was scared to tell the truth in front of a camera or he is simply a dishonourable man. But what can an aged man be afraid of? They will not take his rank of academician, the maximum they could do to him is a small rebuke and that was all. It seems to me that it is small-minded to act against one's conscience because of this trifle. And, if it was done for any other reason, then it was dishonourable.

By the way, he paid me nothing for my work, and even did not present a box of chocolates. I mention this not because I needed his sweets, I was simply surprised by the absence of any impulse to express his gratitude for my saving his life. Most likely, our academician considered that fact that he allowed me to approach him and help him was enough payment for my rescuing him from death, by the way, a very agonizing death... Well, let it remain on his conscience.

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Almost at the same time Michael Dekhta asked me to help to another person—Lori Nikolaevich Popov, a candidate of medical science, an epidemiologist. Before we met he had been disabled for already three years and eight months and was on the verge of despair.

His way to disability began when as a result of long and powerful stress he "earned" so-called unspecific ulcerous colitis with a complete ulcerous lesion of the large intestine and partial lesion of the small intestine. A typical medical approach had consisted of the administration of strong antibiotics which completely destroyed the micro flora of the intestine and strongly debilitated the liver and immune system.

When that happened, he was prescribed a hormone—prednisolone, which almost deactivated his adrenal glands. Because of the enormous amount of non-permanent doses of different medications he had

a glamerulonephritis of his right kidney... As a result of such "treatment", by the moment of our meeting he also had anaemia because of an iron deficiency: his immune system had stopped functioning, and the whole organism was completely exhausted.

Being a doctor, Lori Nikolaevich perfectly understood his "prospects" for the future, which was far from being rosy and bright. In fact, he considered himself to be doomed. But I could not agree with him and said not to despair and give me the opportunity to help him. He agreed and he is still safe and sound—he got rid of his disability in a year.

Although he was totally poisoned by medications, nevertheless, I asked him not to stop taking them immediately, especially hormones, but step by step. When I had worked with him for some time and partially managed to recover his immune system and metabolism, I asked him to reduce the dosage of hormones. Next partial recovery—next reduction of hormones, etc., until hormones and other medications were reduced to zero.

In spite of the fact that these medications led Lori Nikolaevich almost to the grave, it was impossible to stop taking them immediately—the metabolism could not do without them after prolonged consumption. Above all things, it was necessary to recover normal metabolism in the organism without the additional chemical agents which had entered into it in the form of pills and injections.

We should never forget that medical products are a set of active chemical agents which, when getting in the blood, are spread by the latter throughout the whole organism and in the end appear in cells. Besides, once getting into cells, these active chemical agents begin to enter into chemical reactions with the inclusions and chemical composition of a cell, thus, changing its chemical "pro

file". In a number of cases, medicinal chemistry causes morphological changes in cells of human tissues that sooner or later result in new pathologies.

Exactly this is the reason for the side effects of the ingestion of medications. Very often these side effects are much more dangerous than the problems which these medications allegedly should cure. I remember a medical anecdote regarding this issue—a professor asks his studentsphysicians..., "well, what are we going to do—begin the treatment or let him live?!"

Medications can have a positive effect, considering their negative essence, when they are used for a very short time and do not create irreversible changes in the human organism. In all other cases they are poisons which quickly or slowly kill a person. Lori Nikolaevich Popov's example is an evidence of such destruction by medication. Certainly,

the unspecific ulcerous colitis with which they began his treatment was not a gift, but everything that he "earned" as a result of the medical treatment, negatively told on his health and created even greater danger!

As a result of the "treatment" the following was added to his unspecific ulcerous colitis: a complete elimination of intestine's micro-flora, serious destruction of the liver and adrenal glands, serious metabolic failure, almost complete destruction of the immune system, complete exhaustion of the organism and anaemia because of the iron deficiency! As we can see, six new problems were added to one previous problem. Moreover, they were much more serious than the initial problem! At the same time, the initial problem, the unspecific ulcerous colitis, remained!

After I had worked with Lori Nikolaevich, he recovered completely, his unspecific ulcerous colitis and the rest of the "bouquet" of illnesses disappeared without a trace. He not only recovered completely but also returned to a full-fledged life and creative work. Almost sixteen years has passed from the moment of his convalescence, he is already a pensioner, but he continues his active life and up till now he has had no relapses. But, all this will happen in the far future, and, when I began my influence, he, being a physician, was absolutely convinced that it was simply impossible for me to help him. When he returned to normal life pretty quickly, he was very thankful to me for getting his health back and also became my friend and follower, along with his family.

I have given examples of what happened when I helped two very different people, returning them their health and, very possibly, life. One person appeared to be dishonorable, despite the fact that the truth he should have told could not harm him, and the other, in spite of the fact that his colleague-physicians had a pronounced negative attitude to everything "alternative" which sometimes came to complete denial, always told everyone that it was my methods of treatment that saved his life, without even considering whether it would create any problems for him or not!

I gave Lori Nikolaevich Popov's example in order to that my readers could understand that among those whom I have helped there were not always dishonorable and ungrateful people. Although, there were plenty of them, but I also met a lot of honest and worthy people, who were grateful me not only because I returned them health, but also that I gave many of them an understanding of the sense of life. Very often it turned out that I succeeded in healing not only the body, but the soul too.

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Sometimes some curious incidents happened as a result of my intervention. I made an influencing course for a woman who had a chronic stomach and duodenal ulcer. She'd had it for years, becoming more acute in different places at different times. After my intervention she had her scheduled checkup concerning her chronic ulcer. After the checkup the doctor began to yell at her, calling her a malingerer. The reason for this reaction was because—he found nothing—there was neither a "fresh" ulcer nor a single trace of previous cicatrised ulcers.

According to his understanding, if her mucous membrane was in an ideal state and there was not even a trace of ulcers, it could mean only one thing—this person never had an ulcerous illness in her life. The words of the poor woman that she had been hospitalised several times, when because of her ulcer she lost a lot of blood, that she was repeatedly examined on that occasion and that she had a long-term case history which looked like a tome of the encyclopedia made no impression on the doctor.

He sincerely believed, if there was nothing, it meant there had been nothing before, and she was a "criminal" because she had spent so many days of the year in a hospital healing an illness she never had, in his opinion. The doctor could not countenance the idea that she really had the illness and then it disappeared! So, there were curious cases like this, as well as those when the case histories of the people I healed disappeared "mystically" from different medical establishments!..

Chapter 18.

Psi-generators

Meanwhile, time took its normal course. One day changed into another. In May, 1989 a very interesting experiment took place in the Institute of Brain. In a special chamber where no electromagnetic radiation could penetrate (a Faraday cage) I brought Michael Dekhta into a new qualitative state of brain that permitted him to see his own brain and organs. Influencing Michael, I created certain conditions, enabling him to travel along his blood-vessels with his consciousness, at the same time he perceived himself as if he were the size of one of his own red blood cells. Later, I created conditions when he could observe his chromosomes, being within them. With all this going on, Michael commented on everything he saw and felt, being completely conscious.

Some may call it the ravings of a madman or simply my suggestion. But, the reaction of a research worker of the institute, who observed the measuring devices during the experiment, clearly showed that it was neither of these things. While Michael Dekhta was giving a detailed description of his trip within his own body, the encephalogram of his brain showed that he was either comatose or in the state of clinical death. But he conversed with us, joked and felt more perfectly himself, according to his words—than ever before in his life. Workers of the Institute of Brain were simply shocked.

The Vadim Belozerov's group was filming the whole experiment, but for several reasons, the film was never shown. But the most important thing was the fact that the human brain in another qualitative state behaved quite differently, disregarding all the "laws" and "rules" of modern concepts about how it operates. I could give this kind of example endlessly. But, I will not spend time and paper on enumerating all facts and events and will return to the events and phenomena, which are more important, at least, as I see it.

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On September, 1989 Olga Sergeevna T. found me again. After what happened to her in 1987, her husband got work as an interpreter in the Middle East and her family was absent from Moscow for more than a year. In September, 1989 she returned to Moscow either on vacation or because her husband's contract had expired, and with her inherent

curiosity Olga Sergeevna began to "absorb" information from the TV screen and got into a mess again.

When she was watching Anatoly Kashpirovsky[1], she "connected" to what was on the screen and afterwards immediately rushed to look for me. At this time I lived in an apartment situated in Novo-Gireevo[2] and it was difficult to find me. But she managed to do it and one wonderful September day my apartment bell rang and I heard her voice. After we exchanged the usual courtesies she asked me to pull her out of a new mess. As a result of her curiosity she had "connected up" to a new system and could not get free from it on her own.

It appeared that she had got into a system consisting of numerous generators, which created parasitic pyramids. They were exactly like the one which I destroyed on December 19, 1987, thus freeing from its excessive "attention" both Olga Sergeevna and everyone who was connected to it. When I destroyed this parasitic pyramid with its base—a generator—I did not even think to check, whether there were other "souvenirs" like this. Even I could not have assumed that this kind of abomination existed in several copies. It was also very possible that I was not ready then to "take care" of all generators simultaneously or the time for this had not come yet; probably, I did not do it because of all the above reasons or perhaps because of something as yet unknown to me.

One way or another, pulling Olga Sergeevna out of her next "adventure", I discovered the whole system of psi-generators. A group of black magicians worked through Kashpirovsky. Many of them occupied high military and scientific ranks. They passionately assured all the rest of the people that it was not possible for these phenomena to happen simply because this could never be possible. And when all the others began to believe that magic was nothing but obscurantism and ignorance, they calmly used the magic, which, allegedly, did not exist, against unsuspecting people. Working through Kashpirovsky, this group of black magicians tried to strengthen their rocky influence on the masses.

I had already had one experience in "dealing" with a psi-generator in 1987 and began to destroy the others. There were ninety nine generators. Each of them "sat" in special areas of Midgardearth, in centres

[1] A controversial hypnotist and faith healer: he became famous in 1989 after several of his sessions with patients were shown on Soviet television. He was shown removing the pain of two patients who had just had operations on abdominal region. The first session was shown on October 9.In 1993 he was chosen to be a Deputy of the Russian Duma. In 1995 he moved to the United States. (E.L.)

[2] One of the Moscow districts (E.L.)

of power, which created a net of force around the planet. It was exactly the reason why social parasites placed their psi-generators in these active points, which suppressed human will and consciousness, converting people into bio-robots.

On my seeing and realizing it, I began to destroy this parasitic system. And I succeeded. I was utterly astonished, when after the destruction of the parasitic system, almost all socialistic countries "suddenly" stopped being socialist. And this happened without any revolutions and bloodshed.

At the beginning, even I had a certain degree of difficulty in believing that the destruction of some generators, about which most people of Midgard-earth did not have the slightest idea, would trigger a change in the social structure of socialist countries. What then can one say about people who were convinced that the like of this could not happen, because it cannot happen ever?: even I, the person who destroyed these generators, could not believe that the political system of Midgardearth depended on some psi-generators, which controlled people's consciousness through their subconscious. But, not everything, which is inconceivable and looks like the ravings of a madman, is in reality.

Social parasites created a brilliant system of brain washing to rule over the masses. Through the mass media, which they controlled, they imposed on the population a fanatical faith in the fact that the like of this could not possibly exist, that myths or legends of the past were nothing but a religious or social poison invented for fools and ignoramuses, and that only children could believe in these fairy-tales in our enlightened century. The science they created, repeated after them, special fables, and different "experts" passionately proved to everyone that all of it was complete nonsense, etc. And many phenomena which, all the same still happened to people; as for example, the phenomenon of clinical death, were declared a delirium.

I had occasion to talk to doctors who had worked on resuscitation, and they said that it was forbidden to them to mention the phenomena which accompanied clinical death. But some of them, at their own risk, wrote down the stories of people who had crossed the boundary between life and death and come back. And the reason for this prohibition was the following: these people reported that, being beyond the boundary, they could see their body from the outside, continued to feel like themselves, to think, to feel ... in short, they saw themselves, felt themselves and were themselves out of their physical body!

And this means that the physical body is only a carrier of what a person is in reality! Man's consciousness, his personality is not in the

physical body, but in his spirit, his soul, which is a system of material bodies of a living organism, in this case—of man.

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It is of interest that not only in the USSR but also in all Western countries, official science had this very same kind of attitude towards the phenomena which accompanies the clinical death of a man. This state of affairs was the same in the West, despite the fact that the concept of the soul, seen in the religious aspect, was not denied in principle, but was referred to in the context of faith or religion, and not in the context that really exists. That was a strange unity of concepts in both atheistic USSR and in the religious West, wasn't it!? Both sides showed an odd unity of opinion on the issue concerning the phenomena of clinical death. Why is this unity of official positions observed in such different social systems?

This theme was taboo for a very long time in both systems, however, true researchers of nature tried to draw public attention to this natural phenomenon, both in the USSR and in the West: but their attempts remained the "voice crying in the wilderness." The official version of the doctors, of both atheists and believers, is the same. "In the state of hypoxia the human brain creates hallucinations to help man to die easier..." It is simply impossible to invent greater nonsense. But, it is precisely this version to which official medicine sticks. And again, complete ignorance hides behind terms incomprehensible for most people and behind the hypnotic influence of the scientific regalia of "experts". It is just phrase-mongering.

First, hallucination is an inadequate reaction of a concrete person to surrounding reality. A great number of people who experienced the state of clinical death, both thousands of years ago and today, with differences in the level of education, different customs and beliefs cannot have identical hallucinations. This fact alone tells us that this is a real, natural phenomenon. Second, how could the brain of a person who, by definition, lives only once, and has never died before; know what kind of pictures it needs to create, to help the person to die "easier" and more "pleasantly"? Official medicine and "public" opinion will never be able to give the answer to these questions. And such concepts reigned in both the "communist" East and the capitalist West. What is the reason for such unity of opinions?

There can only be one reason: the acknowledgement of the fact that the personality of man, his consciousness, memory, and emotions are outside of his physical body, is very dangerous for those in power, not because it is connected with the concept of soul reincarnation and with everything that is related to this, but because of the secret of

psi-influence and the mechanism of control over the masses.

The point is that the ruling caste uses all means of modern science in order to convince us that man has nothing except his physically dense body; and that there are no other methods of influencing man except for physical devices from which radiation can always be measured by other devices. And nothing else exists, because it cannot ever exist!

The acknowledgement of the fact that what happens to a person in a state of clinical death is real; means acknowledging that the possibility of influencing other (non-physical) levels of man also exists. And this means that this influence cannot be detected by any physical device and then those who can influence these other levels, which appear to be the main ones, get almost complete control over man and the whole society! And the ruling circles of social parasites do not want people to even suspect that they are under a powerful psi-influence which controls precisely those levels which they allegedly do not have! What a cunning system was invented by social parasites to fool people!

So, psi-generators, which I discovered accidentally or not so accidentally, were those nonphysical methods of influencing the masses. Precisely through these criminal, in their essence, psigenerators, which were impossible to detect by any physical device, social parasites influenced people through their subconscious, in the most antihuman way; forcing them to do exactly what these "puppeteers of humanity" required.

The influence of these (and similar) generators is the reason for the inadequacy of the masses' conduct during revolutions and civil disturbances. Usually, these psi-generators influence maximally on young or uneducated people—on all those who have no time or possibility to get through the phase of development of a reasonable animal.

Therefore, social parasites, when influencing the masses with the help of psi-generators, eliminated physically all those who were immune to such influence or on who the action of these generators was insufficient. All carriers of powerful, healthy genes and highly educated people, who had passed the phase of a reasonable animal, in other words the flower of a nation, were killed. Where "revolutionaries" destroyed the flower of a nation, the social parasites always operated with their psi-generators, converting the rest into bio-robots.

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When I understood all this, I was simply shocked by the existent lawlessness, which unfolded literally before everyone's eyes quite openly, except—most people were unaware of it. And I also understood the reason why, in the "Middle Ages", the Christian church destroyed all sorcerers and sorceresses in Europe, blaming them for black witchcraft

and connections with the devil.

Wherever social parasites usurped the power, either explicitly or implicitly, they found suitable pretexts and eliminated those who could possibly see and understand the parasitic system created by them to control the masses. People were destroyed and with them their genes, which had allowed them to see other levels on the planet, especially where those controlling psi-generators were located.

In particular, they succeeded in doing this in Western Europe, where the Spanish Inquisition was created specifically for this purpose. Fires flared up, where the servants of "mercy" burned hundreds of thousands of people alive, and over the course of three hundred years—millions of people were condemned to be burned at the stake. The only guilt of the majority of people burned alive was their ability to see, hear and feel a little bit more than the rest. And it was not important for the inquisitors that their victims sincerely believed in Christ. They had a ready answer for any situation.

If it was a good Christian, then he was tempted by Lucifer and in order to rescue his immortal soul, it was necessary to commit his sinful body to the cleansing flames. Because only fire, in their opinion, was able to free the stray soul from the claws of the devil! And if some gift showed up in a person—that meant that the devil tempted him, but if the same gift showed up in a servant of the church, then it was charisma and thus God showed his power through these people and they could heal illnesses both of the body and soul. And church servants with this charisma were declared saints. That is a very interesting thing—if you have a gift and serve the church, then you are a saint, and if you do not belong to the church but have the same gift, then the devil tempts your soul...

One way or another, during the last Night of Svarog social parasites decided to destroy all carriers of genetic abilities, which allowed them to see more than the social parasites wanted. And it was like this, not only in the middle ages and under the domination of the Inquisition.

Militant atheists—the Bolsheviks—in exactly the same way physically destroyed genetic carriers of the abilities to see, hear and feel other levels of the planet. The only difference was that the Bolsheviks did not burn people alive. They shot them. Although there are pretty substantial distinctions in these methods, the result is the same—the physical elimination of carriers of new abilities.

Religious fanatics and militant atheists showed quite an eloquent unity in regard to genetic carriers; that points to these two groups being servants of the same masters—a caste of social parasites who only change their methods according to the situation, but have always

pursued one and the same purpose—to prevent people from recovering their "sight" and understanding that, actually, they are controlled by a caste of social parasites, influencing the consciousness by means of special psi-generators located on other planetary levels...

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The events of December 19, 1989 proved that those psi-generators directly influenced social systems, and the social changes, which happened after their elimination was not a casual coincidence. Exactly this day I switched on the TV set and heard a news report that Romania remained the only country faithful to the cause of the socialism!

Already understanding what it was all about, I began to search for an undestroyed psigenerator and..., found one which, for some reason, had avoided the fate of the others and was not destroyed during my work in September. When you understand, what to do and what to expect of your action, it is quite a different matter. With words: "Let's clean away a mess..."—I destroyed the last psi-generator. Regrettably, other psi-generators were activated later instead of being destroyed, but for that moment it was the last active psi-generator which covered "socialist" European countries.

I already knew, what would follow after the elimination of this psi-generator, and told everyone, who was present at my work, how long socialist Romania would remain without it. It hardly lasted... two days! The fact that Ceausescu[3] had created a so-called army of Ceausescu's "nestlings" did not help him. He instilled in the orphans a spirit of loyalty to him personally. He created for them the best conditions of life, many of them became employees of the Romanian secret service, but it did not save Ceausescu's socialistic regime from a rapid crash. None of his "nestlings" defended him. No one's blood was shed, except for Ceausescu and his wife's!

In almost three days after destruction of the last psi-generator of this type, Ceausescu's antinational socialistic regime ceased to exist—it is really astonishing, even when one knows, what must happen. Or probably, because one knows...

It turned out that my unintentional interference with politics on December 19, 1987 resulted in my new interference with all effluent

[3]Nicolae Ceauşescu (pronounced [nikolaje t au esku]) (January 26, 1918–December 25, 1989) was the leader of Romania from 1965 until December 1989, when a revolution and coup removed him from power. The revolutionaries held a two hour trial and sentenced him to death for crimes against the state, genocide, and "undermining the national economy." The hasty trial has been criticized as a kangaroo court. His subsequent execution marked the final act of the Revolutions of 1989. (E.L.)

consequences. In fact sometimes strange things happen—you are engaged in something, which would seem to be very far from politics and do not even think about it, but it "finds" you nevertheless, and you find yourself face to face with it.

Exactly to ensure that those like me stay away from the political system, destroying the mechanism of suppression and control created on our Midgard-earth, the social parasites have been eliminating the genetic carriers of these properties and qualities for the whole millennium. As was shown in practice, sometimes it is enough for a "clever boy" like me to appear and a long-lasting system of people's enslavement is disorganized and the spirits of the highest caste of social parasites is dampened for a long time.

It turns out that what one person can do is a lot. And I never felt sorry that my research and my own development brought me understanding of the state of affairs on our planet, and I never regretted that I had interfered in these disgraceful goings-on. And if the first time, my interference was accidental, the second time and later it was a conscious choice of mine...

Chapter 19.

Patching up the hole

December of 1989 was full of important events. By the end of this month I had "matured" enough for the first attempt to renew the ozone layer. First, I had an idea: why not decompose "bad" gases in the atmosphere and "assemble" the ozone molecule out of these "bricks"? "Bad" gases I understood to be those gases that got into Midgard-earth's atmosphere as a result of "reasonable" human activity.

I developed the following strategy to solve the problem, dividing it in two stages. At the first stage it was necessary to break up "bad" molecules in the atmosphere. The second stage would be synthesizing the ozone molecules out of the building material which was left when the "bad" molecules had been decomposed. It seemed to be a good plan. To realize it I used a retort filled with mercury. I discovered that, when I had a mercury thermometer in my hand, although it was a tiny amount, the synthesis of ozone occurred considerably faster and with a greater quantity of ozone.

Therefore, I asked my friend from Kharkov, Igor, to bring me a large soldered glass retort which contained more than one kilogram of mercury. I had never seen this much mercury in my life. So, I took this retort and began the process. Several persons witnessed it, among them there was Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev. They observed the process of Midgard-earth's ozone layer renewal with their own "eyes". They not only saw me, doing something silently with a mercury filled retort in my hands, but also they saw our planet around which some quite "unusual" phenomena appeared. As I influenced, they saw how Midgard-earth's ozone layer began to increase until it was restored completely.

My influencing took no more than five or ten minutes. The world was not changed in outward appearance. Everything continued to take its normal course. It seemed as if nothing had happened. It was very possible that I would succeed in achieving nothing—such a course of events also could not be eliminated. But, as they say, there is no harm in trying! Even if there was no result, it only meant—I had not succeeded in finding the correct solution and needed to continue searching.

However, one cannot expect an immediate result directly after in-

fluencing. It is like the healing of man: it requires some time after the influence for a person to become healthy. Then I did not know how much time it would take for the result to show up on the physical level. I had never attempted using my influence on this kind of scale on Midgard-earth. In fact I, along with everyone else, was under a blocking action.[1] I came to the conclusion that there was something restricting human abilities within the boundaries of the planet. It was only when I succeeded in overcoming this influence that I discovered that outside Midgard-earth, my abilities were immeasurably greater than those which I could use here.

That is why, the speed with which the result of my influence began to show up, was a pleasant surprise for me. My influencing took place in Moscow, in the district of Novo-Gireevo, and the first thing I heard about it was the news the next day which reported that there was no smog in Moscow. They even explained the "reason" for this unusual state of affairs. It would seem that the smog had disappeared as a result of the actions of our traffic cops, who conducted very "organized" preventive measures to eliminate the exhaust emission of cars! But, together with these emissions, all atmospheric contamination related to industry in the capital, had also disappeared including carbon monoxide and many other things. I could not imagine a more ridiculous explanation. Why it was necessary to propound indubitable foolishness, when the reason for the event was unknown? Couldn't they just report it without ridiculous comments?

It could be said that my own comments are even more ridiculous, but don't jump to conclusions. In fact, the decomposition of "bad" atmospheric gases was the first part of the solution to the problem with the ozone layer and, despite the fact that it sounds absurd to sceptics, it happened. I had only to wait for news reports telling about the appearance of ozone, which would mean the realization of the second part of my influencing program. Soon, I heard another news report about enormous masses of ozone in the atmosphere—how it came to be there was unknown. This time, the appearance of enormous masses of ozone in the atmosphere of the planet was not connected with the work of our "remarkable" traffic cops. They probably could not establish a direct connection between the two phenomena.

There was a certain connection, however, only not with traffic cops, but with the program which I tried to incorporate during the influence. And then several publications appeared in the mass media about the disappearance of the ozone hole above Antarctica!

[1] See N. Levashov "The Source of Life-1"

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I got an April issue, 1990, of the Soviet journal "Young technician", where it was reported that the hole in the ozone layer had disappeared without a trace! They wrote that nature itself had found a simple and rapid solution to the problem, which threatened to destroy humanity and life in general on the surface of the planet!

Sometimes it is very interesting to read the conclusions of some scientific "experts". They make one marvel a lot. The leading journal for children and youth—"Young technician" №4 1990— informed inquiring teenagers about the reason for the ozone holes' disappearance giving out the following information. According to "experts", it happened as a result of the increased activity of the Sun, when oxygen was ionized in the atmosphere and ozone which we needed so badly appeared. An explanation amazing in its absurdity!

We can certainly assume that the journalist muddled something up, as they usually do, but most likely, it happened because some "experts" gave him their "clear" explanation of the phenomenon. And, if those "experts" did not appeal against this explanation later, it meant that the journalist conveyed their opinion correctly. Let us examine, what is behind their opinion. Maybe they are right?!

1989 was not a year of sun activity, as those "experts" allege. Let's check this affirmation. The sun has an eleven-year cycle of activity which was almost at the cyclic minimum in 1990. Besides, inside this cycle there are local emissions even at minimal sun activity. Indeed, the first local peak of the sun activity was in the middle of 1989, and the second—in the beginning of 1991. But the appearance of ozone masses and disappearance of the ozone hole happened at the very beginning of 1990—just between these local peaks of sun activity. It was the first contradiction in the explanation, but not the last and most important one.

Why did ozone appear with a more than half-year delay after a small peak of sun activity in 1989? For some reason "experts" were reluctant to clear up this question. The ozone hole disappeared precisely between those local peaks of sun activity in 1989 and 1991.

There is more nonsense related to this explanation. If we take the "experts" point of view as a basis, it would mean that the sun activity in 1989 was exactly the same, as the total activity of sun for 1.33 billion years. During this period there were 120 909 091 eleven-year cycles of sun activity. Accordingly, there were three times more cycles for 4.0 billion years which was required to create the complete ozone layer on Midgard-earth, which our planet had until 1960, i.e., approximately, 362 727 273 cycles!

I would like to remind you that the ozone hole above Antarctica appeared as a result of the "reasonable" activity of man, when the thickness of Midgard-earth's ozone layer diminished by 3030120 909 091 eleven-year cycles of the sun activity for this period!

In what way did the peak of the sun activity of 1989 differ from other peaks which occurred during 1.3 billion of years (or in other words during 120 909 091 cycles of the sun activity)?! "Experts" cannot answer this question. Moreover, for very clear reasons they prefer not to ask it at all.

If we assume that one and the same phenomenon happened both during the peak of the sun's activity in 1989 and during 120 909 091 cycles of sun activity over a period of 1.3 billions of years, it would mean that in 1989 our sun had become a supernova with all the consequences that naturally follow. However, in 1989 our sun did not become a supernova, which means that this version is no longer relevant. Moreover, there is another reason, why this version ceased to have significance.

The point is that the power of the sun's radiation is increased with every peak of activity, including hard radiation. All that results in, is atmospheric oxygen being ionized, in other words the atoms of oxygen become ions. And oxygen ions do not form molecules of ozone (molecules of ozone consist of three atoms of oxygen)! Thus, no synthesis of ozone whatsoever can occur during peaks of sun activity, on the contrary—as a result of ionization the loss of molecules of oxygen and ozone is observed! So, wherever you look—the explanation of "experts" is nothing but pure absurdity.

Certainly, they could not know about my actions. And if someone knew, he would not accept it, because my version of events was simply beyond discussion. It was quite impossible for them to accept this kind of approach even for reflection, therefore they preferred to issue absolute nonsense, but it had to be pseudo-scientific nonsense. Later, it began to be "in bad taste" to talk about the ozone hole. But, I will leave it on their consciences.

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It was unimportant for me, what "experts" thought about all this, if they thought anything at all on this occasion. The most important thing for me was that my attempt was successful. I followed my own path and did not expect gratitude and acknowledgement from anyone, either from scientists or from humanity which, notwithstanding, I rescued, however loud and presumptuous it may sound. I wanted to find the solution to the problem and I found it! And this was my reward.

But at the end of December, 1989 I still was not sure that I had succeeded. There were only the first reports, that the Moscow air was

fully cleared of harmful gases. Those indicated to me that, at least, I'd succeeded in decomposing harmful gases in the atmosphere. When I knew about it, I instantly had another idea. I thought, why not use this principle and decompose radio-active contamination left after the Chernobyl catastrophe?

Again a reminder that the space guests, who arrived at my request, decomposed only plutonium in the fourth reactor's sarcophagus and when I asked them, why they did not solve the whole problem, they answered that they did that, which our civilization was unable to do, but all the rest was our own concern. In September, 1987 I did not even try to solve the problem on my own, because I was not sure that I had the necessary qualities for it, that I was really able to solve it successfully.

I just would not allow myself to please my vanity and try to do something, without knowing whether or not I could. I honestly consider that it would have been criminal, because there was no time for tests and errors. The situation required immediate action and complete confidence in a positive result. Therefore, considering everything, I decided to appeal for help to my friends. I still consider that it was a correct decision.

Even, if I was able to solve the problem with the sarcophagus then, I would not consider it acceptable to risk everything for the sake of pleasing my vanity. I had no doubts about that. I perfectly understood the level of my responsibility in this situation and realized there was no sense in even trying to do something, thereby losing precious time. Besides, I did not know then, how much time would pass from the moment of my appeal for help and its appearance, assuming that I had a real contact with the union of civilizations. To my joy, and I hope to the joy of everyone, my "connections" appeared to be real and not imaginary.

But now, when nothing was under threat of being blown up and breaking the planet into numerous asteroids, and when I had succeeded in decomposing harmful gases in the atmosphere into primary "bricks", I decided to try decomposing the radio-active contamination in the area of Chernobyl. I thought again—the situation could not be worse, but it could be better. No sooner said than done—at the beginning of January, 1990 I did the necessary influencing and.., began the wait for the result.

Suddenly, at the beginning of February the central Soviet television declared a day-long Chernobyl "telethon"; The Supreme Soviet of the USSR assigned enormous funds for the Chernobyl area—this kind of action had never been undertaken since the catastrophe in 1986. Im-

pressive donations were collected both from private individuals and enterprises: however, as it became known later, neither these donations, nor any budget funds ever reached Chernobyl. When they declared the telethon, I thought that probably I had not taken something into account and the experiment had failed. But I soon became aware of some very interesting information.

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First, Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, who had very close connections with the secret service, informed me that the research carried out by the KGB laboratories on infected territories showed the absence of any radiation background higher than normal. It was quite an interesting situation. The top management of the KGB knew, through Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, that I had tried to decompose the radio-active contamination in the area of Chernobyl; their laboratories checked up on the efficiency of my work, and when they had confirmation of the positive result, they smartly "organized" an allotment of considerable sums of budget money for cleaning the area, and the telethon, knowing perfectly well that everything was already clear as a result of my work.

Obviously, they decided to "line their own pockets" with considerable sums of money using the results of my work. Most likely they decided to hold back the information about my clearing of the Chernobyl area, to simulate cleansing activity, using as a cover the secrecy of nuclear decontamination methods, and to announce the work to be successfully completed (until now there is no nuclear decontamination method, except for the land burial of the contaminated soil).

The desired result of their operation was that which they longed for, filling their pockets with money, which they had not earned. They fully succeeded in this, but they failed to keep it a secret. As a result they failed to become heroes, who allegedly rescued humanity from the radioactive contamination. Before they had time to organise a performance with their "cleansing", the information about the absence of radioactive contamination leaked out and the inhabitants of contaminated areas began to go back to their houses. Authorities tried to stop them, but failed.

In February, 1990 a journalist of the TV program "The Time" yelled from the screen: "***...if the Geiger counter does not show the presence of gamma, beta and alpha radiation, it does not mean that there is no nuclear contamination...***" What a "highly scientific" speech! But the journalist forgot to say that physics did not know any other methods of registering nuclear contamination, except for measuring levels of gamma, beta and alpha radiations!

So, they failed to steal money "elegantly" at someone else's expense

(in this case mine). They managed to steal money, but failed to acquire the image of heroes and earned the image of common thieves. This was the other outcome of my work on clearing the Chernobyl area of radioactive contamination. It also appeared to be successful, and I was both glad and distressed at the same time with the results of my work.

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At the beginning of 1990 another interesting event happened. It was not of similar magnitude as the above, but, nevertheless, it had quite a significant importance. Everything began from a simple leaf. Yes, from a simple leaf of a tropical plant. Someone gave it to me and told me to put it into water until the leaf grew roots, and after that to plant it into a pot with soil. I thought, why not and.., put it put into a glass of water.

An idea flashed through my mind. What will happen if I influence and increase the biological efficiency factor (BEF) of the plant from 10no plant on Earth has? By that time I already had a pretty complete understanding of the nature of evolution and the processes which take place in living matter. Therefore I embarked upon this experiment pretty resolutely.

I influenced the leaf and began to observe, what would come out of this. The leaf took root pretty quickly in the water, they were very luxuriant, and I planted it in a pot with soil and continued to observe the development of events. Pretty soon one more leaf appeared then another one and another one. The leaves of the plant were succulent and had a dark-emerald color; the undersides were covered in whitish "fur". In May the plant bloomed.

I had no idea what or how things should happen with this plant. I thought to consult a botanical reference book and find out everything I could; but, as it turned out, the "book" came to me. More precisely a woman-botanist came to visit me.

Regrettably, I do not remember her name, but she did me a very important favour. Being a PhD, she, on seeing the flowering plant, gave me its Latin name, which, again, I do not remember, and exclaimed in surprise: "What a miracle ... you have it blooming, but it usually blooms **only once in five years** and not then always! When I told her that just three months ago this plant was a leaf, she refused to believe it. However I had chronologically dated photos—first the leaf in the glass with water without roots, then the leaf with roots, later the leaf in the pot, the plant with fleshy leaves and finally the blooming plant.

She could see the blooming plant with her own eyes. I explained to her, what had happened, but I was not sure that she believed me. But it was not important for me, whether this womanbotanist believed me

or not. Above all, I knew that it was true; I needed no proof that three months ago it was only a leaf. In fact, it was me who put this leaf in the water. The information which this woman-botanist shared with me was very important. Because it confirmed the success of my experiment, which was even greater than I expected. After my influence the leaf had completed its growth cycle of **five years in three months**!

It was simply outstanding. Such a result, a practical result, together with other practical results showed me that I had succeeded in finding an extraordinary "gold vein" of understanding of the laws of nature, both living and lifeless, and I could not only understand these laws but also find methods of application of this understanding in practice! And it was simply staggering! I felt incomparable joy every time, when I succeeded in fulfilling that which I had planned.

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When I sized up the results of my influence on the leaf, I had an idea of a quite unusual experiment with plants. I thought, what would happen if I covered the whole territory of the Soviet Union with my influence on all cultivated plants to increase their productivity by several times? Why not? I thought then that everyone would benefit. I did it and began to collect information at first hand, i.e. from people who directly worked in agriculture.

The summer of 1990 was especially cold and rainy. I remember that agricultural scientists appeared on TV every now and then, predicting meagre crops because of the rain and cold. They prepared everyone to expect a very bad harvest which could result in shortages of bread and other food. Imagine their surprise, when in 1990 the yield turned out to be... three times greater than in most bumper crop years. Regrettably, no one expected this so no one was prepared to harvest this recordbreaking crop, which remained mainly in the fields. But that was a secondary factor. It turned out that a single influence on the territory of the Soviet Union was enough for a productivity increase of more than three times! I did not even have real pictures of the territory for conducting this influence. I had to evoke from my memory the geographical map of the Soviet Union and imagine what I wanted to carry out...

It turned out that the beginning of 1990 was full of pleasant events. I remember that February 23, 1990, was Friday. On February, 25, Sunday, there were either Russian presidential elections or elections of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation. On Friday Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, when leaving me late at night, dropped some hints that large disturbances were expected on Sunday and it would be great if I could do something about it. As far as I understood from the

results of my scanning of the situation and from the analysis of the open information, the KGB was preparing some very serious provocation on February, 25. Through newspapers and television they began to intimidate people by saying they expected disorder and advised them to stay at home that day.

I understood that the KGB trained agents whose job was to provoke crowd disturbances, alarming and agitating (the crowd). They were ordered to shoot at the building of the KGB and other strategic objects, using weapons given them for this purpose. Thus, they wanted to enable the authorities to introduce martial law in the country and begin to carry out repressions. In fact, the success of this operation meant the seizure of power in the country by the highest echelons of the KGB. I decided to prevent the bloodshed. For this purpose I created something like a "hubcap" of influence all over the territory of the Soviet Union with a program which blocked any aggressiveness and any manifestation of cruelty and violence, and..., everything remained extraordinarily calm on February, 25.

As it turned out, there was not a single robbery, no violence or murder in the whole territory of the Soviet Union that day! The confirmation of the fact that the KGB had planned a bloody provocation came to me later, when I got the next issue of the newspaper "Kommersant". In March it reported that an armoured division had been brought up near Moscow, military hospitals with large supplies of blood for transfusion were deployed according to the laws of war-time, this Sunday all doctors were at their workplaces, policemen and employees of the KGB went home with their weapons, judges had lists of people who were to be arrested, etc. All this proves that the authorities planned a bloody provocation, and I could stop it! I could not have been happier!

I do not know why Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev gave me a hint about possible February disorders. Maybe, he disliked this development of events and did it knowing that I could possibly stop this madness. In fact it could have resulted in civil war and it is difficult to even imagine its consequences for the country. Or, probably, following the instructions of the KGB, he created the leak of information to check, whether I would be able to do anything like this and with my psiinfluence put a block on all those, who worked in order for this event to happen. Most likely, both reasons have a right to exist.

Some words about other events. One day I told Vladimir Sergeev that the Chernobyl catastrophe was not an accident but a result of direct psi-influencing on workers at the atomic station. Later on he showed me a list of Vronsky's group, who had worked to create the

same situation near Serpukhov and asked me, whether I could block their actions. I gladly agreed to do it. After that he asked me to give him a description of people from his list. I answered that I saw no necessity for this, and I also underlined the names of people from the list, who worked as KGB informants and said that he should ask them about everything that interested him, and I did not have the least desire to do it.

I got the impression that within the KGB there were different groups. They had different aims and used different methods and fought with each other. I do not think that I am mistaken... And in the meantime it was June, 1990 and new turns in my fate expected me.

Chapter 20.

Life is going on

There were no remarkable events in my life in May and June, 1990. I received my patients, met different people and continued to reflect upon new tasks. In other words, I led a routine life. Some people would hardly call my life routine; it may seem simply unbelievable to others, and there always will be those who call it the ravings of a madman. It depends on the person's range of interests, his ability to accept unusual information and to think independently. When I speak about my life as routine, I am not showing off, but expressing the essence of what I experienced then, no matter how strange it may seem to others.

I will try to explain this. Every time I came across a new problem which concerned the health of man, I had to confront a task which was unknown to me. I needed to understand the initial cause, to develop the strategy and tactics for a possible solution and find appropriate methods of solving this problem. The more difficult the problem, then the more interesting the process of searching for the solution, and the greater the gratification when it was successful.

Very often I had to recapitulate a lot in my understanding of things, when I had both to contrive the strategy and tactics of problem solving in theory and to observe the realization. And an initially developed strategy or tactic did not always lead to the final result. I constantly observed what happened when I used one or another influence, and evaluated the efficiency of my strategy and tactics.

At the same time, it was very important not to confuse a wishful image with the real one. It was very important to obtain reliable information about what had happened in the patient's organism under my influence in reality. In fact, the objectivity of the feedback is the key to the successful solution of a problem. Therefore it is hard to overestimate the necessity of having exact information about the processes involved, instead of an illusion which "corresponds" to your plan.

The most difficult thing of all is to keep your objectivity. Sure, the desire to see that everything goes to plan and to think that you took everything into account is strong! But, it is almost impossible to take everything into account! And if you are not impartial and objective in what you do, sooner or later, you will loose touch with reality and

"float" in the clouds of illusion. There is nothing useful in that, but the harm is enormous! Self-deceit is mortally dangerous and infinitely harmful, no matter how "nice" it is and how it "warms" the soul. Why it is mortally dangerous will become clear from the further narration.

Only the objective information about what happened in the patient's organism as a result of my influence allowed me both to solve the health problems of a concrete person and acquire the following habit: not to project my wishes or ideas onto reality, but to obtain information about the real state of affairs. In fact it is very simple to create a hologram of a desired situation, to see it and then to feel satisfied that you saw exactly what you expected to see. Self-deceit prevents development and is mortally dangerous for such a dreamer. Especially, if anyone, who finds this weakness, starts to play up to it and manipulate it, thus, manipulating the dreamer. It is very dangerous, both for the victim of his own illusions and everyone around him.

When a person finds himself captive to his own illusions, his actual ability to heal can be affected, as to whether or not he is able to heal another person. His error can affect only one person, who this unfortunate healer with his head in the clouds will deceive, be it consciously or not. The consequences are much more serious, if a gifted person, being in the captivity of his illusions, tries to do something on a global level! In this case a lot of people can suffer and not only people. An over-valued self-estimation plus ignorance can cost all very dear. We can find a lot of examples of this in the past.

Few know that, for example, the main reason for the catastrophe which happened on our Midgard-earth 13016 years ago[1] was ignorance and excessive ambition on the part of the magicianrulers of Antlan (Atlantis), when they decided to indulge their vanity and show their power. They decided to play with the elements of nature, having a superficial knowledge about it. As a result of their actions the fragments of a small moon, Fatta, fell on Midgard-earth and not only caused giant tsunamis and other natural cataclysms, but also changed the tilt of our planet's axis by 23.5 degrees. All this cast Midgard-earth's civilization from the height of space to the level of the Stone Age! This can be the cost of self-deceit. That is why it is very important for a gifted person to learn to get objective information about all reactions to his influence.

Someone could ask: How does the healer's objectivity relate to such global phenomena!? It has the most direct relation, no matter how strange it may sound on the face of it! In fact, the principle of action of an influencing person does not differ, whether he influences the body

[1] The book is written in 2007.

of other person or the whole planet. The point is that in both cases the following actions should be executed one after another:

1. **Scanning** (reception of information) of an object which is planned to be influenced.

2. **Analysis** of the obtained information.

3. **Creation** of the strategy and tactics in order to solve the problem on the basis of manysided analysis.

4. **Selection** of properties and qualities necessary for the realization of chosen strategy and tactics.

5. **Verification** of necessary potential for realization of the task according to chosen strategy and tactics.

It is of no importance, what kind of problem is to be solved! Any influence is based on these five rules, be it healing influence on a person or impacting the forces of nature—each of the above rules is determining. If even one of them fails to meet the conditions of reality, but all others are conscientiously executed, all work will be doomed to be a complete fiasco! These five terms are of EQUAL value! In other words, no single one of them is more important than the others, or can define the final result. Only if all these five requirements are executed conscientiously and to the highest quality, is there a possibility of getting a positive result out of the influence.

That is why, it is very important to learn to do everything correctly when working with one person. In fact the system approach is one and the same, both when you influence a person to return his health and when you influence the whole planet, as it was in the case of Midgard-earth's ozone layer. Maximal objectivity and impartiality is a pledge of success in both cases.

Upon polishing your strategy and tactics to the minutest detail when working with a human being, you get at your disposal an effective instrument for work with greater tasks. The work with a solid, living person, yields incomparable experience for work with all other possible problems and tasks which are waiting for a searching person on his way. Without this experience—the experience of effective work with people—it is simply impossible to do other things. If a gifted but ignorant person tries to solve some global task without working strictly to the five rules in practice, he (she) will be doomed to failure.

Regrettably, most gifted people do not even reflect upon the nature of their gift. At least, I never met anyone who thought about how to

perfect his gift, to bring it to another qualitative level. Almost all of them used their gift in the dark without having the least idea what it was. As a result, most found themselves in the captivity of illusions as to what happened when they used their influence. The most widespread error of gifted people is that they almost never understand the initial cause of problems.

For example, many healers or extrasensory individuals determine the presence of health problems because of the presence of holes in the bio-field or so-called "aura" of a person. The problem is where there is a "hole" or "hillock"! It is necessary only to fill the "hole" or cut the "hillock" and the problem is solved!!! It is true, when you return the system to a balanced state, using this method, a person will feel better. But it will only last for a while, whereupon he will go back to the previous state, i.e. to the illness. The problem is that a deformity in the bio-field or "aura" is a consequence, not a cause! Until the problem with the initial cause is solved, these areas of deformation will appear again and again, no matter how much time you spend on them and how often you "pump" them up or "smooth" them out.

It is like a hole in a ship. If you do not patch the hole, the water will get inside again and again, no matter how long you pump out the water! Moreover, incoming water will also make the size of the hole bigger. And if the pump breaks or fails to cope with the increasing quantity of water, the ship will finally sink! The only solution to this problem is to patch the hole, and only then it will make sense to pump out the water! In the case of a person's health, it is necessary to define the initial cause of illness (the cause of the "hole.") The only way to save an organism ("ship") from sinking is to patch the initial cause ("hole").

But, as I already mentioned, most people, who have a gift or think that they have one, are unaware of this mechanism and conventional medicine gets all the trump-cards in their hands. The lack of knowledge of people with a natural gift fosters the kind of public opinion which is very favorable for the medical profession. And I have numerous examples of this. Here is one of them. One day in April or May, 1990 Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev came to me earlier than usual and asked me to help his chief who became literally twisted up by radiculitis, when stepping out of his car and now he could not straighten himself up. I had already finished my work with patients and agreed to help.

We went in his car and some time later we arrived and went to the reception desk of his chief, Edward Sagadaev, who was then the editor-in-chief of the news and documentary film studios of the USSR. He came out and we met. Vladimir Sergeev explained to him why he

had brought me, and Sagadaev waved his hand, as if giving up on the matter, and said: "that does not work with me. Let's have a drop of cognac to celebrate our acquaintance. Juna[2] tried to do something with it a lot of times, but could not do anything."

I explained nothing to him, thanked him for the offer of cognac but refused as I do not drink alcohol, saying that I never did. Edward Sagadaev was not offended by my refusal and I began what I came for. I asked him to take off his jacket and began to influence. He appeared to be very sensitive. I softened his vertebrae, touching them with my fingers and began to melt the accumulation of salts.

In few minutes Edward Sagadaev felt heat flowing along his spine and a large salt spot appeared on his shirt. A couple of minutes more—and he could bend without feeling any pain or discomfort. He was even able to touch the floor with his finger-tips—which, according to him, he had been unable to do for a long time. That all this happened to him over several minutes surprised him greatly. He had not expected anything of the kind.

According to his concepts, Juna was the number one healer known all over the USSR, and here was an unknown man doing what she never could do. Everyone in the Soviet Union, and not only there (as I saw later), had an ingrained false opinion that if you could do something well or very well, then newspapers would necessarily write about you, you will be shown on TV and talked about on radio. If there is nothing of the kind, it means that you lie. For some reason people consider that the mass media will widely report the serious achievements of one or another person. If there is nothing in the mass media, then you are unable to do what you declare. It was always amusing to see people's faces lit with surprise when they were assured of the contrary.

In the Soviet Union almost nothing was reported about any results of my work, although the highest echelons in power knew perfectly well what I could do and what I had done already. It concerned both my success in healing people and in solving the problem of the ozone layer and clearing out Chernobyl's radio-active contamination. They knew, but were in no rush to make it public property.

First, few people knew about what I had done already, and those who knew were not in a hurry to share it with others. Second, an official acknowledgement of my results would bring a lot of undesirable consequences both for those in power and for functionaries in science, because it would then be necessary to revise very many things, and

[2]Eugeniya Davitashvili – a very famous healer in the USSR in the 80's. They say that she healed Leonid Breznev, the head of the state at that time.

they already knew that it is impossible to control me blindly.

But, I was not worried about it. Certainly, I would be pleased, if people knew what I had succeeded in doing. But complete silence about my work did not make me suffer. In fact, I did not do all this to appear in newspapers or on TV. I did it because my soul required it, because it was interesting for me to solve one or another problem. My reward was always the fact that I succeeded in solving something seemingly impossible. And when I succeeded, my soul had been glad and rejoiced, and not because I was the "greatest", but because I succeeded in guessing another riddle of nature and had found another "key" to its secrets.

It is the highest reward for a true scientist, which I consider myself to be, and all the rest is tinsel. Its presence or absence does not affect my attitude to life; I accept both with peace of mind. The most important thing is what motivates a person to do something. There was never a place for vanity and pride among my motives. If indeed you are able to make something happen, all this is unnecessary and can only hinder you in your work...

My standpoint does not mean that other people's opinion, their experience or their understanding does not matter to me. I have always respected and still respect the opinions and concepts of others. Only I have always considered and still consider that if a person expresses an opinion, he must substantiate it, especially when his opinion is opposed to another's. It is overwhelmingly important in this case to have grounds for and explain your opinion.

If the person does not explain or simply declares that it is "so", simply because it is "so" or that he is not allowed to speak about it, or that others are simply unable to understand him, etc., it is a signal for me that this person has no opinion of his own, but only wishes to show off! Certainly, there can be a situation, when for one or another reason a person must not speak about something, but in this situation the person should not begin a conversation about it. However, in most cases the unwillingness to explain one's position hides ... the absence of any grounds for it.

Very often people, who have one or another gift, do not quite understand its nature and use it in the dark and for this reason they utilize only an insignificant part of their gift. Pretty often the blind use of the gift results in its loss, or transformation into its exact antithesis. Frequently people only think that they have a gift and suggest this idea both to themselves and to those around them, and the absence of proof of its manifestation is explained by the "intrigues" of Dark Forces which constantly "put a spoke in their wheels."

Certainly, Dark Forces exist and, if a person interferes with their plans, they do not observe it calmly, but actively act against him, but it does not influence the manifestation of the very gift, if it exists in reality. Certainly, I could give several examples and names, which confirm my words, but I will not do it—I am not going to "lynch" anyone, even if they deserve it.

It is not my aim to unmask whoever, but to expound my understanding of things that happened with me. Every reader is free to draw his own conclusions from what he has read. They can be correct or not so correct, but everybody has to feel deeply and understand with his mind, heart and soul, where the truth is or, at least, in what direction to search for it.

Too often concepts and opinions, which were never explained, were imposed on people. My aim is not to obscure the issue, I would like to show others my own position, my understanding of events which happened to me and around me with one purpose—I can probably help others to understand what I have succeeded in understanding, and to do it through enlightening by knowledge, instead of cramming readers' heads with dead information...

I would like to return to the explanation of my attitude toward the opinion of other people. If a person can state the grounds for his opinion, even if his grounds are incorrect, then he has the right to offer his opinion to others until someone is able to prove him wrong. If it is proved to the person that his opinion was based on erroneous conclusions or beliefs, he should change his opinion or find a more appropriate explanation. Otherwise, he has no right to impose his opinion on others.

Certainly, it is my understanding of this matter—some can accept my position, some cannot! But I do not try to impose my understanding on anyone. I simply expound my view on things and anyone has the right to accept my position or not! I leave to the reader the right to decide on his own, what is closer to him (her) in what I write about, and meanwhile I will continue my story...

From 1989 I tried to find persons or companies interested in my "psi-toys" in order to start their production. It seemed to me that if my devices were able to help in even twenty-five percent of cases, it would be simply wonderful. Wouldn't it be just great, if when a person presses a button, his heart is then in the process of renewal, his scars disappear, the functions of other organs and systems of his organism are restored and there is no need to cut off or cut out anything, to swallow different pills which poison the whole organism and do not help, but destroy other organs and systems.

In order to understand that this is true, it is enough to read attentively the information about side effects of one or another medicine, which is usually described in very small print. But here a person presses a button, the influence on a damaged organ or a system of organs occurs and in a bit of time problem(s) disappear fully or partly without any side effects. And even if not everyone who uses this device returns to full health, but the development of existent health problems is slowed and new problems fail to appear, this would be splendid!

Therefore, I tried to find people who could be interested in organizing the commercial output of these devices. At that time I mingled with a lot of people, who were occupied with some business or another. I even advised some joint ventures, evaluating possible situations and specifying those transactions, which were safe (i.e. no risk of deceit from the side of possible partners) and could bring profit. It was enough for me to look at a picture of a person and I could give a complete description of his personality, what he had in mind and whether he was a reliable partner. Sometimes, I was asked to provide protection against incursions on the company and usually everything happened without problems. In other words, I created optimum conditions for business. If the owners of joint ventures appeared to be far-seeing enough and, on checking the rightness of my words several times listened to my recommendations, everything happened successfully.

The owners of one Soviet-Hungarian joint venture, being sure of the accuracy of my prognoses and the effectiveness of my devices, even had a burning desire to organize their mass output. From the Soviet side the joint owner of this enterprise was Sergey, whose last name I do not remember. He took a great interest in my technologies and concepts. Several times he invited me to his summer residence to spend weekends, where his family lived all summer. Usually, my "miniholidays" were accompanied by numerous questions about this and about that—Sergey appeared to be a person pretty open to new things. He was very interested in Space, other civilizations, etc. So, several summer Saturdays and Sundays of 1990 were spent in philosophical conversations.

In the end of June I was asked to go to Hungary and negotiate all the necessary conditions for production of my devices. At the same time, this journey to Budapest was a sort of gratuity, for the help which I provided to this company. According to the law existed then, they were not allowed to pay for consultation services provided by one person, i.e. me. Therefore, I asked them to pay the travel expenses of my group. It was a support group consisting of two persons to whom I had begun to teach my method. I will not give the names of these people; it will become clear later—why.

It was agreed that the owners of this joint venture would pay the travel expenses of three persons and the registration of our foreign passports. I had to ask acquaintances of mine to help us to get our foreign passports, because I was registered in Kharkov at the time and my companions had other problems which needed to be solved to get foreign passports in Moscow.

One way or another, all problems with passports were solved, our tickets were purchased and off we went—I and two my protégés sat in the airplane and... I left the frontiers of the Soviet Union for the first time in my life! Although Hungary was still considered a socialist country, nevertheless, in June-July, 1990 it already differed a lot from the USSR. Sergey's Hungarian partner with whom I was already acquainted was to meet us in Budapest International airport.

We went through customs control and ... appeared in "Arrivals" at Budapest! Around were people speaking a foreign language, of which we could not understand or read a single word, and the person who should meet us was not there. We could go wherever we wanted, but the only question was, where? I decided that it would be better if we wait some time, most likely he was just delayed on his way to the airport. Fortunately, that was what had happened. In somewhere between ten and fifteen minutes a man with a card with my name on it appeared.

The man who met us spoke fluent Russian and appeared to be the father of Sergey's Hungarian partner. He had lived in the USSR a long time and therefore knew Russian very well. He brought us to a place with which neither I nor my companions were delighted—it looked very like a hostel. He gave each of us our daily allowance in forints[3] for two weeks and also seventy thousand forints towards the usual payment. In 1990 seventy thousand forints was equal to a thousand US dollars. Was it a lot or a little, it was difficult to say, but as I found out later the monthly salary of most Hungarians was six thousand forints! The almost one hundred thousand forints which each of us received was a pretty large sum.

Our rooms were like rooms in a hostel, but our guide promised that in the morning he would drive us to a more decent place. He left us to rest after the road journey and we agreed to meet with him in the morning. We looked around; the place had nothing worthy of our attention. I took a shower and went to sleep. In the morning our guide arrived as promised. We put our things into his car and left for our new location. It was a chic apartment in the mansion of a Hungarian

[3]Hungarian currency (E.L.)

aristocrat with a wonderful view over the Danube and very near to its famous bridges.

The city centre was a ten minute walk away. Our guide showed and explained to us the most necessary things, wished us a pleasant rest and we went on our first excursion around Budapest. I think that Budapest is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. I have not seen all of them, Budapest was the first European city I visited, but, nevertheless, those cities which I visited later in Europe and the USA did not make so big an impression on me. I'm talking about the old city; the buildings of new Budapest of the socialist epoch differed little from similar buildings in the USSR.

The Royal Palace and the Hungarian parliament building, in Gothic style, were majestic. The latter competed in beauty with the British parliament. If I am not mistaken, Hungarians wanted to emulate or maybe surpass the English and copied the halls of their parliament from the British one. The colour of walls, upholstery and carpets in these halls were exactly like those in the House of Lords and the House of Commons. At least, this was the explanation of Sergey's Hungarian partner's mother as I remember it. The greater part of the time we were left on our own. We made several tours on the outskirts of Budapest and even visited a traditional Hungarian village. Everything was so different.

We did not understand a word. It felt very strange. The lack of understanding of the speech and our inability to explain ourselves produced the effect of helplessness. I felt rather more helpless than a mute. In fact a mute person understands everything, but cannot speak, and for the first time in my life I found myself in a situation where I neither could say nor understand anything. I must say, it is a very unpleasant feeling. Fortunately, our hosts spoke Russian very well and I could get some idea about Hungary.

We had plenty of free time and became acquainted with the centre of Budapest pretty well. We were surprised by the multitude of shops. It was possible to purchase almost anything, with the stipulation that one had sufficient money, of course. It was a cornucopia in comparison with Moscow shops of 1990[4]. However, according to the opinion of Hungarians everything was very expensive, because most of them, as I mentioned already, had a salary of about six thousand forints per month.

I knew that after Hungary I would be going to Germany and decided

[4]There was an acute shortage of almost everything in the USSR, beginning with soap and tights and finishing with cars. (E.L.)

to spend some money on acquiring a decent appearance. I did not want to look shabby in Germany. Therefore, I decided to pay appropriate attention to my clothes. I purchased a pretty good suit, which cost twenty thousand forints, several decent shirts, good shoes, tracksuit, jogging shoes and a good suitcase, which also cost twenty thousand forints! I spent all my money on putting my wardrobe in order, it was not something super-fabulous, but everything I purchased would allow me to look decent during my future trip to Germany. I did not want to feel humbled among those people I would meet in Germany.

Some could find this approach very strange—why spend "a hell'uva" lot of money on clothes? (What I spent was equivalent to approximately one hundred thousand soviet roubles of 1990[5]) I also considered this sum of money to be very big. In fact, it was the first time in my life that I held such a large amount of money (for a Soviet person) in my hands, as well as the first time I had used foreign currency. I spent this money and felt no regret that I "said farewell" to such a "considerable" sum. For me my human dignity always was more important than some scraps of paper, in spite of the fact that without these "scraps" one can go "neither one way nor the other"!

I had acquired a decent look for my future journey to Germany and did not regret the money spent on it, and it was not important for me, what other people thought on this occasion. Not because other people's opinion does not matter to me at all, but because I have my own understanding of what I must do and how. I never imposed my opinion on others, but, equally, I never allowed other people to impose theirs on me. I preferred to have my own grounded opinion about everything.

Thus, I was prepared for my journey, at least, so I thought then. The trip to Budapest was not only a vacation. The second purpose was the organization of the production of my psi-toys. I was shown my future office, which was located in the grounds of some Hungarian institute. I clean forgot the name of this institute almost the moment it was mentioned to me. I began to discuss our joint project on the production of healing psi-devices. According to my concepts, for this purpose it was necessary to develop a special device-carrier. I wanted the form, colour and electronic functions of the carrier to correspond fully with its purpose.

I wanted to have a liquid-crystal carrier and buttons—as it was in the electronic wrist-watch with the calculator. It would be enough to press a number or a button with the image of a human organ to activate

[5] As an example — an average salary of a Soviet engineer was 120 roubles.

a healing program. In fact I "bound" all these healing programs to the liquidcrystal carrier. It was the absence of a special carrier for this purpose that made me use the electronic watch with the calculator, which could be easily found at that time in all commission shops of the Soviet Union.

I simply used this watch as a base on which I "laid" my device which was created on other levels of reality. After this "procedure" the watch could not be used as a watch; it failed to show the correct time and behaved erratically. The liquid-crystal screen on the watch became the base for my device which had several levels. In order for a user to feel more comfortable I bound to each button on the calculator part of the watch one or another healing program.

A push of a certain button resulted in the activation of that level of my device which created a healing influence on one or another organ or system. A user had only to push a button and ... got the healing influence. At the same time it was possible to adjust the power of this influence. To receive the optimal level of influence from this device the user only needed to press a button several times: the number would be determined in practice by the user personally.

Everything was very simple, but I used a mass-produced electronic watch with a liquid-crystal face, because I did not have a device of my own design. In fact I only needed a liquid crystal and nothing else! However, my Hungarian partner did not like what I thought was such a beautiful idea. He said that there was no need to order devices of special design, if it was possible to buy a large lot of very cheap electronic watches with calculators, and then I only had to lay on them the necessary program. Why make a fuss, if it was possible to do everything easier and quicker?

I tried to convince him that it would be wrong to use ordinary mass-produced electronic watches; but my arguments had no effect, in spite of the fact that I gave a very substantial reason for backing my position. The problem is that most people are simply unable to imagine a situation, where I "bind" some other levels of reality to the liquid crystal, which they cannot see, feel or smell! This is beyond the limit of understanding of most people.

It was always amusing to observe the sceptics' reaction, when a simple touch of a button resulted in a reaction by the human organism to the influence of a phenomenon which, according to their concepts, cannot exist! According to their understanding it cannot be, because it never can be!

And here they see an ordinary mass-produced watch, which has been manipulated, using some strange method, when, from a sceptic's

point of view, nothing changed. True—the mechanical or electronic content of the watch did not change; in fact, it was impossible to change anything in the mass-produced watch: but suddenly, after these strange manipulations, the watch started to influence the human organism at the push of a button! And the strangest thing for sceptics, was, that on pushing the button, the healing influence was rendered on exactly that organ or system previously indicated!

Both sceptics and non-sceptics alike tried to find a "reasonable" explanation for this fact. In one case it was assumed that I made the influence, not the device. In other cases—that the effect was nothing but auto-suggestion in highly susceptible people, who "simply" suggested this to themselves, when they heard that upon pushing a button they would get a healing influence on their diseased organ or system!

In principle, both positions could be right, especially the first one: the second is based on the ignorance of its "authors". The point is that any illness in its chronic phase causes morphological changes in human organ tissues. In order to understand the process well, we should have a clear understanding of what morphological change in tissues is. It consists of morphological changes in the cells which form this tissue. Therefore, when we understand the nature of morphological changes at the cellular level, we will understand the nature of morphological changes in tissues and organs.

Let us see, what happens within a cell during an illness. The initial cause of almost all illnesses is so-called pathogenic microorganisms. What are they? They are viruses, bacteriophages and bacteria. And what do they do? Why does the activity of these simple microorganisms lead to the illness of man?

Illnesses are only caused by microorganisms/parasites which settle in the human body. They live inside man mostly in the intercellular space or in the cavities and hollow spaces of our body. Viruses can also penetrate inside cells, if their size allows them to pass through the cellular membrane. In fact, the damage is caused not by microorganisms themselves, but by products of their vital functions, which they cast into the external environment.

The point is that their external environment is nothing else but the human organism. Microorganisms/parasites absorb nourishing and building organic and inorganic materials out of the intercellular spaces in the human body in order to maintain their existence and reproduce. They excrete their waste products which are active chemical materials, which then begin to penetrate through the cell membranes of human tissues and change the chemical structure of cells.

These chemically active substances, unnecessary for cells, start to

react with cellular inclusions and other organic and inorganic molecules inside cells. As a result of this chemical activity, molecules of these cells are exposed to irreversible change in their chemical structure. The changed cells are unable to execute their functions as they should. Exactly this structural and qualitative change in cells is a cell's morphological change. If similar changes happened in many cells of the tissue of an organ, it is possible to talk about morphological changes of this organ; and this organ stops functioning correctly and it is possible to speak about the illness of a person.

Therefore, if a person has a certain disease, especially in its chronic phase, when vast morphological changes have happened already in sick organs and tissues, NO AUTO-SUGGESTION will force these changes in cells to disappear and become healthy again (independent of the level of suggestibility of the person). This is possible only when sick (changed) cells are destroyed and new healthy (unchanged) cells created instead, because only healthy cells are able to function correctly. Therefore, no auto-suggestion or suggestion of any kind can turn sick cells into healthy ones! Autosuggestion or "suggestion" can only obligate or force a sick organ or system of organs to work more intensively. In this case it is possible to expect a temporary improvement of the state of health, but the wear on the organ will be greater! Thus, this kind of sceptics' version is totally wrong.

The version about the possibility of my influence on a person (instead of the influence of the device) has the right to exist indeed. But, the range of experiments allowed eliminating that, together with the version about auto-suggestion. These experiments required that the device, which I created and laid on the electronic wrist-watch with the calculator, was activated without my presence and I did not even know that someone had activated my device or that the experiment had been conducted.

Thus, the possibility of my influencing a person was fully excluded, both consciously and subconsciously. But that was not all! To eliminate even the faintest suspicion of participation by the examinee, the latter was not even told that the device was activated, or what to expect of this device. And the experimenters were greatly surprised, when measurements showed a huge increase in the parameters of the human organism. This demonstrated that the organism of a person, who did not know that the device was switched on, reacted to the influence of my device quite dramatically! This proved that my devices worked and their action was very real, whether anyone liked it or not.

But it is impossible to explain to everyone that a liquid-crystal wrist-watch is only a base, and the device exists at other levels which are

impossible to "touch". For experimental purposes an ordinary wristwatch produced as a bulk commodity would do, but to use it for the industrial production of such devices was flatly impossible! Here is why.

First, if the outward appearance of the device looks like any other watch, it would be possible for any interested person to set it up as my psi-device and deceive people intentionally, to discredit the idea or enrich themselves.

Second, the outward indistinguishability of the psi-device from the ordinary watch-base could give any opponent the right to shout about a "universal swindle" of naive fellow-citizens. It would be difficult to prove the contrary in this situation, especially, if they cut you off or everything you say is simply suppressed. Therefore, during my negotiations with the Hungarians I put in my main requirement—my device would be in accordance with my design and this was not negotiable!

There were several attempts to convince me that my suppositions were ungrounded, that it would be much quicker to produce my psi-devices on the bases of already existing electronic watches, a large quantity of which it was possible to order in China for "peanuts", etc. I saw that these people were interested in only one thing—to get a super-profit, and then—may the Flood come!

This development of events did not suit me. It was important for me that my psi-devices helped people. I knew that they really could help, if not everyone, but very many, and if not to relieve illnesses completely, but at least to slow the progress of diseases, and prolong active life. I was offered a barefaced botch, a rapid way of earning money. This was not exactly to my liking.

I am not saying that money did not interest me. Sure, I would find somewhere to spend it. But money never was my main aim. In this project I aimed to make a psi-device which would be accessible to everyone and could give people real help, making them healthy. It was my primary purpose, and money-making was only a supplement and far from being crucial.

It also does not mean that I needed no money at all. At that time I rushed about the apartments of other people in Moscow, when my one-room apartment in Kharkov was still empty and unprepared from the time I got it. I also needed money for my projects—I was already working on the manuscript of my first book "The Final Appeal to Mankind". Money was required everywhere, and no one ever came and said: "You do good necessary things—here is the money, get on with it..." People came to get something from me, be it health, knowledge or new abilities, etc. There were almost no people who asked me, whether they could help me and there was no one who would come and offer me

money for my projects.

On the contrary, many wanted to earn money using me, and they did, as happened when I cleared the Chernobyl area of nuclear contamination in the beginning of 1990, and when I renewed the Midgard-earth's ozone layer, and in great number of small cases, when "careful" mediators "earned" their money, squeezing it from people, whom I had helped free of charge, lying that the money were intended for me.

The only thing, which never happened, was that someone came and offered financial help. Therefore, I understood that, if I wanted to get my dreams and projects to come true, I would have to earn the money to do it on my own. I did not consider money earned honestly by my own sweat and blood to be dirty. But, in spite of the fact that I needed money, its "smell" mattered to me very much. In the USSR I was offered quite a lot of "manna from heaven" if I agreed to do one or another "small" favour, which would "cost" me nothing!

In fact, I could do, what I was requested, but I rejected it because what that would have required, was contradictory to my convictions, to which I devoted my life. I understood perfectly that my rejection of some offers would possibly sign my death sentence, but, nevertheless, my answer remained the same, although I did not know then, whether I could prevail in a war with those forces whose offers I refused. I only hoped that I could find a method to prevent them from exacting their revenge for my refusal. It is not bravado, I really did not know, whether my own home-made methods would be effective and very soon life gave me the opportunity to check my assumptions in practice...

I had failed to come to terms with my possible partners, who aimed to take the pickings and to earn money using me. I was surprised that they did not want to organize everything on a serious basis and get a steady income, instead of snatching a large sum just once. They did not plan to organize a creative business, but only a parasitic one. They wanted to speculate on my psi-devices and walk away.

The speculation would have been very profitable for them—they had minimal expenses, because it was me who produced psi-devices and could simultaneously create millions of them. Exactly this made my project so attractive for them. It is very possible, they did not believe that my psi-devices really worked, in spite of the fact that many had already worked and helped a lot of people and laboratory researches showed their high efficiency.

One way or another, my beautiful plan to create the industrial production of healing psidevices failed. My "partners" saw that they could not make easy money quickly and lost interest in me, despite there being brilliant prospects for making a very good and constructive busi-

ness. I and my companions were paid the remaining sum for the service that I rendered earlier and I returned to Moscow!

In spite the fact that the joint enterprise failed, my first journey abroad was successful. I got experience of socializing with foreigners in their home country. My acquaintance with Budapest and its outskirts served as a sort of adaptation to the abundance of goods in shops, about which the habitants of the USSR did not even dream. In fact, we spent some days with our mouths open, in the direct and figurative sense of the word, impressed by all the unusual things, which surrounded us. In fact, almost all Soviet people of that time, who managed to go abroad, to a greater or lesser degree, appeared in a state of shock at what they saw there.

It was possible to recognize a Soviet person in the crowd almost instantly—they all had this intimidated and uncertain confused look. One way or another, I came back to Moscow with new experience and new skills. There was a little more than a month left before my journey to Germany. From the German side we were invited by Norbert Steuler. His brokerage company executed intermediary functions and he was very interested in some of my projects.

The rest of July and all of August passed with only the usual routine, except for one event. At the end of August, 1990 I was invited to participate in several broadcasts on central television. Vladimir Sergeev organized the filming of my conversation with Boris Ivanovich Katargin and Michael Dekhta and his wife.

I will remind you that Michael Dekhta was a journalist who was among the group of people who came to me after the press-conference in the Fund of Popular Medicine in March 29, 1989, where I spoke about the possibility of the qualitative transformation of human brain that opened unbelievable prospects and about the possibility to solve the problem with the ozone hole. Michael's wife, Helen, also underwent similar transformation, after which she got excellent vision.

Michael Dekhta did several radio interviews with me. They were broadcast both in the USSR and abroad in Russian: shortly afterwards he was sent to one of the African countries as a journalist. In August, 1990 he and his family spent their vacation in Moscow and we met again. He told me of an interesting case which happened there, connected with... one of my psi-toys.

Early on, at the beginning of my work with him on the transformation of his brain, he asked me to help him to stop smoking. For this purpose I took his watch, an ordinary mechanical wristwatch, and on its base made a psi-device which blocked the desire to smoke. This device worked on him and he gave up smoking. When he arrived at

his new place of work in Africa, he and another employee of the Soviet mission became friends. He talked about his watch and the influence it had on him. His new friend begged him to give this watch to him.

His wife was a chain-smoker and he could not persuade her to give up this harmful habit. But most disappointing was the fact that his wife did not want to give up smoking. Getting a "magic" watch, he presented it to her as a gift. And here is where the most interesting part began. When she put on the watch, the desire to smoke disappeared completely. Her organism appeared to be sensitive enough to the influence of this psi-device and while it operated this woman felt absolutely no need to smoke. When guided by her habit, she took a cigarette and ... put it away.

She could not understand the reason for her "strange" conduct. It lasted like this until one time she forgot to wear her husband's gift. On the street she sat down on a bench and got out cigarette and began to smoke. Her delight was boundless, finally she was all right! Feeling fabulous, she came home, but there she was unable to smoke. She conducted an experiment and discovered that at a certain distance from her house her ability to smoke appeared again. She could not smoke nearer than this limit. She analyzed all the facts and came to the conclusion that the cause of all this was her husband's "gift" and.., gave him a severe scolding. Here was a curious story, which Michael Dekhta told me when he returned to Moscow.

By the way, when he gave the watch away, he began to smoke again. The most interesting fact in this story is that the woman was unaware that the watch, which looked like an ordinary watch was a psi-device; nevertheless, she, being sensitive enough, reacted to its influence, which blocked the desire to smoke. It is also interesting that she discovered that my psi-device influenced people within certain limits. Thus, it is possible to speak about the range of the psi-device.

According to my understanding, the blocking influence of my psi-device depends on the level of sensitivity of a person. The more receptive a person is, the bigger the field of action of the psidevice. This unexpected blind experiment brought another confirmation of the reality and efficiency of my psi-devices. In addition to this interesting fact, Michael Dekhta told about the reaction of some "scientists", when in 1989 he asked them to comment on my statement at the press-conference about the existence of some non-technical methods of renewal of the ozone layer, namely, a person is able to reestablish it by the force of his consciousness, his thoughts and wish to try.

The director of the Institute of the Atmosphere and Ionosphere of Earth refused to give any comment on my statement, saying that

he would not even give a negative comment, in case his "scientist" colleagues would think that he took this statement of a mad person seriously, and he valued highly his scientific reputation (you can hear and see this interview on my web-site www.levashov.info)

By August, 1990 the ozone hole over Antarctica disappeared and mass media reported this fact. But neither Soviet nor foreign mass media for "some" reason thought to report about the reason why it happened. When I spoke about the possibility of solving the problem with the planet's ozone layer, I was considered insane, and when I restored it and it happened the way I had described; in the interest of "scientific reputation", the abovementioned director kept it quiet, as, for the sake of their reputations, did many other people.

I take no offense at such a reaction from "scientists" who assume the right to the absolute truth. Partly I understand them. But my understanding lasted until they used technical devices and got the confirmation that the ozone hole disappeared completely in the beginning of 1990, which meant the renewal of the 30such thing using any of the available technical equipment, and Nature itself was also unable to create it!

The only "explanation" was given in the journal "Young technician". The issue №5 (1990) cited the opinion of some "experts" who "explained", why the ozone hole disappeared in the beginning of 1990. According to them, it happened because the ozone appeared when the oxygen in the atmosphere was ionized as a result of the sun activity. This explanation is simply shocking in its foolishness. But, strangely enough, scientists and the rest of people, who did not consider themselves as such, but, nevertheless, all of them graduated from high school, calmly accepted it.

Sometimes the question arises—what do people do at school, institutes, and universities!? In fact, the nature of ionization and ozonization is explained very clearly even in a school textbook, and these chemical processes have nothing in common and even are opposed to each other.

Certainly, I could comment on this occasion at my interview, but I thought that it would be correct, if a scientist acknowledged in scientific circles gave his comments. I was happy to be acquainted with such a scientist in the complete sense of this word—Boris Ivanovich Katargin was the doctor of technical sciences, the deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR and one of the main creators of "The Energia[6]". He also

[6]The Energia (or Energiya, meaning Energy) rocket was a Soviet rocket that was designed by NPO Energia to serve as a heavy-lift expendable launch system as

was a witness to some events. I am very grateful to him in that he found the courage to say, what he knew.

I met him quite accidentally—he had problems with his heart and some people, who knew him, asked me to help him. He began to come to my place and I put his heart to rights pretty quickly. He appeared to be a very interesting person, who had a very wide spectrum of interests. We touched a wide range of themes in our discussions, both during and after my work with him, many of which were far beyond the limits of the usual interests of any average person. He never even tried to hint that he had a scientific degree, etc., or made me feel like "who was I to reason about one or another problem". He was sincerely interested in my understanding of different natural phenomena, we discussed different aspects of them and I was very pleased to see that there were people for whom the truth was more important than their aplomb and ambitions; that there were true scientists.

Other people assisted at our conversations very often, including Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev. Therefore, when the opportunity to make a TV interview appeared, I had no doubts as to whom I would invite to participate in it. Boris Ivanovich accepted the offer and gave a sound interview, where he said much more, than I even expected of him. He showed, from my point of view, both scientific and civil courage. During the interview, he also mentioned one of the projects, which we had discussed with him. It concerned the neutralization of hurricanes.

One day during our next conversation I said that it would be just great, if we could carry out a continuous and direct observation of the origin and development of a hurricane, using satellites in real time, and influence it with the purpose of neutralization. In fact, it was quite possible to carry out then, but neither in the USSR, nor in the USA later, was similar experiment ever conducted.

Although in 2002 I had my first accidental experiment in the neutralization of hurricanes, I could not conduct it according to the plan which we discussed with Boris Ivanovich Katargin as early as in 1990 (more details in my article "Taming the Intractables: How to Make Hurricanes Behave" on my web-site). Despite the fact that in 2004 the Americans promised to fulfill my conditions of conducting this work, but never did...

In the meantime, let us come back to August, 1990. The video-material was filmed, but... never was broadcast. Someone had no

well as a booster for the Buran Space Shuttle. It had the capacity to place around 100 metric tons in Low Earth orbit. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Energia) (E.L.)

desire whatsoever that this kind of information become widely known. But I had a videocassette of this interview which now can be seen on my web-site www.levashov.info.

Chapter 21.

Hello, Germany!

In August my journey to Germany was finally prepared. The Germans gave me to understand that they would like to invite only me, but I insisted on being accompanied by several others and my terms were accepted. I decided to take with me two persons from Moscow, to whom I had recently (from 1989) begun to teach the elements of my work, and a fellow from Kharkov—he was the first person to undergo brain transformation. Their names were Sergey, Vladimir and Igor.

I do not give their last names on purpose—later you will understand why. The first two came with me to Hungary, and the third one asked to take him, when at the beginning of August I arrived in Kharkov to get my driving license and met several fellows from the very first "transformation" group.

The reason why I insisted on taking several persons with me was because I knew that if I wanted to realize my plans, I would need people on whom I could rely and who would not stab me in the back at the most unsuitable moment, although there are no suitable moments for treachery. I decided to organize some kind of reliability test for these boys.

In fact, this was the main reason, why I took Sergey and Vladimir with me to Hungary. And already during this journey some aspects of their behaviour made me think, but I did not fix my attention on these "moments", for a reason—I needed to see their real face. Certainly, I could look through all possible variants and draw corresponding conclusions (to tell the truth, I did), but I always considered, and still consider, that a person should not be deprived of his chance to act correctly, until the deed is done.

Man must be responsible for his action, not for his thoughts about possible action. There is a tiny possibility that at the last moment this very person will act correctly despite his previous thoughts. Although such a miracle is a very rare phenomenon, nevertheless, it is wrong to deprive a person of such a chance. That was and still is my belief, but also I could not wait long. Therefore, I developed a very simple psychological method.

I perfectly understood that if I explicitly showed my reaction to the

person's behaviour, it would give no results. If a person considered it advantageous to be with me, for their own reasons, then showing my dissatisfaction would only make them more careful. Also I did not want to watch and closely control people all the time, I wanted to trust them and be sure that they would not betray me. Therefore, in order to clarify everything as quickly as possible, I decided just to observe their behaviour and actions, mentally estimate them and, when I had a clear picture, let each of them know my decision. In this situation, when a person cannot see any negative reaction, he will show his true face much quicker. This was my plan and I began to implement it.

I actively occupied myself with preparation for the journey. Mr. Steuler sent the invitation for everyone I had indicated and I began to solve problems with the registration of German visas. In 1990 it was already possible to give all documents necessary for visa registration to certain persons and they would do all the work, of course, for quite a considerable sum of money. When my student arrived from Kharkov, it appeared that he did not have a foreign passport. And again, this could be sorted out rapidly without any problem, if an applicant had money (at that time there were already a lot of small firms, which worked with government bodies and quickly arranged all kinds of permits).

The Kharkov "applicant" "accidentally" had money neither for the passport nor for the ticket. I said nothing and paid for everything and mentally put the first "tick" in the box. Probably, he found himself in a difficult situation (anything could happen in life) and a journey abroad did not "turn up" every day. Why not to help the man, I thought, but began to observe him more attentively. In the end, we all had our foreign passports with the German visas and airplane tickets; Moscow— Frankfurt-am-Main.

It is of interest that my departure to Germany was filmed by the same team which had worked at the Fund of Popular Medicine press-conference and was witness to my statement concerning the planet's ozone layer regeneration. Strangely enough, they did not forget my words and what happened with the ozone layer later.

We embarked and went towards uncertainty. A new chapter of our lives began, at least, mine. It brought me new disappointments, as well as new joys—things that happen in everyone's life... On August 30th.1990 as I remember it, we four came through border and custom control.

Norbert Steuler met us in the airport of Frankfurt-am-Main. He was accompanied by a woman-interpreter, a German of Russian origin. We got into a minibus and continued the journey. One thing caught my eye at once. It was unbelievably clean everywhere—there was not

a single scrap of paper. Everything was so clean and tidy that it even gave the impression of artificiality from afar. Buildings looked like toys, as if someone drew them. We gazed about struck by the cleanliness and order.

Most of all we were staggered by the quality of German roads. The road surface of the autobahn was so perfect that our minibus almost seemed to be flying. There were no pot-holes, ruts and roughness. I had only to close my eyes and I felt as if our car had stopped and was going nowhere. The feeling of motion returned only when I opened my eyes again. After experiencing all the "delights" of our roads, the German roads seemed to be something unreal. Small towns flashed by; we headed south for several hours.

We were accommodated in a small hotel in the tiny German town of Mühlacker, not far from our host company's office. Norbert Steuler lived near the office in a neat, tiny one-storey house. We refreshed ourselves, rested after our journey and went for a walk down the street. This small town was located in the foot-hills of the Alps. Our hotel was near small mountain river with crystal-clear water and plenty of trout—this fact surprised us a lot. We also saw the ruins of a fortress's walls and watchtowers on the hills. This part of Germany is called Schwarzwaldgraund (the land of the Black forest). The beauty of the surrounding nature impressed us greatly.

The next day we went to the company's office and began to discuss the program for our visit. Mr. Steuler planned a number of meetings and, of course, the question of healing treatment appeared. I was asked to heal his sons, his mother-in-law and his father-in-law and several acquaintances. Additionally, his interpreter Irina knew many Germans of Russian origin who would also want to take a course of my healing.

Once again I talked about a possible point of intersection of our interests, about the possibility of creating one or another type of psi-devices and new products with my "additions" which could be of interest to German industrialists. We planned to meet the head of the auto-concern Porsche and offer a psi-device which would diminish the emission of exhaust gases, increase the power of the engine and create necessary conditions for complete combustion of the gas mixture. These devices were already tested and showed encouraging results.

Additionally, Norbert Steuler agreed with a cosmetic factory upon production of a new line of shampoos using my methods. We also were to have several meetings: with the Minister of Health of Schwarzwaldgraund; with the leaders of a private institute of parapsychology in Frankfurt-amMain, (the only institute of this kind in Germany); with physicians who worked with the AIDS virus; and with a German mul-

timillionaire Mr. Norst Bauling, who I had previously met in Moscow — where he had shown interest in my approach to healing a number of diseases considered incurable, from the point of view of modern medicine.

This was the preliminary program of our visit. There was another question which we discussed—the organization of a joint venture. None of us could speak German and the husband of Steuler's interpreter helped us a lot. As his wife was occupied very much in the office, he organized excursions to the nearest German towns, when we were free from official meetings, and served as a connecting link.

All my previous preparation for the journey to Germany was not in vain. Everything I purchased in Hungary appeared to be very handy, because serious meetings required a certain dresscode according to protocol. However, there was a little problem. My Kharkov student "accidentally" had neither suit nor money. I had to buy him a suit. Unexpectedly he chose a suit which "ate" a pretty big chunk of my money "supplies". I did not begrudge spending money, I considered that I and "my" people must look decent and this was more important than money. And my companions thought exactly the same way ... as long as it concerned my money: more of that later, I wanted to see how they would pass a money test...

Very soon I had several patients. Germans showed absolutely no interest in my results achieved in the USSR. I saw with what mistrust they listened to my words about the possibility of recovery from one or another illness. Therefore, in order to attract people and show them that I could really do what I was telling them about, I considered offering my patients a large discount. I could "strut about like a turkey-cock" saying that my work was very expensive and worth it, but I considered that this approach would be tactically wrong. It was necessary to prove that I indeed could do something and only then, with effective arguments in hand, to state my conditions.

I decided to do it and set to work. My first patients were Germans of Russian origin who mostly did not have big money. Therefore, I set the minimum fee for a session of 100 marks. This strategy was very effective. People, who felt my influence, began to believe that I indeed could do something and began to tell others about it. After a while I had something like a consulting room in the Steuler's office. I had ten-fifteen persons daily and although not everyone paid me for my work, within ten days of arriving in Germany, I earned my first money.

From this moment things became somewhat easier, because I began earning something instead of spending all the time. Mainly, I was responsible for the current expenses of our group; I did not separate

myself off and partook in everything with everyone equally. My "popularity" as a healer spread pretty quickly first among Russian Germans and later and among "German" Germans. I have never progressed "off someone else's back", therefore, I always aimed to have my financial independence which allowed me to save my personal independence.

This state of affairs was convenient for our hosts—they could considerably cut down their expenses on my group. Therefore, they supported and helped to organize my work as much as they could. If necessary, Steuler's interpreter helped me with translation when I worked with "German" Germans.

We visited Porsche autos but my suggestions evoked no interest in "local" engineers. The incomprehensible caused rejection and non-acceptance. They were not able to understand how a device which was not connected directly to the engine system of a car could influence it. For the disciplined brains of German engineers it was an insoluble problem. As it turned out later—not only for German brains! Everything that could not fit into the picture of the universe acknowledged by "the highest authorities" has no right to exist. Despite the fact that the phenomenon exists and acts in reality, but it is insignificant "trivia" which could be forgotten at once in order to re-establish one's peace of mind.

Nevertheless, I did acquire the new experience of socializing with foreigners. In fact, I perceive many things telepathically. And telepathic perception does not have linguistic limits. You simply attune yourself to the person and "see" what he thinks about, what problems worry him, etc. Certainly, I did not have a detailed understanding of this process then. Simply, a lot of people told me that I began to give answers to many questions before they were asked. Therefore, it is sometimes difficult for me to separate thoughts that are spoken aloud, from those not yet voiced. I consider them all spoken, as soon as they are in the head—a phenomenon which is not so obvious for most people.

Certainly, I do not "get" into the head of every person I meet. I consider that the content of a brain is the personal business of the individual, independent of what position he takes, and what he believes or disbelieves! But, when you converse with a person or with the group of people, you automatically attune to their thoughts and begin to build the explanation at a level that will be understood. Therefore, my explanation of the same phenomenon is never the same and not because I am unable to repeat it, but because different people have different levels of education and different capacities for analysis and the grasping of new concepts.

It is impossible simply to remove the old "data-base" from a human

brain, despite the fact that it is false. It is necessary to find some areas of perception which exist in both old and new bases; only after that, should one begin to build a new base which will gradually oust the old one using these original "bridges", and then give new explanations for that, which already exists in the per son's brain. Also one should not do it too sharply, because the brain of a living person has it own limits of flexibility. This is the only way of enlightening by knowledge; therefore crossing these limits will do no good.

When the explanation is given to a group of people, it is necessary to "go through" all variants of people's perception and to build the explanation strategy so that as many people as possible will understand it. Doing this, inevitably slows down the speed of enlightenment, because you have taken into account the majority of listeners, in spite of the fact that some of them are ready to perceive more. In order to avoid this situation (of respecting only the interests of those who are less ready), you often need to apply a "complex" method of passing "complex" knowledge.

"Complex" in this case means the following. If it is necessary to impart the understanding of a phenomenon to one or another person or group of people, while the others are not ready yet for such information, I usually do the following. I say everything that I consider necessary to say and everyone has in their head exactly what they are ready to perceive. Moreover, a person's brain simply does not register information which he is unable to understand. Sometimes the person won't remember anything that was said.

This method appeared to be very effective, because it is simply not possible to carry out individual teaching of every single person in the room and in this case, each gets what he is ready for. Therefore, different people will reach different depths of understanding of the same information in my lecture. At the same time, there is one important thing—they will not have different pictures but one and the same picture, which everyone assimilates at the level of his own readiness, depending on the ability of his brain. And he forgets everything "unnecessary" for him, or more precisely, he does not even perceive it.

Likewise, if there is a "stranger" in the audience, be it a provocateur or an "enemy agent", the program of negative action is wiped out from his memory. They "simply" forget the task and their recording devices record just "white noise"! Later, as I often heard, those people complained that for "some" reason they could not record anything, that their equipment failed so "inopportunely", etc. They did not stop to wonder why ONLY they had problems with their equipment and ONLY they "forgot" important information.

All this also happened in Germany in exactly the same way. It means that all phenomena mentioned above do not depend on the language. Certainly, much of this I understood later, after I had lived in the USA for a long time...

Regrettably, the engineers of "Porsche" were unable to understand the principle of action of my devices and did not even try to carry some experiments.

Our next meeting was with the leaders of the institute of parapsychology, the only one in Germany then, which was located near Frankfurt-am-Main. At the beginning of the meeting the director of this institute and his assistant proudly and pompously told about their "achievements" which consisted of giving lectures about different parapsychical phenomena occurring in the world. They did not carry out their own researches at all. Being very content with themselves, they indulgently gave me the floor and, thinking that my information would be at least "curious" for them, I began to tell about my achievements and practical results.

I was quite surprised when during my speech their faces became gloomier and gloomier. They "tuned out" completely when I told them that had I found a method of brain transformation which gave man new abilities which had always been considered a divine manifestation or devilish temptation!

I told them that a person acquired the ability to see internal organs at any level and even to control this process, to displace in the present and into the past and future, to influence natural processes at almost any level, etc. I finished my speech offering to organize my school for the Germans on the base of their institute. That was the last straw for them. The director with unusual, for the Germans, emotionality, began to try and convince me that no one in Germany would be interested in all this, or in brain transformation!

Such reaction did not surprise me, but Norbert Steuler was strongly disappointed. I saw that he had begun to doubt whether he had done the right thing inviting me to Germany. He "went off" yet more, when they expressed their opinion about our forthcoming meeting with the Minister of Health of Schwarzwaldgraund. The "main parapsychologists" of Germany began to convince us that the German medicine did not acknowledge anything of the kind; that they also had problems with it and they highly recommended turning down the meeting as soon as possible!

The next day we went to the meeting with the Minister of Health. Our German hosts felt no enthusiasm at all. They were sure of negative results from the meeting. But, nevertheless, the meeting took place.

The minister of health was a short apparently aged man. His assistant also was there. We began to converse about the problems of modern medicine, physicians' erroneous approach to the nature of diseases, etc. To my surprise he understood everything correctly. We carried out a normal fruitful conversation concerning vital problems. I talked about my methods and he asked me to demonstrate my method of diagnostics and influence on him. I conducted a complete scan and gave my understanding of the processes of his organism.

The information I gave surprised him very much and after this our conversation proceeded in an even warmer and friendlier atmosphere. He revealed to me that lately alternative medicine had appeared in Germany and recommended meeting the president of the association of alternative medicine. He gave me his telephone numbers and promised to contact him and explain the situation.

When my hosts saw such a reaction from the Minister of Health Schwarzwaldgraund, they quickly regained their spirits; quite a curious reaction. And what if the Minister had been a smallminded person? At the same time the essence of what I did and said remained the same. It was a pity to observe the reaction of the receiving party who were not very worried about the truth and the real benefit of my actions, but more about the reaction of one or another official! They mostly were interested in the possibility of earning money, not in the truth. Business is business!

Soon after our meeting with the Minister of Health we went to the meeting with the President of The Alternative Medicine Association of Germany. During our journey we were simply staggered by the amazing beauty of nature. The center was located on the shore of a large mountain lake on the German border with Switzerland. A small town on the German bank was very clean and tidy, as were all other towns which I saw in Germany. The mountains and the lake gave this one a special charm. Our meeting went very well and we agreed about further collaboration.

The meeting was partly prepared by the Minister's call. We even discussed the possible points of our collaboration, but it happened that later I lost contact with these people after I moved to another apartment in Moscow and those who had my new data and who the German side knew, did not consider it necessary to tell me that they were looking for me. Most likely, they understood that they would not work in my team and decided that it was not worth trying to find me because it would not bring them any profit: there's more about that later!

Meanwhile, everything took its course. We went to the meetings we had planned before, I worked with my patients, and we spent our

free time visiting the outskirts of this small town, also some excursions were organized for us, to see local sights. We were lucky—the husband of Norbert Steuler's interpreter, Vladimir, had a lot of free time and often took us to visit small towns and shops in the south of Germany.

When I began to have patients, my companions "participants" in a "competition", who actually did not suspect either about the competition or about their participation in it, at first took this fact with absolute tranquility that is until my patients began to pay me.

As soon as they saw that my income exceeded my expenses, their mood became worse and worse with every day. It became especially evident, when several patients paid me for ten sessions at once. When they saw that much money in my hands, which they then mentally changed into roubles, their "patience" became exhausted: they also wanted to get money. But none of them had healed people in the USSR, although I often recommended them to start, which was and is an important condition of everyone's development. In fact, the strategy and tactics of healing a person is no different to solving any other problem. The difference is only in the task itself.

The work with man is the best school for beginners to master my method rapidly and effectively. But, in the USSR they did not have the least desire to do this, finding a lot of reasons not to learn to heal people. To my mind, the principal reason was that they did not want to spend their time studying the human organism and practising healing, because they did not want to work just to gain experience; and people would not pay them money, if they failed to prove that they really could do something.

One way or another, they did not heal in the USSR, but when they came to Germany, they had a "sudden" desire to do it for "some" reason. They explained that they were bored sitting all day long and doing nothing. I asked them, why it was that they did not aspire to have medical practice in the USSR but now they were eager to do it without having either experience or results. They answered that they were not interested in money; they "just" want to help people. But for "some" reason their desire was manifested only toward the Germans.

I clearly understood the true reason of such "unexpected" enthusiasm! But I did not tell them about it and made them promise that they would "heal" people free of charge. They readily agreed. It was important for me to see how far they could go in their avidity and how many "ticks" would they gain as a result of this. I asked the interpreter, Irina, to send several people to them, not to me. This was how they got their first German patients. By this time we had already moved from the hotel into the house of a Steuler's acquaintance, with whom I had

made an agreement—the rent was to be deducted from my account for his family's healing.

By that time, the rumors about my healing success had spread among the Germans and my students decided to use this fact, because few knew my name. The Germans only knew that there was some Russian healer who worked wonders: so, they pretended to be this Russian healer. The rumors that several "healers" arrived with me also helped them. In their opinion, they had a "streak of the businessman" in them and they did not want to waste their time on trifles. From their first "patients" they took two hundred Marks per session, instead of "learning" how to heal people "gratis". "Free", for "some" reason appeared to be two hundred Marks for a session and later— more. They began to make money, a "good" business!

I think there is no need to explain, what the results of such "treatments" were, but they did not care. They were only interested in how much money they were able to rake in. And the fact that they discredited everything that I had begun to build in Germany did not bother them at all. On seeing such a transformation, I even regretted that I had insisted on their journey to Germany. But at the same time, I was glad that these people showed their true nature so quickly.

I did not hurry to dot my "i's" and cross my "t's"—I wanted them to totally open up their real personalities. In the meantime I just observed and put my "ticks" in their boxes without saying a word. And this tactic worked very well! It appeared that these people were not free from avidity. This fact distressed me very much. When you put a lot of your labour and soul into someone, you want to believe that this person will choose the path of light and will be your comrade-in-arms: but very often it appears that many say beautiful words only to get what they desire which they are unable to get any other way!

Every time I saw this kind of thing, I experienced real pain and regret, because the person did not choose the way of development and creativity, but the way of consumerism and personal benefit, which sooner or later would lead to the camp of social parasites. Why man is so weak and why does he fall for the temptations offered by the Dark side so easily? In fact, everything that the "eternal tempter" offers man is so insignificant and primitive! And man is ready to betray himself, a creator, for the sake of useless tinsel!

One way or another, very many are "bought" by one or another "shining doodad", forgetting very quickly the saying—all that glisters is not gold! And one should not do something extraordinary—just not to hurry to sign a "contract with devil", because the "devil" gives nothing for free and, if he gives something, he takes back immeasurably

more. Is it so difficult to understand this and think a little—what do I have that the "devil" needs so badly? It cannot be a soul otherwise the "devil" would try to bargain with everyone, because everyone has a soul. This means that Dark Forces do not hunt for souls, using their dirty methods, but for what the carriers of the souls are able to do.

Avidity and envy are the most favorable terrain for Dark Forces which play on these feelings very skillfully and capture man's soul. This is not merely idle talk on an abstract subject, but a bitter reality. The shock from the prosperity and high level of living in Germany resulted in my students having a burning desire to get all this at any cost—albeit deception or treachery, etc. But the future shows that it did not help them to get what they desired...

Indeed, tidy German houses with their beautiful small gardens, clean roads and sidewalks, where you will not see any sweepings, impressed. The sidewalks were washed every day with detergent so that if you were to lie down on the pavement in a white shirt, it would remain as white and clean as it was before! For us, Russians, all this was absolutely unheard of, because even our generation still experienced the consequences of the war[1]. Despite the fact that not everyone lived in the conditions of my childhood and that of my brother and sister, nevertheless, most people's living conditions were not much better. If someone were lucky enough to have his own apartment, it was quite small, but people were ineffably glad to have it, as we were when my father got a flat measuring 33.6 square metres for a family of five persons.

And the standard of living of the defeated was incomparable with that of the winners in that heavy war, for that victory my people paid about thirty million lives, among which there were three men from my family, including my grandfather from the maternal side! Involuntarily a question arises: who really won in that terrible war? When comparing the standard of living of citizens in Germany with that in the USSR, the thought that flashes through one's mind is—they won.

Certainly, the standard of living in Germany could produce a strong impression on Soviet person in 1990, when there were no normal products in shops, and not only in remote places, but also in Moscow. But I could not even have imagined that all this would play such a dirty trick on my helpers, as I thought of them then.

In fact, they deceived not only me saying that they just wanted to work with people, allegedly in order to gain the "experience" of

[1]The II World War (1939-1945). In Russia it is called the Great Patriotic War. Russia battled Germany for four long and bloody years—from June, 1941 to May, 1945, and won—but paid for this victory with over 30 million Russian lives. (E.L.).

treating patients: although, as mentioned before, they did not show much "enthusiasm" in Russia. Certainly, I understood that they lied, but I had to see, to what limit they were prepared to go, driven by their avidity.

They also could not sleep soundly because of the thought that I earned money and they did not. They did not reflect at all upon the idea of how and why they came to be in Germany. They did not want to understand a simple thing; the Germans had only invited me, not them, who were there because of me. To conduct business and to be close by is not one and the same thing, and the ones standing around should understand that.

It is also possible that there is guilt on my part in their behaviour. I considered, and still do that it is indelicate to speak about one's actions, paying attention to exactly who has done what. I thought that it was important that the deed was done, but not necessarily who did it. It appeared that other people thought differently! They thought that if they sat or stood next to me when I worked, they had the right to share all the "laurels" of my work. And I involuntarily endorsed that opinion, when instead of saying "I did that", I said "We conducted the work", etc. I considered it to be arrogant to emphasize my role, and they considered that thus I confirmed the importance of their standing next to me.

But, none of them considered the fact that I did all the work and they were only observers and witnesses of what was happening. I thought that it would be incorrect to emphasize my role in important deeds—other people should judge someone's actions. And it appeared that those "other people" who witnessed some of my actions drew their own "conclusions" about their "participation" in the great cause of the salvation of humanity, no less! And, certainly, they began to behave accordingly.

They saw that I could heal people pretty well and they thought that they only had to consider themselves to be "great" healers and they would be. Oddly enough, they believed in this absurdity, and simply considered that they could "wave hands" with the same ease and effectiveness as I did. In fact they saw a lot of how I "waved" my hands! However, observing my actions for quite a long time, they still did not understand that the essence is not in the "waving", not in that how many times and where I move my hands, but, in fact, what happens in my brain in the moment of the motion of my hands! And this is impossible to understand simply observing my hand movements!

One way or another, my "students" decided that they were masters-healers, having not healed a single person. Probably they stuck to the

principle—if I was able to do it, they could do it more of it! But it seems to me that the most important factor that lulled their consciences to sleep was money, which they already felt in their pockets and saw themselves as the owners of chic mansions, cars, etc.

From my point of view there is nothing wrong in dreaming about a good house, car, etc. It is only important how you get the money to convert your dream into reality! If this can only be done by treachery and deception, etc., I would personally REJECT it no matter how "meaningful" and "great" the dream!

In fact, if a person is ready to step over the dead bodies of other people, his dream cannot be great. And if some dream is declared to be such—it is only self-deceit, to calm his conscience and certainly to deceive people around. I do not think that my companions had great plans to do good to humanity. They had their simple human dreams and wishes to live better, but the methods they chose for realizing their dream were old as the world—treachery and deception.

On reading these lines, someone may say that I go too far; may be they are right. I just have my concepts of honour and decency and I realize them in my own life. In my opinion, those to whom I gave a lot of my soul and knowledge lied to me, saying that they ONLY wanted to gain the experience of treatment using their stay in Germany for their good. They, allegedly, were bothered about sitting and doing nothing day after day. They also lied to those people who heard about Russian healers and came to them, hoping that they were the Russian healers. And they did not dissuade anyone, but, using the situation, began to take the pickings. And when money began to "flow" into their hands, they simply were "gone".

I call their actions treachery, because they were not worried by the fact that they discredited everything that I began to create in Germany. When the Germans heard about my results, they poured to them, thinking that they were healers and got nothing for their money, the victims would say to the rest that all this was a lie and deception! And it happened exactly like this...

The next meeting was with the German multimillionaire Norst Bauling in his mansion in the town called Bamberg. This beautiful small town was located in Bavaria, in a very picturesque locality. The way there took more than six hours by car. Our car went at the maximum possible speed, (that being the maximum possible for a car!), because then in Germany there was no speed limit in two outermost left traffic lanes of the autobahn.

We were met by Mr. Bauling, his wife and the friend of the family, a doctor known in the governmental circles of Germany. We sat in

the living room of the mansion and after the traditional tea-and-coffee "ceremony" went on to business. And the business in this case was a health check of Bauling's wife using my methods in the presence of the family doctor who was obviously familiar with all of her health problems. Our host, his wife, the doctor and I went to another room, where I made my diagnosis.

After I examined the hostess's organism, I reported all my conclusions to the family doctor who was very surprised by the information that I revealed after a several minutes check-up. I indicated a number of diseases which he knew about, because he was this woman's doctor. At the same time, I indicated one very rare disease which far from every doctor can diagnose correctly. Nevertheless, I succeeded in doing it without any effort.

He was surprised by my correct diagnosis, but even more surprised that I described, in detail, the development of the disease in this particular case, the reason which led to it and the mechanisms of development. Usually, my perception and analysis of problems in the human organism differs very strongly from traditional medical analysis, because I analyse the processes at both cellular and molecular levels which were and still are inaccessible for modern medicine.

He was yet more surprised when he knew about the possibility of making changes at these levels, with the possible change of damaged genes, which is beyond the limits of modern medicine. The family doctor could not hide his astonishment at witnessing all this. I have not named this woman's illnesses, not because I do not remember the seventeen year old scanning results, but because she did not give me the right to speak about her health problems. I speak about the disease of one or another person only when I have their permission...

Norst Bauling witnessed my work and was no less surprised than the doctor. It seemed to me that he was more staggered by the doctor's reaction, because he knew little about the human organism's functioning and even less about health problems. We returned to the room, where "tea time" continued, and our host, still being impressed by what had just happened, gave each of my students a banknote of thousand Marks. Two of them calmly hid the notes in their pockets. The third one came to me and launched into a very amusing tirade.

He said that he understood perfectly that he had not earned this money, but he would not offer it to me, because I would not accept it anyway! He was right. I would never take this money, because it was not given to me, despite the fact that others had been rewarded for my work. But he did not know that and was not sure how I would behave and was afraid to stretch out his hand with the banknote—what if I

took it, if I were not as noble as he thought I was.

In his mind he had found the optimum compromise between his honesty and avidity. He said the right words and therefore ran no risk. Neither then nor later did this person recall that I had spent a pretty big sum of money on him. The fact that the debt should be returned also escaped his attention for "some" reason. I have never begrudged the money, and only disliked it when people turned into parasites, ready to rake in the shekels whenever possible. I continued to observe my three companions and to my disappointment found some features which caused indignation and protest.

We returned from Bamberg to our "base". I had to visit a cosmetics factory which produced shampoos and perfumery. There I influenced the samples offered to me. Later these samples would be tested on volunteers to determine the efficiency of my influence. In the end we were given some sets of the cosmetic products of this company.

The next meeting took place in the centre for AIDS research. We arrived at this centre, changed into special protective suits and went inside in order for me to try my influence on a virus culture. When I started to work, all computers in the control centre began to behave very strangely—they all just "hung up". I took some time to neutralize my influence on the equipment. Most likely I had "switched myself on" too strongly, trying to obtain maximal influence on the culture of this mortal virus, as I thought then.

What happened with the equipment, gave me confidence that everything would be all right with my influencing of this virus culture. At that time I was sure that the AIDS virus really existed. I would not have thought that people, especially doctors, could lie to the whole world, terrorizing everyone with news of a mortally dangerous virus. All the mass media yelled about this mortal enemy of humanity, classifying AIDS in the category of filterable viruses. In other words, the AIDS virus could be easily educed into a clean culture and this culture could be successfully studied. I was asked to influence precisely such an educed culture of the virus.

I was not shown this culture, even from afar with numerous means of isolation. I was simply told that "it" was in the next room: I attempted to destroy the virus, being absolutely sure that it was there. Two days later I was told that nothing had happened to it. This was very disappointing news, although I understood that this was a complicated matter and it was quite possible to get a negative result from the first try. However these thoughts did not help me to fight my vexation caused by the first failure.

The approach of traditional scientists can be of interest with re-

gards to the above. For years and sometimes decades they work at one or another problem, carry out thousands, or tens of thousands, of experiments and not always (sometimes far from it) achieve results they want and this is considered to be "normal". And quite another picture appears when it concerns me. Usually I am given only one attempt and if this attempt does not show a positive result, the word charlatanry is shouted immediately: but if everything happens successfully, it is declared that "this was always like this" or the result is simply concealed.

Certainly, I was disappointed when they called me from the centre and told me the "result", but I could change nothing. Only much later, when I lived and worked in San Francisco, did I know about the greatest fraud of the 20th century—AIDS! It turned out that nobody ever managed to get a culture of this virus during whole time of AIDS hysteria. Even those, who won Nobel awards for AIDS research, American and, if I am not mistaken, German doctors, refer to each other when it comes to the question about the culture of the AIDS virus.

The fact is that this hysteria is very profitable for the pharmacological mafia, because it helps them to fill their "pockets" quickly and effectively! From the very beginning the AIDS hysteria was nothing but a specially created hoax with the purpose of gaining mega-profits. At the same time far from all doctors kept silence on this occasion. There are a lot of books which call on the public to open its "eyes" to this falsification.

Many people may ask: what then do those people who allegedly have the AIDS virus actually have, and what do they die of? Do they die of a non-existent virus? How can that be possible!? Indeed, people do die. They die of the exhaustion of their immune system which is not caused by an AIDS virus, but for other reasons. What are they? The main reason why the human immune system exhausts itself is enormous doses of antibiotics, drugs and medications, consumption of which leads to the almost complete destruction of the immune system.

The most alarming fact is that the attack of medical products on the human organism has resulted in mothers giving birth to children with a complete or partial absence of immunity. This means that any infection becomes mortal for a person whose immune system is weak or destroyed by medications or drugs. And the modern medicine and pharmacological enterprises, which stand behind it, are fully responsible for this. The latter, pursuing mega-profits are ready to commit any deception and forgery in order to hide the tracks of their crimes against humanity and increase their income.

Much later I knew that I was asked to influence a "black cat" in

a "black room" when there was no cat there. In this case, the notorious AIDS virus played the role of the "black cat"! The scientist-epidemiologist who asked me to destroy this virus, most likely, knew perfectly well that there was no virus! But, nevertheless, he reported a "negative" result. Regrettably, I did not know then, what I know now. Also I did not know that one should not blindly believe "scientists" just because they call themselves so...

I trusted blindly in the fact that scientists do not lie, that, if they assert something, it is really so! My own experience made me spend a lot of time getting rid of this blind faith. But before I had begun to influence, I could have simply checked, whether the AIDS virus was there or not, instead of blindly believing the information! If I had thought about it then, I would have understood then that I had been cheated, along with all the others. And, if other people do not have the ability to check the truth of one or another statement, I do have it. Moreover, I have used it on more than one occasion and it has never failed me! I just did not even imagine that someone, especially doctors, could lie like this! Then, this idea seemed to me simply blasphemous!

But, the most shocking fact is that this Great Lie is still being spread by the mass media which are financed out of the bottomless "pocket" of pharmacological monsters which make profit out of human health and they are not at all interested in people becoming healthy. Just as modern doctors are not interested in this, because the best patient is an eternally ill patient! But in 1990 I could not countenance the idea that someone, especially a scientist-physician, could lie and manipulate the truth for the sake of one or another selfish aim. Therefore, I was strongly disappointed on receiving a "negative" result of my work with the "culture" of the AIDS virus, which, as it turned out later, did not exist in nature.

In the meantime, everything took its normal course. After I visited with Norst Bauling and his wife, we stipulated a date for my next visit to carry out the first course of treatment. When I had attended all my planned meetings, I went to Bamberg again. This time only one "helper" who spoke English fairly well came with me. The Steuler's interpreter was not able to come with me—the Steuler Company was not occupied exclusively with me. They had a number of other projects and many of them were related to the USSR. We spent ten days in Bamberg. The Baulings rented rooms for us in a hotel which was near their mansion. They received us very well. Every morning I carried out a session with Frau Bauling, and then she showed us local sights.

Bavaria has a very rich history as well as amazing natural beauty. Therefore, these ten days which we spent in Bamberg were a very in-

teresting learning experience. Every day we were shown new places, ancient castles, Middle Age fortresses and simple little Bavarian towns. Almost every town had its own museum or some national handicrafts. Norst Bauling joined us on Saturday and Sunday. When they wanted to converse with me more fruitfully, not at the level of bad English, they invited an interpreter, a German of Russian origin.

It was a great pleasure for me to meet this couple. They were neither haughty nor neglectful towards poor Russians. In fact almost all Soviet people, except for the Soviet elite, had nothing. Norst Bauling showed me his pride and joy—his car collection. An enormous hangar was full of antique cars, some of which existed only in one copy! Mercedes, Rolls-Royce, Porsche, Jaguar, Ferrari and other brands which had got into his collection due to one or another unique feature. Any citizen of the Soviet Union of 1990 could see these cars in films, at the very best, and there they were right before my eyes!

Certainly, I enjoyed them very much! Show me a modern man who does not love cars! Men have their own "toys"—weapon, horse or car. There were different "toys" in different epochs, but they were always there! So, men will understand, what I felt when I found myself among such an amount of "toys", and their owner simply shone with pride in his collection. And he had every the right to be proud of it! He not only gathered this collection but also repaired every one of them, using original details. It was a real treat to see new shining parts under the hood of a fifty-year-old car as if it just came down the assembly line. In 1990 the total cost of this collection was about three hundred millions Marks!

These ten days in Bamberg told me a lot about Germany, much more than all the rest of my time there. After this initial ten days course we planned to continue the treatment later, but it did not happen. On my return to the "base" I took part in several other meetings, but there was nothing of interest. One weekend Norbert Steuler asked us to go to a German village with him to help his foster-brother in grape-gathering. It was very interesting to become acquainted with the life of a German village and I agreed, as well as the other.

And..., here we were—in the German village, cutting ripe bunches of grapes. The work was not hard, but required certain skills. You should cut a bunch of grapes with special scissors and pass to the next, etc... Grape-gathering in Germany differs not at all from grape-gathering in any other country. However, I have never gathered grapes, so I found a certain romantic appeal in it. But that, which I experienced after the work, will not be found in any other country. On finishing the vintage, our host, a good-natured burgher, laid the table and invited

all us. The presence of an interpreter gave us the opportunity to talk about different things and, somehow we began to talk about fishing. It would be quite an ordinary subject, if it were not for one little BUT...

The owner of a tidy German cottage revealed to us, with complete seriousness, that in order to become a fisherman it was necessary to do a special course and pass an exam which contained about a hundred questions. That alone was a little strange to hear, at least, for me. But later I heard something even stranger when he began to explain how a fisherman should act when he caught a fish. A fisherman should have a special stick with an iron ball in it. When he pulled out a fish, he should kill the fish with this stick in order that the latter did not suffer! Indeed, the highest degree of humanism! My opinion about Germany and its citizens would remain rosy until I asked, what would happen, if a fisherman pulled out a fish, but did not kill it with the stick!?

The answer to this simple question was really shocking. Probably, it shocked only me, I cannot talk for the rest, but when I heard that a fisherman who saw how another fisherman did not kill a fish in order to save it from suffering, should get to the nearest telephone (mobile telephones were not so widely spread then) and report the incident to the police! The police should arrive and impose a fine for the torture of a fish!!! I asked why the second fisherman would not kill the fish, if he was so sorry for it, or remind the other fisherman that he had forgotten to kill it. The answer was: it was not the second fisherman's business, he has no right to tell the other fisherman, what he should do, and could not kill the fish, because it was not he who caught it!

All this was said with very serious expression on the face. And when I asked, what a German man must do when he witnessed that someone forced a child or girl, I heard the same answer. One should find the nearest telephone and report the incident to the police. The police will arrive and... I think everything will be clear, what will happen then!

The answer to any question like this was the same—one should report to an assigned establishment and then it would be their duty to take actions. One should only report to certain authorities and that was all! This answer was typical not only for this person, but for almost any German! The Germans certainly are an extremely disciplined nation, but I, probably for the first time in my life, was happy that I was born in Russia and proud to be Russian!

One can build pretty tidy cottages and wash the asphalt with shampoo, but it is impossible to do the same with the soul. The Russian soul was, is and always will be enigmatic for foreigners and for the first time in my life I understood why! Almost any German will report another German's misdeeds, but for "some" reason will keep silence

about himself, and he or she will deceive, if it pays well enough. And I have my own examples of this. Here is one of them.

Norbert Steuler asked me to help his friend's wife, although a German's concept of friendship was also very strange for me. A woman had a prolapsed uterus. Several operations which, according to her doctors' opinion, were to solve this problem resulted in a yet more grave condition. She could not go out of her home and was forced to lie down almost all the time. The situation was very serious. I began to work with her and everything went very well. She could already get up and walk normally. However, when the day of payment came, her husband informed me that, regrettably, everything had come back as it was before and he would not pay.

What can one do on this occasion? Rush to prove that you are right and they are wrong?! One way or another, the truth did not wait long to come to light. In the evening before my departure from Germany I invited Norbert Steuler and his interpreter to a restaurant. Astonished he saw his friend with his wife entering the restaurant! The woman was completely all right. She wore a light elegant dress and did not look like a heavily sick woman and there were no signs that she had a very specific problem.

On seeing me, she turned red, understanding that their deception had been discovered so inopportunely. I was not surprised by this kind of "miraculous" convalescence, after a person refused to pay, but for Steuler it was a huge surprise. Several days before he, with his own ears, heard moans and groans that my treatment did not "help" and therefore they would not pay for my work. His own father-in-law and mother-in-law disappeared without paying. It is true that they did not say that my treatment was useless for them; they simply did not come on the day appointed for the payment. Most likely they unexpectedly had "sclerosis" and it turned out that I treated them for wrong problem.

People behaved this way both in the USSR and in Germany equally, and, as the future showed, in the USA too. Everyone wants to get something, but not everyone is ready to pay for what they got. It is probably the only thing that unites people, independent of their nationality or class position. Poor people, people of the middle class, rich people and very rich people act the same way. So, there is a "soul group" of people, despite all other distinctions!

By the way, it appeared that the concept of friendship in Germany is very specific. When we conversed, Norbert Steuler was pretty open and told me about some problems which he had in his life. When I asked, why he did not appeal for help to his friends, his answer was that in that case he would have to give away half of his company. I was

so surprised by such "friendly" help and I asked him, what the others would do then. He told me the following: "When the others knew that you had problems, they would do everything they could in order to ruin you and get your business for peanuts, and if possible—everything else they can lay their hands on...

This was totally unacceptable for me. It was unacceptable in 1990, in the Soviet times and it remains unacceptable now, after I have lived in the USA for fifteen years. Man should behave like a human being in any conditions, independent of which country, time and social structure he lives in. And there is no justification for treachery, meanness, dishonesty, etc. Usually people look for the opportunity to justify their actions to appease their consciences, if, they have one!

As I found out later, far from all people have a concept of conscience and the notion of "pangs of conscience" is unknown to some. For example, the Judaic Torah gives very clear instructions/orders that Jews have no obligations in regard to goyim (non-Jews); that there is no necessity to honour their oaths and fulfill promises given to goyim, and there are many other things.

The concept of the so-called Russian soul which so many people are unable to understand and will never understand is much closer for me personally. Mockery concerning the enigmatic Russian soul appears because of fear which inevitably occurs in people, whose mentality does not allow them to understand, what the enigmatic Russian soul is! And that, which cannot be understood is feared and hated, because it is envied at the subconscious level! Certainly, there are enough dregs and scoundrels among genetically Russian people, especially since during almost the whole 20th century, the purposeful physical elimination of the flower of the Russian nation was carried out and "new" moral norms were imposed upon to those who survived.

I do not look blindly or one-sidedly at the essence of things, as some might think. Russian people still preserve that precious spark of spiritual cleanness which other people have already lost or never had... But, as they say, tastes differ. Someone can readily give up this "unnecessary" conscience in order to make his life easier and more comfortable. Someone is ready to step over dead bodies and, unfortunately, does it quite often... But, it was unacceptable for me then and is unacceptable now...

On my returning from Bamberg, I continued to receive patients. By this time, I got the information that my companions had a very strange concept of "free healing". Their "free" treatment appeared to be much more expensive for people, who trusted them, than my chargeable help. When I reminded them about their promises and about the fact that

they had no moral right to take money for "treatment", because they did not have any experience and had not healed anyone, even of a cold, they rebelled.

Two of them protested. They said that I did not know how to conduct business, etc. They even blamed me for earning more money for my work than they, when I gave them a salary of 900 roubles per month, and I got 1200. They were getting 900 roubles per month in 1989-1990 and this was quite big money[2], but for some reason they forgot that this money was paid out of my earnings for the work which I did and had nothing to do with them! The problem was that according to Soviet law I had no right to receive such an enormous salary. That is why I decided to do a good deed and to enter their names on the salary list, because they were both unemployed then. I just wanted to help them. I heard this kind of reproach in the case of the trip to Hungary—they went there, because I insisted.

I will not repeat what I heard from them. I was very much surprised that they considered all this to be normal and took it for granted. Sometimes it turns out to be a very strange thing: you try to do some good for a person, he takes it for granted and starts to demand more, because he thinks that if something is done for him, he deserves even more.

One way or another, the situation reached a critical point and I decided to cross my "t's". I said that I had been observing their behavior for a long time and if they wished to discuss problems that had arisen then they should listen to what I thought about the situation. I told them everything, what I thought about their conduct and the essence of their actions, and that I was glad that they had showed me their true selves so quickly. Probably, someone else may have found their true personality quite normal, but to me, they were disgusting and I said so. I also informed them that from this moment on they could do their own "business" and I had no wish to see them around me anymore.

After that they remained totally aloof and looked at me as if I were their enemy. Most likely, they thought that I would continue to carry them on my back and were very surprised that I stopped doing it. They were yet more surprised that people, to whom they began to offer their services without me, did not even want to speak to them, although, I told no one that they were no longer with me. When they were asked, whether I knew about their actions and they said that they were now "on their own", their service was politely declined.

[2]The average salary of a Soviet engineer was 120 roubles (E.L.)

Obviously, they thought that they fully deserved the respectful attitude which people expressed toward them when they were with me and later were surprised that no one even wanted to listen to them.

But this will happen later, and meanwhile they celebrated their "freedom" from my ridiculous moral admonitions, as they thought then. They finally got the possibility to do, what they wanted to do, and they wanted only one thing—money, as much as possible and started frenetically to make money, making no secret of this fact. I was sorry to observe how before my very eyes, avidity made those people who I had known for several years, lose their human appearance. It was obvious that they had a weak moral core which quickly disappeared when they saw the prosperity of other people.

And the crux of the matter was not the fact that I would be offended if they earned money: it was just that they never healed anyone, they did not know how to do it, and taking into account their approach, they will never learn to do it! I was sorry that their actions discredited everything that I had begun to create by my own labour, namely, people's trust in these healing methods. They misled people by their actions, because they declaimed about that which they were unable to do and did not know how to do. Probably they thought, if they presented my work, it was enough for them to become master-healers.

The fact is that in order to heal a person one needs to obtain knowledge, knowledge and knowledge again! One needs to get special knowledge and experience which cannot be obtained even if one thoroughly studies modern medicine. The point is that the modern medicine is guided by a false system of understanding of the nature of diseases. More precisely, modern medicine has no understanding of the nature of disease at all, because it directs its attention to the symptoms of diseases, instead of the primary cause, and does not understand the real nature of living matter and many other things...

The fact that a lot of people who saw how I work with patients or were next to me at that moment were confident that they already understood everything and knew how it worked always surprised me. Usually, their "know how" consisted in copying the motions of my hands. And these "experts" were not even able to understand that it was my brain which worked and my hands were only sensors, conductors. And when I asked a person with whom I worked to inform me what and when he/she would feel or see this or that, it meant only that one or another feeling or one or another image was nothing but the tip of the iceberg of the real process and it was just a useful tool which I needed to control the process more comfortably! I talked about it more than once, but nobody paid attention and considered it enough to copy my

motions and get the "necessary" feelings from a person and the work was done....

But it appeared that the "work" failed to be done. When I saw this kind of naivety, I always remembered an old film about a magician who somehow found himself in our time. When he was asked to conjure a telephone, he created a marble call-box made of the best sorts of marble and a telephone set made of gold. But it was impossible to make a call using such a "phone"! The internal form does not correspond to the external one—the eternal philosophical problem of the unity of the form and the content.

Likewise my "wise men"-students saw only the exterior part of the process and decided that it was enough to do the same as I did! It is obvious that they had no problems with "modesty". My "we" they took very seriously.

My desire not to focus attention on myself, but on the importance of what was happening, was interpreted in a quite unexpected way—it gave confidence to these people that their presence during my work meant more than simple presence. However, the future showed that they had made an important mistake in principle, thinking like this. My unwillingness to create some sort of halo around myself resulted in the witnesses of my actions "acquiring" haloes. I would not have thought that this kind of ridiculousness was possible. The reality appeared to be much richer than my fantasy! Regrettably, these people were not the last to do it.

Before my departure from Germany I decided to buy a car. My expenses and the fact that not everyone paid for my work prevented me from buying a new car. Therefore, I decided to buy a good second hand car. I chose a silver ten-year-old Mercedes-Benz 230. It was obvious that the previous owner treated the car very well. The car had a lot of additional devices; the most interesting was the device which made it possible to increase or decrease the pressure in wheels without getting out of the car. So, after some hesitation, I purchased it.

I got my driving license shortly before my journey to Germany and I had managed to drive a car only a couple of times—when I prepared myself for my driving exams. In my childhood my grandmother allowed me to drive her "Zaporozets" once or twice. But it hardly could be considered driving lessons. Then I had some difficulty in making a car move. It was explained that in order to make the car move, I should simultaneously release the clutch pedal and with my other leg softly press the accelerator. It became a problem for me. Instead of slightly pressing the accelerator and slowly releasing the clutch pedal, I tried to "catch" the moment of clutching, moving the pedals simultaneously.

Some times I succeeded, but far from always.

My grandmother appeared to be a bad driving teacher. But despite this ridiculous misunderstanding, I liked cars very much. Only this fact changed nothing—I had no possibility to buy myself one. In fact, I could save money to buy a second-hand car, but there always was a situation when I had to help to someone else, so I always failed to save the necessary sum. Therefore, I was not able to have my driving experience. That is why when I purchased a Mercedes, I hadn't the least idea how to drive it.

I had sat in the passenger seat next to a driver on more than one occasion. However, it is one thing to sit near and see how another person does it, and quite another thing to do it yourself. Moreover, the internal lay-out of soviet cars differed considerably from German ones. Especially at night—many luminous devices created the impression you were inside a UFO or at least in the cockpit of an airplane! Besides, my Mercedes had an automatic gear-box and only two pedals, instead of three. Certainly, there is nothing difficult there, but when you do not know what it's all about, you are a little bit lost.

I did not take the risk of driving the car to the house, where I rented a room. But in the evening, when no one could see my attempts to master a car, I began to "bridle" my iron horse. In fact, I worried in vain, everything was very simple and I quickly became accustomed to controlling the car. Next day I "raced" on German roads. And the following day I tested the autobahn. I felt the speed and distance pretty well and experienced no fear either of other cars or the speed. The first thing I did on the autobahn was to try and get the maximum speed out of my car.

Regrettably, it had the limit of only two hundred twenty kilometers per hour (about 140 mph!). But, despite this there was an amazing feeling of motion with this speed, especially on excellent German roads. The car was very steady at such a speed. The motion of the car was incredibly soft and smooth—I found it hard to believe such a thing was possible, taking into account the pitiful condition of Russian roads. I purchased some gifts for my nearest and dearest and some things for me, like a Japanese TV set, a videotape recorder, etc. I also changed the Mercedes' tyres for new Swedish winter ones. In short, my car was converted into a "bonbon". It was a pleasure to look at, and especially to drive.

There was a little accident before my departure. I had not yet got accustomed to the dimensions of the car, especially when I parked it. The road near the house where I lived went upwards and when I was parking on the slope between two neighbours' cars, I went into reverse

too much and did not notice that I was dangerously close to another car and the tow-hook rumpled the neighbour's car. My Mercedes had no scratch, but the front of the neighbour's car was damaged. The previous owner of my car had strongly fixed this hook. Most likely, he often drove with a heavy trailer.

One way or another, again for the first time in my life, I learned how an insurance policy works. I had insured my car when I purchased it. The neighbour was a lawyer. I gave him all necessary information and he took care of the insurance. It was the only incident and did not upset me very much. There were several days left before my departure and I began to prepare myself.

At this time my third "student" asked my advice on what he should do with his money. I answered his question as I understood it—the best investment would be to buy a second-hand car in order to sell it later in the USSR which would give a maximal benefit on every invested Deutsche Mark.

He thanked me for the advice and asked our interpreter's husband, Vladimir, to help him with this. He also asked me to go with him and to help him to choose the car. I agreed. However, one thing slightly surprised me. This man did not even consider asking me how much he owed me for all the time of our stay in Germany. Probably he considered that my living expenses for all of us were exclusively my problem and did not concern him. He lived, ate and dressed at my expense for two and a half months, not to mention the expenses for his departure.

It was one thing when he had no money—I considered in that case I must pay all the charges. But it was quite another thing when he had money which he earned the same way as I did. But he asked about nothing. It surprised me and I continued to observe him. The two first "rebels", at least returned me their part of the money which I had spent on them all. I simply said that I had spent for our dwelling and food a particular sum of money and they could recompense me for their share of it, if they considered it necessary. Anyone is able to divide the total sum by four.

When I said it, I withdrew. I did not insist that they must return the money. I simply considered that any decent person must act correctly. First of all, it is necessary to repay a debt of honour and then one can do whatever one wishes with the rest of the money, that is ones' right. I had this concept of honour, but I did not require that others act according to my concepts—only according to their own conscience.

It was quite a surprise for me when two "rebels" were able to peel off some money and one of them brought me their payment. With

obvious regret, but they did it. It was pleasant for me to know that they have consciences. But the third one's conscience was evidently "in a dead sleep" and did not have time to "wake up". Otherwise, how is it possible to explain the fact that he did not raise the question about his debt either then or later on? Instead he consulted me about the best way to spend his money. The "rebels" were "rotten" in one way, the third man in another.

We found him an affordable car, and he purchased it...

Chapter 22.

Back to the USSR

Thus, I had a fellow-traveller with his own car. I bought two walkie-talkies to communicate with him while driving. We worked out our route and were ready to "cast off". In the evening before our departure, as I already mentioned, I had invited Norbert Steuler to a restaurant, the following morning we came to his office to say goodbye and started our journey back home, each in his own car. It was for me both training and a test for driving. We drove out onto the autobahn, pointed ourselves in the right direction and drove as fast as our cars would go.

We drove from the south to the north, deviating gradually to the east for quite long time. We chose our route so that while moving to the north, we would also be heading east, avoiding Berlin, then take the road which crossed Poland from east to west and reach the Soviet border in Brest (Belorussia). We stopped only at gas-stations—to refuel and purchase water or food. It turned out that my companion for "some" reason had to go to the rest room whenever it was time to pay. His stomach "suffered" a strange disorder—so profitable for its owner.

I continued to observe my last student. Money never had power over me, but I always had to earn it by working hard. No one ever came and gave me money either in the form of a gift or in any other form. To tell the truth, I would not accept such gifts. I feel awkward, if someone does me a favour. Therefore, I always preferred to earn money myself.

Besides, I never believed that someone would come and offer money so that I could realize my plans and projects. Correctly saying, I was offered everything my soul could ever wish for, but I could not accept what was asked in return for this "manna from heaven". I did not worry over money, although I understood that without money it was almost impossible to obtain anything, especially that, to which I dedicated my life. Nevertheless, I did not respect users—people who are only interested in raking in the money for themselves.

My fellow traveller showed his true "user" personality, which peeped through the mask more evidently with every day. I liked it less every time. One fact was very characteristic—before our departure he decided to buy another suit, but this time spending his own money.

"Oddly" enough, he chose a suit much cheaper than the one I bought him. There is no need to continue; this in itself, says a lot.

It was sad for me to see how people who said beautiful words about lofty matters somehow forgot about them at once when facing reality, when it concerned them, their own interests and their benefit. All lofty ideals were immediately forgotten and they converted into the usual scroungers. Most likely, there was no real core in them and the great spirit of their ancestors degenerated in them. Precisely this was the aim of the enemies of man, destroying the cream of the Russian nation—the Ruses!

But, nevertheless, I believed that one day I would find the real people who would become comrades-in-arms, not just fellow-travellers who were your "friends" until the first danger arose. Despite all this, I knew and believed that the day would come when the ancestral memory woke up in people and they would want to be free from spiritual slavery again.

But I also knew that people would not wake up by themselves and that I needed to battle with enemies which immersed people in this "dream" and I prepared myself to battle alone! I did not know then that I would meet a human being—my future wife Svetlana—who would become not only spiritually close to me and then my wife, but also my first comrade-in-arms in my war with those enemies of human beings—social parasites, as I called them later. However, right then I felt sadness, observing how people became petty before my very eyes...

We were lucky—there were no traffic jams on the autobahn—so, we advanced very quickly. After we had been driving for seven or eight hours, we turned right and started to move to the east. Soon we crossed a former border between two Germanys. This fact was easy to note just visiting a rest room. On the territory of the former GDR[1] rest rooms were certainly better than in the USSR of 1990, but their cleanliness differed greatly from that of Western Germany. The same can be said about the roads of former GDR—they were also worse in quality! Regrettably, there was nothing else to compare—we did not pass through any of GDR's towns, not even a small one.

At midnight that first day we reached the German-Polish border and decided to rest a little. We lowered the back seats as far as they

[1]The German Democratic Republic (GDR; German: Deutsche Demokratische Republik, DDR; commonly known in English as East Germany) was a socialist state created by the Soviet Union in the Soviet Zone of occupied Germany and the Soviet sector of occupied Berlin. East Germany existed from 1949 until 1990, when its re-established states acceded to the adjacent Federal Republic of Germany (West Germany), thus producing the current form of the state of Germany.

would go and slept right there in our cars. Certainly, it was not a five-star hotel, but we more or less succeeded in resting for several hours. But before we could continue on our way, we had to wait for the customs office on the German side to open so that we could get our VIT (tax return).

I got back a pretty large sum, exchanged some Deutsche Marks into Polish Zloty and crossed the German-Polish border without any problems. German frontier guards only glanced at my documents and let me through; the Polish frontier guards put a transit stamp in the passport and ... off we went—travelling the roads of our recent good "friend"—Poland. Polish roads were even worse than that of the GDR, although there were no pits and pot-holes. Polish gas-stations were also different—we found good stations and some very far from good. It was obvious that "perestroika" in Poland still failed to involve all the country, especially rural areas.

We crossed Poland also at maximum speed, where possible. Fields and forests and lakes flashed by; we swept along large and small rivers; one landscape changed into another. Our route passed through Warsaw, but we did not stop there. We had not the least wish to get lost; therefore, we carefully followed direction signs on the road, doing our best to not deviate from the route. We passed Warsaw pretty quickly and moved toward Brest.

The road to the Soviet border was very narrow. It had only one traffic lane in each direction. That is why we had a curious incident on the road not far from the Soviet-Polish border. My companion's car was ahead of me and I saw that he was going to overtake a truck. According to our agreement, I should follow him. I did it. When I pulled out after him, I discovered that it was not one truck, but an endless string of trucks. Moreover, every truck was practically on the "tail" of the previous one, so that it was near to impossible to "squeeze" in between them.

My acquaintance's car began to gather speed in order to overtake the trucks as quickly as possible and I did the same, because it was impossible to drive in the opposite traffic lane for very long. Cars could appear there at any second with all the inevitable consequences. I saw how the car of my fellow-traveller overtook the first truck of the string and was already feeling relieved that everything finished without any problem, as unexpectedly his car stopped in the opposite traffic lane right in front of me! There was an endless wall of trucks on my right and I had no chance to tuck in, and in front of me was a car with a driver who supposedly had five-years driving experience, (as he had boasted!)

The situation was quite complicated! I had no time for reflection and did the only thing possible—I overtook my fellow-traveller's car at his left and then understood the reason for his incomprehensible conduct. There was a Polish traffic policemen waving with his stick. He waved also to me and I, overtaking the first truck, stopped my car on "my" side of the road. When my companion saw the policeman ordering him to stop, he stopped right there without thinking that I had nowhere to go in this situation.

Probably he exaggerated "a little" his five-year driving experience and if it were not for my reaction, at best our cars could have been crushed and at worst we both could have been seriously injured! But everything turned out all right, I said a couple of "warm" words to my fellow-traveller about how "super-professionally" he stopped his car and paid two fines—mine and his—because he "again" had no money. What could I do? I could not turn his pockets inside out to prove him a liar could I? In fact, the nearer we approached the Soviet border, the more he begrudged spending Deutsche Marks. Most likely, he calculated already, how much it would be in roubles and watched every cent (or pfennig)!

One way or another, it was the most serious incident during the whole journey. Soon, we reached the Soviet border in Brest. We passed the customs control without problems and left our cars at the customs parking—in order to move further we must pay customs duties for our cars. My fellow-traveller had asked his relatives to bring the required sum of money to the customs. I asked him if they could bring money for me too, because I had no one who would do me this kind of a favour; they said yes. Whilst we were waiting, we could rest for several hours. His relative brought the money; we paid customs duties and set off again driving through Belorussia and Ukraine

Ukrainian and Belorussian roads were slightly better than Russian ones, but all the same they were very far from perfect. The main roads were in good fettle and whenever it was possible we could drive at a pretty high speed of over two hundred kilometers per hour. Certainly, we decreased our speed, when approaching the posts of the GAI[2]. Besides, the driver's brotherhood never failed—a short signal with a high-beam light and we knew that "friends" in police uniform were waiting for us. The fact that you had violated the speed limit did not bother them at all. On the contrary, it was very convenient for them—for each infringement they received twenty five roubles which went directly into their purses! Therefore, I never was distressed violating speed limits as

[2]The State Traffic Police (E.L.)

the money from my "fines" went to the traffic cops' pockets.

Meanwhile well-known native fields and forests were flashing by, the traffic signs could be understood without an interpreter and communication with people did not cause a sense of inferiority.

That night we reached Kharkov and spent it in the apartment of my student, my apartment was not yet inhabitable—there was nothing but naked walls in it. After I had a good sleep, I called my friends and they agreed to register the car. We had arrived with German plates and could not drive for long without registration. I agreed about everything and in the evening went to visit my friends, where I introduced my student to these people.

One of the reasons, why I did not stay much longer in Germany, was that at the beginning of November, 1990 I had to be in Kiev, where a seminar at "The Phenomenon" would take place. It was one of the first institutions in the USSR, which had the right to give certificates under the aegis of the Ministry of Health of the USSR (now Ukraine). Albert Ignatenko, a famous exponent of the original genre in the USSR headed the centre and taught in this school. I did not meet him before, but his name was familiar to me due to documentaries in which he demonstrated his unusual abilities on suggestology—as he called his method of influencing people.

My Kharkov acquaintance knew him well, because once or twice he supplemented his income as his helper during performances. Despite the fact that my name was already more or less known in the country, I did not have an official "paper". I could not give one to myself, because I had no organization, under the "roof" of which I would work. Certainly, a "roof" could appear instantly, but unfortunately, not that which I would like to have. I think everyone understands what "roof" I am talking about. One way or another, I operated as a "free lance". I was free and never "bent" before anyone and never will in future. However, I needed this kind of "paper" to secure myself somehow from bureaucracy! And the centre "The Phenomenon", which gave official certificates, suited me very well.

Therefore, in a couple of days after my returning from Germany I flew to Kiev together with my Kharkov student and another person, Valery, whom I had known before my move to Moscow in 1988. We all settled in a hotel near the airport and next day went to Albert Ignatenko's school. There were also several other persons who gave lectures in his school.

It was interesting for me to listen to his lectures, because I saw and heard him for the first time. He expounded the understanding of suggestology from the point of view of a practical worker, a gifted

man, but I did not get the feeling that he understood well what he received from nature. It was not surprising—he was not scientific in the complete understanding of this word, but an artist of the original genre, who not only used the gift but also tried to understand its nature. It is necessary to do him justice—he achieved herein more than most people who considered and called themselves scientists. My student introduced me to him after the lecture and our first meeting took place...

I honestly attended all lectures during the ten days and did it not because it gave me something new—I already knew and understood, if not everything, but quite a lot. Many things given at lectures like revelations were known for me from my own practice. But I did not consider it to be right or necessary to announce this fact. As they say, when in Rome, do as the Romans do! And I tried to follow this rule. I am not asked, so why intrude with my understanding, no matter how correct it would seem to me, and meddle with another. A guest must observe the rules of etiquette.

However, I could not manage to avoid an unintentional interference. During a break between the lectures, one of the students came to me unexpectedly and with an expression of utter surprise on her face, asked me whether I remembered her or not? I never saw her before and already wanted to answer in the negative, but asked myself, where could she have met me? I began to scan her and recount what had happened to her. She was even more surprised and moved away with obvious confusion and misunderstanding on her face. The next day she came to me again, showed me an article in some old newspaper and asked if I knew the girl in the photo. I looked at it attentively and answered her that it was her photo when she was younger. It surprised her again. And now it is time to tell why she was so surprised.

That year, when her photo and the article about her appeared in the newspaper, due to certain circumstances she was in the state of clinical death. She died because of a strong poisoning and when her soul abandoned her body, she saw a luminous tunnel. Unexpectedly a luminous creature appeared in front of her, stopped her and said: "It is not your time to leave, go back into your body and heal people!"

After this speech the luminous creature returned her into her physical body, which already was free from any poisons! Her name was Maria. Regrettably, I did not remember her last name. Like most citizens of the USSR of that time she was an atheist. After this incident she began to believe in God, because her own experience could only provide her with a "divine" explanation of what had happened that day when she was in a state of clinical death. She also began to heal people and by the time we met in Kiev for the first time, she already

was the People's Healer of Ukraine.

When Maria saw me at the break, she recognized the creature who returned her into her body. She thought at first that it was just a formal resemblance, but my description of what happened that day to her, confused her very much. And it was when I could only recognize her on her old photo, she stopped doubting the fact that it was me—a human being, not God and even not an angel—who rescued her and returned her to life, using such an unusual method. I said: "I beg your pardon, but I am not God and even not an angel!"

It is odd, but should Homo Sapiens come across something unusual, he immediately assumes it to have a divine nature. Regrettably, this seemingly suitable explanation is not always a correct one!

That, which happened to her and my participation in it, had no divine nature at all and was opposed to any religion that exists on our Midgard-earth. In fact many religions use the situation, when people do not understand one or another natural phenomenon, appropriate these phenomena and declare them "Divine Providence" and people humbly believe this lie! I am very sorry that because of my acts this woman—then a girl—threw herself in arms of the church. But she was lucky—she met me personally. She memorized my face well and later recognized me. (Or may be she was not so lucky. May be she was disappointed because she discovered the fact that she was not returned to life by God or an angel. Probably, I involuntarily destroyed her beautiful fairy-tale with which her life was simpler and easier).

And how many of those, whom I have helped the same way, will continue to consider that they were rescued by angels or even by God? Will those who will never meet me and remember my face, ever even think to compare what they saw with the face of a real person. In fact, everyone wishes that God would be personally interested in him or her or, at least send his angel-deputy! And here is nothing but a human! Well, what one can do? I am a man. My parents were pretty earthly man and woman! When I was born, there was no star in the sky, and there was no Immaculate Conception, etc. I am neither God, nor his son. I am not an incarnated Christ, but an ordinary man. Well, probably not so ordinary, but, nevertheless, a man!

Later I learned a lot of interesting information about who brought my parents together and how as a result of it my brother, I and my sister were born. Now I even know why they were brought together. I also knew that my mother had a difficult time delivering my brother: his birth had grave consequences for my mother and when she was pregnant with me, doctors recommended her to abort, threatening her with my and possibly her death. But my mother firmly said: "No. Whatever

will be, will be" and without any problems for anyone, quickly and easily gave birth to me! And later she decided to have a third child and gave birth to her long-awaited daughter, my sister. My mother told me that my sister's delivery was complicated, but she, nevertheless, gave birth to a healthy girl. Only my delivery was rapid and easy.

It is of interest that the family of my future wife Svetlana had a similar situation, only in a heavier form. Before her mother had her, she had given birth to two children—a boy and a girl—by Cesarean section, who died soon after the birth. And only when her mother gave birth to her, everything happened easily and quickly, without any Caesarean section. The difference between our families was only that her mother gave birth to two daughters and a son and only my future wife Svetlana remained alive, and my mother gave birth to two sons and a daughter and all survived, but there were serious problems during both my brother and sister's delivery. I am glad that neither my brother nor my sister suffered and I only can imagine the grief of Svetlana's parents having their two first children dead soon after birth.

Now I know and understand, why all this took place, but it has no connection whatsoever to any Divine Providence, although, my parents' fate led them to each other.

Let us take for instance this fact. When my mother graduated from a rural school, she went to a medical school in Kislovodsk, instead of some other city where there was a medical school: for example, Rostov-on-Don. The main reason, why she chose Kislovodsk was that her aunt, her mother's sister, lived in this town. And my father's parents settled in Kislovodsk shortly before the beginning of the war, after they somehow succeeded in escaping their exile in Siberia. After that they had lived in the steppes of Kazakhstan (CossackStan would be correct—the Camp of Cossaks) where they had their senior daughter, the sister of my father, they settled in Kislovodsk, although my grandfather's relatives lived in the city of Vladicaucasus (Ordzhenikidze).

Due to some very interesting circumstances, the Caucasian city Mineralnye Vody appeared to be a very unusual place. It is one of the places on our planet where magma was unable to break through the surface, but swelled up the earth. Thus the mountains of Pyatigorie appeared! These mountains are a unique phenomenon of nature. In this place there is a very powerful energetic knot of Midgard-earth and our ancestors considered this place to be sacred. In Pyatigorie there was one of the most ancient south capitals of the Slavs-Arians—the city of Kiev-2 (not far from modern Pyatigorsk). It was the capital of the Slavonic-Arian Empire province called Ruskolan.

Only after exhausting wars with enemies and the treachery of kin-

dred tribes of Goths, the greater part of the Ruses went to the north-west and built a new city of Kiev on Dnepr, which was already the third "Kiev" and, certainly, it was neither the first city of the Ruses, nor the mother of Russian cities, as is given in the modern version of quite recent historical events.

There are a great number of uranium ore outlets on the surface in the area of Pyatigorie. That is why the waters of radon are so famous there. Certainly, all natural factors indicate that this beautiful corner of nature is unique in all respects and probably this was also the reason why fate drove my parents to exactly this place—the place of one of the most powerful outlets of the source of life, which is spoken of in the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas. It is also one of the reasons, why the North Caucasus always was a stumbling-block for many people, states and empires.

One way or another, but the facts are the following... My father was born in Kislovodsk and my mother came to study exactly in this city! Someone will say that there are a lot of similar cases. He will be right partly. But there were several strange events, which happened when my parents met "by chance" and began to date. My father was stabbed in the back after he took some mountaineers, who always behaved disrespectfully toward Russian girls, down a peg or two. They were waiting for him with a knife right around a corner, when he saw my mother back to the apartment.

The fact that it happened in December saved his life—he was wearing a woolen sleeveless jacket, a jacket and thick heavy woolen overcoat. All these clothes prevented the knife reaching his heart—only a centimeter left. When we were small, we often asked him where and why he had this scar on his back.

But this not all! Shortly before my mother graduated from her medical college, they seriously quarreled and stopped dating for some time. At this time my mother got her assignment and went to Kazakhstan to a dairy-farm located in foot-hills to work there. My father was never deprived of girls' attention and he accepted this attention favourably. Likewise my mother never "suffered" from the absence of other fellows' attention.

But... she was not in a hurry to accept proposals of marriage and even hid from potential fiancés. Later she came back home, without even finishing the obligatory term that every graduate had to work off, because there were not even elementary conditions for work and dwelling. The nearest shop was located more than one hundred kilometers away. It was possible to get there only by taking the opportunity, when they sent their products from the farm! There was no place to

live for a young specialist and a tiny room served as a medical "aid post".

After she had lived and worked in such conditions for eight months, my mother came home and began to work in the district policlinic in the Cossack village Orlovskaya, which at the same time was a district center. My father found her there and came to propose to her, saying that he would not go anywhere without her. Using all his persistence, he succeeded and they were married—they did all the formalities in one day (July 15, 1958), and in September they celebrated their wedding in Kislovodsk. Although my father made my mother cry being quite a philanderer even after their wedding, he nevertheless, wanted no one else to be his wife.

So, it all came down to someone or something doing everything possible and impossible in order that they were together. At the same time someone or something ensured that the knife, luckily, did not reach my father's heart and anything that could have kept them apart never happened: a confirmation of the opposition of forces to ponder upon. Certainly, these kinds of events can happen in every family, but I never heard anything of the kind.

Much later I knew the reason for such rapt attention to my parents. Someone was very keen that the genetics of the ancient princely kin of my father was united with the genetics of my mother's paternal kin, which probably was no less ancient. However, despite the presence of so many oddities in the fate of my parents, there is nothing of a divine nature there.

Certainly, many people would be more satisfied, if I begin to say that I am the chosen one, to speak about my divinity because I managed to do some things which obviously could not fit into the concepts of modern science, but most likely were right for divine providence or a messiah's acts. But I knew perfectly well that it was not so and never tried to use the errors of one group of people and the protests of another to make my way easier. Many people simply did not want to acknowledge the fact that I, a human being, was able to reach the understanding of the information expounded in my books.

Many people would prefer it, if I said that I was chosen by divine or alien forces, as a conductor of what they wanted to come to pass. A lot of people were not satisfied by the fact that everything I knew and understood was nothing but my own understanding based on the comprehension of my own experience and that I was a man who was able to do all this without any help of some higher forces!

How little store these people set by man, who, by the way, they also are, considering that a person can receive his understanding only

by getting it from someone, but not through his own development. It is totally possible that I was simply lucky in finding the correct key to my genetics, which I got from my ancestors, and to attain enlightening by knowledge, waking up my genetic memory. But my enlightening knowledge differs greatly from the one, which my distant and not so distant ancestors had, because I chose a completely different road. I understood it much later, when the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas came into my hands and I read about the concepts of our distant ancestors...

Well, I got carried away a little with my philosophical reflections. Let me go back to the events of November, 1990, when I yet did not understand a lot of things. But one thing I knew for sure: everything that I did and was able to perform had nothing to do either with Divine Providence or with anything of the kind. I told people about it pretty openly, even when people eagerly wanted me to say something to the contrary. In fact should I say to Maria then that I was an angel, it would be easier for her to acknowledge and accept what I did for her. But, I will repeat once again—I do not believe in God and I am neither a God's "instrument", nor anyone else's and, if I do something unusual, it is only because I understand and know why I do it and carry complete responsibility for what I have done, instead of cravenly making God or some High Cosmic Mind responsible for it! Whether "they" like it or not...

I finished the course, got a certificate and returned to Kharkov. The license plates for my car were ready. I changed the German plates and left for Moscow. My Kharkov student wanted to go with me too. We reached Moscow pretty quickly, driving by turns. Soon Valery, who also was at Albert Ignatenko's course, arrived in Moscow. And everyone went in for his own business. My Kharkov student was interested only in one thing—that I give back the money, which his relative brought to the customs to pay the duty. He did not mention a word about owing me money for his ticket, his passport and for staying in Germany. I saw that he was very much afraid that I would remind him about it and would not return him money. It was very unpleasant for me to observe it. In fact the only reason why he went to Moscow with me was that I had money in my Moscow apartment.

But his conscience was his responsibility. I had asked him to bring me money to the border and I was responsible for my words. Therefore, as soon as I reached my apartment in NovoGireevo, I took money and returned him the full sum I had borrowed. When he got it, he immediately disappeared from Moscow and from my life. I did not need this kind of person in my cause! His behaviour reminded me of a character from a children's TV journal "Eralash". During a school break a fat

boy ate an apple heartily. Near him stood another boy and observed how his fellow vigorously satisfied his appetite. When the apple was eaten, the "observer" said with regret: "If I had an apple, I would share it with you!" The boy with the apple answered him, licking his fingers: "It is a pity that you do not have an apple!"

My Kharkov student appeared to be an ordinary user who respected only his own interests. I kept none of the three persons with whom I went to Germany around me. And the main reason was their avidity. Each of them, to a greater or lesser degree, thought only about their personal benefit and not about how to make the world better! They thought only of themselves. There was not a single thought in them about other people. They wanted to get new abilities only in order to help solve their personal problems, and that was exactly why they did not get them from me.

It does not mean that I think that people should be absolutely altruistic, not at all. I personally consider that man should have some purpose and this purpose cannot be personal enrichment. My opinion is that man should aspire to something high and wonderful, and money contains nothing of this and never will! Although, we need it to be free in our world! Money can be only by an instrument, but never—an aim! Otherwise man will find himself in the most frightful slavery from which he could never get free!

It was quite amusing to hear how my Kharkov student explained his requirement to return him money. He said that it was his parents' money and he had nothing to do with it. However, he asked me to return the money to him. I wonder, whether he returned it to his parents or also considered that to be unnecessary. What a pitiful picture—for the sake of money people are ready to lie, betray and act meanly, etc. I was very sad because of the behaviour of the people for whom I did a lot of good things without requiring anything in exchange, who I helped with their problems, which they alone would never solve. And those problems were not only health problems.

When the necessity arose, I took money from my pocket, quite important sums in those times, and helped without any conditions and requirements. But it turned out that they thought only about their own interests and never reflected about why I acted this way toward them. It was also possible that they considered this to be a whim on my part. But I believed that people must help each other and share everything they had. Did they really think that I had nowhere else to spend my own money? They did not even know that when I helped them financially I denied myself something, for example, realization of my dream, because I considered that it was more important to help

these people and my dreams and projects could wait. But for "some" reason others did not think this way.

None of my wards passed the test of Germany. I am not sorry for money which I lost in all that, but I am really sorry that among these people there was no one who would be able to pass this test. Nevertheless, I was glad that all this showed up so quickly and the avidity of these people could do no harm to the cause which I was serving then—the cause of justice, the cause of the fight against social parasites, whose nature I had just began to understand.

Certainly, it is a shame that these people did not pass the test, but it would be much worse, if they succeeded in hiding their real face which would show itself at the most unsuitable moment. In fact my enemies, social parasites, have almost unlimited financial resources and therefore, if a person has this kind of "rottenness", they will always find a way to bring it up to the mark.

Thus, a potential betrayer is in the dormant mode and his awakening can lead to serious consequences. This "Trojan horse" is very dangerous, but until a person shows with his actions that he has become a slave of one or another weakness, one has no right to blame him for what he has not yet done. Man has a right to get the chance to act correctly, despite the fact that in his head he has already betrayed. At the last moment a man can overcome his weakness and act according to his conscience. The person cannot be deprived of this right. He should be estimated not only according to his thoughts, but also—to his deeds. Only by using such an approach, may an error be avoided.

The tactic, which I used in Germany, appeared to be very effective. Certainly, I could discuss with them their faults, but it only would result in them acting more carefully and secretly. If they already had the virus of avidity, treachery or cowardice, it would conceal itself and wait for its "hour of triumph". It is very difficult to expose such a delayed-action "mine" and prove that it is real!

But I abhor the idea of spying on those who are near me, even with good intentions. I wanted to be sure that if I had comrades-in-arms, I could turn my back to them without expecting to be stabbed. And the applied tactic allowed doing it very quickly and with minimum losses. It is better to take an all-round defense and have no unexpected surprises from people you trust. And the trust should be earned by real acts, not by idle talk about them which in fact happens more frequently.

The rightness of my deductions was confirmed by the fact that my Kharkov student did not consider it necessary to contact me and tell that the Germans were looking for me. The point is that when I came to Moscow, I moved from the apartment in which I lived before my

journey to Germany and went to my cousin's apartment in Butovo. The Germans wanted to find me, because the results of experiments with shampoos and creams were positive, and they wanted to collaborate more actively with me.

They tried to find me on my old telephones, but failed. Therefore, they called my Kharkov "helper". He already understood that he could not use me anymore and did not even mention that they were actively seeking me. Although, he knew where and how I could be found and he also knew the people with whom I constantly communicated and who would pass the information on; he did not do it for "some" reason. This fact characterized his consumer nature pretty eloquently. I learned about this much later, so my conclusions concerning his human ability to work and fight against social parasites appeared to be correct.

Regrettably, the last thousand years of increasing activity of social parasites brought its fruits. Money became an idol for a lot of people. The quantity of such people was especially increased after a genetic purge (genocide-E.L.) organized by social parasites in the twentieth century, when the cream of the Russian nation was almost fully destroyed, beginning from the aristocracy and finishing with the peasantry. An essentially mendacious view of the world had been imposed upon survivors. Covering their disgusting deeds with beautiful words, the communists in fact established their world of lawlessness, giving the way "upstairs" only to those people who for the sake of their own prosperity were ready to step over dead bodies.

As a result of this policy a new "elite" was brought up on these principles, which began to be an example, a "reference point" for those, who failed to be included to this "elite", but wanted to get there very much. It became to be very unprofitable to be honest, decent and noble. After the cream of the nation was destroyed, it lost its core and part of the transmitters of Russian genetics began to "re-magnetize", to tune to new conditions, to acquire, like chameleons, the colour the of new "nobility"—social parasites. Fortunately, not everyone acted this way...

Regrettably, none of those, who I had thought of as my future comrades-in-arms, passed the "lousiness test" as I call it. Well, it is better not to have them at all than to have the back-stabbing kind who would do it for the money. It is better to be alone confronting enemies knowing you can count on yourself, than counting on others who will abandon the battle-field when the first danger arises, or would betray or sell you, which would be much worse! It is better not to have such "comrades-in-arms"!

Chapter 23.

Parasites attack

When I came back to Moscow, I dedicated some of my time to arranging my personal affairs. I had returned the debt and moved to my new apartment. My new temporary base was my aunt Tamara's flat in Butovo, where she lived with her daughter, my cousin Helen. She said I could sleep in the living room of their apartment. Helen was a fifth year student then and everything I did was of great interest to her, like many young people she was full of curiosity. I brought my humble belongings to this apartment and then, after a while, drove to Kharkov. I had some things I needed to do there and also wanted to put my own apartment in order.

I had not lived in my one-room apartment for even a day since I got it in September, 1988. There were several reasons for this; one of them was that it needed some pretty serious repairs. I had to change the linoleum on the floor, repaint walls and ceiling, etc. I bought all necessary materials and was ready to start. But before getting on with that I decided to visit my parents—besides, the New Year was coming.

My parents were very glad to see me. I handed out all the gifts which I brought from Germany for them. Besides, my sister had recently given birth to a baby son and I had not seen him yet. I did not know when I could next visit my parents, and certainly could not imagine that it would be sixteen long years I did not know then that I would have to live in the USA for so long. But my parents were glad to see me at home and to listen to my stories about and impressions of Germany. Having spent several days with my parents, I came back to Kharkov and began to repair my flat.

I asked my friends to sell one of the videotape recorders, which I brought with me from Germany, for a good price and thus, I had money for running expenses. First, I had to get rid of the builders' rubbish, which for some reason even appeared under the linoleum, level the floor and plane corners, etc. Then I had to prepare the walls for papering. In order to create the illusion of a high ceiling I put up some coving, which I had ordered beforehand. All this decorated my dwelling and, when the wallpaper was hung, my apartment began to look pretty good. A friend of mine helped me to do all this work and I am very grateful to

him. Finally the apartment acquired a more or less decent look, but it was ... empty! I had to find and purchase furniture ... which would be as decent as I could find[1].

Thanks to my friends I managed to buy a carpet with a pleasant pattern that covered the whole floor, and later some Yugoslavian furniture, very comfortable arm-chairs and a folding sofa. In the Soviet times one could get all this only by waiting in turn for several years, or, using special "connections" get it quickly paying two or three times the price. I did not have to overpay, because my friends helped me. One way or another, the furniture was assembled and placed, the apartment finally acquired an air fit to live in and... I had to go Moscow again. The point of this visit was that Albert Ignatenko had invited me to deliver a course of lectures in his school in the middle of February. I decided to accept this offer and therefore had to go. So, I did not succeed in spending even a few days in my apartment after I had brought order to it.

Before my departure I paid a visit to my acquaintances and told them about my participation in the Chernobyl case, when I appealed to one of the highest hierarchies of the Universe and they sent a space ship and prevented a planetary catastrophe in the beginning of October, 1987.

As I wrote before, people who fought with the calamity in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor observed the actions of the space guests. The appearance of the space ship over the sarcophagus was a bolt from the blue for everyone and the secret service kept this fact totally secret. So, my story, which contained very precise details, exact times and the explanation of why this space ship appeared, got me some very rapt attention on the part of the Soviet secret service.

From exactly this moment a new chapter of my life began, namely, my opposition to the secret services of the USSR and later the secret services of other countries. Certainly, I did not understand this at once. I must say that life itself put this fact in front of me without asking whether I liked it or not, whether I wanted it or not. A couple of days after that talk, I was offered military shoulder-straps again. It was done on the street, as if incidentally, when I left the building of the Soviet State insurance company "Gosstrakh".

Only the salary they offered did not corresponded to my rank which I got on my discharge from the Soviet Army in 1986. They probably "confused" the size of the stars[2] and where they were located on my

[1] It was the time of a total deficiency in almost everything in the USSR then. (E.L.)

[2] He discharged from the Army in the rank of lieutenant and was proposed a

shoulder-straps. They offered me a 600 roubles salary, complete freedom of action and absolute assistance of the government in all my projects! There will be no need to wear a uniform. I could go anywhere at any time. But..., "sometimes" I must do whatever they ask me to do! It was a very "nice" offer, but it did not necessarily "delight" me! I turned it down and said that I preferred total freedom of action and was not ready to execute orders which contradicted my concepts and beliefs: however, I was ready to do everything I could, when their appeal for help corresponded to my understanding of good and evil.

Certainly, I understood that my decision to reject collaboration with the secret services, more precisely with the GRU, could endanger my life, but it did not make me change my decision. I had already got rid of naivety and the Soviet propaganda "spell", and did not believe that the revolution of 1917 and all that happened with my Motherland after it, was of benefit to my people. Then I already had a general picture of why such a barbarity had been made of Russia and who was responsible. I could have said that I would think about their offer, but it was not in my character. I realized that after my refusal "mercenaries" would undertake repressive actions, but I did not know then, what kind of action they would take and how quickly it would happen.

So, I repaired my apartment, furnished it according to my taste, but within the limits of availability at that time. When I finished all this, I was ready to go to Moscow. I called Ignatenko's director, Stella, to find out the exact time of the beginning of lessons in his school in Moscow and on getting that, decided to go to Moscow by car. The last night before my departure was the last time I spent in my own apartment! I had left my car in the guarded paid parking. As it appeared later, it did not help to avoid trouble, although no one broke or stole anything.

As I understood later, in the parking compound my car acquired some additional detail which was placed in the left front wheel. On the day of my departure I wanted to start on my journey early in the morning in order to reach Moscow in the daytime. But when I brought the car from the parking and returned to my apartment on the ninth floor, I decided to have a quick nap, because I was tired from fixing my flat. This "quick nap" appeared to be quite long, because I slept till the evening.

I will not describe again my first encounter with the "gratitude" of the Soviet special services, for my appealing for help from the hierarchy of the Universe at the beginning of October 1987.

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salary corresponded to major. Both ranks are marked with 2 stars, but the major's ones are bigger. (E.L.)

A small radio-controlled explosive charge exploded in the wheel of my car, being triggered by the signal of a small radio beacon which was placed at the dangerous section of the route KharkovMoscow. Several factors saved my life—I started my trip late, stopped on the road a lot because of trucks, which went in front of my car and continuously splashed the windscreen of my Mercedes with dirt, so in the end I decided to sleep in the car and continue to drive in the night, when the road was empty. If it were not for all this, who knows what would have happened? And after the explosion of the wheel on the road with very steep slopes, only my car was damaged and not even very seriously—the right front door hit a protective post.

It was incredible, but my car stopped instead of "tumbling" to the bottom of the ravine. No one, who saw the consequences of the accident, wanted to believe what had happened, although everything was quite evident. The car stopped only because the steel protective rope somehow formed a loop and got hold of the tow hook, thus, stopping the car. The jerk was so strong that the bottom of the boot was bent inwards. Because of lucky coincidence, there was a truck with a winch among the few cars on the road at that time. It lifted my Mercedes back onto the road.

I thanked everyone, who helped me, changed the wheel and continued my trip. Early in the morning I reached Butovo, unloaded the car and went to sleep. When I told Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev about this incident and shared my opinion about its reason to him, he began to assure me that the real reason was my inexperience as a driver. However, his explanation did not convince me and not because I considered myself a "cool" driver, but because my inexperience had nothing to do with the enormous hole in the tyre. It was not a puncture because of which the tyre had burst. It was a tyre with an enormous hole, which looked exactly as it would after an explosion.

But, the confirmation that they wanted to "liberate" the earth from my presence, was not the fact of the hole in the tyre, (which possibly could occur because of some latent defect, which was highly unlikely), but because this attempt was not the last one! Although, I had sent a message to our secret service through Sergeev that they would not be able to make me do anything against my will, they either disbelieved his report or simply decided to check it out.

One way or another, the second attempt did not keep me waiting. Soon after my arrival in Moscow I began to give my lectures at Albert Ignatenko's school "The Phenomenon". On average I spent two hours teaching every day. Besides Ignatenko and me there were also other persons giving their lectures. For the students at my lectures I ex-

pounded my understanding of nature in general and man in particular; I also worked with people, qualitatively transforming their brain and creating the evolutional jump in their development.

The place of study was not far from Sadovoe Koltso (a Garden Roundabout), on the Moscow arterial road, and my route home was always the same. From Sadovoe Koltso I turned onto the Warsaw highway, passed Danilovsky market and went further on the highway to Butovo. I usually went to school together with my brother and a girl cousin, who also attended seminars there. One February day we were coming home after my lectures. When I turned off Sadovoe Koltso and got onto the Warsaw highway, I saw a string of military trucks along the road.

There was a long brick building along the highway with a lot of small shops on the ground floor and further on there was parking near the Danilovsky market. Military trucks stood all along this building right to the intersection. There was nothing unusual or suspicious in this military column, which calmly stood along the side of the road, until the moment a truck darted from the middle of the column and rushed right towards me. My system of defense snapped into action and I managed to avoid a serious collision. The military "Ural" only broke off the right rear door handle. I veered onto the second lane and managed to get to the third without any serious problems.

I stopped and began to listen to the explanation given by the instigator of this incident. It turned out that this column belonged to a KGB unit (very interesting, isn't it?). The driver was a sergeant who was going to be discharged from the Army in a couple of months, etc. But the most interesting fact was that this truck moved out from the middle of the column. I served in the Army and drove trucks in a column. I was in charge of a truck's crew and knew that a truck could not move from the middle of the column for no particular reason, it would be a serious violation of the order and military regulations. Neither the sergeant, nor the ensign who was in charge of this truck could forget that!

Most likely the following happened. The column was waiting for my appearance. They probably were informed that I had already left the school and was moving on the route, but I managed to cover the distance quicker than they had expected, and they did not have time to give the order to move to the whole column. And only those, who were ordered to execute the accident, were forced to hurry up and jerk out of the column. But this manoeuvre did not rescue the situation. I succeeded in blocking the actions of the Ural's driver; otherwise, you can imagine what would have happened, if this Ural had run into my

car travelling at such a high speed.

The second failure also did not calm them. In April there was the third attempt, yet more sophisticated. After that there was a lull at the "front" for some time. Probably the other "side" was thinking how, and with what, they could deal with me. Meanwhile my life went on...

Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev introduced me to Victoria Mikhaylovna Zoob, who then was a director of one of the Russian TV channels. We conversed and she liked what she heard. As a result of our conversations she had an idea of making a series of broadcasts called "A portrait on the background of the Universe". There were four thirty-minute broadcasts. The first one, which was just the interview with me, was filmed in the grounds of the Ostankino TV centre.

When it concerned common concepts and views, a "talking head" was more or less acceptable, but when it came to concrete concepts and phenomena, I asked Victoria Mikhaylovna to add to our "talking heads" some topics which would illustrate the subject of the conversation. Next broadcasts began to be filled with more explanatory materials, when the audience could see on the screen what I was talking about. For example, when I explained cell division and the phenomenon of the complete disappearance of the old cell and appearance of a new one with a time delay, Victoria Mikhaylovna succeeded in finding a fragment of the record of the cell division process observed through the tunnel of a microscope. When I watched this broadcast, I was very impressed!

In another broadcast we used an episode which was filmed especially for this purpose. It was my experiment, when I brought a person into a state of changed consciousness. At the same time the encephalogram of his brain was taken. Being in this state, the person thought, answered questions, etc., while, according to the readings of the device, he should have been clinically dead or comatose! I enjoyed the process of working on broadcasts. It was very interesting, because Victoria Mikhaylovna did not, as the saying goes, "get me by the throat". We discussed topics together; there was a good creative atmosphere. As a result of her approach, each following broadcast became more interesting.

At the same time Albert Ignatenko invited me a couple of times to give lectures in his centre "The Phenomenon". Besides Moscow, I also gave lectures in Nikolaev, his native town. At the end I was invited to give lectures with Albert Ignatenko in Donetsk. In this capital of miners there was a course of lectures for physicians and I did approximately half the lectures and Ignatenko did the other half.

In fact, this ten-day course was based solely on his and my lectures. When it was completed, several organizers of the course came to me and said that with all due respect to Albert Ignatenko they would like

me to conduct my own course in Donetsk. I thought then, why not!? In fact to organize it I only needed myself, some place and, naturally, persons interested in my ideas. There was me and persons interested, and there was no problem in finding a place. The only disadvantage was the fact that I had no right to issue certificates to the attendees that they had taken this particular course.

I said that I would think about their offer and, if they were not over-eager to get a "paper", then most likely I could organize my own school. Among the group of people who organized the course in Donetsk there was a journalist, Valentina, who asked for my telephone number and showed a desire to write an article about my actions in Chernobyl. Soon she arrived in Moscow and we met once or twice. No article ensued from all this, but this woman tried to awaken an American businessman's interest in me. I even met with him once, but it brought no results. However, there is one thing for which I am sincerely grateful to this woman—she introduced me to my future wife Svetlana. It happened to be very amusing as I found out later.

Svetlana worked then as a TV journalist for the Polish department of the European broadcasting company "Antenna". She looked for people who were endowed with unusual natural gifts, mostly in the territory of the USSR It was she who found many of those people, whose names later became very famous in the country at the end of the 80's and the beginning of the 90's.

So, the Donetsk journalist Valentina met Svetlana and asked her whether she would be interested in Levashov, who transformed human brains. Oddly enough, when she gave me Svetlana's telephone number, she unexpectedly disappeared from my life—I never heard anything about her and she never called me. Most likely, her role was to organize our meeting, to be a connective link in our fates and that was all! And I am very thankful to her for this!

Almost at the same time, in April 1991, "military operations" against me started again. One late evening my car alarm was activated. I looked out of the window and saw nothing. I thought that someone simply touched the car with his hand. In the morning I went to a meeting. Often my cousin came with me to these meetings. And that morning was not an exception. Before, in the evening of the previous day, I had filled up the tank of my Mercedes and four spare cans, which I always kept in the boot. Those, who remember those times, know well, how things were with fuel and how long it was necessary to stand in line to fill up the car.

So, I went to the meeting. It was April. The road was covered with slush. I was driving and suddenly paid attention to the pointer

on the fuel gauge which "went" downward very quickly! It went down literally before my very eyes. At first I thought that the sensor of the level of petrol was broken. I stopped the car, checked all the contacts and set off again. But nothing changed—the petrol in the tank of my car continued to decrease incredibly quickly. I stopped again, but this time I did not switch off the engine and got out of the car.

Before this incident I had no idea where the fuel pump was located in a Mercedes. But I clearly knew that the problem was under the right front wheel of the car. I bent and.., saw a very curious picture. A petrol fountain gushed out of the petrol pump (as I knew it later). Under pressure it hit the bottom of the car, the drops of fuel scattered in different directions. Near it there were clamps of the electromotor, which set this fuel pump in motion. In short, drops of petrol, electric sparks... it was very "joyful" situation with a quite predictable denouement.

I understood the danger of the situation. Therefore, I made my cousin get out of the car, found the nearest telephone and called to cancel the meeting. I also called my mechanic and described the problem to him. Most likely, I did not explain the essence of the problem clearly enough, because, when I reached him (It took me a long time to drive to his workshop. I drove about thirty five kilometers after I found the problem, and about seventy kilometers in general, taking into account the distance from my house) and when he saw everything with his own eyes, his first question was, how was it possible that I managed to reach him alive without being blown up!? Here is what he told me.

The body of the fuel pump is made from a special alloy which breaks to pieces in case of a blow or other damage. This is done in order to prevent the fuel leaking, under pressure, out of cracks in the fuel pump, because in this case an explosion must inevitably follow. Therefore, the following picture arose: someone had drilled a tiny hole in the body of the fuel pump of my Mercedes, so that the petrol which was pushed out of this tiny hole under pressure would strike the bottom of the car and scatter all over. To drill a tiny hole in this kind of alloy is only possible when someone uses a special high-speed drill, otherwise this alloy will break into pieces. It is impossible to buy this kind of drill in a shop, either then or now! Well, it is quite clear, who drilled this tiny "hole" to the next world for me and why.

The mechanic looked at me and said that he did not understand how I could have reached him and failed to explode. In his opinion my car could have exploded at any second and the fact that it did not happen was a miracle. I thought of something like this, but the fact that it did not explode was something matter-of-course for me. It was

an action of my defense system, the effectiveness of which was checked out by the secret service. They thought of everything quite well. Had their operation been successful, I would have burned alive in the car and no one would ever know about a tiny hole drilled in the fuel pump of my Mercedes.

The chap did not have new fuel pump. Therefore, he put a clamp in place of the hole and I left him to be occupied with my affairs. I had hoped that my defense system worked, but I could not be sure one hundred percent, because I had not had the opportunity to check its effectiveness in action. Well, the opportunity arose—I checked it out in the kind of terms when the smallest error was mortally dangerous.

The operations which the special services unleashed against me were my first tests of my methods at the level of Earth and they did not let me down! I think that the secret service found it a very unpleasant surprise that my words about my defense system were neither a bluff, nor the ravings of a madman. After these events they calmed down for a while, but not for long. Meanwhile, they changed their tactics; but about that—later. Now I would like to tell about some pleasant events in my life in April—May of 1991...

Chapter 24.

New turn in my destiny

At the end of April—beginning of May, 1991 some very significant events happened in my life. They became important both for me personally and for the cause to which I devoted my life. However, in order to prevent chaos in my narration, I will do it chronologically.

After my return from Germany, the Russian TV channel 2 broadcast "A portrait on the background of the Universe", four 30-minute documentary films about me and my concepts directed by Victoria Mikhaylovna Zoob. It was a real pleasure to work with her. Together we tried to find an optimal version in order that these films would be interesting for the audience. I hope that Victoria Mikhaylovna also enjoyed working with me.

When these films "saw the light of day" Valentine Rasskazov, one of the editors of the Arkhangelsk TV then, found me, through her. To tell the truth, I never knew, specifically, what position he occupied. Actually, I was never interested in a person's position but only in his words, concepts and interests. Valentine Rasskazov called me and we met several times. He usually came to me in Butovo or I went to him at the hotel. It was an ordinary routine of meetings which might bring a result.

We discussed a lot of subjects and I expounded my view of existent events. As a result of these meetings he had the idea of organizing a series of my lectures in Arkhangelsk. We agreed that I would go there. He introduced me to his son Dmitry, who also became pretty interested in what I did and said. Whereupon they went back home and we maintained contact by phone.

I gave my lectures at Albert Ignatenko's school in Moscow, Nikolaev and Donetsk. Several persons from Nikolaev offered to organize my public appearance there. I gave neither a positive nor negative answer, but promised to think about it. There was an unexpected continuation which I could not have thought of, but, I will return to that later.

One day a woman called me and introduced herself as a journalist of the Polish department of the European broadcasting company "Antenna". She said that her name was Svetlana and that a journalist from Donetsk, Valentina, had given her my telephone number and said that

I could transform the human brain. She said that, if it was true, she would like very much to meet me, because she was interested in this kind of phenomena and she was looking for people with extrasensory abilities in the USSR. If people indeed possessed unusual abilities, her team made a documentary film which was broadcast all over Europe.

We agreed to meet and she asked my permission to bring a friend. She had a very strange accent. Although she spoke perfect Russian, I could not understand what her nationality was and assumed that probably, she was from Poland, as she represented the Polish TV. However, as it turned out later, I was wrong...

The journalist Svetlana arrived at the meeting with her friend Olga. When I opened the door I saw a very beautiful woman with amazing green eyes. I had not expected anything of the kind. Her pleasant melodious voice (I knew later that she was a professional singer, graduated from the Vilnius music conservatory and a star of the stage in Lithuania) was combined with a striking appearance. As it soon became apparent, she also possessed an outstanding intellect and remarkable paranormal abilities.

I invited my guests to come in and offered tea to create a more comfortable atmosphere. The "tea ceremony" allowed us to relax and "set the tone" for our conversation. After a short chat about the weather and the delights of travelling within the limits of Moscow and its outskirts, we moved on to the aim of my guest's visit. She gave a more detailed description of her work and the names of several famous people, whom she had found and "cleared the way" for. If she found an interesting person, she tried to ensure that this person was shown on Soviet Central TV before these video materials went to Europe.

Svetlana told me that the words of the Donetsk journalist about my ability to transform brain surprised her. Therefore, she asked me to explain, whether she had understood correctly and what exactly, I meant by that. And I began to tell about the work to which I have dedicated my life and how I went against the current in spite of the grins and mockery of people around me: although, those people did not have the slightest idea of what they mocked. Usually, grins and mockery disappeared very quickly, when I began to prove my words.

I began to tell her all about it and was surprised by the fact that there was no mockery from her, even mentally. Usually I begin my conversation with an unknown person touching upon some boundary subject and look at how this person reacts to my words. If I see that he perceives the information normally, that his brain does not begin to "boil" and he does not think that someone (me in particular) is not in his right mind, gradually I begin to add more interesting (from my

point of view) information and tell about the way I came to one or another conclusion or understanding. And even if people perceived my information adequately, nevertheless, in an hour or two, mostly, their brain will "overheat".

With this woman the situation was the opposite—the more I told her, the more animated she became and the more inner interest I saw in her eyes. It is always pleasant to meet a person who understands what you say. I was so carried away with my story that, when I "came to my senses", it appeared that it was already very late and the last suburban electric train had left for Moscow. Svetlana asked me whether it was possible to call a taxi in Butovo. I answered that it was certainly possible, but improbable, that a taxi would arrive and that sometimes it was possible to find a taxi near the subway station and suggested taking them to their hotel. I declined all objections that it was inconvenient to take up my time and I said that beautiful women should not "push their luck" late at night. I took my car keys and we went out.

My Mercedes was in front of the entrance, right under the windows my aunt's apartment. We got in the car and left for Moscow. Svetlana stayed at the hotel "Kiev" near the Kievan railway station. At that time there were not many cars on Moscow roads, and late at night they were almost empty and it was possible to maintain a high speed, fearing only traffic cops with their fines for exceeding the speed-limit. This factor restrained me a little, however, at night I rarely drove at a speed of less than 100-120 kilometers per hour. Therefore, I pretty quickly delivered my guests to the hotel, said goodbye and wished them good night, and went back home.

Svetlana visited me a couple of times with her friend Olga, and later began to come alone. Olga was not interested in our conversations at all. She found it tedious. She was interested in quite another thing and when she saw that she could not get it, she was obviously bored and did not even bother to hide it.

The conversations with Svetlana were interesting not only because I had a gratifying listener, who understood everything I was talking about and I had no need control and measure out the information in order that she would not think I was a lunatic. It was her understanding of what I was talking about, which marked out this woman from many others with whom I had talked. In fact, I always know when a person understands what I say and also how fully he understands it.

Very often a person just picks out from my story something which is more or less clear for him and he has the illusion of complete understanding of my words. Sometimes a person understands to a greater degree at the subconscious level or even at the genetic level, although

such understanding is also necessary and important. Sometimes a person wants to understand very much and, although this desire is very strong, it does not help the process of understanding.

Svetlana understood almost everything the way it should be and, if something was unknown to her, she grasped the essence very quickly. The reason for such understanding became clear pretty quickly. As we began to feel mutual trust, she began to share with me some facts from her personal life, about which she had told no one including her relatives. But, I will not pre-empt events...

When we met, she some times indulged in smoking. After several conversations I decided to bring her attention to it and began to campaign against tobacco. She did not protest against my arguments, but also did not consider the harm from smoking very serious. I decided to prove my rightness to her. The best way to prove your opponent wrong is to give him the possibility to do it himself. Therefore I offered to help her to get rid of this habit and to transform her brain that so she could see that I was right.

She had no objections, only said that it could hardly work, because nothing worked before — notwithstanding whoever tried and how many times. Moreover, she said that she was not susceptible to hypnosis or any other influence. I answered that, although I managed hypnosis, I would not do anything of the kind. I would only transform her brain qualitatively, thus, giving her new abilities. She agreed and I began the transformation.

She had a wonderful sensitivity and very dynamic genetics. Already in several minutes of my work, Svetlana was able to see her brain and other internal organs. When it happened, I asked her to conduct an experiment. I told her to light a cigarette and watch what happened with her brain. The result of this experiment shocked her. Svetlana saw that the neurons in her brain began to convolute and die as a result of smoking. The result of this experiment was like an a-bomb explosion for her! Her face expressed genuine amazement at the phenomenon she just witnessed.

After this experiment she stopped smoking for good. When she saw all this, she was not only amazed by what she saw, but also was preoccupied; as to how to compensate for the harm which was already done. I calmed her down and offered to clear the body of the consequences and to reconstruct destroyed neurons. I began to work and Svetlana observed the process. She saw her lungs and laminas of black tar which covered bronchial tubes and air vesicles. After this work she began to expectorate the clots of tar which convinced her even more that what she saw under my influence was the real picture, not my suggestion.

Gradually our mutual understanding began to grow. One day Svetlana asked me why almost no one knows anything about all this, why did she never hear my name? In fact she was engaged in searching for precisely this kind of person, and she never heard anything from anyone about me until the journalist from Donetsk told her about me personally. She had heard of my ex-wife, but not a single word about me. Although she was looking for precisely what I gave her—the understanding.

She said that one of the reasons why she agreed to do this work was that she hoped to get answers to questions, which had tormented her from childhood, working directly with people with unusual abilities. And although she met a lot of such people, no one ever could give her the understanding of what they did and the explanation of what happened with her during all her life. I tried to explain her that my "obscurity" was the result of serious disagreements with the secret service. More precisely, I personally had no disagreements with them. It was them who did not understand what I did and why. And it was the reason why my name was in the black-list.

When Svetlana heard all this, she confidently said that she could prove me wrong and that most likely this situation was because I was insufficiently active. She said me that she was ready to do it right now, in my presence—she would call a then pretty well known TV journalist, Merkulova, who worked on channel three of Moscow TV as a presenter of several very popular broadcasts. She did Svetlana favours more than once, showing Svetlana's "cranks", candidates for Eurovision, in prime time—on Friday night right after news. Moreover, she even showed them instead of appearances by Boris Yeltsin and Gabriel Popov at the height of their electoral campaign for the first president of the Russian Federation or for the first mayor of Moscow respectively!

I agreed without hesitation. She took the telephone and dialed a number. I heard only Svetlana's words. After the usual exchange of courtesies Svetlana said that she needed to show a new "crank". From the course of conversation I could guess that the person on the other end of the line specified the details: what day, how long, etc. Then Svetlana pronounced my name and surname and I saw an expression of huge surprise on her face. Apparently when Merkulova heard my name, she became silent for a moment, then, she said that she could not do it and hung up. After this she never called Svetlana again, although before she had never turned her down and had called her very often.

Svetlana was very surprised by Merkulova's behaviour, but it was not her last surprise which was related to my name. She was acquainted with Vadim Belozerov, who was involved in the fraud concerning video

records of the results of my experiments and my job. I told Svetlana how and why he did it, cutting me from all recorded material and inserting another person instead. Svetlana asked him to give her some material from the film for possible work with it in order to prepare a program for European television. He gladly agreed, but when he heard that she was interested in knowing the truth about who was the author of the results shown in his film, he disappeared and never showed up.

Svetlana told me that during three years of her work in Moscow Vadim Belozerov always responded to her requests with great enthusiasm. He always found time for her. She could watch for hours all materials from his archive. Moreover, he offered interesting materials, from his point of view, in order to that she could choose what she needed. In his archive she found materials on around two hundred "cranks", both those which were broadcast and those that were never shown. After she called and asked him to give her some materials related to me, he vanished. Svetlana called him a couple of times, but for "some" reason he appeared to be extraordinarily busy, and did not have time for her anymore.

All these facts surprised Svetlana very much. She did not expect that something of that kind could be possible and had to acknowledge that I was right about the "black-list". But these facts did not influence her personal interest in what I did and what I thought concerning one or another phenomenon. Her interest became even stronger.

Chapter 25.

Svetlana's secret

After I helped her to give up smoking, using a quite unusual method, Svetlana shared with me her secret which had been her curse for so many long years. For some reason, which she could not comprehend, she periodically began to hear the thoughts of people when she passed by them. This phenomenon was especially hard to endure when it manifested itself in public places—when thousands of human voices began to sound in her head simultaneously. The thoughts of any person sounded in her head as if the words were spoken out loud.

This phenomenon is shown in the film "Scanners" quite well. In the film there was a special remedy which was able to rescue a person-scanner from such super-sensitivity. Without it the scanner went crazy. But that was in the film, and in real life there was no remedy. Certainly, there were and are some medications, which are given to people in similar situations, but these medications only "cooked" a human brain and "doctors" considered the problem solved. In fact, modern medicine determines the state of clairaudience as psychical pathology, which this phenomenon, in reality, most certainly is not.

Very often people, who were inclined to super-sensitive perception, indeed acquired problems with their psyche after the "treatment". Svetlana knew all this and understood that nothing was wrong with her psyche. Therefore, it was very hard for her to endure the squall of stranger's voices in her head, especially when she could not share this problem with anyone. I can only imagine how much will-power she must have needed to save her mind and not to show to people around that this kind of thing happened to her!

So, she decided to tell me about her problem. By that time I had already understood the nature of telepathy pretty well. Therefore, I told her that I hoped I would able to help her with this problem, which arose because she possessed strongly pronounced paranormal abilities, but was not able to develop them correctly in her childhood and youth. Therefore, Svetlana could not control her abilities. I understood the core of the problem and made necessary evolutional changes. After that she could control the incoming telepathic information at will. Moreover, I made this correction in "battle" conditions.

The point is that Svetlana had her next "session" of clairaudience when we were strolling on the street of Arbat amidst thousands of people, who usually visited this Moscow cultural center at that time. After my correction the chaos of voices disappeared from Svetlana's head completely and never appeared again. But it did not mean that Svetlana lost her gift of telepathy. On the contrary, her abilities to receive the telepathic information grew considerably, only now she could control this gift. She became the master of her gift, not the slave. She got the ability to "switch on" and "switch off" the reception of the telepathic information when she needed to, of her own free will, to receive it from the person she wanted, not from everyone who happened to be near her, and a lot of other things...

One should see Svetlana's face full of happiness in order to understand what a heavy burden I succeeded in lifting from her shoulders. She indeed became her own master and her gift exerted no pressure on her anymore, but began to blossom with incredible speed. She got carried away by my stories about space and other civilizations so strongly that once she asked me, whether it was possible for her to see with her own eyes Big Space, galaxies, stars and other civilizations? She had magnificent natural qualities and my transformation of her brain necessary for work in Space lay on a wonderful foundation. When Svetlana had her brain qualitatively transformed for the work in Big Space, she "entered" into this work, as though she had done it for ages.

Many people, who underwent brain transformation, had difficulties with getting accustomed to their new abilities, to absolutely different conditions and principles. For many people the change of the principle of thinking became a "stumbling-block". This change was necessary to get rid of habits of thinking in the three-dimensional world, to learn how to think, react, perceive and operate differently. It appears to be the most difficult thing for most people. That is why they begin to invent unusual, for them, things and objects.

If it is necessary to fight with someone, they create "power swords"—like in science fiction— blasters or laser guns and cannons and start to "shoot" without understanding the fact that they are operating in a quite different reality—the reality, into which they got, not with the help of launch vehicles or even flying saucers, but as a result of moving in space by means of the power of their will! And this is a completely different level of development, which is immeasurably higher than moving in space in UFOs, not to mention the "spaceships" of modern earth civilization. And one should operate in this reality according to the conditions that exist at this level.

Certainly, modern science fiction writers brought their "contribu-

tion" to this state of affairs, projecting the earthly mentality in their works. Undoubtedly, there are civilizations with different levels of technical development in Big Space—some of them have much lower than ours, some civilizations are at a considerably higher level. However, even the highest level of technical development does not mean the highest level of development in general. More sophisticated technical equipment only allows getting more deeply into Space than it is possible for our modern civilization, and even if they can cover the distance of billions of light years, it, nevertheless, is only a little step in the vast expanse of Universe.

The inhabitants of Midgard-earth have a unique possibility to get to the depths of the Universe at distances which are simply unthinkable for most civilizations. Man of Midgard-earth has the possibility to influence global processes at the level of both Small and Big Universes, using only his consciousness, with his will power. However, the only stipulation that makes it possible is correct development, and the presence of the right foundation. But now, when a person accidentally finds himself in the Big Universe, he begins to act there like a child, with all the far-reaching consequences that may follow. Very often the representatives of so-called Dark Forces of Big Space (social space parasites) see the discrepancy between the content and the form and use the ignorance of these people, manipulating them for their own parasitic benefit.

People, who get into the "hands" of space scoundrels, are completely unaware that space parasites simply play "cat-and-mouse" with them, because they see that people have extraordinary qualities without the least idea of what they really own. Certainly, one should not lay all the blame on these "evolutional babies", but there is a good deal of their share of guilt in that they allowed themselves to be converted into guided marionettes. They do not wish to think differently. They do not reflect upon new (to them) phenomena, but simply project on them their usual approach. And this is the most dreadful thing!

So, Svetlana differed sharply from many people whose brain I had transformed. She understood very quickly new rules, as though she simply refreshed them in her memory and they were as natural for her as, for example, the process of breathing. Later I knew the reason for this phenomenon. And meanwhile I opened for her the world of Big Universe and she sank into this world as though it was her reality (which was not very far from the truth)!

I made new transformations for her, invented new "doodads" and tested them first on me, before I created the same thing for her. Usually, I tested every new idea on me first, made new transformations in my

brain and observed my reaction to the innovation. During the process of "digesting" of new properties and qualities, I carried them to the optimal condition and only then did I introduce new transformations to others. In those cases, where I made an untested transformation, a person endured the period of adaptation to new qualitative brain with difficulty. I did it several times and gave it up. Later on I experimented only on myself and, taking into account my own experience, carried the innovation to such a degree that other people could experience almost no unpleasant feelings during the process and no excessive overload.

I would like to pay attention to the following fact. The qualitative transformation of a brain, which I carry out, is accompanied by the qualitative change of the human spirit—new bodies of the spirit which a person never had before my interference are created. Without these new bodies it is impossible to create qualitative structures of the brain, and the creation of the latter is dangerous without the qualitative change of the spirit. The activation of brain structures without a structure of the spirit which corresponds to them can seriously damage the human spirit or even completely burn it out by the power of the streams of matter passing through such structures.

These are not just words—a real experience stands behind them! Exactly this can be observed without qualitative co-ordination between structures of the brain and a human spirit. This fact is based on my personal experience. Once I was doing some job and the powerful stream of matter, which went through my body, burned out the nerves of my right arm. I would not call the feeling which I experienced then, pleasant. For some reasons I could not interrupt the work. I had to finish it at any price, despite excruciating pain. The nerves of my right arm became charred because of the excessive load; I felt as though meltdown was spreading throughout my nerves. When I finished the work, I both restored the damage and made qualitative changes, wherever it was necessary, to coordinate the structures of my brain and spirit. Since then I always adhere to this rule—any qualitative changes of my brain are accompanied by corresponding qualitative changes of the spirit.

Taking into account all the above-mentioned, when carrying out this type of work, it was of paramount importance for me to get maximally reliable information on how the process of every change took place. Therefore, Svetlana's magnificent vision and high quality telepathic reception of information, which she acquired after bringing her gift to the proper level, became simply irreplaceable during my work. And I began to carry out more active transformation of myself, giving a work-out to every new idea in practice. The polishing of each idea gave me new abilities which I implemented again and again.

The invaluable Svetlana's help allowed me to put my ideas into practice very quickly with minimum side effects, which it is obligatory to "digest". It gave me the opportunity to advance very quickly. As I transformed myself, I also transformed Svetlana—she was always the second person who passed through my transformations. In order that she could help me in the work, she should have the same qualities and abilities, as I did. Otherwise, she would not be able to help me despite her desire to do so.

In order to see something qualitatively, it was necessary to have those characteristics and qualities with which I worked. In order to understand this fact, it is enough to imagine a situation, where a person, deaf and blind from birth, must point the way. First, in order for him to do it; it is necessary to give a blind and deaf "guide" the ability to see and hear. Second, it is necessary (and this is most important) to give him the understanding of what is around him. The latter is the most difficult task, because in order for the understanding to appear and the enlightening by knowledge do its work, it is necessary that a person, who has just begun to see and hear, has the ability to comprehend everything correctly, based on fundamentally new levels of understanding.

Let us again take the example of the deaf and blind from birth person. In this situation he has his own perception and understanding of the world. When he acquires sight and hearing, he cannot and must not preserve the perceptions he had before. And if he continues to save his old customs of perception, his behaviour will be simply absurd.

Probably, it is clear to any person, who is able to see and to hear, but the funniest thing is that, when this person acquires fundamentally different "vision" and "hearing", he, for some reason, continues to use his old customs of perception. It turns out to be illogical, but almost no one thinks about it and does not attach much significance to it even when it is specially stressed. The majority consider that they know better how to use that, which I created for them, in spite of the fact that in this situation they are just like those "blind" and "deaf" from birth to whom I gave fundamentally new sight and hearing. Probably such is the nature of man.

To the contrary, Svetlana mastered this new perception very easily and quickly, there was an impression that she "simply" remembered that, which she already knew very well. It looked like a person "suddenly" recovering the memory of the past, which seemed to be lost forever because of amnesia (the loss of memory as a result of trauma or stress). So in Svetlana's case—when I made the transformation of her brain—she perceived everything as though she "simply" remembered

what she knew very well long time ago. As it turned out later, it was true, because before she was incarnated at Midgard-earth, she had a very highly developed spirit. She consciously incarnated on this planet, knowing that after her incarnation she would forget a lot, and her spirit would "sleep" until awakened. And this is a huge risk, because there can be a great number of reasons why the influence would make this awakening simply impossible. But in spite of everything she voluntarily came to Midgard-earth.

The wonderful natural qualities, originality and dynamism of Svetlana's personality allowed her very quickly and easily to understand my world that became her world too. The state of "sleeping beauty", to which she agreed voluntarily before her incarnation on Midgard-earth, is much more unforeseeable and fraught with more dangerous consequences than that of the fairy-tale sleeping beauty awakened with a kiss from the prince.

The state of "sleeping beauty" for highly evolved spirit is tantamount to the immersion into darkness with very small chance for awakening from this evolutional "coma". There are too many fortuitous factors, which are simply impossible to guess, too many possibilities for Dark Forces (social parasites of any scale) to play dirty tricks on a higher spirit in order to prevent its exit from the evolutional "coma". Extraordinary courage and the highest level of responsibility are necessary to undertake this kind of action voluntarily.

One way or another, what should happen, happened (which is a miracle in itself) and the awakening took place! Only the key for this awakening from the evolutional "coma" was not the kiss of a fairy-tale prince, but the brain transformation which I made. It almost instantly brought Svetlana's spirit out of the evolutional "sleep" and also gave her abilities and qualities, which her spirit did not have before she incarnated on Midgard-earth!

Chapter 26.

The transformation of the brain

I think it is time to clarify the situation in regard to transformation of the brain. What is it? A lot of people misunderstand the essence of this process. They think that I "simply" unblock a person's "sleeping" brain. In fact, it is not as simple as just unblocking the sleeping brain's abilities. In the process of my work I create new qualities leading to new abilities which a person never had. Some are able to have some of these abilities if they get the chance to evolve properly. It is difficult to say, how much time a person will require for the achieving of a particular level of development— everything is very subjective. However, if we take into account the average level of development of spirits living now; it is highly unlikely that they will get that chance, considering the current planetary conditions of development.

This is true not only for our planet, but also for most other planets. In fact, development is not something guaranteed for a creature with the power of reasoning. There is only the possibility of evolutional development when some obligatory conditions are satisfied. Certainly, an evolving person must have a mind. However, this is a necessary, but insufficient condition. Also it is necessary to have a corresponding genetic foundation, be capable of analytical thinking, able to rise above stereotypes and see something new in seemingly ordinary phenomena, and certainly, independence in the drawing of conclusions and many, many other things.

Both the human brain and spirit change, when a transformation of the brain takes place. The process is accompanied by the addition of new bodies to the human spirit, which it did not have before and in most cases will never have. Only in very rare cases is the unblocking of the bodies which a spirit had before its incarnation on Midgard-earth observed. The case with Svetlana was one of these rare exceptions.

Most structures of the brain which I create require the carrier of these structures to have a high level of development (considerably higher than the planetary one). A zero or planetary cycle of development is the level of development when a person earns six spirit bodies. They are material bodies which differ from the physically dense body in their qualitative and quantitative composition. Nevertheless, they

are material, in spite of the fact that our five sense-organs are unable to react to them. But our sense-organs and even our scientific devices are irresponsive to the so-called dark matter, which forms 90% of the matter of our Universe. Does it mean that it does not exist? Certainly, not— even modern scientists have acknowledged this fact.

As I already wrote before, when I described my experiments, even if only the individual's perception is shifted to another level of reality, this person reacts to this level of reality by means of his usual five sense-organs just as he does it at the physically dense level. In this case he perceives the physically dense reality as illusory, although it remains real for the rest of the people who remain in resonance with it.

In Hindu philosophy a person who gets his six bodies of the spirit, having reached the state of Nirvana, flows into and merges with the absolute, etc. According to their concepts the development of man is then complete; and it is so in case of blind and blunt use of what nature gave man at birth. In reality, it is a completion of the planetary cycle of development and the beginning of the space cycle, and is equivalent to the "hatching" of a nestling from the egg, which was quite comfortable, but which has already fulfilled its function. The pecking through the egg shell does not mean the completion, but only the beginning of a nestling's life. The same thing happens when a person earns six bodies of the spirit. However, this does not mean the completion, but only the beginning of this person's development—at the galactic, metagalactic, universal, meta-universal level etc.

The Hindus made this mistake, because they did not understand the fact that about five thousand years ago they got some elementary knowledge from the Slavs-Aryans. Afterwards they distorted it, gave it out as their "great" wisdom and began to impose on other people this elementary and distorted knowledge as the highest revelations. That is why they blindly use the physical body as an absolute foundation. Therefore, every successive body of the spirit (when using their distorted system) that they synthesize is "thinner" than the previous ones. "Thin" does not mean that it is less material, but it means that a lesser number of cells of the physical body participate in the forming of each next body of the spirit. And this happens when the number of primary matters, which form each next body, increases and reaches six in the seventh material body!

It turns out to be a strange situation. The second material body is composed of all the types of cells of the first (physical) body, but with only one primary matter; the seventh material body is formed by only some neurons of the brain, and six primary matters. Here an unusual tendency is observed—the higher the evolutional levels a person has

reached, the simpler and more primitive are the bodies of his spirit.

If the first material body (physical body) of man is a complex multi-cellular organism, then the simplification of each subsequent body of the spirit is observed as evolutional growth progresses: moreover, the higher the level of each, then the greater the simplification. The upward (vertical) development of man results in his simplification on higher levels.

A paradoxical situation occurs: the development of man on the physically dense plane leads to his simultaneous simplification at higher levels. Man achieves some more or less significant things at the physical plane, but with all this going on, he becomes simpler and simpler with every new level he attains during his development.

If we compare this process with the development of living matter from unicellular to complex multi-cellular organisms, then we can say that during the vertical development of man everything happens in reverse order—it is possible to say that evolutional simplification takes place. The process goes from highly-organized to simple form, from the "multi-cellular" to "unicellular" state.

Most likely, it was exactly this fact made the Hindus consider that, when man manages to earn seven material bodies (one physically dense body plus the six material bodies of the spirit, which man gains during development), his confluence with nirvana occurs and he reaches the evolutional ceiling. (Nirvana is a state when all six planetary qualitative barriers disappear).

The reason for such a delusion is that the Hindu spiritual leaders, adopting and distorting the Vedic knowledge of the Slavs-Aryans, did not understand a very simple truth—if you are a user, not a creator, you will come up against a wall sooner or later. In all the modern spiritual trends of Hinduism, development takes place only as a result of specific training of the physically dense body, which is undoubtedly important and useful, but is not enough to break through the planetary trap.

A further paradoxical situation ensues from this error. During his upward development man opens all planetary barriers, all six "doors" of his house-planet and, standing on the threshold, declares that there is nowhere to go!

I would like to anticipate the burning indignation of those who adhere to the Eastern teachings, and the accusation of my ignorance concerning the spiritual methods of the East. I am acquainted with most methods of meditation. In fact, all these methods one way or another make a more or less powerful stream of primary matters or greater or lesser number of primary matters called prana, chi, yin and

yang, etc. pass through a person.

No matter what name people who practice the Eastern teachings call the dark matter of Universe, as modern scientists call it, the essence of this phenomenon does not change. As a result of one or another method man achieves his evolutional growth, because he compels primary matters (dark matter) to "flow" through him by the force of his will and ongoing training, which under certain circumstances, can result in the development of already existent bodies of the spirit and in gaining new ones. But, because of the reasons indicated above, he reaches an evolutional dead-end to achieving that level of development when all planetary barriers disappear.

The reason for this evolutional contradiction is in the fact that the methods which were given, in particular, to the Hindus by the Slavs-Aryans about five thousand years ago were intended **ONLY** for the initial levels of development! They are necessary at the level of the evolutional "nursery school", but are absolutely inappropriate for the evolutional "primary school". The Hindus did not understand this, changed those methods a little and began to popularize them as Universal knowledge (even when the period of evolutional "nursery school" has passed). This error allowed the spreading of false concepts about confluence with the absolute, when man gains seven bodies during his evolutional work and therefore the completion of his development.

Dark Forces, which today control the civilization of Midgard-earth, use this and other errors of humanity in order to lead searching souls away from the right direction in a very masterly way. When I began my search for the truth and undertook my first actions in Big Space I was also under the influence of this Dark Force propaganda.

In 1987, when I first "went" out in Space and had already visited several planets, I made some important discoveries. I remember that one day, when I completed one of my tasks in Space, I decided to find out how many bodies of the spirit I had, knowing that the Eastern teachings required seven bodies (including the physical one) to reach the state of nirvana. Then I was afraid of discovering that my actions could result in the appearance of some "glitch" and that I was very far from reaching "nirvana". I considered then this level to be something unattainable, and I did not want to look like a complete fool, (in the eyes of those around me), who suddenly had the crazy idea of that some of his actions could trigger (or stunt) his evolutional growth.

No-one wants to look ridiculous, however, this never stopped me. For maximum objectivity I even asked another person to count my spirit bodies. The situation looked like the popular Soviet cartoon film "The kid who was able to count to ten", in which a protagonist was to

count everyone aboard a sinking ship; the ship would sink only if there were no more than ten passengers. The protagonist counted "correctly" and thus, "rescued" everyone!

I found myself in almost the same situation, when I decided to determine how many bodies of the spirit I had. I hoped that I already had enough bodies, but at the same time worried, what if there were very few of them! To my utter surprise, my friend had counted SEVENTEEN bodies! Seventeen, not three, four or even six—which is considered to be the maximum, according to the Hindu teachings and to the declarations of their mahatmas!

Later I asked different people to re-count my bodies several times. The result was the same. I had not expected anything of the kind and it both surprised and distressed me a lot, because it turned out that the highly spiritual Eastern teachings were far from always truthful and did not hold what they pretended to, that being "divine spirituality".

I became familiar with the Hindu teachings only from the few books which I managed to find at that time and supposed that the discrepancy between their theory and the practice could be either as a result of intrigues and intentional distortions of the essence of these teachings by Dark Forces, which controlled finances and, therefore, book-printing; or that mahatmas, for reasons that only they knew, gave false information. And although the first is fully possible and clear, the second could not "enter" my concept of high spirituality in any way. As it turned out later— both cases applied.

When I discovered that I had seventeen bodies of the spirit, I did not consider that I already reached "everything" and even "outdid" the Hindus in this and that there was nothing left for me to do. I drew another conclusion. I knew that I was only at the beginning of my journey, not the end. Therefore, the fact that I had seventeen bodies of the spirit instead of the six possible, according to Eastern teachings, neither pleased nor distressed me. Well, maybe it distressed me a little, because I realized that I would have to gain the understanding of everything on my own, in spite of the apparent plenitude of "spiritual" teachings.

Certainly, there were some golden kernels of truth in these teachings, but one should know how to distinguish them. To do this a person must know much more than these teachings may contain. Otherwise, he will become "submerged" in them and will loose the thread of truth and remain forever in this labyrinth of illusions. The saddest thing in this situation is that this quagmire swallows a huge number of people, (when they get a few "crumbs", which they are able to "feel"), and they will never find that, for the sake of which they set off on a spiritual

search—enlightenment by knowledge.

Maybe, somewhere there are books which contain pure truth, but, regrettably, I did not come across them at that time. I think that I was quite lucky, because I began my independent search for truth and by the time I got one or another book of "great" spiritual teachings, my own experience had already been rich enough and allowed me to see the falsity of these teachings, smeared with the sweet honey of lying promises, which allured a lot of people, who were looking for spiritual enlightenment.

It did not mean that I considered my achievements to be outstanding. Of course not, it was simply important to me to "dig" for the truth, instead of roaming in labyrinths of illusions. Someone may ask: where is the guarantee that the way I chose is not the next illusion? Certainly, I could not assume with the total confidence that my perception was not an illusion, especially at the beginning of my journey. However, the farther I went along the way I chose, the more confirmations of its rightness I got. These confirmations were real and material, which could be "touched" by hands and devices.

Besides, I thought then, why I should follow the way of someone else; and where was the guarantee that their way would not lead to a dead-end? Moreover, a simple analytical review of these spiritual teachings gave me enough reasons not to trust them. These reasons were the follow ing. Millions of people were followers of these spiritual teachings over the several thousand years of their existence. They dedicated their lives to these teachings and often gave their lives for them. But how many people from these millions reached that which these teachings promised?

The facts show that a handful of people, out of thousands of millions, reached only a part of what was promised. One may say that these millions of followers simply did not "penetrate" far enough into these teachings, that they did not invest enough time and labour in them, or that they are simply unworthy of these teachings. These are not my words; I heard them from so-called spiritual "teachers". And I repeat them here as being only the mildest estimation of their followers given by these gurus. Partly they are right, but only partly.

I also do not consider that everyone who picks up a brush or a pencil will be able to create masterpieces like Leonardo DaVinci, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, etc. There are no two identical persons and regrettably, not everyone has a natural talent or talents, but this is not their fault. Indeed, even a great talent requires an enormous amount of work, in order to blossom.

It is true, but on the one hand, most of these millions of people

were the most talented, the cleverest in comparison with their contemporaries, because exactly the most advanced people dare to go in the search of spiritual growth—those, who want to rise above the ordinary existence of a reasonable animal. But even among these people few were able to move ahead.

On the other hand, I saw the results of my own search. I did not consider myself a great teacher or something of the kind in the past; neither have I done it in the present. I simply searched for truth and understanding using all accessible methods, and wanted to reach understanding of the essence of a phenomenon. I never looked either for grandeur or glory. In my search I always went against the "prevailing current" and still do and the results and conclusions I got became a thorn in the flesh of many persons, but nevertheless, I go my own way. Often I was offered both money and honours so that I would give up doing what I did. I always refused and thus, got problems, problems and more problems.

But even the modest results I achieved gave me strength and faith in that I was going in right direction. Those things and phenomena which I considered to be elementary were treated as high achievements in the Eastern teachings. But I knew that all this was only a "nursery school" and treated them accordingly. Many things which these teachings considered high achievements took place in my childhood and were ordinary for me. I did not refer to them as something unusual and thought that they were a matter-of-course and happened to everyone.

Much later, when I became a student, I understood that a lot of the phenomena that happened to me did not happen to other people, but even then I did not refer to these phenomena as something supernatural. I simply understood that I differed a little from other people. I could not even think about my "exceptionality", but only hoped that with the help of these features I would be able to come closer to the understanding of nature.

After I invented the transformation of the brain and spirit, my cognition of nature grew more quickly. Hand over fist I received practical confirmations that, when a person got certain qualitative transformations, he could do almost everything that the Eastern teachings considered high achievements. The most interesting fact in all this was that man could reach them not because of his high level of spiritual development (which would be desirable too), but because of certain properties of his genetics. Moreover, all these manifestations, which in the Eastern teachings are given as manifestation of high spiritual development, can be related only to the genetic predisposition of a person, not to his

level of development.

Since quite a lot of people went through my transformations, I saw that even the presence of new abilities, which I created for them, did not change their spiritual level, but sometimes it resulted in quite the contrary. When a person got such a gift, he or she even began to regress evolutionally, because he or she could not treat my gift correctly, using it not for what was intended. I saw that people, who went through such an evolutional transformation, could not truly comprehend what was going on, although I tried to give them complete understanding of it.

I gave people the instrument and the rules for its use—what they should do and what they should not. People listened to me and then did everything in their own way, considering that they knew better. Instead of mastering their new abilities and working, working and working in order to try to get the understanding of this knowledge and their abilities, given to them by chance and nature, many of them appealed to the "Great" Eastern teachings. Most likely they thought that they would find the understanding exactly there and not in the advice of the unknown Nicolai Levashov.

In spite of the fact that it was me who gave them these new abilities, they did not consider it necessary to listen to my explanations of how, why and for what they should use them. Most people who underwent brain transformation did not follow my recommendations concerning the use of their new abilities. I gave detailed explanations of how to obtain reliable information through the process of scanning (which is very important) and then on the basis of this information how to make the qualitative analysis in order to work out the most effective tactics and strategy.

Most thought that they were able to do everything correctly, better than me. The idea that they did not invent and carry out the qualitative transformation somehow failed to enter their heads. I did this and, at least because of that fact, I understand better than anyone how all this must work.

I was always astonished at people who worshipped blindly what was imposed on them through mass media or "public opinion". There were (and are) few people, who listen to the essence of what is said, not to public opinion. If the mass media does not report about you, if public opinion keeps silence about you, if you do not have "scientific" degrees, your opinion interests no one, even if you do things, which no one has ever done, and can explain that, which no one has ever explained.

I do not write this because I am offended. In fact, people's unwillingness to perceive my knowledge changes nothing for me, because I

continue to go the way I once chose. Frankly speaking, it is all the same to me, whether a person will listen to my recommendations and whether or not he will use my gift correctly (its negative use is automatically blocked). The only thing about which I feel sorry is that, when a person gets in his "hands" new qualities and abilities, he does not go further but simply marks time instead of taking giant strides forward!

As for the "Great" Eastern Teachings, I can say the following. Much later I met a woman (I will not give her name, because the problem is not with her personally) who carried, and still does, the title of mahatma. One of my students met her and told her that I could transform the brain and spirit of a person, etc. When she called me, she was interested only in one thing—whether I could do such transformation for her! We had several telephone conversations and I did not find any reason, why I should do this transformation for her. I heard nothing, except for her personal wish. It happened at that time, when I had already stopped transforming the brain of anyone who just wished me to do it. Once or twice she asked me to help her to heal some people, but from her side I saw only a consumer approach which I always hated in people.

During our conversations I asked her, whether she knew how the Hindus got the Vedic knowledge. Her answer was that white teachers who came from the North, from behind The Himalayas brought this knowledge. A woman-mahatma knew that the Vedas were given to the Hindus, that they are not their own creation. She knew what all mahatmas know, and not only in India. However, knowing this, they continued to deceive the whole world, saying that it was their own teachings.

But this is not all. I asked her, what did a teacher teach in the nursery school? Did he begin to teach children who were not able to read or write quantum physics? Or would he teach children the alphabet and grammar first? I think there is no need to explain, what answer she gave me. Whereupon I asked her, then upon what grounds the Hindu-children, getting the elements of the Vedic knowledge from white teachers, perverted them, arrogated it to their own selves and now give it out to the whole world as the Great Spiritual Teachings of Hinduism?

How is it possible to talk about something Great and Light, if this "great" and "light" is based on lies and deception? I got no answer to this question. However, any advancing person, not to mention a mahatma, must be an honest person above all things. But widely spread "great" eastern teachings do not even mention, where they came

from. It would be understandable, if they did not know, but they do know and keep silence. They simply do not want to lose the status of "great teachers", who, by the way, perverted the information passed to them.

Being in the position of pilferers means there is a complete discrepancy between what they speak and preach and what they do. And I would like to remind you that this takes place at the level of mahatmas—the highest spiritual hierarchs of India.

Chapter 27.

The problems of upward evolution

Now let us think about how we can solve the problems which appear when man goes up the evolutional ladder. As we already know, each successive material body of the spirit is formed by smaller and smaller numbers of cells of the physical body. It turns out that each following body of the human spirit becomes simpler and simpler, and the seventh material body turns out to be something similar to Volvox, a small colony of identical one-celled organisms of a genus of algae.

We have quite an interesting picture—the evolution of life at the physically dense level evolved from one-celled to complex multi-cellular organisms which were able to evolve to a level of development where the origin of mind could be possible. The process goes in the reverse direction when the upward evolution of mind occurs—from a complex multi-cellular organism at the level of the physically dense body to a group of cells which form the seventh material body! Then the following questions arise. Are Hindus right about the maximum number of bodies which man can have? How could I have seventeen spirit bodies?!

The most surprising fact was that the qualitative structure of the bodies of my spirit was not simplified with every following body. On the contrary, each higher body of my spirit was more complex and sophisticated. However they were not formed by several cells of the physical body. Is this possible? Am I contradicting myself or going crazy because of excessive tension in my brain?! I can assure you that I am definitely "in my right senses" and not because I overestimate myself, but because a contradiction occurs only when someone does not think about it, but bangs his head against a brick wall, instead of stopping and using his own brain a little! I did exactly this.

When I understood the nature of life and human consciousness, I faced the following dilemma upon which I began to reflect. The abilities of the human mind are determined by the organisational complexity of the human nervous system, primarily, of the brain, which is the instrument of human development, and the abilities of the brain, determine the developmental possibilities. Therefore, being the instrument of development, the human brain at the same time becomes a drag on this development, because of the fact that the number of neurons is limited

by the volume of the cranium. It would seem therefore, the power of this instrument of cognition is directly dependent on the volume of the cranium.

The facts show that the volume of Homo sapiens' cranium has not increased for the last forty thousand years of living on Midgard-earth, but on the contrary, diminished. Therefore, it is hard to understand, why modern scientists forecast that man will have a disproportionately big head in the future. Maybe, the reason for this was an erroneous assumption that the power of the human brain is determined by the number of neurons located in the cranium.

This common mechanical approach of modern science is conditioned by the complete misunderstanding of the nature of living matter in general and the nature of the brain in particular. Modern science still can not explain what consciousness actually is, what memory is, how man thinks, etc. All comes down to—man thinks because he has consciousness. It is like saying: "the wind blows because the trees are swaying". Modern science does not have any intelligible answer to this question, just indefinite concepts which very often contradict each other! That's the trouble!

When I managed to understand the nature of living matter and the functioning principle of the human brain, I came to the conclusion that human memory, consciousness and the process of thinking did not take place at the level of the physically dense neurons of the brain, but at the level of the second, third, etc. bodies of those neurons[1]. The very first thought "flashed" through the human head when the second and the third bodies of neurons coupled together and created horizontal chains! Since then thought has "run round" in the heads of humans. When the bodies of neurons joined together at the level of the spirit, this created the basis for the origin of consciousness and mind.

The streams of information which run through the physically dense neurons of the brain do not change their external appearance, but only their biochemical interior for a very short period of time. Therefore, the physically dense neurons of the brain almost do not change. This fact is confirmed by research into brain activity carried out by modern scientists. Nothing changes in any neuron during the thought process, except for the ionic balance, but it is very insignificant! The most interesting fact is that the neurons of the brain react almost identically, independent of the type of mental activity, or the area of the cerebral cortex activated in the process of one or another intellectual activity.

However hard scientists searched for thought in the neurons of the

[1]See N. Levashov The Spirit and Mind, Vol. 1 and 2.

human brain, they could not find it, because it never was there! The thought process takes place on other material levels of neurons. Physically dense neurons only facilitate this process, but they do not participate in it (they only supply other levels of the brain with the potential and information received through the senseorgans). The origin of consciousness is impossible without this basis, but, nevertheless, consciousness and mind originate at other material levels of the neurons.

When all this became clear to me, I understood that the key was not in the volume of the cranium or in the number of neurons, not at all! The number of neurons is important only at the primary phase of the origin of mind, because mind originates only when a certain number of neurons begin to interact. A minimal number of interactive neurons are extremely important at the very initial stage of development, but not more. When necessary and sufficient conditions of the origin of mind are fulfilled[2], these neurons stop acting as the determining factor.

When the origin of mind has taken place, the other material bodies of neurons, the second and especially the third (also the fourth, fifth and higher if there are any) begin to play the determining part. These material bodies are also a part of the human brain, but most people are not even aware of their presence. But, as the saying goes, "ignorance of the law is no excuse for breaking it." In this case the lack of knowledge about the laws of nature does not change their modus operandi.

....

Certainly, I read and heard far from everything, but I think that, if this ever happened, it must be reflected in legends and myths. But I could not find anything of the kind until now. And even if anyone tried to do this kind of thing and failed, and I knew about it, I would not give up trying. Someone's unsuccessful attempt does not mean that my attempt should fail. Therefore I had no doubt that I should do this. And the words that it is impossible because it just is, or that I was nuts, could never stop me.

I never was afraid to go against the current and my own experience several times showed me that I could successfully do something supposedly impossible even though I had been told that it could not be done. In the beginning of my search I went against the current somewhat nervously and thought; what if everyone else is right and I am wrong? But even then I considered that I should try and ascertain the situation for myself. Besides, I did all this not in order to prove anything to anyone, but in order to find the understanding, primarily,

[2]See N. Levashov The Final Appeal to Mankind and The Spirit and Mind, Vol. 1 and 2.

for myself. And the opinion of other people, which I considered to be their right, never stopped me, no matter how "mad" my idea was. To tell the truth, I did not shout about what I was going to do—I just did it!

....

As a result of this action I got a fundamentally new neuron of the brain ... Whereupon I decided to replace all my brain's other neurons in the image and likeness of this one. And I succeeded again. .. I played a little with this, repeating the whole "procedure" several times. Moreover, I decided to change all other cells in my body the same way: the actions of folding and unfolding of newly created structures at other levels of reality did not show on the outside, i.e. nothing changed in my physical appearance.

How lovely! It was possible to create something incredibly large at other levels and to "fasten" it to something incredibly small (comparatively) at the physically dense level, for example, to my own physical body and even to a neuron! My soul rejoiced, because I managed to do this and realized the limitless possibilities of this discovery. Exactly because of what I had done, I could have any number of bodies of the spirit, instead of the quantity indicated in the Hindu teachings.

But the most important thing was not the number of bodies of the spirit, but the fact that my approach allowed me to break through the natural limitations of development. I do not know, whether someone else succeeded in doing this, and if so, how he did it; but I managed to do this using the above mentioned way! It is also important that this approach allowed me to solve this problem once and for all! This I understood much later...

When I discovered that I already had had seventeen bodies of the spirit and understood why this became possible, I started to work with the bodies of my spirit consciously. The fact of the matter is that every new body of the spirit allows it to interact with those spaces or levels of reality with which it is in harmony. In other words, in order to influence somehow one or another space, it is necessary, foremost, to have qualities and properties concordant with this space or level. For example, in order to influence the physically dense plane, we have the physically dense body which has its sense-organs in order to get information about the world around us.

Imagine a situation, when a person does not have a single sense-organ—he has no sight, hearing, sense of touch, sense of smell and taste. The world around this person is the same and he has a physical body, but he will not be able to live, let alone to evolve! Only our sense-organs give us this possibility—they supply our brain with

information about the external world. However, it is our physical body that has its sense-organs; in order to operate at any other level of reality man should have both a body that corresponds to this reality, and sense-organs which allow getting necessary information about everything that happens at this level. Well, if not about everything, at least, about vitally important things in order to act with full responsibility and reasoning. The structures of the brain which I created were those "sense-organs" for other spaces or levels of reality.

Thus, the creation of both new bodies of the spirit and new structures of the brain creates optimal conditions for spiritual development in the full sense of the word, which means that, undergoing this kind of transformation, man gets new "sense-organs" of an absolutely different type, and exactly this allows him to operate actively at other levels of reality, in other spaces and, last but not least, to move forward in his development, getting into new spaces and levels where no technical equipment will be able to penetrate ever!

However, in order for all this to take place it is necessary to make the corresponding changes as accurately as possible. Therefore, Svetlana's natural abilities and my transformations of her brain and spirit created the ideal conditions for her quick advance. The fact that Svetlana easily understood, what took place during my work, and could really help me when I worked, played an important role.

I could create new abilities for many people, whose genetic make up was dynamic enough for this purpose, but it was impossible to teach anyone to think and perceive new things in a new way. It was possible only to help a person to go in the right direction, give him methods and strategies to master his new properties and qualities, but the person himself must "digest" all this, pass it through his consciousness and reach enlightenment by new knowledge! And this appeared to be extremely difficult for most people. Because, when people got their new qualities and abilities from me, almost everyone begins to "create" their own understanding and perception, including how and to what ends they should use my gift.

Almost no one reflected upon the fact that they should spend a long time mastering even the elements of what was given to them, let alone, acting independently. Probably there was some guilt on my part in this, because I did not want to point out constantly that they should be very careful and thoroughly execute all the rules which I had given them. In fact, they could spend millions of years in order to get even the smallest part of what I gave them all at once, if they were at all able to reach such levels of development independently.

I did not want to offend people, constantly "putting them in their

place", saying that they were far from able to repeat everything that I could do, not to mention going further. The reason, why I say this is not because I highly estimate myself, but because in order to go further than me, a person should independently do everything I have done. However, the facts showed that most people were not even unable to understand what I created for them and how to use it!

Probably, the way people reacted is partly my responsibility, because, when they went through the transformation, they got the possibility to observe my actions which created the illusion that all this was very easy to do. This happened, because they saw with their own "eyes" how quickly and easily I did one or another thing and they had the illusion that they would be able to do the same, if not better! Theoretically it is possible, but it is highly unlikely in practice. But I did not even try to tell them that, because my words could be misinterpreted as me being simply "afraid" that they would surpass me, and therefore I was trying to "intimidate" them, telling these "scare stories" so that they would make no attempt, not even try.

Their self-deception came to such point that they "forgot" the fact that it was me, who gave them all that they had, and that they had not created or achieved anything on their own, but only passively got it from me! There was no point in my giving them new properties and qualities and then becoming envious of what I gave them! However, almost no one even thought about these obvious things and saw in my attempts to teach them how to use my gift correctly, only as an attempt to "stop" their "growth".

No matter how absurd it may seem, they thought like this every time when I tried to warn them about something! ... Most likely, one more reason for such antipathy originated from the fact that many people, who passed through their transformation, became witnesses and participants in the voyages through space and time which I performed. Speaking figuratively, they were passengers on my "shoulders" during my journeys. I moved both me and them to other planets, other galaxies and Universes, as well as to the past. They became witness to my actions, contacts with other civilizations and spaces hierarchs: at the same time they expended no effort in doing this.

In order for all this to happen I had to create the necessary potential and new properties and qualities. They were only observers and therefore they had a false picture that it was simple and easy to do. I did not concentrate their attention on this fact, because I did not wish to offend them, voluntarily or not. And their understanding of this was different.

I did not focus their attention on the fact of how much of my poten-

tial I spent in performing one or another action and tried not to show how difficult it was for me, when by sheer willpower I forced myself to stand firmly upright in order not to "flop" right on the spot, being dead tired. The only manifestation of the enormous loads during my work which my "passengers" noticed was my excessive paleness. Not one of them ever saw how, when I reached my "den", I fell on my bed completely exhausted and became "disconnected". No one saw this and almost no one knew about this. Everyone saw only the external, so cheerful and unbelievable side of me and many of my "passengers" had the impression that it was all extremely easy to do.

During our trips I took great care to create protection for my fellow travellers in order to defend them from any attacks. All this for "some" reason also escaped their attention and they saw only the result of my actions, the very tip of the "iceberg" of my work, and wanted to do the same.

They had a picture in their minds that to do all this did not require any effort. When they began to hint that they also wanted to do something like this, I began to explain to them that they were not ready for that and recommend that they start learning how to scan correctly, to process the information, to create the correct tactics and strategy of actions in order to execute one or another task. I recommended that they begin all this with very ordinary actions, which were neither notable nor "heroic". I said that it was very important to obtain the skills of very rapid work—rapid analysis and rapid decision-making. In order to obtain some mastery of all this, it was necessary to spend an enormous amount of time and labour, before they could independently even stick their "noses" out.

But my explanations in most cases simply went in one ear and out the other. Instead of listening to my words these people thought that I tried to scare them so they would be afraid to do anything independently and I would thereby prevent them from doing "great" deeds. Their blindness became absurd. This strongly distressed me for yet another reason—taking into account this state of affairs, it was impossible to rely on anyone. No one could become my comrade-in-arms in my work.

Svetlana was a rare exception to the rule. She very quickly understood everything that happened around us and never thought that I somehow tried to limit her, when I explained to her what was what. It was a real pleasure to work with her, she was extraordinarily quick to grasp any situation and felt right at home! We completely understand each other and during my experiments I could work out very quickly all patterns and act in emergent situations more quickly and effectively.

I remember her inexpressible delight, when I first showed Big Space to her. Staggering colours, non-existent on earth, and the breath-taking beauty of the Universe filled her with joy and admiration and made her revere such natural grandeur. She was especially staggered, when she first visited an inhabited planet and learned to socialize with other reasonable creatures telepathically. For this purpose I often had to create special structures of the brain in order that she could perceive thought-forms adequately. It was especially important in cases, when the principle of thinking and logical basis of other reasonable creatures differed greatly from ours.

One way or another, Svetlana became my comrade-in-arms very quickly. She finally found that, which she had sought all her life. Moreover, our meeting was not accidental at all. It happened that we arrived in Moscow almost simultaneously in 1988. She was interested in finding answers to the questions which, from her childhood, had given her no rest. I was eager to answer these questions for anyone in search of the truth. At least, I wished to share my understanding with them. And this was connected with Moscow, because only in Moscow it was possible to do both things, if one were lucky. Certainly we were—our fates crossed at one point.

Fate sometimes can be very strange. Everything accidental is appropriate and everything appropriate is accidental. In other words, if we translate this from beautiful philosophical language into our "normal" language, this phrase can be rendered like this: "there's no such thing as an accident"! We call a fortuity anything we do not yet understand, but only observe its manifestation. The fact that we almost at the same time arrived in Moscow and by some unbelievable chance met was no accident, which became clear for us both much later.

I would like to add only one thing, especially for sceptics who surely will be eager to say something like "everyone invents his own arguments about destiny and this kind of thing". I know their arguments, but they do not know mine. Therefore, before I continue, I would like to say to sceptics that I know how many people arrive in Moscow both in the search of enlightenment and with the aim to "enlighten". However, the matter here is not in statistics, but in the fact that Svetlana was looking precisely for me, having no idea of how I looked in my earth physical body.

At the subconscious level she aimed at being exactly there, where I would appear. She, a pro fessional singer and designer, left both her careers at the peak of her popularity and went to Moscow, as a journalist, whose activity was directly related to paranormal phenomena. She had to master a new profession of TV journalist and she did it

very successfully. In this field of activity she succeeded in achieving enormous success. Her interviews for the European TV were unique. For example, she managed to organize an interview with the Patriarch Aleksij (the head of the Russian Orthodox Church), which he gave in his residence (this never happened before). She also obtained permission to film an orthodox funeral service for the first time in history. Also in a pretty short time she succeeded in finding in the USSR a lot of interesting and non-ordinary people, many of whom are known not only in our country, but also abroad only because of her. But this is another story.

I tell all this in order to show Svetlana's versatile talents, which are not confined to those which I've just described. But at the same time her most innermost dream was to find answers to the questions which tormented her from her childhood. That is why she left her home and went to Moscow...

When I had made several transformations of Svetlana's brain, her concept of Universe moved from the area of purely philosophical theories and hypotheses of theoretical physics and became objective reality. Like a child who finally got a long awaited toy, she dove into Big Space. The Unbelievable beauty and variety of the Universe, the possibility of almost instantaneous displacement to almost any distance with complete preservation of one's consciousness, activity and abilities about which even the most imaginative fiction writers could not dream, filled Svetlana with delight and gladness: she threw herself into this Big Space open-heartedly and with childlike naivety, truly believing that nothing bad could happen among such beauty in general and to her in particular.

Regrettably, one cannot act with such perceptions either on our blue planet or in the Universe, despite its beauty and splendour there are a lot of nasty things in Big Space, possibly even nastier than our earth abominations.

When Svetlana got her "admission" to the Universe, she began to "walk" there looking for other civilizations, inhabited planets, etc. During her "walks" she met other "walkers" only not all of them pursued the same aim as she—to cognise the Universe and its variety. Certainly, there were no other inhabitants of Earth among them. One of the principal reasons for this is the false system of concepts and development, which was imposed by Dark Forces through the many "spiritual" teachings of the East. The essence of which is the idea of exiting the physical body. In this case the distance a spirit can go is limited by the level of development of a person (see the analysis of eastern "spiritual" development above) and by the length of the so-called "silver thread" which

joins the empty physical body of the person and his spirit.

It must be clear to any man of sense that this "silver thread" is very, very short even if stretched to the maximum, when speaking about space distances. With such a "leash" one can not travel very far, even within the limits of Mother-Earth. Therefore there are no inhabitants of Earth among space "travellers".

When a person undergoes brain transformation according to my method, he is free of this kind of limitation. There is no need for the spirit to go out of the body in order to travel in space. The displacement takes place when the spirit is in the body and for the reasons described above there are almost no limitations to making a trip at any distance and in any time, both in the very distant past and future (billions of years). Besides this, the person can act consciously, instead of simply being a witness, which happens in the case of the spirit leaving the body. This is not supposition, but fact.

Well, Svetlana got this "toy" and threw herself into the world of Big Space. As anyone would, she wanted to visit other planets, meet other minds. She finally got this possibility and was indescribably happy. Like a child with clean and open soul she plunged into this endless and amazing "ocean" of Universe. For some time she was lucky, because she met only Light hierarchs. Her delight was limitless when she met an amazing light creature, with which she connected, and managed to have her first telepathic talk.

But very soon the "dark" sniffed out her "walks" and began to hunt her in order to steal those qualities and abilities which she had, but had not mastered yet. The time of mastering of new properties and qualities is the most vulnerable, because a beginner has not had time to become familiar with his new qualities and abilities. And until that happens, the social space parasites will try to subdue the beginner and possess his abilities.

Chapter 28.

My first visit to Arkhangelsk

In June, 1991 nothing special happened. It was a pretty hot summer. The sun's rays seemed to melt down even the human brain. The sky began to loose its bright blue colour and became whiter with every passing day. Usually it was a sure sign that the summer would be hot.

My mother came to visit me in Moscow and I spent all my free time with her. Then I could not have imagined that I would not see her for fifteen long years. Probably, there are many people who would like to ask me, why I did not "look into" my own future, when I did it for other people and always got very accurate results!? If you do it for other people, why not for yourself in order to know beforehand, what awaits you in the near future!?

I asked this question myself and for quite a long time I could not understand the reasons, why my own future was closed to me. Much later I knew. One reason did not depend on me, but other reasons were directly related to my actions. The first reason was the fact that the ability to see my own fate was closed to me before I incarnated in my earth body in order to prevent the possibility of "self-fulfilling prophecies". To clarify the matter I will give some explanations which are directly concerned with the second reason.

My future was very definite till a certain moment of my life. Before day "M" I could do many things which other people would consider to be impossible, but nevertheless, I could easily "preview" them. However, then I was unaware of how to look into the future and did not even think that this kind of thing was possible. When I understood that I could see the future of other people and events, I then realized that I could not see my own. More precisely, I could view it, but this viewing would be useless. And here is why.

It would be better to start from this day "M". There was nothing mystic in it. No "flying disc" abducted me. I did not even see one flying in the sky as happens with many UFO witnesses. No angels visited me. Neither apples, nor bricks fell on my head. I was neither struck by lightning nor any other high voltage electricity. I was not even, temporarily, clinically dead.

Everything was much the same as usual and at the same time in-

credible. My day "M" was the day when I invented my first transformation of the human brain! From this moment exactly my life and my future dramatically changed and I "fell" out of the tapestry of fate. My thread stopped being a part of the fabric of humanity's fate on this earth and—I simply began to weave my own future, when my actions alone would determine the direction my ship of fate would take, (and not only mine.) Certainly, I knew about it much later, but when I made the first principle change in myself, I was completely bewildered by the fact that I was unable to see my own fate.

There was simply no fate. More precisely, I created my fate with my actions from day "M" and it depended entirely on me where it would "go". Every new change of the structures of my brain, every addition of new bodies of my spirit, every new property and quality dramatically changed even the direction of my movement to the future. Everything changed radically every time, when I invented something absolutely new—something that no one had ever created and not only on our planet situated at the outskirts of our galaxy, but also on other worlds. And again, I knew about this much later.

It is highly likely, something of the kind was expected of me and that is why the memory of previous incarnations was also closed to me, along with the possibility of seeing my fate, both by me and by others. It is very possible that if I saw my future before I began to change myself qualitatively, I would aim to fulfill precisely this future and do things feasible for my spirit incarnated in my particular genetics.

Maybe, this future would be necessary for something, but it would be based only on the abilities which I had before those changes, which affected both my spirit and genetics. Therefore, the knowledge of my fate could lead me to a position when I would never even think about redoing something in my brain and spirit and creating structures. Also all this became possible because I knew nothing about my fate and therefore, dared to change. Here and now is the result of my daring.

In 1991 I understood only a small part of what I said above, but even then I did not try to see my future, because almost everyday I transformed myself. Sometimes I redid myself several times a day, especially when I worked or fought against the next space parasites. One way or another, I understood that I "forged" my fate in the direct and figurative sense of the word. To tell the truth, I did not yearn to know my fate. Why? In fact, it is much more interesting to go forward without knowing what could be waiting for you at the next "turn". Especially, if it is something unusual and therefore strange to you!

So, I spent several days of June, 1991 with my mother without knowing that I would not see her for another fifteen years. My mother came

to Moscow, because my father had to go for a checkup in MONIKI[1], where my mother's sister worked. The checkup was needed because one day, when my father was travelling by train, the brakes were applied sharply and he fell from an upper berth onto the table of the compartment. He broke several ribs, but did not pay any attention to this, thinking that he was just badly bruised. My father told no one about it and went to work and worked with broken ribs.

As a result, his ribs accreted incorrectly, began to press on a lung and caused an abscess which forced him to go for the checkup. He did not want to bother me with his small problems, as he considered them, and anyway I could not give him a medical certificate, which he needed in order to spend some time recovering. But the results of the checkup showed the presence of a vast abscess in his right lung and doctors began to talk about ablation of this lung.

I could not agree with this under any circumstances. I had no authority to give my father a medical certificate, but could not allow him to lose his right lung. Therefore, I began to visit him, first with my mother, and when she went home, I came with Svetlana. During my visits I worked with him, I did not even move my hands in order not to annoy doctors. And after a while not one of them even mentioned an operation and my father went home with his right lung safe and sound.

Those days when I visited him in MONIKI were the last days I saw my father alive. He was killed by a blow to the heart on August, 31 1994. In was a special "gift" for me after my refusal to co-operate with the next secret service demand. But it will happen in 1994, and then in June-July, 1991 I saw my father for the last time and even did not suspect it.

At the same time one event happened. It was not something epoch-making, but, nevertheless, very interesting. One day Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev came to me in Butovo with his good friend, who was well-known in cinematographic circles as a talented designer. She had been awarded an "Oscar" for her work. I often met this woman. She was a very pleasant and clever interlocutrix, but this time they arrived not for the sake of philosophizing, but with a very specific question.

She, as a specialist, was invited to design costumes for a historical film. The events of the film took place in France of the 14-15th century. In order to create costumes of that epoch, she must know certain details. For example, how a dress for lady of high society of that time was made. She was unable to find anything about this subject neither

[1]Russian abbreviation for the Moscow Regional Research Clinical Institute (E.L.).

in special libraries nor in the Lenin's State Library of the USSR. She knew about my abilities and asked me to help her.

To tell the truth, I had no idea about historical costumes, especially, about lady's dresses of that era. Nevertheless, I decided to try to help her in this business. I displaced into the necessary time and began to describe to her, what I managed to see as an amateur. She, as a professional, asked additional questions which were important for understanding the technology of dress-making at that time. I answered all her questions and forgot about this episode. Later this woman shared with me some curious information about my work.

It happened that she sent a letter of inquiry to the National library of France concerning the technology of dress-making for high circles of society of the 14-15th centuries and after a while got an answer. The answer shocked her because it coincided in almost every way with the information she got through me. Moreover, my information was more complete and allowed her to reproduce the technology of that time.

The material from France contained a lot of gaps and it was almost impossible to reproduce the technology using only that. In other words, my information was full and the information from France was incomplete! Thus, the reality of my displacement into past was confirmed in this unusual way! It is a material confirmation of the fact that displacement of consciousness in time is real, which leaves sceptics with no reason to refute it.

In fact, neither I, nor the woman-designer knew anything about the technology of dressmaking in the 14-15th centuries in France. Neither I, nor she could know about it either at the level of consciousness or at the subconscious level. Such information did not exist in the Soviet libraries, and in the libraries of France it was incomplete. It was my information which allowed this woman to restore completely the technology she was interested in and to assemble the separate pieces she had received from the French library into a single whole and get it right!..

At the end of June I had to go to Arkhangelsk to deliver a course of my lectures as agreed with Valentin Rasskazov. However, before this journey some persons interested in organising this kind of performance in Nikolaev presented me an unexpected "gift". One day a woman-organiser called me and informed me that a hall was already rented and posters announcing my performance in Nikolaev were printed!

I was surprised by the insolence of this approach. In fact I did not agree to appear in this town; I said that I would think about it. It seemed that organisers were not interested in what I thought about this, they already saw their pockets full of the money which they could make

out of my lectures. Certainly, they did not care about my opinion, but I did. Therefore I told them that in this situation I would never come to this city to carry out my performances. They were very surprised and asked what they would do then? I answered that they should have asked this question before they organised this shady enterprise.

When they understood that they could not play this game with me, they found my brother and asked him to replace me. They convinced him that it would be a pleasant surprise for me and asked him to tell me nothing about it until the performances began. Several months before these events I taught my brother some things and these organisers-adventurers knew about it. They described the situation in such a way that my brother was sure that he would be helping me a lot and he agreed without understanding the reality of what he would be doing.

The last name of Levashov was quite well known to people. However, they do not pay much attention to the name, whether it was Nicolai or any other name. Therefore, the organisers calculated well. A week before "my" performance, when I already was in Arkhangelsk, there was an article in a local newspaper saying that Nicolai Levashov had been involved in a bad car accident and was in the intensive care unit and his life was in danger, therefore, his brother would replace him.

On the first performance when my brother understood what a fraud he was involved in; he gave an interview on local television and said that he was not going to participate in this and suspended further performances. He also gave several interviews to local newspapers where he unmasked the fraud. Strangely enough, it changed nothing. The organisers took advantage of my name and my brother's as a lure and continued to carry out performances on their own and to cheat people, attracting them with "healing" sessions.

There was a curious detail in all this—a publication which informed that I was between life and death after a car accident. Someone was absolutely sure that I would be in exactly this state. Besides, the attempts to organise a car accident by any means, which I already described, confirm this kind of plan. Moreover, the organisers of the fraud in Nikolaev knew about these plans! Otherwise, they would not dare to publish this kind of statement. Their confidence shows clearly for whom they worked or at least with whom they co-operated: and the time they chose for the fraud was exactly the time when I would be in Arkhangelsk for the first tour! Isn't that a strange coincidence!?

While I was preparing for my journey to Arkhangelsk, Svetlana went to Lithuania, her Motherland, to visit her native little town Alitus, where her parents lived together with her son from her first mar-

riage. It turned out that I had not dared to ask her to come with me to Arkhangelsk, thinking that she would misinterpret this. And Svetlana did not ask if we could go together to Arkhangelsk, thinking that I would do the same, although she would have liked to see my performances with her own eyes.

It all got cleared up much later, but then I took Svetlana to some shops in order that she could purchase some gifts for her nearest and dearest and saw her onto the train to Lithuania and I went to Arkhangelsk. My female cousin, who was very interested in everything I do, asked me to take her with me. She had just graduated from an institute and had a little bit of free time.

So, for the first time in my life I found myself in Arkhangelsk which was situated on the White Sea coast, the land of famous coast-dwellers. Russians call this curving coastline "Lukomorie", which is translated as "a bow by the sea". It appears that Pushkin's[2] Lukomorie described in his fairy tales existed in reality. Certainly, Pushkin did not write these fairy tales; he only adapted them. They carried some remnants of the truth about the Great Past of our ancestors who gave very image-evoking names to the lands where they lived. In the course of time three words Luk-o-morie (bow-by-sea) merged into one in their speech and in this form got into Russian folk tales:

> There is a green oak in Lukomorie Twined around with a gold chain. A learned cat all day and night through Walks along it round and round. He walks to the right and sings a song, He walks to the left and tells a tale....

Almost every Russian knows very well these words from Pushkin's poem "Ruslan and Lyudmila". However, they have also quite another meaning of which few are aware. Every one considered Lukomorie as some kind of a dream-land invented by Pushkin just for a good "rhyme". In reality Lukomorie was not fictional, but the real ancient name of this land. Few know that our ancestors honored OAK as a sacred tree and usually the Ruses gathered near an ancient sacred oak to hear out speeches of their spiritual teachers—volkhvs, who had been bringing enlightenment to people for one hundred thousand years.

However, when the Greek religion came to the land of the Ruses, their sacred groves and oaks were pitilessly cut down and survived only in the remotest places, one of which was in the Russian north—Lukomorie. The learned cat in the poem behaves exactly like a volkhv: "...He walks to the right and sings a song. He walks to the left and tells a tale..."

[2]Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837) is the greatest Russian poet and writer.

In fact, the information about the past of the Ruses and their culture was passed through songs and fairy-tales from generation to generation in Sacred Russia; this became especially important when the Greek religion became dominant and almost all ancient books were destroyed.

Our ancestors chose the oak on purpose. It is known that oaks can live more than a thousand years and this fact was the reason for these trees to become sacred for the Ruses: someone may ask what the lifespan of a tree has to do with it. Everything! The point is that a tree keeps within itself information about those events which took place near it. Therefore a person who is able to read this information from a living natural computer has the ability to travel to the past and reproduce in the present everything, to which an ancient oak was witness.

Moreover, a *volkhv* or *vedun* can download into this natural "computer" any information, any message for the future generations and they could retrieve it. Tuning in to any annual ring of an oak, a volkhv or vedun could access information from the past to the year or even the day. The enemies of our ancestors knew about these living "computers" and therefore they frantically destroyed sacred oaks and groves along with ancient books.

But this is not all. Sometimes, fairy tales, which any Russian knows perfectly from his childhood, contain such deep meaning, that it takes ones breath away! I will continue the analysis of the word "Lukomorie". "A bow by the sea" means that the coastline of the White Sea coast resembles the form of a bow. But then the question arises: how did our ancestors know about it, if in order to see the coast line, it was necessary to go up high (very, very high!) above the surface of Earth?

The coastline in the form of a bow can be seen only from a nearearth orbit. However, modern "historians" claim that in those ancient times, when this name appeared, there were no space sputniks and if there had been, "wild" Slavs could not possibly have had them. The wildness of our ancestors is hammered into our heads from our childhood through history lessons at school, lectures at universities, through the mass media and even through literature. The only question is: on whose authority were those "historical" novels written and to whom did those "scientists", who performed their "scientific" works, owe their allegiance!?

In fact, many Russian words, in common use today, contain information about the highest level of technical development of those, who even in the Russian textbooks on history of Russia are called "wild and ignorant tribes of the Slavs". In reality a lot of things which have been around us from our childhood literally "yell": "Pay attention! Here is



your great past!" But we quietly and blindly pass by without noticing the obvious! We pronounce words, but they are dead for us — they do not come back to life in our speech, because we lost our understanding of their meaning, because dead sounds cannot give rise to the lively and beautiful images which the Russian language contains.

However, it is time to go back to my journey to the city of Russian glory—Arkhangelsk. There Rasskazov–junior met us, me and my cousin, and we went to the hotel. The organizers had reserved me a first class room which I paid for, as well as the air plane tickets. I mention all this for one reason: this had an unexpected continuation.

In the morning of the next day I gave an interview to a local newspaper which advertised my performances. I also gave a short interview

for Arkhangelsk TV in order that people who did not read newspapers could know about my performances. They took place in the auditorium of the Arkhangelsk House of Officers, which was shown to me.

I also was taken on a small tour of the local sights and... here it was, the evening of my first public performance. It began at seven o'clock in the evening. On the first day the auditorium was half empty or half full, depending on how one prefers to see things. My entrance was announced and I appeared for a tete- a- tete with the audience...

I did not have stage-fright, more precisely—I do not have it now. In fact I put in a lot of effort to get rid of it. In my childhood, when I did not quite understand what was happening with me, I felt awfully uncomfortable when I had to speak in public, especially in the presence of strange or slightly unknown people. In my class where I knew all my class-mates and teachers I was always at ease, expressing myself quite freely. I could expound upon any material, freely answer any questions and never had a problem in communicating my ideas.

But if someone new appeared in the class, my eloquence disappeared "somewhere". When teachers called me to the blackboard I would begin to mumble and "bleat" something ridiculous. As though I had "swallowed" my tongue and could not say anything correctly, although I knew perfectly the material of the lesson.

I felt ill at ease when someone strange looked at me (I was accustomed to my class-mates and teachers). I did not understand the nature of this feeling and I would blush and check whether everything was all right—whether I had buttons undone or if my boots were of one and the same colour, etc. Every time it was all right but, nevertheless, a strange and incomprehensible sense of awkwardness remained and I was no condition to say even a couple of words correctly.

This strange state always revolted me, I saw surprise in the eyes of my teachers whom I respected, but could do nothing about it. And one day which in principle was no different from other days I promised myself that this kind of thing would not happen again. That does not mean that everything became all right the following day or that I could feel comfortable speaking in public almost immediately. Certainly not, it meant that in this situation I gathered up all my willpower and did not allow the incomprehensible confusion to seize me.

In my childhood I did not understand the nature of this phenomenon and it was only when I began to recognize the nature of it consciously that I understood why I had that strange feeling. What happens is that every person, whether he understands it or not, influences any other person to whom he speaks or even if he simply stands nearby.

This influence is especially increased, if a person concentrates his at-

tention on someone specifically. Therefore, the looks of listeners fall on a lecturer. They beat him like a lash and if a person is sensitive enough, he will really feel those looks like blows, especially, if the thoughts of those listeners contain a negative component or when a person has their own naturally powerful field. It does not matter, whether a person understands it or not—at a subconscious level he scans the person at the centre of attention.

That is why a person who is sensitive enough will feel as though he is mentally "undressed" and rarely is this "undressing" related to sexual thoughts. We do not understand that if we concentrate on someone mentally, we create a material mental stream directed to the person we are interested in.

All this I understood much later, but then I felt this mental stream on my "hide" very distinctly every time I appeared in the spotlight. Every time when this happened to me, I always felt indignation and disappointment with myself, because I was not able to control my feelings and therefore looked funny and clumsy; and like any normal person I did not like it at all. Sometimes I was angry with myself, not with the situation. Maybe other people did not see it this way and did not think me funny and clumsy, but this is exactly how I thought.

My first victory was an ability to disconnect myself quickly from the outer world and to concentrate on what I had to say. I still did not like to speak in public, but I could then overcome that inexplicable, for me, state and convey my thoughts more or less intelligibly. It does not mean that I stopped reacting to the mental blows of the audience, I did. I always worried very much before every appearance in public, but necessity obliged me to overcome this highly unpleasant state. However, all this concerned lessons or school meetings, not my appearance on the stage.

I treated the stage with some kind of prejudice and did my best to avoid it. I remember, when I was in my seventh or eighth year, we were all together in the school assembly hall for an audition for the school choir. This procedure reminded me a little of the situation from the legend of Ulysses, when he and his shipmates found themselves shut in the cannibal Cyclops's cave. When Cyclops, blinded by Ulysses, touched each sheep before letting it out of the cave, Ulysses thought to put sheep-skins on himself and his crew and thus they escaped his clutches.

So, the situation in the school assembly hall reminded me of this legend. The only way to abandon this hall and go home was to do the audition. I did not want to, but had no chance to avoid it. My schoolfellows left the assembly hall one after another. Some were "re-

jected", some enrolled. I did not want to get on the list and had to invent my own "sheep-skin".

When my turn came, I went to the piano with a sense of impending doom. The young woman who carried out the audition played some chords and asked me to sing notes. I did it and then the thought flashed through my mind! When she played next chords higher in key than the previous ones and asked me to sing notes, I sang them in the previous key. The young woman became a little upset and asked me to try once again and sing in the right key. I again sang notes exactly like I did for the first time.

She made several attempts and then said with vexation in her voice that I had a very strong bass, probably unique in its force in the country, and asked me to sing notes in the right key for the last time. With a sad face I sang everything the same way and was finally released. I was very pleased with my inventiveness and happily ran home. My trick was, that although I could have repeated everything in the necessary key perfectly, I had observed the process of the auditions and I understood that all those who could not sing in key were rejected. I did not want to let out a squeak intentionally, because it would look ridiculous, and I disliked looking ridiculous. Therefore, I decided to sing everything in one and the same key—nobody laughed and I obtained the result I wanted.

I always tried everything in my power to avoid any situation where I would be obliged to appear on stage. However, sometimes I failed, for example, when I was a student in my first year at the Kharkov University. Funnily enough, the situation was almost the same as it was at school.

This time I was "caught" and the reason for that was that I had given my word. If I gave my word to anyone—I always kept my promises, no matter at what cost to me. I gave my mother my word not to take off the corrective glasses and I paid for it with a split muscle in my right eye. Certainly, I tried to give my word prudently, knowing that I had to keep it. Therefore, I usually did not give my word or make a decision in a hurry, but tried estimate all positive and negative sides of my decision beforehand. Here is an example.

I was very fond of reading in my childhood. When I came from school, I did my home-work very quickly, took the next enthralling book and plunged into an adventure or a fantastic novel (I also read a lot books on history, biology, geography, etc). Certainly, I was especially carried away with science fiction! So, I very much liked reading books and also cracking sunflower seeds.

Certainly, when I did these two things at the same time half the

husk would get eaten. Once, my mother told me that if I continued to swallow the husks, my appendix would soon be blocked up and would have to be removed. I did not want to lose my appendix and decided to find a way out of this problem. At first I tried shelling all the seeds in order to eat them when reading.

I honestly did it several times, but, when I began to read, the seeds were gone almost instantly. I racked my brain a little and made a decision. If books and seeds are incompatible or I could not make them compatible, then I chose books. Since that day on I have never cracked sun flower seeds! And not only when reading books—I stopped eating them at all! I do not know, whether that is bad or good—such is my character. However, sometimes it let me down.

Once a young woman came into our lecture-room and informed us that we were to come to the room she indicated after our lectures. We had all become students quite recently, knew little and navigated the corridors of the enormous Kharkov University with certain difficulty. That is why we all came to the place she indicated, blissfully unaware. There was a piano, but this fact meant nothing to us. The young woman appeared with a gentleman. She introduced him to us as the master of the university choir who would now audition us to select new members for the choir. We all understood that we had "got into a mess", but had no place to hide.

I had by then made friends with one fellow from our group, Michael Tiomny. Neither he nor I wanted to be the first on stage. When the audition began, we wanted it even less, as we heard the "warbles" produced by the fellows from our group when they "sang"; almost everyone roared with laughter. It is bad to laugh at other people, but it is even worse when someone laughs at you.

Well, soon there was only me and Michael left and the girls from our group stared at us with a question in their eyes. I had no choice but do an audition for the second time in my life. The "bleat" of my fellow-students was very funny, but I did not want to become the next "bleating" ram. I also did not want to repeat dully everything in one key as I did before and I decided to get through this test maintaining my dignity, as I thought then.

Chapter 29.

The way to the stage

This time I was "caught" quite easily. The master of the choir asked me to sing some notes in a certain key and said nothing when I did this. I was very glad, because I thought that the absence of any comment was a sure sign that I would be rejected! Relieved, I sang the notes in another key, then another and once again in another. The absence of comments gave me hope that I would be released soon. I was glad that no one laughed at me and I was ready to hear: "Young man, you can go!"

But instead I got what I did not expect! The master of the choir said: "Young man, you have a very unusual voice, both in force and in range. You have both bass-profundo and octave bass at the same time. You must promise me that you will come Monday evening to choir rehearsal". I promised that I would come and of course, I kept my promise. My friend Michael was also selected and it was great, because we agreed to go together. Thus, I found myself in the university choir and so, had to appear on stage in front of different audiences.

I gradually got accustomed to the stage. In fact when you are among other people, you feel as if you are "hidden". But even then you can feel the "searchlight" of the attention of the audience. At least, that is how I felt. It is true that I now did not fall into a "stupor" after a curtain-rise, but I still felt some agitation inside me. I did not allow it to get to me, but, nevertheless, it existed. But I had only to concentrate on singing, instead of the public sitting in the auditorium and all agitation disappeared almost instantly. I was one with the music and words which formed my world at that moment.

The choir members often joked that there were five parts in our choir: bass, tenor, alto, soprano and Nicolai. The joke came about because during the choral singing I muffled the whole choir—more than one hundred persons—and when our leader required all to "give it might and main", from me he required quite the opposite.

Because of the fact that I involuntarily began to participate in the amateur art activities of our university, I also had to represent my faculty in the amateur art show. No one even asked if I wished to do this—I was simply presented with a fait accompli. One way or

another, I had to perform solo for the first time in my life. I did not have any accompaniment so I had to sing without it. Therefore I said that I would sing the Russian folk song "Steppe, o steppe around". My entrance was announced and I appeared on the stage alone, without that sense of fellowship, for the first time in my life. I needed no microphone and therefore I walked up to the edge of the stage, thereby burning my bridges and, tuning in ... began to sing.

It was my first solo performance, but it was also my own victory over myself. I was able to control my feeling of agitation and do what I needed to do by using my willpower. This was a small victory over my natural shyness. At the same time I did not become a boor (at least, I hope not), but now I was able to overcome this shyness by the effort of my will, when it was necessary.

After this solo someone from the jury told me that I should take up singing professionally and that there was a very good vocal studio at the university. In a couple of weeks I decided to go there and studied singing until I graduated from the university. I did not aspire to sing in public. I was more interested in learning to manage my voice, which I did. The vocal studio was run by Tamara Nikolaevna, if I am not mistaken, a professional singer of the Kharkov opera. I am very grateful to her for my voice training.

One almost comic episode also helped me to combat my nervousness on stage. As I was one of the vocalists, I had to participate in the next amateur concert of the Kharkov University. As usual, all this was done trusting to luck. An accordionist, with whom I had never rehearsed and performed before, accompanied all of us. I gently sang him the melody of my song. He quickly understood what kind of song I was going to sing, but because of the lack of time we were unable to rehearse even once.

Well, my entrance was announced and he began to play an octave higher than he should! What a situation! I was forced to follow the much higher than normal melody. Certainly I "sang" the first verse and on the second one roared at him: "Lower, play it lower..." Certainly, it turned out very funny, but strangely enough, this situation allowed me to disconnect myself fully from the stage and the audience. After this I felt quite with ease, when coming to the stage. I could be nervous before, but when I stepped out onto the stage, I was fully immersed in the activity, for which I was there.

When I was a student, I often had to organize different student parties and new-year masquerades and take part in the performances. Together with my fellow-students I made "fancy dress" for these parties and wore them during our performances. Once I even had to write a

script for the whole party and compose ditties for a student new-year party. I still remember several verses. Everything happened as is usual in student's skits: a lot of humour, some irony, most of all we laughed at ourselves. I and another fellow from the choir were both presenters and performers. I played Grandfather Frost (Santa Claus), while Igor Iovenko, who was almost the same height as me, was the Snow maiden (Santa's granddaughter). We both had moustaches then and for the first time in my life I shaved mine off, expressing my solidarity with him. In short, we all had fun.

I've described my attitude toward the stage in order to show that I had to work on myself a lot to even go out onto the stage. Thanks to this I feel confident, even in front of a hostile audience and despite whatever tricks from the opposition, enemies or sceptics I am able to convey to people what I consider necessary. It turned out that every situation in my life prepared me for what I do now.

At the same time, in order for these situations to bring me to what I am now, I had to work on myself a lot, to create myself. These situations were the external force which made me do all this. So, judging by my own experience I can say that everything that happens to us is for the best (certainly, if you gather all your will and refuse to break you can compel circumstances to work in your favour!). It turned out that almost everything that happened in my life, one way or another, prepared me for the path of a warrior. In principle, any movement forward is a way of overcoming both oneself and circumstances. This is how things work.

Let us return to Arkhangelsk. Here I was—standing on-stage and several hundred pairs of eyes stared at me and everyone wanted something from me (very often it was not that which I would like to give them). The main purpose of my educational-curative performance was the awakening of people. But many slept and did not wish to wake up; on the contrary, they wanted to continue "sleeping". These people were not interested in understanding the nature of things. They only wanted to see a show and nothing else.

Another part of the audience wanted only a health session. Those who searched for understanding were an underwhelming minority. I understood it very quickly, as soon as I began the performance. I felt the whole audience, all their emotions and ideas and understood that I should find a solution to this seemingly insoluble problem—to give every spectator everything he or she came for plus what was necessary for awakening.

To every spectator... but there were at least three groups of spectators: those who came to see the show or "circus", as I call it; those

who came to get treatment and get rid of their health problems in between times; and those who were seeking the understanding of things, however minor. And I had to give them all that simultaneously during one performance. I had to create the tactic and strategy of my performance in "field" conditions. Without interrupting the performance, I thought I would try those experiments which I performed in the army and university.

I acted casually and decided to use the idea. I asked the audience to take part in an experiment and asked all who wished to, to put their hands together and accompanied by Jean-Michel Jarre's wonderful music influenced the whole auditorium, helping people to be attuned to my voice. Combining hypnosis with direct influence on the audiences' muscles I tried to obtain its maximal reaction. My words helped to tune people in more quickly to the state which was needed for maximally effective influence.

All this took a couple of minutes, whereupon I asked those who had their hands "jammed" together to come to the stage. The point is that when a person is sensitive enough, his flexors will stop obeying him and only I could take off this muscle blockade. I had made the influence of average power to cover as many people as possible and at the same time not to overload the most sensitive.

As a result of my action, several dozen who were unable to free their hands appeared on the stage. I released all of them from their unusual "handcuffs", implementing several methods. Some were freed by verbal influence, others—mentally and some—by influencing the brain areas which control the body's muscles. And after this, using my voluntary helpers, I began to demonstrate to the audience different methods of influencing man, explaining the differences and similarity in these methods.

I tried to show and prove that ordinary hypnosis was the most primitive method of influencing man, that many other methods also exist, when no one stares into anyone's eyes in order to put them into a hypnotic sleep; when a person can speak in a quite ordinary voice without goggling his eyes; when another person, without his immersion in the hypnotic state and prima facie completely keeping his independence, would do everything he was ordered to do and would not even suspect that he executed other person's commands, being quite sure that he acted according to his own free will and understanding.

I also tried to show that exactly the same result could be obtained, when there was no one standing near and saying anything, but nevertheless, the orders were executed. Right there on the stage I transformed people's brains and they began to see other people's internal

organs and accurately diagnose health problems in people they never knew.

Applying different methods of influence, I made it so that people could not lift their leg from the floor, or would run against an invisible wall and not be able get through it. All this was accompanied with inoffensive jokes and humorous sayings. Everyone laughed—the participants on the stage, the audience in the auditorium and I. Then I shifted people into the past, they ran away from dinosaurs, battled with Roman gladiators and did a lot of other things. At the same time they all kept their independent thinking and acted in these realities according to their character and understanding.

The audience every now and then burst into loud laughter. I also laughed with them. In fact, it was impossible to predict people's reactions, and I did not aim to do this. There were a lot of funny situations as a result of people doing things which I could not even imagine. In short, I had the audience's total attention and, when I next influenced people, I also explained to them what happened in reality! At the end of my performance I put a curative influence on the whole audience accompa nying it with Jean-Michel Jarre's music.

And again, I used the force of my influence intended for the average level of perception, and even after this there were several dozen people for whom this influence appeared too powerful and they "became disconnected", submerging in an intermediate state between coma and clinical death. It turned out that my influence simply "blew" their spirits out of their physical bodies like a strong wind blows a hat from a head.

After this I came down from the stage and returned everyone to their bodies. As a result of this, my performance finished at eleven o'clock and I reached the hotel around midnight. Although I was a little tired, I was very content with the solution I found, which allowed me to "feed" everyone with what he came for and at the same time to give them what I wanted—the elements of knowledge and understanding of the fact that man was somewhat greater than only a physical body. I also intended to convey that man had forces which animals simply could not have, that these forces were real and they could not fit into the concepts which were imposed on the masses by social parasites for the purpose of easy control.

Certainly, not everyone understood everything and those, who thought that they understood, in reality only touched on the understanding, but, nevertheless, it was the beginning of the awakening and it was wonderful. Next evening the auditorium was crowded, evidently the rumours about my "wonders" began to spread in Archangelsk. I con-

ducted my performance in the same way, trying not to repeat myself, every time inventing new variants of my influence and new "tasks" for people on the stage.

For example, when I shifted a person to the past, the ordinary reality disappeared for him and he appeared in the reality of the past, as if he fell through, however, everything and everyone remained the same. If I shifted several persons simultaneously, they appeared in the same reality having their complete consciousness, their own perception and individual conduct. I did not impose on them one or another algorithm of conduct, everyone acted according to their own understanding.

At the same time they perceived adequately what was going on in that reality. If they appeared in the reality with dinosaurs, they saw them and heard the sounds that these animals uttered. They were aware of smells and all other nuances of that reality. With all this going on, they all saw and acted in one and the same reality, not each in their own. All details of this reality coincided down to the smallest, differing only in spatial nuances.

The latter means that everyone who was shifted to the past was located at different points of this reality and therefore they observed one and the same event from different angles. Someone saw a dinosaur to his right, someone in front and someone to his left! The difference was only in this, and the rest they saw the same, only from their point of view. Thus their descriptions, actions and reactions to what was going on were quite synchronous. And the synchronism was also to the minutest detail. It is of interest—first I shifted people and only then asked them, where they were and what they saw.

This proves the fact that I was unable to tune them in to one and the same "wave". But the most curious thing was that I shifted them to the past and did not even know what they would see at that point in space, to which I had sent them. It is rather like the situation when a person lives next to a road and before he looks out from the window, he knows that he will see cars on it, but he is unable to estimate how many cars will be on the road at that moment, or what the make and colours will be.

The same situation is observed with the shifting to the past—I open a "window to the past" and do not know what a person will see in this window. I am only sure that if I have done everything correctly, this person will see exactly dinosaurs and not extinct amphibians. If the latter, nevertheless, were to happen, it would mean that I had "missed" the epoch, nothing more, which is undesirable. But I never "missed" and the people got into exactly those epochs which I promised them.

Certainly, it is almost impossible to describe what was happening

on the stage. Different people reacted to one and the same situation differently. When they saw a living dinosaur, one slowly slipped down to the floor, another stood in a stupor with his mouth open, someone else slowly moved aside as far as possible, while one, on the contrary, fled as quickly as possible! When a dinosaur was paralyzed, some people looked at the immobile animal with genuine fear and huge dread ready at any second to run without a backward glance. But others approached an immobile head in order to pull down the lower jaw and glance into the mouth of a "sweet" animal!

The most interesting thing was that many people started to act in another reality quite independently, without any control or correction from my part. A lot of things happened at the level of reflexes. For example, when a person carried out a fight with a gladiator in the Roman amphitheatre, he avoided the blows in a reflex manner just as if it were a real fight. It is simply impossible to act this which means only one thing—the fight was real.

The fighter saw his enemy the way any boxer in the ring would do it, although all the rest of the audience, which was not shifted into this reality, saw only this man. The situation was quite comic for the audience—the man both avoided and inflicted blows, jumped aside, etc., and... there was no one else there. When he finally succeeded in landing a knock-out blow to the ancient fighter, several people dragged away a prostrate form, taking him to a place in the corner of the stage where they tried to bring him to life by sprinkling water and patting his cheeks.

When several fellows could not get through a brick wall which I created for them, and made unsuccessful attempts to squeeze through a narrow crack in it, the audience roared with laughter. Poor fellows set their hands against this wall and nothing happened, they were unable to advance even a centimeter forward, but they had the marks of the wall on their hands, just as any other person would have them, if he tried to force his way through a brick wall. But there was no brick wall on the stage for the rest of the audience and the attempts of poor fellows looked very funny.

I accompanied all these demonstrations with my explanations, trying to wake up people from "sleep", to show them how much richer and brighter the real reality is than that which they know. Every evening there were lots of glass containers with water on the stage. The water was charged during several hours of my performance. Everything that happened on the stage, including my influence when I performed the transformation of the brain was "recorded" in it. This fact had a totally unexpected continuation, about which I found out during my second

visit to Archangelsk. But I will tell about it later, and meanwhile every evening I went out on the stage of the overcrowded auditorium. Sometimes during my mass health sessions someone "flew" away from the body and I had to return such "flyers" back.

Usually I came to a "flyer" and quickly returned him into his body. He regained consciousness, and I went to the next "flyer". But one day something unusual happened. I was called to a "flyer", a young girl nearly 20 years old who, judging by her appearance, did not have high education and corresponding interests. As usual, I returned her spirit into her body. She woke up and even opened her eyes. When I saw the signs of returning to the norm, I went to the next "flyer". As soon as I took several steps away from her, she went back into the initial state. I thought that I did not stabilise her spirit in the body enough after the overload and once again repeated the procedure of return.

And again I had only move away from her, and her spirit "jumped" out from the body again. I again conducted the procedure of return of the "mischievous" spirit into the body yet more carefully and the result was the same. When all this repeated three times, I decided to find out, what was going on. During telepathic contact I learned the reason for the strange conduct of this girl's spirit.

Her spirit did not WANT to go back into the physical body. The spirit said: "I am so grateful to you that you freed me from this dull body!" Most likely, a feminine spirit of a pretty high level got into the genetics of this girl and for some reason was NOT able to develop her physical body, living in it as in prison! As it turned out this kind of thing can also happen and, regrettably, it is not rare. It was just my first case of this. When I understood the reason for such a strange reaction, I informed this prematurely happy spirit that it was her body, so she should try to evolve upward in this particular body, to create herself in the body which she had entered. I returned her to the body and blocked the possibility of "jumping" out of it again.

I hope that with some help on my part, this girl's spirit was able to move her development in this physical body up and away from the dead-end. When I did it, everything became all right and this girl's spirit did not "jump" out of her body anymore and I was able at last to go and help other "flying" spirits, but I have never met such an obstinate spirit again.

Usually when I finished my performance, a lot of people wished to approach me with their problems. With all my desire to help them, I was not able to do it physically. Therefore, I said to admit only people with little children, with whom I worked individually. I put wrenched thighbones in their place, firstly "correcting" the form of pelvis, took

away children's humps, etc. There was a curious case during these sessions.

A child had underdeveloped fingers on one hand. I began the influence and laid the kid's hand on my palm. Within several minutes his unformed fingers began to move and grow straight before our very eyes! Everything happened almost like in educational films that show the growth of roots, when the process that normally happened over several weeks was shown on the screen in several minutes. Something like this happened with this kid—his fingers moved and lengthened right before our eyes. His mother brought him only once. Most likely, she became afraid of what she saw. I had no chance to work with this child in the future but I hope that the process of growth of his fingers did not stop after I had launched it in him.

There were more and more people with every evening, the auditorium was crammed with people. However, this tour did not last very long and the final day came. There were already no indifferent people in the auditorium; all three categories of the audience (already mentioned) had changed. I succeeded in shaking people up and this fact made me glad. Everyone asked me, when I would come back to Archangelsk again and whether I would organise my school? Everyone wanted to know if and when it would happen.

After my last performance an aged gentlemen came to me and said that he was an extrasensory individual and he wanted to warn me about some danger. He said that I could get into a mortal car accident. I thanked him for his anxiety and said that there was nothing to worry about— everything would be all right. His reaction was amusing. He thought that I had taken him for a lunatic and therefore reacted like this. He continued to persuade me and said that I misunderstood him—he worked with the police and was engaged in searching for disappeared or killed people and he had a lot of cases confirmed by the police.

He wanted to convince me to pay attention to his words; that he was not mad and his visions of the future never failed him. I listened to him very attentively and thanked him once again for his attention to my fate; and told him again that there was no need for him to worry about me, that everything would be fine. I think that this man could not imagine that I knew about the attempts on my life, that I survived several of them and that I would neutralize the next attempt by the KGB as well as I did all previous ones.

Most likely, the man could not even consider the idea that someone could change his future, influencing it and even neutralizing the actions of the special services. For many reasons almost everyone will have difficulty imagining this kind of thing. I did not try to assure him that

I would be all right, because he was absolutely sure that I would die! Nevertheless, it did not happen, although the attempts to release the blue planet Earth from my presence continued. However, I managed to block all these attempts successfully, and this was the fact that would not fit into "the mosaic of the world" which was in almost everyone's head. Well, what can I do? I had to disappoint some individuals, proving to them that the majority was not always right! Moreover, it is wrong very often!

One person can be right and all the others wrong, if this person knows something all the rest don't, if he is able to do what other people are unable to do. It is not a matter of excessive pride, but simply the fact that probably this person found some "magic words" which allowed him to open a "door" of a fairy-tale "cave" with magic abilities and attain the enlightening of his consciousness by knowledge...

In general I was satisfied with the results of my performances. However, an unexpected surprise was waiting for me in the end. When I came to the accounts department to get money for my performances, it turned out that according to their invoices the auditorium had been less than half filled and all charges for the rent of the auditorium and the maintenance of my performances were deducted from my share. Also no one was going to recompense me for my travel and hotel expenses, while not a single rouble was kept back from the share of the organisers of my performances.

I decided to clarify the situation a little and told them that even if I was a physicist-theorist, it did not mean that I knew nothing about finances. I said that I was asked to get a degree at the economic faculty of the Kharkov University, but I rejected the offer because I only needed to pass several examinations in disciplines which were not taught at the theoretical radio physics faculty(now, I feel sorry for my foolishness and laziness).

Therefore, I informed them that for "some" reason they had "confused" the general income and the net income. That they should deduct all charges, including mine, from the general income and only then divide the net income, according to their previous agreement: and that what they did was simply ignorant. They had divided the general income, allegedly according to the agreement, and then deducted all charges from my share which strictly speaking was a financial machination. Besides, the auditorium was half full only the first day and for the rest of the tour it was overcrowded and people even sat in the passage-ways bringing chairs with them. I had all this recorded on a video-cassette. They did not like all these explanations. Valentin Rasskazov tried to convince me that it was a simple misunderstanding

which would never happen again, that he personally and all the citizens of Archangelsk would be glad to see my performances again, as well as to undergo training according to my system! I promised to come back and left for Moscow.

The "phenomenon" I came across when trying to get the money I earned is called "creative accounting" as I found out later, when different data was written in the official records to that in the "other" book. For example, they showed half or even a quarter of the quantity of sold tickets, while the auditorium had actually been completely full. It was done usually to decrease tax-payment (socalled, double bookkeeping). The difference between the "black" and "white" book was divided between the participants in the financial fraud. Only quite another thing happened in my case, I paid everyone for everything, and the organizers got everything from the "black" book and did not even warn me about it.

But I did not feel sorry about it. Most important was the fact that I did not participate in this fraud. And it was not money that was important for me, but people, who began to wake up from an age-old sleep. Exactly this was the main payment for my work. When I saw the blazing and living eyes of people, my soul rejoiced. Unfortunately, many people quickly got fired up and as quickly "went" out, because a person, who managed to awaken, had to act according to his conscience and honour and often this was very inconvenient and involved a lot of problems.

Because this could lead to suffering, loss of work, the ruining of a career, etc. Many people (however, not all) were not ready for this. It is better to remain asleep and have "beautiful dreams", because the reality is so ugly—a typical small-minded philosophy. But the sleepers should know that at the moment when a person is freezing, he begins to feel warmth, he has wonderful dreams, but these wonderful dreams are the dreams of approaching death. So the "sleepers" should remember that their "sweet dreams" can turn into the dream of the "frozen" very quickly. So, would not it be better to wake up, even risk being "frostbitten", and to start acting with the understanding of the fact that it is possible to change a lot, maybe everything!

Nevertheless, many people prefer that someone else would do all the unskilled and unappreciated and some times risky jobs and, if anything works out there, they will be ready to join the winner. Our enemies tried to foster exactly this consumerist, small-minded attitude. To my joy, there were people, however few, who were not indifferent, who were not afraid to come forward for the right cause, without thinking about, whether it would bring them personal benefit or large problems. While

the rest of the people were only beginning to wake up, I continued the war alone. However, a new turn of my fate and the appearance of a faithful comrade-in-arms were already waiting for me...

Chapter 30.

Moscow "holiday"

I returned from Archangelsk to Moscow. Nothing interesting had happened there during my absence. The life of the city and its inhabitants continued to flow along its natural course, although, there were some changes. In 1991 it became possible to see something that was very common in the rest of Russia, but quite untypical for Moscow. The shelves in shops emptied by leaps and bounds. Before, people stood in line to buy the scarcer goods and mainly, there were people from the nearest regions, who came to Moscow to buy food and other commodities.

But in the summer of 1991 more Muscovites could be observed in these lines, which appeared not only in the centre, but in the outer districts of Moscow, where guests in the capital had never made their purchases before. In order to buy anything, be it a piece of soap or a loaf of bread, people had to stand in lines for several hours. When someone wanted to buy something without spending a lot of time in lines, the city markets were the place to go, but the prices were a bit higher and therefore one overpaid. So, Moscow met me with lines almost everywhere.

When I came back to the capital, I continued to lead my usual life—I worked with people directly and by phone, met interesting people and spoke with those who searched for answers to their questions. I returned to my usual routine, which most people would consider unbelievable even by Moscow's standards.

Soon after my returning from Archangelsk, Svetlana returned from Lithuania. She brought some presents, mainly Lithuanian meat foods, which were incredibly delicious. I was very surprised to see so many different sorts of smoked meats. Nothing of the kind could be found in Russian shops and there were few places at local markets where one could buy something similar. Svetlana explained to me that in Lithuania every small town had its own recipes for smoking. Every master smoker had his own secrets and Lithuania produced a lot of such meat products, most of which were exported.

Soviet people (except for the Lithuanians) had to eat "sausages" which contained "meat" in name only. But stacks of meat products of

the highest quality went abroad. Soviet people had to eat pure starch at the very best, but good products must go abroad! Actually the attitude of the Soviet Union toward its own citizens was very strange. Any foreigner who arrived in the USSR was made to feel like a real king, although in his Motherland he could be a simple teacher or a cowboy; but in the USSR he was almost a god. Foreigners were fawned on; they had their special shops, restaurants and hotels, where a simple Soviet man was not allowed. I saw nothing like this anywhere else in the world.

I visited Hungary and South Germany, and later I lived in the USA, but nowhere had I seen anything of the kind. In other countries the advantage was always given first to their citizens, and all guests were mainly regarded as a possible source of profit. There was no rule in any country of the world that the citizen of this country could not enter a restaurant, shop, etc. but guests were admitted without problems only because they had come from another country.

The Soviet government showed its true nature in adopting this attitude toward its citizens. The population of this enormous country was, in effect, considered to be slaves, although what they hammered into our heads from childhood was quite the opposite; that everything was created for the good of the Soviet man. One can understand the depth of this lie only when visiting other countries and seeing with one's own eyes how governments of other countries treat their citizens. For them, citizens are human beings and must come first, and all foreigners second or third, depending on which country they come from. The appalling attitude toward the citizens of their own country was possible only in the USSR, nowhere else...

When Svetlana returned from Lithuania, she visited me almost every day. The world of Big Space, which I opened for her, became somewhat of a "drug" for her—she longed for the stars more and more every day. This became the meaning of her life. But some forces did not like this course of events (these forces were very real, not mystical ones, as someone may think).

Several persons, very influential in the Soviet system, hunted down people with very strong parapsychical abilities (as, for example, Svetlana) and now took notice of her. When they knew that she was in contact with me and was not going to renounce what she had learned, they openly began to badger her. It was real badgering at all levels. A "friend" of hers who called Svetlana "my dear sister" for "some" reason poured a poison in the drink she brought to Svetlana with words of gratitude for all the good she had done her. It is very peculiar method of expressing gratitude, isn't it!?

Svetlana called me, being in a terrible state. She was literally being turned inside out because of her "friend's" "gratitude". It happened pretty late at night and I immediately went to her hotel, as soon as she called me. She lived in a comfortable room in the hotel "Kiev" which was near the Kievan rail station. The road was almost empty and I was there in half an hour.

I arrived in time. The poison had not quite finished its dirty business yet. Probably, the fact that I had already worked with her and had enough time to change a lot of things in her helped. One way or another, when I arrived, she was still alive. I immediately began to destroy the poison in her body and eliminate the damage already done. After my work Svetlana began to feel better. The horrible pain that was twisting her up disappeared. Her face regained some colour, although she still was pale.

I told her to try to sleep and, making sure that everything was all right, went back to my place. In the morning I called her. There was no threat to her health any more. Nevertheless, I went to the hotel to check her condition once again. I worked with her a little to put her to rights as quickly as possible. Her "friend", as you may assume, disappeared without trace. Certainly, she neither was abducted by aliens, nor did she "fall" into a parallel world. The next day she simply headed for home, without even warning her "best friend".

As soon as Svetlana took my side, she also began to lead a "merry life". Giving her poison was just the first foray. When those behind the actions of Svetlana's "friend" understood that they could not make her change her mind, using poison or something similar, they began to use other methods. They began a series of pretty powerful mental beatings. Considering her natural sensitivity, these blows were especially strong for Svetlana: they were inflicted by people she knew and who threatened to eliminate her if she continued to co-operate with me.

She was told that she would be ground into dust, threatened that her son would not live, if she rejected their demands to betray me. They insinuated that her father, whom she loved very much, had a weak heart and one day it could "suddenly" stop. When these words did not produce the effect they wanted, they began to act. They began to hit her ever more strongly. The blows were of such strength that they knocked Svetlana out of her body. Sometimes as a result of these blows she appeared to be in a deep coma, when the signs of life were barely distinguishable, sometimes—as far as clinical death. Every time I succeeded in returning her to a normal state; although sometimes her "disconnection" lasted pretty long—an hour, and sometimes two!

After each blow I both returned Svetlana to life and made some

transformation in order to prevent this from happening again. But "friends" struck a new blow in another place and I had to restore her again and create new qualities and properties to protect her from this continual beating. When the blows of local "guys" failed to get the desired results, they complained to their overlords who then began to beat Svetlana themselves, and these blows were now much more serious...

I had already made two attempts to create a family and I now did not think that this was possible for me. An "ordinary" woman could not understand my aims and values in principle, and women "advanced" in such matters almost always appeared to be self-enamoured egoists who en joyed their "delusions of grandeur" which I had been able to observe from my own experience. Besides, a relationship just for the sake of it never interested me.

Love always meant for me first and foremost a union of kindred souls and therefore, I had thought that I would be alone for the rest of my life. When I met this beautiful and clever woman, Svetlana, I rejoiced, because here was a person who indeed understood what I said, who was interested in what I did and what the purpose of my life was. I can always see when a person indeed understands or is only pretending that he understands.

Naturally I began to have a soft spot for Svetlana and was afraid that if I began to speak about something greater than friendship, I would spoil everything. I wanted very much to preserve this kinship of souls and not frighten it away "by saying something stupid": moreover, my past experience had not inclined me to take the romantic route. But I saw with my own eyes how Svetlana fought for that toward which she had been travelling all her life, and I understood that she was exactly the right woman, my alter ego. Even when I understood this, I was in no hurry to tell her, because I thought that she might misunderstand and I would spoil this wonderful unity of souls.

When Svetlana was poisoned, I decided that she was in mortal danger because of me and while she was with me it would not stop. Therefore I had to explain everything to her in order that she could make her choice: either abandon me and go back to her old life or finally determine her attitude toward me, because I would only be able to help her (in case of new attacks) if she was with me permanently. Therefore, life itself pushed me to take action—no matter how worried I was about her possible refusal. I decided that there was a great need not to delay it any longer.

One evening I called Svetlana and asked her whether she would be free, got an affirmative answer and came to her at the "Kiev". I bought

a beautiful bouquet of roses (at least, I thought it was) and entering Svetlana's room, proposed to her with this bouquet, offering her my hand and my heart. I was a little worried, but when I heard her "yes" my joy was ineffable.

When I came back home, my soul rejoiced and I for the first time in my life felt happy. I always liked the aria sung by Mister X from Imre Kalman's operetta "The Circus Princess". I often quietly sang it, because it resonated with me. The wonderful words of this aria touched my heart:

> The flowers shed their petals on the sand. No one knows how lonely my way is. But where is the heart which will love me? My fate is always to wear the mask.

Although I always acted without a mask, the essence was the same. I thought that the way I had chosen doomed me to complete loneliness, because it was difficult to imagine a woman who would be ready to go, together with me, against the current, to endanger her own life and be doomed to a permanent fight without which my way was impossible. But such a woman had appeared and now she was beside me. But the most unbelievable facts about this woman were revealed later, when we began to work together and past events began to open up for us one after another and clarify the truth about our past...

Soon after my proposal I found an apartment in one of the working districts of Moscow and we moved to a standard one-room apartment in a standard Soviet dwelling. The apartment was small, just like all one-room apartments of this type, but it did not matter to us.

After this event the activity of our far away "friends" grew. The range of devilish methods of influence they applied was unbelievably wide. The refinement of their tortures would stir the envy of the most acute sadists and monsters of cruelty.

The ingenuity of Dark Forces to create dirty tricks always surprised me. If only this ingenuity were directed on something good and creative, instead of destructive. But these monsters were not interested in creation. There was only one positive thing in this dangerous situation. In order to strike a new blow every time they had to "drag" out new "trump cards" from their "arsenal" and, when I put an end to their next despicable act, fewer and fewer unknown to me "trumps" remained in their hands. Besides, when they used new "trumps", they gave me information to think about. In order to foil each new attempt, I had to create new qualities and abilities, making new bodies for me and Svetlana.

After each fight, there were small periods of relative calm, when, having got the next portion of "food for thought" I created fundamentally new structures, bodies and qualities about which I had not so much as a suspicion before. Also, in order to neutralize the blows, I had to study and understand their nature first and only after this could I create the requisite properties and qualities, structures and bodies, which allowed resistance to not only this particular action, but the whole spectrum of this kind of action, based on its nature and on every possible combination I could think of.

Pretty quickly I succeeded in calming the most active "friends" in the nearest outskirts of our Universe. At the same time I did not limit myself to the creation of protection from the blows: I also punished the whole hierarchical system that stood behind them, because very often the actions were performed by executor-pawns, which were sacrificed without any regrets. They expected that in case of failure they would just lose their soldiers, nothing more, but I had another strategy.

The executors are not entirely responsible, more precisely, not as responsible as those who give them their orders. Therefore, when I neutralized the next assailant or assailants, I usually put them in "strait jackets" and began to interrogate them about who they were, why they attacked and who gave them orders. Thus I went through the whole chain until I reached the hierarch responsible.

Usually, I protested vigorously against this kind of action and challenged him to a fight. Battles with the heads of hierarchies were full of surprises which sometimes were impossible even to imagine. First, they always had some tricks which they put aside for dessert. They began the battle with an examination of what I had, but I also was canny and did not show myself fully, only partly, in order to have as great a supply of advantages at the end of the battle as possible.

In other words, during the battle each side tried to find out everything about the reserves of the opposite side, while keeping its own secrets to the maximum. When they found blanks and drawbacks in my system, they began to hit there with the reserves they had carefully stored, which means that they struck with the help of that quality which I lacked at that moment in the battle. It was my "Achilles' heel" and, at the same time, my advantage! As I already wrote before, when I was attacked by what I did not have, it became possible at that point to have direct contact with new qualities and properties, new matters which were unknown to me. Direct contact allowed me to scan all this and create similar qualities for myself.

In this case during the fight I could make new bodies of the spirit, new structures of the brain and create some interesting "doodads".

Very often the information and new qualities and properties obtained during a fight gave me that missing piece of mosaic without which it was impossible to create anything fundamentally new and not only for me. These new qualities and properties which I got during these battles almost always allowed me to move a step forward on my evolutional way. During these battles Svetlana's help with her wonderful seeing and telepathic reception was invaluable, and allowed me to focus solely on the solution of problems, while Svetlana supplied the necessary information. Because of this everything happened much more quickly and effectively, with minimum losses and damage.

I managed to invent very effective tactics and strategy. However, for this purpose I had to take the blows, not hide from them. This was not pleasant, but was always very effective. I did not feel fear and not because I did not care, but because I understood that I had only to allow fear into my soul... and I would be lost.

Only deliberate suppression of fear allowed me to operate quickly and effectively, to make correct decisions, etc., despite pain and partial elimination of what was recently a part of me. I can assure you that it gave me no satisfaction, but I knew that only this approach would allow me to find the solution to the problem before I would be totally eliminated. And, when I found the solution, I immediately began to implement it and won.

Sometimes I restored and cardinally reconstructed myself during a battle; sometimes I did this after it. But, one way or another I continued to go forward, each time solving more complicated problems, and in order to do that, often I had to change my perception of what was going on, because without that change, using only old patterns, it would be impossible to solve each new problem as it appeared in my way.

Sluggishness of thought is death to forward movement. I understood that right from the start. Therefore, each time, I tried to find a new approach to problem solving. Sometimes it happened at once; sometimes I needed time in order to accumulate all the "pieces" of a mosaic needed for a new leap forward in the solution of new tasks.

My mind always was open to new things, I never said: "It cannot happen, because it can never happen". If I found something new, no matter how unbelievable it was, I always began to ask myself questions—what was that and would I be able to guess the nature of this riddle—and almost always I could solve seemingly insoluble problems. Sometimes a solution came at once, sometimes the problem was submerged in the depths of my consciousness and "smouldered" there like an everburning ember until the necessary "pieces" were found and then

the solution flashed in my brain like a supernova.

It always worked like this, even much earlier when I invented different devices. I flung a task into my consciousness and it "simmered away" there until the solution was "cooked". When that happened, I saw the solution in my head as a real device, sat down and drew a ready to use version with all necessary details at once, without any intermediate variants. And this method of solving the vital tasks came in handy for my work in Space. One way or another, everything I had done in my life before day "M" was very useful for me in my star wars and not only there.

Also, it appeared that most black hierarchs with whom I had to battle were in fact entrapped light hierarchs who more primitive black hierarchs had bent to their will. The evolutional development ceiling of black hierarchies is very low (compared with light ones), but they compensated for this by the development of their flexibility and dynamism.

Before they decided to entrap a light hierarch, they usually sent their servants who attacked this hierarch and in the majority of cases appeared to be destroyed by him. But those who sent their servants to their death were absolutely indifferent to what would happen to them. They observed without any interference in the events, calmly studying the light hierarch they had chosen to be their next victim.

The purpose of this observation was to find weak points in the defense and if lucky— evolutional flaws, which always exist at any level of development. It is true that flaws at various levels are different, but they always will be, because there is always something that is unknown for one or another creature.

When they finally managed to find a gap in the structures of a light hierarch, black hierarchies were never in a hurry to attack their victims. If they lacked qualities necessary for the attack, they first went in search of those who had these qualities and, attacking those whom they could win over, absorbed them and thus acquired new qualities, necessary for the attack they had planned, and only after all this did they attack the victim they had chosen.

In this case a light hierarch was in a position, where he had nothing with which to counteract the blow or blows and he (or she) became captured. There was only one possible way out of this kind of situation—to scan the aggressor very quickly and create new qualities and properties, new bodies and structures during the battle. It is the only way, because it is impossible to protect yourself from something you do not know about.

Regrettably, few light hierarchs adhered to this method. It is hard for me to judge why this situation occurred. I did not aim to find out

the reasons, because I had to battle, instead of studying the history of the question. One way or another, Dark Forces always acted like parasites both on planets they had seized and in Big Space, which they tried to place at their service. Being unable to develop, Dark Forces always parasitized on those who could, by using their errors or omissions against them. It is a sad fact, no matter how aggravating it is perceived to be.

Chapter 31.

The White Brotherhood

One way or another, I managed to block the next assailant without any serious consequences for me. I already knew from my own experience that the word of a black hierarch was not worth a button when he wore a "strait-jacket". I experienced this as early as at the beginning of my space Odyssey—in 1987—when I solved the problem with Yeori, who tried to steal my brain transformation know-how. At the same time I worked out a method of finally solving the problem with black hierarchs and parasitic civilizations.

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From my point of view, the return to the point of evolutional warp and the granting of another chance to choose the light way of development allowed the stopping of parasitic hierarchies and civilizations and at the same time the saving for the Universe the uniqueness of every civilization, every form of life! Absolutely wonderful! I managed, probably by accident, to find a fundamentally new method of completely neutralizing parasitic systems without destroying the uniqueness of any form of life and creature.

So, when I applied my method ... I received a quite unexpected result. When I neutralized the first serious competitor, who appeared to be a light hierarch entrapped by Dark Forces, and started the process..., the miracle happened. The process went only to the point when this creature was taken by space parasites and...., it became the same it had been before being captured.

In other words, a light creature completely freed from the control of Dark Forces again became the creature it had, in essence, always been. It is difficult to imagine the delight I felt when it happened for the first time. Every time I liberated the next prisoner from the power of the space parasites I was extremely happy.

Almost everyone who was released from the control of the Dark Forces wished to fight this abomination. Like no one else they knew what the black side was. As they say, one "beaten" is worth two "unbeaten". This was observed in the case of creatures freed from the control of the parasitic system—their personal experience, indignation and desire to put an end to it, wherever possible, made them the best

warriors against these forces.

For the greater understanding of parasites' cynicism and meanness I would like to talk about their methods of capture. These parasites aimed to preserve all the unique qualities and properties of a light hierarch after his capture. Therefore, they did everything possible to do exactly that; the feelings of a captured hierarch did not bother them. The "happiest" hierarchs, in one sense of this word, were those who remembered nothing of what they did after being captured. For these "lucky beggars" it was as though they had fallen into a stupor after their capture and awakened from it after their liberation. However, there were hierarchs who were not so "lucky" and here is why.

Some times the parasites could not use a light hierarch's properties and evolutional qualities with his consciousness switched off. In these cases they did not turn off the consciousness of a captured light hierarch, but only controlled his (her) actions. It is difficult to imagine the torments of the creature, who could see how he destroyed with his own hands everything that had made sense of his life, his comrade-in-arms, etc.

When released from the control of the parasitic forces, these creatures suffered most of all, but when they recovered from their psychical depression, they became the most active warriors fighting the parasites. They, best of all, knew what the space parasites were. When the next captured hierarch was liberated from parasitic control, a total transformation of the system which he headed occurred.

The liberated hierarchs joined us and became our comrades-in-arms in our fight.

. . . . . .

At the same time, it did not mean that we could attack any civilization or hierarchy of civilizations only because their concepts did not coincide with ours, no matter how "right" we were. This is the difference between Light and Dark ways—one must not impose anything on anyone, even the "right" thing.

That would be rather like the gentleman who insists on helping a lady (who actually wants the next stop) off the bus at his stop, because he is well mannered and thinks he is being helpful!?... Interference with the internal affairs of other civilizations and their unions is impermissible, until a civilization or union poses a threat to others by their actions or direct aggression.

Only in this situation is interference without invitation permissible. Unfortunately or fortunately, the nature of the dark parasitic forces is that they cannot exist without attacking light civilizations in order to devour the resources, properties and qualities of their hierarchs. There-

fore, there is no need to meddle with them, they will do it themselves.

For a very long time their strategy and tactics worked perfectly, but this time ended and, when greater flexibility, dynamism and mobility is used against them, the parasites have nothing to "answer" with. A new era came in Big Space, when Light Forces got a weapon in their hands to use against Dark Forces, which had no serious counteraction.

My accidental (or not so accidental) discovery became a key in the effective fight against the parasitic forces. This is the fight, when the war does not result in destruction, but in creation, when the beaten parasitic forces are not destroyed physically or impounded in space reservations, (where they would only accumulate anger and nurture yet more fiendish plans in case of eventual liberation), but get another chance to return to the point of the evolutional defect and follow the way of creation, instead of destruction.

I would like to say some words about the creation of doubles and merging of spirits. This idea was born as early as 1987, when I observed my own way of development and discovered that three spirits of different levels of development entered in the moment of my conception. The point is that my main spirit had such a level of development that there was no chance for it to conform to the developing biomass. The evolutional levels of the fetus and this spirit were so different that the direct entering into the biomass was out of the question.

Therefore, the spirit which was concordant with the developing biomass entered first. The process resembled the one when spirits of extinct animals enter a zygote (fertilized egg) for some time, during which they lift the developing biomass to the next evolutional level, thus, allowing a spirit of higher level to enter, until a human spirit gets the possibility of qualitative concordance with the human developing genetics.

The same phenomenon happened in my case, except for one detail. The level of development of my main spirit was such that the levels of the earth spirits of extinct animals were not enough in order for the concordance between the developing biomass and my spirit to occur. That is why two human spirits of intermediate level of development were additionally engaged. Their task was exactly the same as that of the extinct animals—to become an evolutional "step" between the main spirit and the developing biomass of my physical body.

Without these intermediate spirits my main spirit had no chance to comport with my genes. The levels of these two intermediate spirits were also different. The first one was a male spirit. It pretty quickly developed the biomass to a certain level. The second intermediate spirit was a female spirit which was compatible with my physical body when

the first male spirit had evolutionally raised its level of development to that which would be concordant with the second, female spirit which in the shortest period of time possible developed my physical body to the level of my main spirit.

The concordance of my main spirit with my physical body happened, when I was fourteen, and thereafter its development took place in my body. The order with which the intermediate spirits entered my physical body is quite interesting. The first intermediate male spirit "worked" in my body during first seven years, and the second intermediate female spirit "worked" the other seven years.

It is related to the fact that male spirits develop quicker during the first seven years and the next seven years—female ones. The stormy development of the second material body (the ether body) takes place during the first seven years and after that the third material body of the spirit (the astral body) starts to develop. Thus, both male and female intermediate spirits quickly raised the level of development of my physical body to the level, when my main male spirit had the possibility of concordance with my physical body.

All this I discovered only in 1987, when I began to perform my transformations. One day, when I discussed the development of man, I came across the concept of yin and yang, male and female principles. Most people assume that the development of man is impossible without the harmony between them, that the female principle has qualities and properties without which the evolutional movement forward of a man is impossible. The contrary statement is also right—without male properties and qualities the development of a woman is impossible. Everyone sees only one way in this situation: to look for their "other half" and get the necessary qualities and properties for development through the so-called white Tantra.

Probably, someone may find this way extremely interesting, but not me. First, because the chance to find your promised one is very small and the "intensive" search, which some people perform, trying to find harmony by the cut-and-try method, usually brings the searcher to the black Tantra, and as a result of such an evolutional "jump", he actually goes down evolutionally, because he understands the harmony between the male and female elements primitively—only as the intimate closeness between man and woman. And this understanding is quite wrong. It was intentionally imposed by Dark Forces through some eastern "spiritual" teachings.

The harmony between male and female elements is a mutual complementation of elements at the level of spirits, not at the level of physical bodies. It is a confluence of streams of primary matters which

run through male and female spirits.

When I understood this, I asked myself a question: how I could get this harmony without waiting for it all my life (which also does not guarantee that the promised person will be found). And the thought flashed through my mind! Look, your body was consistently developed by three spirits, one of which was female. Why not try to unite male and female spirits? Would it result in the confluence of male and female elements, which was so needed to continue the evolutional development!?

But the confluence of male and female spirit creates a closed power ring which in itself does not favour development. And again I found a prompt within myself. In fact, my body was consistently developed by the male spirit, then by the female, and after that by the male spirit again. And I had a "crazy" idea of merging all these three spirits which participated in the forming of my physical body!

The confluence of one male and one female spirit gives a single male-female whole and the third male spirit, merging with the intermediate ones, adds the required qualities for my development as a man, as a male spirit. The situation for women is the same. It is only necessary to merge in a single whole two female spirits and one male. Isn't that a simple and beautiful solution?

No sooner said than done. The fact that I had all my spirits which participated in the development of my physical body "at hand" helped a lot. I made my spirits out of the body and informed them about my decision. For one or another reason, the auxiliary spirits did not object and I made the confluence all in one. Exactly after this I repeatedly made the confluence with doubles of other creatures or with spirits who decided to merge with mine and did not want to incarnate anymore.

Well, let me come back to the light hierarchs who were liberated from the control of parasites. They gradually formed the White Brotherhood. It was white not because of the colour of the skin, but because of the world view and the principles of creation, instead of destruction as it was in parasitic systems. Among these light knights there were mainly humanoid creatures that, to a greater or lesser degree, looked like earthly man. They differed mainly in the colour of the skin, the form and colour of eyes, height, structure and form of hair or that, which we call hair.

The first hierarchs who were liberated and joined my fight were Dark, York, Tor, Ayan and Vilen. I would like to pay special attention to the last two who were not entrapped light hierarchs. They were dark hierarchs. More precisely, they began their evolutional development in the hierarchies which had already been taken by the space parasites,

and they had their evolution under the influence of Dark Forces

They knew no other way of development, only the one they imbibed with their mother's milk. Despite this, they had a huge desire to move forward and at a certain stage of their movement they faced a dilemma: in order to move forward they either should become parasitic, stealing new qualities and properties from those who were able to evolve independently, or earn these new qualities by themselves.

They chose the second option and from this moment on stopped being dark hierarchs. Certainly, this did not happen in a trice, but from that moment they began to move in quite another evolutional direction, still being within the parasitic system. They became strangers among their own people and were at home among strangers. Certainly, when they started to follow the light way of development, they did not make "official statements", but, fully understanding the parasitic essence of Dark Forces, they tried to minimize the consequences of this way of life on their spaceneighbours, by preventing the parasitic system from permeating them.

They were forced to hide their real essence from their nearest circle. It was not their fault that they were born into parasitic civilizations. It was immeasurably more difficult for them to come to the Light under these conditions than for anyone else, but they were able to do this. When I came across them for the first time, my scanning and their conduct showed that they were not dark hierarchs.

They had honour which the dark in principle cannot have. Also they had many other things that showed me that there was a light creature in front of me. It was difficult to define whether it was a clever game on the part of the enemy or an extraordinary situation in which a creature appeared because of the circumstances. But, nevertheless, I defined their essence, glancing into the depths of their spirit, where I saw nothing dark, trusted them and never felt sorry about it later. It is always important to see the essence behind the form. It is simply impossible to advance without this.

The White Brotherhood aimed to clear the whole of Space from space parasites! Who knew better than they the nature of social parasites?! And who had any greater right to do this than they? And who was able to resist any tricks of the "devourers" of all good better than they?

In order to begin to fulfill this super-task, they did not need to attack social parasites on the space level! A lot of civilizations and unions of civilizations constantly needed help in their fight against parasite-aggressors. Moreover, the space parasites constantly attacked these Light hierarchs, who unexpectedly appeared from nowhere and oper-

ated according to a principle unknown to the parasites, because they presented mortal danger for the parasites, for their very existence and they understood this perfectly.

During a fight "new" light hierarchs could gain new qualities and structures and every new "acquisition" they created became the property of the whole White Brotherhood immediately! Thus, any surprise prepared by the parasites during a battle became a new weapon against them and they had no defense against it. Most likely, it is the first time since mind began to exist in the Universe that Light Forces received the real possibility of resisting Dark Forces effectively without the danger of conversion into those against whom they battled.

When the counteraction of Light Forces was at the level of action of Dark Forces, sooner or later the Dark won, because light hierarchs did not pay attention to actions at other levels, when repulsing an attack at the material level. And these actions were always the most important, while the actions at the level of technologies were only distractive ones.

The most important thing was a new principle of fighting the parasites, which allowed only the destruction of parasitic structures and systems, liberating from their control everyone captured—and not only single hierarchs, but also whole civilizations and even hierarchical unions, which comprised a great number of civilizations, converted by space parasites into slaves!..

Chapter 32.

The big layered pie

However, in July, 1991 all this had just begun. There were only the first hierarchs and first civilizations liberated from the slavery of social parasites. I have already described the events which happened at the level of our six-ray. In fact, one six-ray, no matter how enormous it may be from the point of view of an inhabitant of Earth, in Big Universe is equivalent to an atom of our Matrix space. Each six-ray is situated in a knot of the cellular structure of the Matrix which is a huge Mobius band. Matrix spaces of one type of space quantization make a "layered pie" out of the Mobius bands, but this pie is not the only one!

When Svetlana and I travelled through our Universe, we reached the edge of the "layered pie" where our Midgard-earth is and found a black, bottomless hole in Big Universe. The feeling was like getting to the shore of an enormous ocean, the other side of which was in the middle of nowhere. Following my habit of advancing and trying everything unusual, I "stepped" into this black abyss and very quickly stepped back, because as soon as I moved into this hole, the bodies of my spirit and my structures began to burn and disintegrate which felt very unpleasant.

My first attempt to cross this hole failed. I recovered my "scorched" structures and began to think about this unexpected problem. It turned out that even with all my bodies and structures it was impossible to get out from our "layered pie". I was eager to get out, but the question was —how? Because all of my spirit bodies which I had worked out in our "layered pie" were still not enough to "cross" this abyss! Therefore, I had to invent a fundamentally new strategy and tactics to achieve my aim, and test all this on myself. It was important to find a solution which would prevent the "burning" of my spirit. In other words, I wanted to cross the abyss and remain alive.

Well, what a task, what a situation! If I could not find a fundamentally new solution, I would be doomed to "flounder about" within the limits of our "layered pie" which in itself was not so bad, but... I was eager to look beyond this hole and see what was there! And I began to "use" my wits, sometimes a very useful thing to do!

I began scanning and analysis of the area closest to me. And I

understood that I did not have a single body or structure of my spirit, which would conform to the area nearest the hole. It would seem that was the end, but I was not going to surrender. If I did not have a single body or structure, why not to create them, I had created fundamentally new bodies and structures before, so why not to try to do it now!?

The problem was how to create bodies and structures in these very unusual circumstances? And then I had an idea of finding matters, out of which I could create necessary bodies and structures, in myself. And I began to single out of myself those matters which somehow could conform to the qualities of this hole.

My logic was simple. If our spatial "layered pie" adjoined this black precipice, it could only be that the boundary spaces were in a neutral state with this black abyss, where there were neither spaces nor anything else in the form to which we were accustomed, but it did not mean that there was absolutely nothing. Simply there were other matters in the black abyss.

And I began to assemble my new bodies, properties and qualities out of a few of the pieces I had, which allowed me to take a small step into this black abyss without being disintegrated. When I had taken that first step, I began to create the next system of bodies and structures out of other pieces that I had, which allowed me to do the next step and etc., until I and Svetlana, for whom I did the same, made it to the other side of the abyss.

And there, on the other side of the black abyss, where there was no matter, nothing at all— either dead or alive—Space of unbelievable majestic beauty appeared again. It differed a little from ours. We had entered into another "layered pie". The laws of Universe were different, but, nevertheless, it was a space in the direct sense of this word—with its stars and galaxies, universes and matrix spaces. But the basis of this new "layered pie" were matters of another type, if comparing to ours, nevertheless, it did not prevent "local" spaces from being wonderful and majestic.

There was a surprise waiting for us just as we got to the other side of the abyss in the form of an unusual creature. He was a humanoid, but very unusual even according to our concepts. His body appeared to be streamed with some unusual matter which according to our perception was silver. His name was Ordan, but what he "said" shocked us. I would like to remind you that under "said" I include telepathic transmission of information from brain to brain; so, Ordan "said": "What took you so long?"

When we heard that question, we both were taken aback and our first reaction was that it was some kind of misunderstanding. But it

appeared that there was no misunderstanding at all and that silver-mercury Ordan truly was waiting for us.

It appeared that our spirits, mine and Svetlana's, originated here. A very long time ago my spirit had gone voluntarily to the spaces from which we had just returned with an important mission. The purpose of which was to find a key to solve the problem of the parasitic systems, which had bred and spread everywhere and their action resulted in the Big Universe, which contained a great number of "layered pies" formed out of matrix spaces, being destroyed... twice. Because of the activity of these parasites, the "fabric" of the Big Universe became unstable twice and each time it died, or more precisely, each configuration died.

Big Universe died in order to regenerate in a slightly different form. The mythical Phoenix was reduced to ashes and from these ashes rose again: Big Universe also regenerated after death, but in another form and all civilizations that existed there disappeared without trace. And everything began again.

The reason for the destruction of the previous Big Universes was the action of the parasitic systems, which, being unable to evolve any further, captured light hierarchs and parasitized on them and their hierarchies. As a result of which they used the abilities which they stole and often did not understand their nature. Sooner or later, a moment came, when their actions resulted in the instability of the whole space, and Big Universe died in order to regenerate again, but in another form.

The parasitic systems always played the role of "cancerous tumour" which sooner or late "killed" its carrier—be it the human organism or the whole Universe. We heard this from Ordan and a lot of other things too. He told us that in order to try to solve this problem somehow or at least "grope" for a solution I was sent to those spaces from which we just came. It turned out that during this search my spirit arrived at our good old Earth. Svetlana's spirit voluntarily followed me and eventually we found each other.

When we recovered a little from the shock caused by Ordan's words, we continued our journey. On crossing the black abyss, we had acquired new qualities and properties and as a result of this we got into fundamentally new spaces, where I gladly began to create new bodies for my own and Svetlana's spirit because without them it would be impossible to move further. I created new structures of brain, new qualities and properties. Ordan gave us a lot from his "arsenal" thus, making my work very much easier. One way or another, when Svetlana and I crossed the black abyss, we underwent our next qualitative transformation.

Ordan told us a lot about ourselves. It appeared that my spirit voluntarily crossed this black abyss which resulted in a lot of its bodies and structures, which I had already evolved, burning out during the transition. The purpose of this transition was to try to find the solution to the problem of the parasitic systems in another "layered pie". It had to be the final solution, not a temporary one, when legions of the parasitic systems were smashed in one or another battle; when Light Forces could only repulse their next attempts to enlarge the space domains they had already enslaved. The maximal result which Light Forces could achieve was the creation of isolated areas (quarantines) in Universe. Those spaces-universes which "caught" the "virus" of the parasitic system were simply isolated from the rest of Space by the creation of black abysses, through one of which I and Svetlana just passed.

The methods used by the Light Forces only allowed the isolation of "infected" spaces from "healthy" ones and regretful observation through these spatial qualitative barriers, (which the parasitic forces could not break through), of how the parasites which failed to be contained in the quarantine area, devoured, both directly and figuratively, civilizations and hierarchies

All this is similar to amputation to stop the spread of gangrene, when a part is sacrificed in order to save the whole. However, the "whole" became smaller and smaller with every "amputation", because the parasitic systems appeared independently of each other in different places. This method only delayed the agony, because every "amputation" brought the parasitic system ever nearer to the "heart" of Light spaces, and sooner or later it would result in Big Space dying from the "cancerous tumour" of parasitism just the same.

That was why I went to one of the quarantined areas, to find a fundamentally new solution to the problem and in the end appeared on Midgard-earth which had already been taken by parasites. It happened that exactly on this little planet on the outskirts of the galaxy, (while having the memory blocked!) I succeeded in finding the final solution to the problem of parasitism.

. . . . . .

Certainly, I was lucky that, having my memory completely shut down, or most likely, precisely owing to this fact, I succeeded in finding a fundamentally new solution to this problem. One way or another, as a result of all this I appeared on Midgard-earth in the body which I have now. Svetlana's spirit had been always with me during billions of years till the moment when I voluntarily crossed the black abyss. I went without warning her for one reason—I did not want to put

her in very serious danger, where she may die, in the process of my searching for the solution. When Svetlana knew what I had done, she rushed after me, independently crossing the black abyss and appeared on Midgard-earth, following my tracks.

In fact, in order to be incarnated in the physical body a spirit first gets into one or another planetary level, where it waits for conception. When a qualitative splash harmonious with the level of the spirit occurs, it is incarnated and starts to evolve in the genes, which correspond to the unfolding of its abilities.

Sometimes, in order to accelerate the confluence of necessary qualities of genetics; spirits or their "nursemaids" influence the fate of one or more people in order that their lines of life intersect and the desired embodiment of a spirit becomes possible. In our case, mine and Svetlana's, it was arranged so that the fates of our parents intersected and my appearance and Svetlana's became possible. Not only were the fates of our parents influenced, but they also were prepared in order for our birth to happen. The dark side, which also knew about our spirits, did everything they could to impede it, right up attempted murder before our birth.

One way or another, I and Svetlana appeared on Midgard-earth and for a pretty long time did not even know why we appeared together on this planet. Each lived their own life, but fate led us to the moment, when our ways intersected at one point, which in itself is a miracle, taking into account all the circumstances and conditions in which we appeared after our spirits had incarnated.

Our life paths intersected at one point and since then we have not separated, although sometimes we have to live separately from each other for quite a long time and very often it does not depend on our wishes. Our enemies do everything possible and impossible to prevent us from being together. Although they sometimes succeed in separating us physically, our spiritual unity does not weaken but only becomes stronger because of this. According to their concepts, physical separation must lead to spiritual breakup too: they counted on that without understanding the simple truth— when there is cognation and unity of souls, no distances and tests can frighten those, who have it.

The servants of Dark Forces and the slaves of the physical bodies are unable to understand that there is something higher than physiology and if a person reaches the phase of man (man controls his instincts), his concept of love goes to a level unattainable at the phase of a reasonable animal; a level of such emotions and values which are totally unimaginable for those, who can not reach the level of man.

They thought that they would be able to get what they wanted—by

destroying our union, creating problems for us, separating us by circumstances which they created, but as a result of all their efforts our feelings toward each other did not become weaker, on the contrary, they became much stronger in spite of the difficulties we were forced to overcome. Trying to obtain one thing, they got the opposite; and that was because of the way they projected their own concepts onto that, about which they did not have the least idea.

Generally speaking, the servants of Dark Forces are able to think only in terms of their own categories and do not imagine that someone else can feel and perceive the surrounding world differently, that there are other values, about which they know and understand nothing, except those to which they are accustomed. But their lack of understanding (or estimation of everything from their own parochial view) does not mean that someone else is unable to have other principles and values.

And they did it all for nothing—their meanness only tempered and consolidated that which they so foolishly tried to destroy. Despite the fact that their actions brought us both heartache, sufferings and powerful inner tension which required us to strain all our spiritual forces, this strain did not destroy us, but only made us stronger. Our enemies found this incomprehensible

All this will happen in the future, but the summer of 1991 was only the beginning of our joint opposition to the parasites. We could not even imagine a lot of things which waited for us in the future, but I would choose the same road without any hesitation, despite all the adversities I came across on it. I would wish only one thing, if I had another chance to go the same way—the possibility of preventing the deaths of my friends. If it were possible to turn everything back, I would do exactly this—I would prevent their deaths, in order that they could continue their way alongside us, to feel that friendly shoulder.

But war is war and, unfortunately, it is impossible to do it without victims. This is the harsh reality and we always had to close ranks and continue to fight against parasites. Although the parasites always had an overwhelming numerical superiority, no one ever thought to surrender, on the contrary, everyone continued to act with double the force.

Neither death, nor ordeals could stop this small army of real knights who battled and died not for the sake of their own benefit, but in order to release from parasitic slavery all those, who knew nothing about this invisible war which never stopped. They battled and perished for those, who were unable to appreciate their feats. They did not battle for the sake of reward and gratitude, but because their souls needed

it, because they simply could not act otherwise, even if those, whom they protected and tried to rescue, considered them cranks and otherworldly, because almost every protected person would gladly accept those comforts which these knights of spirit had renounced.

Regrettably, such is the reality. Most people are unable to reach the phase of man, because the parasitic system does everything possible and impossible to ensure that the masses are never able to overcome the phase of the reasonable animal (when instincts control a person) because only then can they exert control over these masses. But those who, nevertheless, were able to break through the evolutional barrier created by social parasites, began to fight against this parasitic system in order that other people could wake up and become free in the complete sense of the word.

One way or another, without aspiring to any war, I and Svetlana appeared in the "heart" of this war both in Space and on Midgard-earth, where we had to battle with parasites, which, as it turned out later, formed the united parasitic system at all levels, both planetary and Universal. The social parasites of different ranks and levels created a black "web" in the Universe, in which both single civilizations and whole hierarchies of civilizations were caught. One of the reasons for this parasitic system invincibility was the fact that in order to destroy this system on a single planet, where the parasitic system penetrated, though with a relatively small "tentacle", it was necessary to destroy the whole "hydra" at all levels!

Only then was it possible to free this single planet and the whole of Space from this abomination. Destroying the whole was essential in the fight against the parasitic systems. The fight of one civilization or a group of civilizations was always doomed. Even if some civilization succeeded in getting rid of their local social parasites, the external parasites either enslaved the rebellious planet again or simply destroyed it, when the aborigines showed serious resistance, or the strategic significance of the planet was minor and was not worth the time needed for its second enslavement.

Only war with all parasitic systems on a single planet, waged simultaneously with war against all parasitic systems in Big Space had a chance of winning in this truly Universal contest. The problem was also that so few understood this and could detect the external tentacles of the parasitic system, which reached many planets.

The fact that almost no one was able to detect these "TENTACLES" was due to a special trick by the parasites. They were created from the matter of the last universe which had died before the Universe, which exists now, appeared. When the parasites accidentally

came across this piece of the previous Universe preserved by some incredible chance, they understood that they had found a "Klondike" which they could only have dreamed about.

From this time of this discovery the Universal parasites began to devour one hierarchy of light civilizations after other with enormous speed, exactly after the usage of this "Trojan horse", the Light Forces decided to isolate the infected spaces by the black abyss which parasites could not cross even having matter from the previous Universe.

It does not mean that in spaces of Universe separated from the "infected" ones by the black precipice there were no parasites. There were, but these parasites did not have the "absolute weapon" which their "colleagues" were lucky enough to find. Only when I and Svetlana succeeded in finding the source of this parasitic "absolute weapon", could I discover the method of the final full-scale solution to the parasite problem.

But this will happen when many years of the ceaseless war with parasites have gone by. In July, 1991 the first stage of this Universal war started. Neither I, nor Svetlana were able even to imagine what we would find in the nearest future. It was impossible to imagine how the events happening on our little planet on the outskirts of galaxy would get mixed up with those in Big Space. A lot of interesting and unusual events would be waiting for us ahead...

Chapter 33.

The one who turns them around

Meanwhile my life took its normal course: I worked with my patients, met with different interesting people, like everyone else Svetlana and I stood in lines to buy one or another rarity, which in reality, was an essential item to living. There was almost nothing in Soviet shops, but we could afford to buy products at the markets. Mostly we went to the Warsaw market in Moscow, sometimes to the Riga market.

I did not know Moscow very well, although I always had quite a good sense of direction and orientated myself pretty well; usually one is familiar with those districts frequently visited on business, but as I worked at home and people either came to me or I worked with them by phone, there was no special necessity for me to rush around Moscow. Besides, everything we did in our earth reality was more for requirements than natural needs, because our real life was in space.

The boundless spaces of the Universe were our real home, the longing for which became stronger with every passing day. Each day we gained more information about our past and realized more clearly our responsibility to the cause, for which we came to this planet. We often visited different planets which had one or another form of life. In the beginning we chose civilizations of the humanoid type for contacts, probably subconsciously, but sometimes we came across nonhumanoid forms of reasoning life, which were fundamentally different from humanoids not only in their appearance, but also in their cogitative processes.

As long as our spirits and brains were transformed and changed qualitatively, the foundations for communication with non-humanoids were gradually laid: but this process was then at its initial stage and had only just begun to "gather speed" therefore we mainly contacted civilizations and hierarchies of the humanoid type. By the way, humanoid or non-humanoid types of reasoning life are predetermined mainly by the space it occupies. The type and the coefficient of space quantization of matters determine the form of creatures engendered in these spaces. It turned out that the precise optimal conditions for the development of an albuminous life-form were found in our "layered pie", which in the majority of cases resulted in a humanoid type.

However, it was possible to find some very curious phenomena even among civilizations developed on the above basis. When Svetlana began her exploration of Big Space, she found an amazing planet where enormous flowers, of forms that would be unbelievable on our good old Earth, grew; but the most surprising thing was that these fantastic flowers... were singing!

A "glade" of these flowers performed a melody of unbelievable beauty, which compared with nothing on our Earth. The sound vaguely resembled organ music; the singing flowers formed a living "musical instrument" of tens of thousands of "organ-pipes". The flower "orchestra" was not a cacophony, but an unearthly beautiful harmony of unbelievable sounds. Svetlana was really staggered by this singing planet. But even more so by the singing spaces which we found when we crossed the black precipice. Certainly, these spaces did not sing in the usual sense of this word. They pulsated in different rhythms, throwing out clods of different matter, which superimposed on each other and created a universal "colour music".

On Earth we mostly performed the work which had now become routine—we defended ourselves from attacks and helped those who were attacked. The hunt for Svetlana intensified. The problem for the attackers was that, every time they did, I made new transformations of her brain and spirit. Very often our new friends and comrades-in-arms in our fight against parasites brought crystals of lost female spirits which they had found. I offered them a chance to be restored, but most of them rejected it and asked to merge themselves with Svetlana's spirit.

Our friends always came with new instruments which they "earned" whilst solving the next problem. Sometimes they returned so radically changed that it was difficult to recognize them. Everyone shared with everyone else their discoveries and new solutions. A lot of them, being liberated from the parasites' control, were eager to fight this abomination as actively as only they could.

If they were hierarchies of civilizations or unions of civilizations, they installed in their place someone to whom they could entrust the responsibility for their civilization and joined our space "knighthood". Somehow it turned out that everyone regarded me as the head, probably, because I began this work by liberating one hierarchy after another from the control of parasites. .... I even was called in space "the one who turns them around". Certainly, I gave all my methods to my new comrades-in-arms and they also began to make the "converted" release other hierarchs and whole hierarchies from parasitic control.

In fact, any serious work always began with my participation and usually I distributed roles and tasks amongst others or fulfilled the

work myself. In the course of time the number of persons who wished to take part in our work increased dramatically and we had to select for Guards the most prepared and inwardly ready persons for this activity. As a result of a general discussion, we decided to make a competitive selection of those who had to form the permanent foundation for this Space Brotherhood.

It was necessary to do this, because the problems which my comrades-in-arms had to solve required a rapid and adequate reaction to nascent situations more and more often; any delay could cost the life of, or seriously damage, a slow person. Therefore we decide to leave truly prepared fighters in charge. Besides, there was no necessity to have so many warriors.

There was a lot of work to be done on the restoration of the liberated spaces of Universe to the norm. The liberation from the parasitic influence did not mean the immediate transition of the enslaved hierarchies and civilizations to the right way. It was necessary to heal the wounds inflicted by the parasitic system which required a lot of time and enormous effort. Therefore this front also required people worthy of absolute trust. Hereupon, I worked out special tests which were obligatory for everyone. When a person passed the first level of tests, he was admitted to the next stage. Those who failed were occupied with work which maximally harmonized with their abilities and skills without any offense.

It did not mean that people "eliminated" by the test became alienated. They had the right to visit anyone at any time, to meet friends, etc. In the light hierarchy there is no place for futile offensives and foolish ambitions. In this system there is no place for nepotism and privileges. Everyone occupies the place in a battle formation which corresponds to the experience, abilities and responsibility which he is able to carry on his shoulders.

In fact, the level of consciousness of light hierarchs always surprised me: most likely because I was brought up on Midgard-earth, where this kind of behaviour simply does not exist. I never saw or heard of any one of them claiming that he (she) was better (higher) than someone else, that he (she) deserved something greater, etc.

Everyone got a task which he was able to fulfill. In the case of an unexpected situation, the one, who had the necessary qualities and properties for its resolution, helped unhesitatingly. The whole Light Brotherhood communicated with each other telepathically and anyone could immediately appeal for help in difficult or unclear to him situations.

There was no place for the "I-can-solve-everything-and-I-need-no-

one's-help!" type of pride. There was no time for futile aplomb, when every moment was precious and a delay could mean death not only for the arrogant creature but also for all those who depended on the solution of the problem. It was an honour and pleasure for me to work with such comrades-in-arms and spiritual brothers. Everyone was ready, if necessary, to die for others and these were not just words but backed up by deeds. Unfortunately, such spiritual brotherhood is almost impossible at this time on our Midgard-earth and this is really sad.

Later I met such creatures on our good old Earth, but most of them had high space spirits, although they had earth bodies. However, it is difficult to expect from Midgard-earth's not yet reasoning "children" the manifestation of high space morals. First it is necessary to create conditions on our planet which will allow the seeds of these high morals to "germinate". Right now the "field" is not ploughed, and the seed is not yet sown, nor have favourable conditions been created for "germination". But it does not mean that one should sit and wait until the "children" outgrow their "short pants" and reach the necessary level of consciousness.

Sad as it is, most people are unable to do it on their own and never will be for a number of reasons. Regrettably, they need help in the field of enlightening of consciousness. Certainly, it is of great value when a person achieves enlightenment on his own, but in order to do that he has to have certain characteristics and qualities of mind and personality. He must have; good overall education, be capable of independent and analytical thought free from dogma and prejudice, be diligent and able to change his own self qualitatively by creating new "sense-organs". It is necessary to add speed of analysis and correct decision-making; also, an important attribute, luck. One cannot do without talent and the possibility of self-development. For a number of objective and subjective reasons all this is rarely combined in one person.

There is nothing discriminatory in this in regard to the rest of the people. Did Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt and other giants of the Renaissance discriminate against other people just because they were able to create masterpieces, while their contemporaries could not create anything of the kind? Certainly, not!

Everyone is only able to be himself: and besides, during the last thousand years social parasites created the kind of social system that even those who had the necessary properties and qualities, initially had to force their way through the "solid concrete" of a system of education which hammered into everyone's head the idea of slavery, both physical

and spiritual.

It is very difficult to be oriented correctly in such unfavorable conditions, especially taking into account the fact that everyone is born as an animal, goes through the phase of reasoning animal and only then reaches the phase of man. But it does not mean that one should lose heart and do nothing! On the contrary, it is in exactly such hard conditions that one must do everything possible (and "impossible") to break through all these barriers.

Though not everyone will reach his absolute limit of development, even one step on the evolutional staircase is progress toward the fulfillment of his destiny. Even though it may be incomplete fulfillment, with only one little step, the person will find it possible to do the next step in the next incarnation, then another one, etc. until he realizes his own potential.

And while it has not happened yet, those who already woke up have to take upon their own shoulders a burden both for themselves and for all those who still sleep! It is tantamount to a dilemma, whether it is necessary to rescue children from danger, if they do not see and understand it. There is only one answer: one must rescue them without waiting for "manna from heaven" which, by the way, is hardly likely to fall from the sky; at least, nothing of the kind has happened yet. When the planetary catastrophe occurred 13,016 years ago (2007), no "manna from heaven" fell from the sky, only thermonuclear bombs and fragments of the small moon Fatta: instead of "manna" those who survived got poisoned by irradiated water and fruits and had to fight for survival in the most appalling conditions.

Although, according to a famous phrase from an old Soviet movie: the saving of a drowning man is his own business, any reasoning creature (in the complete sense of this word) cannot let everything run itself because other creatures have not woken up yet. And if a creature thinks and acts as if it is none of his business, it means that he is not on the side of Light!

One carries an especially heavy responsibility for other people when the planet is under control of parasitic forces. Because I succeeded in awakening and shaking out of their slumber several sleeping people, I considered it to be necessary to act. Although, then I did not understand and know the whole situation with social parasites on Midgard-earth yet, but I always acted, whatever situation I, voluntarily or not, found myself in.

Certainly, the fight did not take place very often on the physical plane of reality. It turned out that I and Svetlana waged the main war with parasites and their systems in Space. Only much later it became

clear that this was the only right way to fight against social parasites on our Midgardearth.

There was no chance to win a war on a single planet without the ability to wage war in Space and without the destruction of the whole space system of social parasites. Exactly this was the riddle of the invincibility of social parasites. That was why they destroyed a planet with its civilization without any regret, when they felt the least hint danger or when the natural resources of the planet were exhausted. Because a single planet or hierarchy was and is a tiny "cell" of the space parasites system, they would hardly notice the loss of even several millions of such "cells". As for any feeling for humanity, they simply do not have it.

Therefore, the fact that my serious war with parasites began not on Midgard-earth, but in space, was not a simple fortuity, but the only correct tactic and strategy, which afforded a chance to win against parasites in general, not in particular. But the understanding of this came much later, not in 1991, when I was forced to protect Svetlana from parasitic attacks.

Very often I joked on these occasions, saying to Svetlana that if it were not for her curiosity and aspiration for space, who knows how many years and maybe lifetimes I would require to do what I succeeded in doing? Indeed, I could not allow Svetlana to be beaten up and captured by Dark Forces. It was my fights with parasites when they began their hunt for Svetlana that forced me to use my brain quicker; otherwise, they would crush and destroy me.

So, Svetlana involuntarily became an accelerator of my movement up the evolutional staircase. And I am very grateful her for this. It was a very interesting time; ordinary life became very faded, although I continued to do my usual work. I worked with patients, met people, proved and explained to those who were interested, my understanding of nature; but I perceived it as routine work and my soul required that I to go back into space as quickly as possible, because there was our real life, mine and Svetlana's. This is not an allegory or some beautiful words, but the truth. At least, it was our truth, our real life in the complete sense of the word. But voluntarily or not, we had to "come down" from the "sky", so dear to our hearts, and be engaged in earthly matters.

Somewhere in the middle of July we decided to go to Lithuania to visit Svetlana's parents and her son, whom I had not seen yet. I could not stay very long, but I succeeded in scraping up several days. We departed from Moscow at about 6 o'clock in the evening and, when we drove out to the Minsk highway, I pressed the gas pedal and did

not release it until we arrived to Alitus, a little town, where Svetlana's family lived. My Mercedes had an automatic gear-box, but there was no cruise control and because I pressed the gas pedal continuously the muscles of my right foot began to ache unendurably, and sometimes I had to press the pedal with my left foot.

At the same time we rushed with maximum speed, where it was possible and where it was not. The greater part of the time our car travelled at 220 km/hour, including at night, when it was almost impossible to see the road. I got out of one tight spot, guiding myself by the edge of the road lit up by the headlights of my car because it was the only way to see it. We stopped only once—to take a bite of something in a roadside snack-bar and to fill the gas tank. And by the next day early in the morning we were in the small Lithuanian town, Alitus.

Before we went to Svetlana's house, we went to the local market and purchased a bucket of roses and... a bucket of strawberries and paid only three roubles each for them. I mention this because the prices at Lithuanian markets were simply unbelievable. Then in Lithuania the market prices were lower than in the shops, and the quality was incomparably better, especially when it concerned smoked meat products, which every vendor prepared using his own recipe. All this was simply unimaginable for any citizen of Russia, who could find almost nothing in the shops then and the prices at the markets were a "bit" higher. Surprised I asked Svetlana: "Are there other prices in Lithuania, or does everything cost three roubles for a bucket?" We laughed and went to her home.

I gave the enormous bouquet of roses to her mother and other gifts which we had bought in Moscow to other members of the family, and the strawberries were perfect for the dessert. Once or twice I had spoken with Svetlana's parents by phone and was a little worried about meeting them "in the flesh". I became acquainted with Svetlana's son, when we approached the house. He was playing in the street with other children and, when he saw Svetlana leaving the car, rushed to her at once. He was a lovely kid who timidly came to me and asked: "May I call you dad?" I felt such despair and almost adult pain in his question that there was a gnawing in my heart! I answered positively and his eyes immediately shone with happiness. Sometimes a child does not need much at all to be happy.

Svetlana's parents received me very cordially. Her mother quickly laid a lavish table and I tried Lithuanian cuisine for the first time in my life. The table was literally covered with different dishes. Everything was delicious. And I was offered new dishes again and again. For the

first time I tested the famous Lithuanian "zeppelins"[1]. I was told that it was normal for Lithuanians eat like this every day (at least, then). I was very surprised, because despite such a high-calorie diet there were almost no fat people in Lithuania. That's what it means to have the Lithuanian metabolism!

There was a tradition in our family—everything on your plate should be eaten. Russian families always treated food with respect, but this habit had its other side. Therefore, I soon begged for mercy and asked not to have anything else put on my plate. Svetlana's mother kept offering one dish or another for me to "at least" taste, until I simply could not eat "another little piece". In short, I hardly succeeded in "repelling" Svetlana's mother's culinary "attack". I managed to last at the table for an hour after such a nutritious "breakfast", which looked more like breakfast, dinner and supper taken together, apologized and asked where I could take a nap—twelve hours on the road, the greater part of which was night-driving, told on me and I left for the realm of Morpheus as soon as my head touched the pillow.

I woke up in the evening and Svetlana took me sight-seeing. She showed me the hills where the princely castle was situated. There was almost nothing left of the castle, but the view from the hills was magnificent—the bend of the river Nyamunas and the pine-woods on both banks were perfectly visible. One can only imagine what the view would have been like from the walls of the fortress.

The next day we spent some time sight-seeing in this small town and conversed a lot with Vasiliy Vasilievich, Svetlana's father. It turned out that all his life he had been interested in the kind of things I did. It was not just an idle interest, but because of his daughter. She manifested unusual abilities from her childhood which were officially considered impossible. Regrettably, we had to go to Moscow in the evening of the next day.

But most regrettable was the fact that we not could take Svetlana's son with us, not because we did not want him, but simply that we lived in conditions which would be highly unsuitable for a child. We lived in rented apartments, which we changed quite often; neither I, nor Svetlana had Moscow registration and because of this Robert could not go to school in Moscow. So, he again was in the charge of his grandfather and grandmother who loved him very much. However, he needed the authority of a father right then in this difficult for teenagers time (he was eleven years old then).

[1] Zeppelins – a Lithuanian vegetable dish made of grated raw potatoes and minced meat. (E.L.)

Thus, my first acquaintance with Svetlana's family and her son took place. I decided not to go back to Moscow at night, still remembering our way to Alitus at night, when I had to drive almost "by touch". Therefore, we left in the morning of the next day. I again drove almost nonstop, with maximal speed; landscapes changed from one kind to another incredibly quickly.

Regrettably, there were many more cars on the road in the day-time and I could not drive at top speed all the way. Also it was necessary to slow down before the GAI posts in order not to fill their pockets too often, but nevertheless, I had to pay a fine to "starving" traffic cops a couple of times. The fine was 25 roubles then, which for most Soviet people was a considerable part of their monthly budget, which varied from 80 to 200 roubles. "Lucky" persons with a 200 rouble budget were considered to be almost the rich.

However, this concerned the Slavonic population of the country, which made up the greater part of the population of the USSR. An anecdote of that time perfectly reflects this state of "affairs". One day there was a car accident on a Georgian[2] road. The participants were a Georgian with his "Volga", an Armenian with his "Lada" and a Russian with his "Zaporozhets"[3]. The Georgian got out of his "Volga" and said: "Vay, vay, vay! I will have to work a whole week to buy a new car!" The Armenian got out of his "Lada" and annoyingly flapping his hands began to groan: "Vakh, vakh, vakh! I will have to work a whole month to buy a new car!" The Russian got out from his "Zaporozhets" and said bitterly: "I've been breaking my back all my life to buy this car!" The Georgian and Armenian looked at the Russian and asked: "Why did you buy such an expensive a car then?"

Involuntarily I recalled how the events which happened in the USSR are presented to the rest of the world. It appears that the Russian people "imposed" communist ideology and the Great Russian chauvinism on all other peoples of the USSR and later on the people of Eastern Europe, converting Russia into a prison for them! But for some reason, the "enslaved" people lived much better than their enslavers in the USSR, as is obvious from the anecdotes of the time.

By the way, now both the Georgians and Armenians are free of the "Great Russian chauvinism", as well as of the opportunity to parasitize on the back of the Russian people, (although, they creep into Russia

[2]Georgia – a former Soviet Republic, now an independent Eurasian country, chiefly located in the South Caucasus, at the juncture of Eastern Europe and Western Asia. (E.L.)

[3]Brands of Soviet cars. "Volga" was considered the best and "Zaporozhets" the worst. (E.L.)

by any means to make a profit out of Russians as a matter of habit) and at the same time fling mud at it. Both Georgia and Armenia are now very poor countries with the population reduced to penury and now not a single Georgian or Armenian from those anecdotes asks a Russian "Why did you buy such an expensive a car?" Most Russian people have not started to live the life they deserve, but they have a future and this future is very promising. And what future is waiting for those people who got their "freedom"?

Again I am getting a little carried away. It is simply that my soul hurts and sometimes needs to spell out this pain for my people, for our real culture and real history!

The last time traffic cops stopped me on the Moscow ring road and received from me the next "tax for starving cops", it was because I had a Mercedes-Benz and they were sure that in this case they would reap their "harvest". Nowadays there are a lot of foreign cars on the roads of Russia, but in 1991 they were pretty rare.

When we entered Moscow I reduced the speed and drove at 120 km/hour, Svetlana looked around and asked: "Why are we going so slowly?" When we rushed all the way at a speed of about 200 km/hour, she got used to landscapes flashing past the window of our car, and 120 km/hour seemed, to her, the speed of a tortoise.

This was my first and last journey to Svetlana's Motherland. It was the first and the last time I saw her father alive. Svetlana also saw her father alive for the last time. I had videotaped this journey and our conversation with her father. It was the only videotape we had with Svetlana's father in it and later it was stolen. We weren't sorry about anything else which was stolen from our apartment, except for this videotape. Later, when Svetlana's father died, she often grieved about this, but now nothing could be done about it...

Chapter 34.

The August Putsch

The events of August 19, 1991 left no one indifferent. When the creation of the State Emergency Committee (the GKChP) and Mikhail Gorbachev's deposing because of his state of health was announced on television, it surprised and strongly disturbed everyone, including us.

Now it is no secret that all this took place with the complete consent and approval of Mikhail Sergeevich, that it was the next attempt by the real enemies of the Russian people to make sure they could continue to destroy the nation's best, covering themselves with yet another lying slogan about the fight with the "enemies" of the people.

The Soviet Union was created by international parasites in order to destroy Russia and Russian people and its rich and great culture; therefore, the collapse of socialism in the USSR was a real catastrophe for the world government, because it had a wonderful "cover" for its dirty business in the guise of opposition to the systems. All the actions of the leader of world parasitism—the United States— can be easily explained by the necessity to defend "democracy" from the "red plague". As long as the socialist system existed, especially the Soviet Union, the world government could play any tricks they wanted.

The whole world calmly observed how the USA bent to their will one country after other under the pretext of rescuing them from the "red plague". When the socialistic system disappeared, they had no one to play the role of world criminal and they quickly had to invent and test the idea of the fight against terrorism. But this idea did not prove to be very effective. The events in Iraq showed the whole world the real face of the USA, which they had previously managed to hide be hind the screen of the fight against communism.

But this will happen much later, and meanwhile the Putsch of August 19, 1991 took place with Gorbachev's complete consent and knowledge. By this time he did everything that the USA told him to do. So, the Putsch was favourable for the United States and their faithful servant— Mikhail Gorbachev, but not for the Russian people and other native people of the USSR.

I already had some idea of how the masses were controlled and began to search for the system which was behind the GKChP. Svetlana's help

in this search was simply indispensable. I needed quickly to find the next generator which social parasites used this time. I had no time for a second attempt—if the military coup happened, the entire country would plunge into darkness for a long time. Somebody went out to the barricades, but I and Svetlana knew that the real war was at other levels, and only the neutralization of the social parasites new weapon was able to stop the massacre which had been already prepared and the next blow to the Russian people which could become the last one.

I applied one method after other, but although perfectly working at this moment, these strategies gave no result. The parasites did not waste time in vain and used some fundamentally new weapon which was unknown to me. They operated according to the classic scheme—they used what the opponent, I in this case, did not have. The next task was "to go there, who knows where, and bring that, who knows what". I did not yet understand that the earthly social parasites are puppets dangling from the tentacles of the space monster. I am unable now to tell how all this would have ended, if it were not for some unexpected help.

In the process of our work Svetlana told me that a creature appeared and asked me to listen to him as quickly as possible. For some time we switched our attention to this creature and without mentioning his name he reported that he had little time before he would die, but before that he was to pass me the necessary information and structure in order to neutralize the situation I was working on.

I had to decide quickly, whether to trust this creature and use what he brought me, or to disbelieve him and continue to search for the solution. One should not act based on "do I, don't I, trust him" in this kind of situation. Therefore I scanned this nameless creature and his unexpected gift.

The scanning confirmed that this creature told the truth. Certainly, I could be wrong or my scanning could be giving a false reading, or I was simply being cheated, but I needed to make a decision and assume all responsibility for its consequences, because the structures which I received were unknown to me. They facilitated control of the streams of unknown matters. Then it was not possible for me to get such structures and matters, because they were from spaces which I had not yet "reached" during my trips and where Svetlana also had not been during her "fruitful" walks in Universe.

I analyzed all pros and cons of this unusual situation and decided to take the risk, because the analysis itself gave no other solutions. I took the risk and used the given structures and matters. My decision appeared to be correct and very much in time. The application of the

gift showed an immediate result. Svetlana told me that when I used the gift, the system, which the parasites had used, began to disintegrate before her very eyes. It happened in the night of August 20-21, at two o'clock in the morning.

As we found out later, the Special Forces "Alpha", other military groups and the whole army refused to execute the order exactly at this time. No one belittles the courage of these people, only they hardly would have been able it to do it under the powerful psi-influence of the next parasitic generator. The head of the KGB Nicolai Kruchkov said in his public speech that he did not understand what force was able to paralyze their carefully developed plan.

Certainly, no one knew (and was unable to know) about our work on the neutralization of a very dangerous situation and the fact that a wonderful creature paid with his life and the life of his spirit in order to help in this matter. No one can glorify this hero in the complete sense of the word, who performed this feat in such conditions, when no one knows about his act. He will remain forever an unknown hero not only for the rest of the people, but also for me and Svetlana, because he only had time to pass me his structures and matters, before he died.

Correctly saying, he was slowly dying as he passed me these structures and matters. Most likely, the parasites decided to secure themselves and put a self-destruct program in for anyone who would try to pass these structures and matters on. They probably considered that no-one could be such a "fool" as to bring about his own self-elimination in order to pass on this information. They do not recognize the concept of self-sacrifice for the sake of high aims; in order to rescue many people, especially, when the rescued will never know who did it and at what price.

When everything ended in the morning of the next day and the GKChP was arrested, Svetlana and I heaved a sigh of relief. We had made the correct decision and the result was instantaneous: the fact that very few knew about it did not bother us—we did not do it for the sake of gratitude, but because we could not act any other way. However, we did "huff and puff" a little, when Gorbachev, now "miraculously recovered", gave the official explanation to journalists about these events.

At this moment Svetlana and I were visiting the Popov family. Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev and his wife were also there. The Popovs had invited us to eat with them and try their famous Siberian meat dumplings, and whlist we were all shovelling them up, the first president of the USSR declared that it would be incorrect to treat all of them alike, because there were bad and good communists! There was

nothing else to do in such a situation, but to "whizz" on him a little, and in the morning next day he declared a dismissal of the CPSU. The system, which the enemies created in Russia after the revolution of 1917 to carry out the genocide of Russian and other native people; was the most terrible manifestation of state capitalism combined with slave-owning.

In Great Russia, which never had slavery for thousands of years of its existence and in which serfdom was imposed only in its western part by Peter I, in exactly this country the truest form of slavery was introduced at the beginning of the 20th century! It was not only introduced, but imposed by force; and the next act for the "general welfare" was accompanied by rivers of the blood of those who did not accept it. The small group of scumbags without honour and conscience imposed on this enormous country the most terrible type of slavery, when it was hammered into the slaves' heads from childhood that they were the freest people on Earth!

But at the same time no one was allowed to think independently and to have his own opinion. The "freest country in the world" punished this by death; and under the pretext of "fighting" against the enemies of people destroyed the colour of the nation and organized the genocide of Russian and other Slavonic people of the USSR.

So, the cry for the Soviet Union, which still can be heard pretty often both from pensioners and "new" communists, relates to the ignorance of the first and the insolent lies of the second. The so-called socialist and communist societies are the plans of social parasites, put into practice and realized to the maximum (more details in my book Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors). And the "democratic" system in the rest of the world and so insistently imposed on Russia is a "softer" variant of social parasite plans being realized. But the ideal which they wanted so badly was the "socialist" system exactly. But about that—later, and meanwhile, let us return to August, 1991.

One way or another, I succeeded in destroying the parasitic systems which controlled the socialist countries in Europe. When I accidentally came across the first parasitic pyramid in December, 1987, I became involuntarily involved in a millennial war of magicians, about which few knew, and those, who guessed or knew anything, preferred to keep silence, because they supposed, with good reason, that should they only open their mouth it would be "shut" for good together with its owner.

It turned out that I destroyed these parasitic socialist systems in three stages. The first stage was the first pyramid in December, 1987; the second stage was in September—December, 1989; and the final stage was the destruction of the main parasitic pyramid which "held

up" the Soviet Union—August 19-21, 1991, when I worked together with my wife Svetlana.

It is commonly acknowledged that the West tried to destroy the socialist camp with all its forces, but it is not so. It is an error which is imposed on both the people of the West and the people of the USSR. The facts are quite to the contrary! The revolution in the Russian Empire was organized and funded using money from American multimillionaires, with no intention of "freeing" the proletariat and the Russian people from the burden of the "cursed bourgeoisie". In fact, exactly this "cursed bourgeoisie", the most important of it, gave money for the revolution in Russia and did everything possible in order to convert the Russian and other people of our Motherland into slaves.

They planned to convert people into slaves, to pump the riches out of the country, to use it as a "bugbear" for their dirty aims, sucking out the resources from the people of the countries which they controlled under the pretext of protection from the "red plague" and to take other countries using the same pretext. But this is another story (more details in my book *Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors*), although very interesting, but I will not tell it in this book. It is a common practice of parasites; they always use beautiful words about brotherhood and equality of all people as a cover, but, as history shows, these words are immediately forgotten as soon as they manage to take power into their hands.

Such a "carrot" always worked without a hitch, be it the 5th century A.D. in Persia or the 20th century in Russia, when hard times came for common people, who could be easily deceived by a "beautiful" lie, especially, when psi-generators were switched on and black magicians practiced Voodoo magic.

So, the collapse of the socialist (parasitic) system was a salvation for Russia. Not accidentally it happened at the end of the Night of Svarog, when its black veil was removed from Midgard-earth in 7504 (according to the Slavonic-Aryan chronology) or in 1995-1996 (A.D.). Is not it strange that all calamities came to the Russian land at the beginning of the Night of Svarog in 6496 (or in 988 A.D.) and the bloodiest regime fell when this Night of Svarog was at its last gasp in 7504?

Chapter 35.

The alien christener

The beginning of the Night of Svarog was accompanied by the violent obtrusion of the Greek religion on the lands of Kievan Rus by the Judaic "Grand Duke" Vladimir. He ordered his armed force, which should have protected people according to the law, to behead all the adult population without mercy. No enemy of the Russian people had ever succeeded in doing anything of the kind—almost 80% of the whole population of Kievan Rus, some **9** out of **12** million was pitilessly slaughtered, with the name of a strange God on the lips of their murderers. And the Greek priests hammered an alien faith in the God of the Dead into the heads of children younger than seven years old!

Our ancestors distinguished two stages of children according to age. The first stage lasted from the birth of a child till he or she was seven years old. There was no difference between boys and girls; they both were called an "unaware child". Only when the child reached the age of seven did the volkhvs give a sacred name and children began to be distinguished by sex. A boy was called *otrok*. A girl was called *orokovitsa*.

And that meant that they had entered into the second stage. The Old Russian word rok means fate or destiny. *Ot-rok* is a person who does not follow his fate, in other words, a person who creates his own destiny. The time between seven and fifteen years old is when a person passes the stage of a reasoning animal and must get rid of the *rok*, his animal part, and control his instincts!

The Greek priests left alive only "unaware children" who did not yet recognize their spiritual belonging to the great world-view of their ancestors, but on whom could be easily imposed the slave mentality which was genetically alien to them. Just think about this fact! 9 out of 12 million were physically eliminated by order of the "grand" Kievan Duke Vladimir, who also killed the prince Svyatoslav's sons by means of meanness and treachery and took the Kievan throne, accom plishing a *coup d'etat*.

In the modern "interpretation" of history Vladimir was Svyatoslav's son from the "slave" Malka, who was a housekeeper of Duchess Olga, Svyatoslav's mother and who, by the way, hated her own son.

First, I would like to say some words about slavery in the lands of the Slavs. It did not exist. Even captive enemies were not converted into slaves in the usual sense of the word. After the victory a warrior got one or two captives, who were kept in the household of their "owner" as workers, ate at the same table, slept in the same house. After working several years, the prisoners were free either to return to their Motherland or to stay and to be equal in all respects, to create a family, etc, and many voluntarily decided to stay and live among the former victors. This "slavery" was only in the fact that their labour was unpaid. So much for slavery in Kievan Rus and not only there—this custom was accepted in the whole territory of the enormous Slavonic Empire and Kievan Rus was one of its western provinces then.

As for the "slave" Malka; I would like to dwell on this subject a little. Malka was a housekeeper, in other words, the most trusted person in the household of Duchess Olga, who adopted Christianity when she visited Tzargrad (Constantinople). Malka also was a Christian, although originally she was an Israelite, moreover, a very uncommon Israelite. She descended from the tribe of Levi, direct descendants of Seth, who, according to the Torah and the Old Testament, was the son of Eve and god Yahweh! Malka's father's name was Malik which in Hebrew means the tsar. Her name originated from Mal-ik (Mal-ka) and meant the tsarina. But this is not all! There are some more curious things!

Malka's brother was Svyatoslav's voyevoda (or voivode), a principal commander of a military force in the Armed Forces of Kievan Rus. His name sounded very Russian—Dobrynya (in reality it was Dabran). It appears that long ago the Israelites used the tactic of accepting the names of native people or changing their names so that they would sound like the names of the people amongst whom they lived. The use of the names of the native inhabitants as a cover allowed them almost always to remain in the shadow, when doing the dirty deeds.

It turns out to be quite an interesting situation. The brother, a Levite (from the highest of the twelve tribes of Israel), is Svyatoslav's voyevoda, in other words, he occupied the highest military rank. And at the same time his sister was Duchess Olga's slave! It is absurd! Especially when considering the fact that Dobrynya (Dabran) was very close to Svyatoslav and enjoyed his full confidence.

However, this is not the only discrepancy in the generally accepted "interpretation" of history that draws attention. Most modern Russian historians assert that Malka and her brother Dobrynya were the children of the prince of the Drevlyans called Mal. Let us analyze this.

The principality of the Drevlyans was annexed to the Kievan princi-

pality when the prince Igor (Svyatoslav's father) made it his vassal domain. The modern interpretation of history asserts that the Drevlyans rebelled against Prince Igor and killed him. The reason for the revolt was Igor's alleged attempt to levy tribute twice. These events happened in 6453-6454 (according to the Slavonic-Aryan chronology) or in 945-946 A.D. But it seems to me that the next distortion of history takes place here.

Most likely, the Drevlyans tried to get rid of the vassalage of the Kievan throne. And probably, the first tribute was nothing else, but a military tax contribution paid in order that Prince Igor would not ravage the capital of the Drevlyans, Korosten. Otherwise, it is impossible to explain why Prince Igor came to take the first "contribution" with all his military forces and then he came to take the second one, the so-called illegal contribution, only with a small retinue! It appears ridiculous!

Igor came to take a "legal" contribution with his army and the "illegal" one—only with several warriors. Looking at it from this point of view, everything should have been the contrary! But when we assume that in 6453 (945 A.D.), Prince Igor overpowered and subordinated this principal ity, returned from the military campaign with rich booty and then returned to take the contribution according to the agreement about the vassalage, then everything fits into its corresponding place. And then it becomes clear why he came to take the contribution only with several warriors—he did not came to conquer this principality again, but only collect the contribution. The Drevlyans took advantage of this moment and killed him.

After that Duchess Olga came to the capital of the Drevlyans, Korosten, and burnt it to the ground. I will not repeat the beautiful legend of how Duchess Olga punished the killers of her beloved husband; it is described quite well in modern sources. But the following acts of the brokenhearted Duchess Olga became quite difficult to understand. She made the daughter of her husband's killer, the Drevlyans Prince Mal, her housekeeper and kept his son close to her baby son Svyatoslav in 6453 (945 A.D.)[1].

On the one hand, even if all this happened when several years had passed after the Drevlyans had killed Igor and Duchess Olga imprisoned Prince Mal, the children of the latter were already quite grown-up, considering the fact that Dobrynya could became a voyevoda. Not to mention the fact that Malka could not be Svyatoslav's concubine and

[1](E.L.) Svyatoslav's date of birth is not determined exactly. Some sources give the date of 942 A.D., some – 946 A.D.

give birth to his son, Vladimir, because she had been a young woman already, when he just was born! On the other hand, if we accept the modern interpretation of history, we should accept that the illegitimate Svyatoslav's son from Malka, the princess of the Drevlyans, Vladimir who was born in 6471 (963 A.D.) killed his elder brothers, Yaropolk and Oleg, after Svyatoslav's death and became the Kievan prince at the age of seventeen!

But, the most surprising thing in this story is that when Vladimir, the illegitimate Svyatoslav's son, was born, Svyatoslav was only eighteen years old, which means that he sired him when he was seventeen. But he already had his two eldest sons, Yaropolk and Oleg! Yaropolk was born in 6463 (955 A.D.), when Svyatoslav was only thirteen (or nine), which means that he conceived his eldest son when he was twelve (or eight)! It turns out that the prince Svyatoslav married when he was twelve (or eight) at the latest! It turns out a complete nonsense!

And a yet more ridiculous situation transpires if we analyze the fact that in order to prepare his future war with Romans (the Byzantine Empire), in 6475 (967 A.D.) Prince Svyatoslav went to the city Preslavets, his new capital in Bulgarian lands and sent his sons to govern in the most important cities of Kievan Rus. His eldest son, Yaropolk, governed in Kiev. The second son, Oleg, was sent to govern in the Drevlyans principality. And the third son, Vladimir, was sent to govern in Novgorod at the instance of his uncle Dobrynya.

It seems that there is nothing unusual in this situation; but only on the face of it. The eldest son Yaropolk was twelve then! However, according to the chronicles he was already married and had children. The more ridiculous situation is with Vladimir. He was FOUR then! And he was also married and had a lot of concubines, according to some sources – a THOUSAND! Wow! It turns out that, according to the generally accepted version of history, Vladimir began to reign in the Great Novgorod at the age of four and shortly after the beginning of his reign he brought the number of his concubines to a thousand and began to cut, in the direct sense of this word, his opponents down, both by his own hand and with the help of his faithful warriors! And all this happened when he sat on the throne of the Great Novgorod at the age of four! Well, maybe the number of his concubines reached a thousand, when he was seven or eight!

It turns out to be a complete nonsense if we accept the official version of history. But when we consider the real situation, everything will fit into place, without superman at the age four or eight.

Most likely, the events were the following. In 6472 (964 A.D.) Prince Svyatoslav released the land of the Vyatichs, a tribe of East Slavs,

which inhabited a part of the Oka basin, from the Khazar yoke, during which a lot of Israelites settled down in the lands of the Vyatichs and, when these lands were free from the Judaic yoke, the Israelites who lived there began to belong to the Kievan principality.

That is why it was possible for Dobrynya and his sister Malka to come to Kiev. Malka gained the confidence of Duchess Olga very quickly. She arrived with her son, Vladimir, who already was a teenager. She was well trained in the Black Tantra. Worming her way into Olga's confidence, who became a fanatic of the Greek religion, she managed to get to the Kievan court, where she got the possibility to snare young Prince Svyatoslav inexperienced in sexual matters.

As a result of all this she obtained a certain power over Svyatoslav and dragged her brother Dabran (Dobrynya) into the prince's closest circle. Obviously Dabran appeared to be a quite good warrior. Most likely, Svyatoslav adopted Vladimir and thus he signed the capital punishment for both his own sons and his country.

According to the law in force then, an adopted son had the right to the throne only, if the sons of the foster-father were dead. Therefore, the prince Svyatoslav's own sons were doomed, as well as their children. It was no accident that Svyatoslav's sons died (the Israelites were highly experienced in organizing necessary scenarios in this kind of matters). So, swarthy and dark-haired Vladimir who had nothing Russian or Slavonic in his appearance became the Grand Duke of Kiev...

Besides, the death of Prince Svyatoslav also looks very strange. After a long and heavy war with the Romans (the Byzantine Empire), when he turned the seemingly inevitable defeat into his next victory and his relatively small troops inflicted a very substantial defeat on army of the emperor and the continuation of war could leave the emperor without an army in general and without his Guards in particular, bested by enemies Svyatoslav succeeded in getting his troops (or rather what remained of them) out of Bulgarian land with their weapons and booty. At the same time the emperor confirmed the obligations signed by the Romans.

So, on their way home the greater part of Svyatoslav's troops, most of whom adopted the Greek religion, abandoned him and one night the Pechenegs attacked the troops which remained loyal to Prince. Almost all of them died together with Svyatoslav in this last battle. The Prince's head was cut off as a trophy and the Pecheneg khan (prince) called Kurya made a bowl out of it.

The question is the following. Why the help which Prince Svetoslav expected (this is the correct spelling of his name, because it originates from the word svet (light), not from sviat (holy or saint), as it began

to be written later) did not come from Kiev. In fact, both Svetoslav and his warriors suffered a lot of privations during their last winter camp by the mouth of the Danube. So, exhausted but loyal to their prince, warriors gave up waiting for help from Kiev and left for home on boats right into the hands of the Pechenegs. They knew that the enemy waited for them, but they did not have another choice. Kiev gave up his Prince, knowing perfectly that the Pechenegs waited for him on the Dnieper Rapids.

Certainly, Prince Svetoslav's death had many advantages for the Romans, because his military operations had brought this empire to the verge of collapse and a living prince Svetoslav was dangerous for them. The empire would not endure another campaign which Prince Svetoslav would undoubtedly organize. But was the Byzantine Empire the only one who was interested in his death?

Judging by what happened in the lands of Kievan Rus after his premature death, we can come to the conclusion that his death was also advantageous to the forces which stood behind young Vladimir. The bloody madness, which came to Kievan Rus, when Vladimir seized power and began to force the citizens of the alien, to him, country to turn to the Greek religion, shows very well who needed the death of Prince Svetoslav so badly. His death was also an act of revenge for the complete elimination of Judaic Khazaria. While analyzing these kind of events it is always necessary to look for those who derive benefit from one or another event in order to see the truth among many concomitant factors!

By the way, some words about the Pechenegs. They were Slavonic nomadic tribes. They had their winter "quarters", their cities, where they returned with their cattle to spend the winter. Whilst over-wintering they "lolled about" in their houses, or, as they said, on their stoves (pech) enjoying the bliss (nega). Thus they were called the PECHeNEGs!

I've "gone" on again. Initially I just wanted to pay attention to one lie about the christening of Kievan Rus by Vladimir, and as usual could not refrain from a sizable and thorough explanation.

Kievan Rus was a Vedic country. The grand duke Svetoslav, Vladimir's "father", had a Vedic world-view. The next Night of Svarog began in 6496 (988 A.D.) and exactly then Prince Vladimir began to baptize Rus. It is a strange "coincidence", but this is not all yet!

Vladimir was educated by Duchess Olga, who was a fanatic of the Greek religion. His mother Malka was an Israelite who adopted the Greek religion. He was surrounded by the people of this religion and educated accordingly, while the most citizens had a Vedic world-view.

And now, modern history tries to convince us all that after his military victories Prince Vladimir erected idols to Perun and Veles, ordered human sacrifices to them and invited foreign ambassadors to "enjoy" these colourful performances in order that these acts would be reported in all the courts of Europe.

This was done in order for everyone to "know" that human sacrifices were made to Perun and Veles. The "prince" Vladimir demonstrated all this to the West, because not a single citizen of Kievan Rus would believe such ridiculousness, because for them the Vedic world-view had been a norm for many thousands of years and they knew perfectly that no bloody sacrifices, and certainly not human ones, were ever made to Perun or Veles or to any other god or goddess of the SlavAryans. Besides, our ancestors called their ancestors and those people who had reached the level of a creator, gods and goddesses. The word "god" had a quite different significance from what we have now.

Thus, from performing such "pagan" abominations, Prince Vladimir "suddenly" decided to adopt the Greek religion. His loyal armed forces did the same thing, following his example. And after that they began to make the very real bloody sacrifice to a new god—they killed NINE MILLION citizens of Kievan Rus out of twelve, leaving only small children alive. There is a moment worthy of attention: during the performance of human sacrifice to Perun and Veles. Vladimir ordered the killing of prisoners of war, but in the process of Christianisation he ordered the sacrifice of the citizens of the country, in which he had seized power so skillfully, committing a mean fraud.

What an "adequate" sacrifice to a new god! Quite worth it for the conversion into new religion! But "dull" Slavs did not "understand" their luck again. They did not understand that a new religion was manna from heaven and therefore they all should be sacrificed to a "peaceful" god.

For the so-called 10th century the quantity of NINE MILLION killed is simply inconceivable! We should bear in mind that the Julian calendar will be brought in by Peter I in 7208 (1700 A.D.)! Until then no one used this calendar in the lands of Kievan and later Moscow Rus!

Thus, in the beginning of last Night of Svarog social parasites made a ten-million sacrifice to their god Yahweh, and by the end of this Night of Svarog, in the 20th century, the number of victims reached almost ONE HUNDRED MILLION.

The communist regime played a most important part in this horrible sacrifice to the god Yahweh, whether some like it or not, but it is a fact! Precisely, communists did all possible and impossible in order that the number of these victims was as many as possible, methodically killing

the strong (the most eminent people—carriers of the alpha-genetic) following the instructions of the Torah and the Old Testament! It is of no importance that according to their words they did not believe in God and were "atheists"—in practice they fulfilled the god Yahweh's instructions by destroying the strong people of the nation with fervent zeal.

Therefore, this completely false "teaching" must be destroyed in order to free the people of Russia from a millennium long doped slumber! It is of no importance under what cover this "teaching" was imposed on people— religion or atheism—they were the same faces of the same god Yahweh! Therefore, when I understood the true essence of this system, I did everything possible in order to destroy this parasitic system without waiting what mask it would wear next to do its dirty business.

Certainly, then I did not understand everything the way I understand it now, but I understood enough to consider the socialist regime a mortal poison for the Russian people. It is really staggering, what a strong "immunity" the Russian genetics has! Even a thousand of years of unbelievable bloodletting and "infection" with the mortally dangerous "viruses" of the Greek religion and communist atheism was unable to destroy the strong genetics of the Ruses, which regenerates again, but stronger and having more effective immunity from different "viruses" created by social parasites.

That is why I and Svetlana rejoiced, when we succeeded in destroying the main parasitic pyramid of socialism. However, this time the victory would have been impossible without the selfsacrifice of the creature, who died before we had time to know his name. He only had time to pass the priceless information and perished. So, this darkened our victory, but a la guerre comme a la guerre and one nothing can do with it!

It is important that the sacrifice of these victims was not vain, that as a result of this war social parasites were destroyed! And not physically, as someone may think—physical elimination does not solve anything—but destroyed in principle. When the whole space system of social parasites ceases to exist, then, its puppets on different planets and spaces will loose their "poisonous teeth" and will be unable to do their dirty business.

Chapter 36.

Parasites attack again

Meanwhile, my life again took its normal course, if the word "normal" can be applied to what happened to me. After we and our unexpected helper had succeeded in destroying the next parasitic system, the attacks directed at me and Svetlana did not cease, on the contrary, they intensified. Before, Dark Forces tried mainly to take Svetlana, but after numerous failures they decided to change their tactic. The new tactic was Jesuitical indeed. Their methods to do harm were especially disgusting. They caused unbearable pain to Svetlana by directly influencing her nerve-endings. When her body was seized with unendurably fiery pain, an ingratiating voice whispered in her ear that she had only to renounce me and the pain would disappear at once.

When they did not get the result they desired, they increased the level of pain. Svetlana lost consciousness which allowed her to escape from the pain, at least for a little while, but they made her return to her body in order that she would experience it again. Svetlana grit her teeth in order not to scream and rolled on the floor, but, nevertheless, would neither renounce nor betray me. I saw her suffering and, not knowing how to help her, asked her to renounce me, but she would not. Therefore, I had to look for the key to the system which was causing Svetlana this unbearable pain without paying attention to it (believe me it was very difficult to do).

The matter is that in order to stop this kind of influence, I had to find the source, comprehend the principle and, using the understanding of its nature as a basis, block it. After that I had to neutralize the source and the influencing creature, as well as create protection from this kind of influence and every possible combination of it I could think of. However, in these cases Dark Forces use as a weapon exactly that what you lack and you must find what you do not know yet, meanwhile the most important and dearest person in the world is suffering terrible pain. It is a very "pleasant" picture, isn't it? In this situation you would rather take all the pain upon yourself in order that the person you love does not suffer, but the blow is aimed exactly at her in order to do you as much harm as possible.

In this situation you must disconnect yourself from what is going

on before your very eyes, keep aloof from the suffering of the person you love most in the world, concentrate on the search for the source and at the same time try to alleviate her pain, using the methods you already know, because only then it is possible to find a solution and put an end to the unendurable torturing of the person you love. Only when you find the initial source and the influencing principle applied by the parasite, will you stop this madness and neutralize their next attack. In most cases, this inhuman influence was executed by a Light Hierarch taken by the parasites, who in reality is their victim and only serves as an instrument in their filthy "hands".

You must take all this into account, curb your emotions and concentrate only on the solution of the problem, because only then you can find the way out of this. It is far from being simple and easy, when your dearest person suffers so awfully, but you must gather all your will, pay no attention to this and concentrate solely on the search for the solution, knowing perfectly well that if you allow pity and sympathy to crawl into your soul and you lose — you will be not able to help the person you love and, in principle, you will become the reason for her death. Well, as you see the choice is extremely limited. The crux of the matter is not even in the options, but in the fact that it is necessary to become absolutely calm and stay concentrated on the task despite the terrible picture of another person suffering! Does anyone want to try? I do not recommend it—it is extremely hard, but this is the only chance to find the solution to the problem!

Often I had to endure extreme pain and I know from my own experience the feeling when your nerves "burn" and the fiery pain of it tries to squash your will. But this is nothing in comparison with what you feel, when a beloved person suffers and you must enter into a state of complete calmness, paying no attention to this and restraining yourself from the burning desire to throw yourself into helping, but stay and search, search and search for the solution .This is a weight as heavy as lead!

It was especially hard when it happened for the first time. The first action that I undertook was the creation of stronger and more elaborate defenses. I created one thing after another, made transformations of the spirit, but nothing helped. Then I understood that I had to act differently—to search for a reason. The situation was like the one described in the Russian fairy-tale about Koschei the Immortal, an evil person of ugly senile appearance, menacing principally young women. Koschei cannot be killed by conventional means targeting his body. His soul is hidden separate from his body inside a needle. One needs to find a green oak tree, where an iron chest is buried, in which a hare is

hidden, and within the hare is a duck, in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is a needle in which is Koschei's death[1]!

The situation, when parasites inflict their blows, is almost the same, only you do not know where the oak you need is and also all the rest, and even whether what you is looking for is an oak at all. In mathematics it is called an equation with unknown quantities, only here, unlike mathematics, there are not even hints at any connection between these quantities. In fact there is no connection between them at all. And you do not have time because with every minute Svetlana is losing her force and you see this and do not know how much longer she will be able to endure all this unbearable pain! And no one can you help you!

What are the prospects? How many people still envy me? From the outside it all looks "simple" and "easy"—I "wave" my hand and a person's brain is transformed, I "wave" once again and the ozone layer of the planet is restored, "a piece of cake!" Why not to try to do something of the kind, — someone may ask or think, "Am I worse than Levashov?"

This is not a question of whether one is "worse" or "better". In order for a person to be able to do all this I suggest him going through the kind of hell I did (and this hell is not abstract, but quite real), looking into the eyes of death almost every day, searching for the unknown, going into the unexplored and winning, finding solutions, changing his perception of reality fundamentally and not making a single principle error, and if this is the case, finding the correct solution to each problem very quickly in order to prevent it happening and a lot of other things too.

Does anyone still envy me? Well, then welcome to our "club". I would not try to intimidate anyone, but only warn them about what waits for a person who has decided to follow in my "footsteps" or even go in this direction. When the "heavy artillery" fires at you, you must smile and not show people around you that you are dying from tiredness, that it hurts you, especially when your enemies look at you and smile...

After several unsuccessful attempts of using this tactic, the parasites changed it and began to act differently. Getting nothing from Svetlana using pain, they decided to impose on her the illusion that I was one

[1] As long as his soul is safe, he cannot die. If the chest is dug up and opened, the hare will bolt away. If it is killed, the duck will emerge and try to fly off. Anyone possessing the egg has Koschei in their power. He begins to weaken, becomes sick and immediately loses the use of his magic. If the egg is tossed about, he likewise is flung around against his will. If the needle is broken (in some tales this must be done by specifically breaking it against Koschei's forehead), Koschei will die. (E.L.)

of the Dark ones! Using Svetlana's high sensitivity and her ability to perceive visual and telepathic holograms perfectly, parasites forced on her a negative attitude toward me. They did their best to instill into her that I was a Dark who cheated her, and they were all rosy and I never left them in peace!

This influence on Svetlana was as powerful as was the previous pain influence. They were right in one thing—I never left them in peace. And from their point of view I indeed was a bad person, because I destroyed their systems, changed the performers of their will making of them the socalled "reversed". All this is true, except for one "but"! That with which I struggled had a parasitic nature. To put it more precisely, it had the nature of social parasites, which destroyed the best representatives of human beings, converting the rest into a herd of controlled bio-robots!

When a person as sensitive as Svetlana was, undergoes a very powerful influence which forces her to have this kind of opinion, she almost has no chance of getting rid of this delusion without external help. And in this case I also had to pay no attention to the external manifestation of Svetlana's delusion, but to search for the key to the next "door" which hid the solution to this task. And again the time when our "friends" used this tactic for the first time was the heaviest.

I could not understand the reason why Svetlana was reacting to everything I said, did, or had done, the way she was. At the beginning I tried to explain everything to her, but it was useless. I said one word and Svetlana heard quite another. I again tried to explain to her what I said, and she heard a yet more perverted thing. What could I do in this case—lose heart? But this is not my way.

When I understood that Svetlana's words to me were imposed by a powerful parasitic influence, I gave up my attempts to prove my innocence to her and again began to search for the source of this influence, and how! I think there is no need to explain why parasites did it. Well, when I found the key to the nature of this influence, I found the "antidote" and created new systems of defense and new structures of the brain for Svetlana's perception so that next time she could see the nature of the influence directed toward her and distinguish truth from lies, and also see that there is no life in a lie, while truth is alive because the real events and processes, which it reflects, are behind it.

To learn to see this is one of the most complicated problems, because parasites are skillful experts in creating the so-called camouflage, in other words, the illusion of reality. The truth is like the apex of an iceberg. It is always there under the surface of the ocean of truth: the illusion of truth, no matter how remarkable it looks above the surface,

has nothing under it or any continuation is “dead”, not filled with the life of real events.

When parasites underwent several attempts to influence Svetlana in this way and saw the uselessness of this approach, they stopped using this practice. However, they sometimes tried to use it, trusting to luck, but failed again, because they made me think even more deeply about this situation and I succeeded in creating a scanning system for us, the scanning was done using millions of different methods simultaneously and the system was changed during the very process of scanning and gave them no chance to impose any false information in any form!

In order to create this kind of scanning structure I used my own experience, knowing that even during the process of scanning it was possible to study those who scanned you and create counteractive systems. I never considered myself to be cleverer than my enemies. If I could hit upon this idea, it meant that my enemies also could do this and probably sooner than I!

Therefore, I invented a new (may be not) principle of scanning, which made the possibility of informational counteraction, at the very least, complicated for parasites. So, as long as my brain “stirs”, parasites will be in difficulties, they will be leading a “merry” life too, not just me and Svetlana!

Chapter 37.

The silver thread

Well, our "friends" tried to do their best not "to bore" us. After the stormy events of the end of August, the situation calmed down for some time. This did not mean that the Dark left us alone— simply there were no serious attacks. Most likely they retreated to invent more effective methods of destroying us.

Svetlana almost every night roved about Universe. After I transformed her spirit, she was not tied to her physical body with "a leash" anymore. The connection with the physical body, nevertheless, existed, but on a fundamentally new basis. Usually, if the spirit of a person goes out of the physical body, it cannot get through the qualitative planetary barriers and move away from the body to a distance greater than the so-called silver thread which binds the spirit to the body allows.

The further from the physical body, the thinner the silver thread and at a certain distance it becomes so thin that it can break! This sometimes happens, when inexperienced people try to go out of the body or are carried away after going beyond its limit. This can be compared to diving deeply in the sea, when a person sees something interesting or beautiful on the seabed and tries to get it. Sometimes he may succeed in doing this. However, he should not forget that he must come back and that he can be easily mistaken when estimating the distance under water.

It can happen that a person dives and gets a cockleshell, but has not enough air to come back to the surface. It is not a theoretical example, I personally experienced this. In the middle of July, 1986, before I began my service in the Army, I had gone to the Black Sea coast for the first time in my life. I stayed in the small town of Sudak. It turned out that, although I was born in the North Caucasus almost equidistant from the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, I had visited neither of them till 1986, because when my parents had their summer holidays, our family always went to the Kundruchenski Farmstead, in Rostov, where my maternal grandmother lived and worked as a beekeeper. The Salskie steppes were magnificent, but there was no sea there, neither natural, nor artificial. But there were some very good ponds with pretty clean, slightly bitter water. These ponds were where I learned to swim pretty well.

When I got to the sea for the first time, everything seemed to me a wonder. The seabed near Sudak was stony and therefore the water was very clean. One sunny day I dived to get a beautiful cockleshell from the seabed. To do this I had to go deeper and deeper. And when I finally got what I wanted, I began to surface and felt that there was no air left in my lungs.

I swam upwards as quickly as I could, the sea surface seemed to be very near—just stretch a hand and you would reach it—but in reality it was much further away. I already had nothing left to breathe with, but my eyes said to me—a little more and you will be able to breathe! But this "little more" still did not come. Thus I learned the first lesson of optical illusion under water. I succeeded in restraining my reflex desire to breathe at any cost, reached the surface and was able to breathe air I longed for so desperately.

When you submerge in water, you get into a world very different to our usual "air-breathing" one. If the water is transparent enough and the seabed is rich and bright, when you get into this enigmatic world, you completely lose the notion of time and space. It happened to me and I think that everyone who has dived, at least once, has also experienced this. I am mentioning this for a reason. When a person abandons his physical body, he moves into a fundamentally different environment, where other laws operate, which differ dramatically from those of the physical world. But, when a person goes out from his physical body by the force of his consciousness, he still keeps his "earth" consciousness and this may have some unexpected consequences.

Our perception of the world by means of our physically dense sense-organs is not apt for actions outside the body. The perception which a person has before and after his conscious exit from the body differs dramatically. I can say that it is not commensurate with the difference between our perception under and above water! Therefore, in order to somehow imagine the difference between being in and out of the body, I recommend multiplying the difference of the perception between being above and under water by hundreds. There is more. Almost the same laws operate above and under the surface of water with only some peculiarities, but after exiting from the physical body, the human spirit finds itself in very unusual conditions. Pretty often this becomes the reason for serious consequences for a novice, and some times results in his death.

It is important to know that the conscious exit from the body differs dramatically from the exit of the spirit during sleep. When a person falls asleep and his spirit goes out of the physical body, the barrier is removed at the subconscious level and the spirit gets the complete

picture about what he must do and how, because almost everyone has his or her previous incarnations and pretty long periods between bodies, during which he or she had enough time to study distinctive features of other levels of our planet.

When the person exits the physical body consciously for the first time, he has only one perception of reality—that which his physically dense body has acquired, because in this case the awakening of the memory of the past does not occur. Mainly because the consciousness gained in this incarnation is not "capable" of anything else.

When the person goes out of the physical body, he continues to think the same way as if his spirit is still in the body, but in reality he is in absolutely new and unknown for him conditions. When he consciously exits the physical body, he is usually shocked by what he sees and perceives. He loses the notion of time (we should remember that time is a relative concept introduced by man) and space. "A freshman" is charmed and shocked by the surrounding world.

Very often this person starts to "go" further and further from his empty physical body, as if being hypnotized, sometimes even paying no attention to the thickness and brightness of his silver thread which links his spirit and body, or the fact that it becomes thinner and thinner and loses its brightness. And if this person is carried away "a little" with the events which happen around him, the silver thread often breaks and his physical body dies.

It is tantamount to diving too deeply, without calculating well the oxygen necessary to come back. This kind of situation can be observed with the conscious exit—if one goes away too far from the physical body, this silver thread could be broken and the person could die! Moreover, there are some areas into which an inexperienced spirit can be drawn, as in a whirlpool, with all the consequences that may follow.

Besides, different predatory or parasitic spirits wait for inexperienced explorers of other levels of the planet (these travels are mistakenly called "astral travels"). Some of them have consciousness, some not. They watch for such novices, cut the silver thread and convert the spirit taken into their eternal slave or an eternal donor of potential (vital force), and begin their dirty game with them in order to get that potential.

The game can be very subtle, when a parasite scans the consciousness of a novice and creates a "personalized" camouflage which can easily "buy" a person. If he trusts or even has heard about "angels", these "angels" appear in front of him. But should someone take the "angelic attire" from these "angels", horrible monsters appear.

A staggering number of people fall for these primitive tricks of para-

sites of different levels only because people project their concepts about the physical level to other levels, where other laws and concepts work. One should understand that he must not transfer concepts which he gained with the help of his physical sense-organs to other levels.

One should understand that he needs to EXTEND his concepts by creating NEW SENSEORGANS for every new level! And by means of these new sense-organs, he must create new concepts apt for every new level! Man will get a more or less adequate picture of other dimensions, only when he expands his concepts to new levels, not when he projects those that he's got already.

However, for "some" reason this simple idea struck none of those, who one way or another succeeded in "jumping" out of the physical body. One of the principal reasons for this is that the consciousness of these people was intentionally distorted by the system of false concepts imposed by the social parasites, who have governed on our Midgard-earth already for a pretty long time! Also a distorted understanding of one's "grandeur" is added to this, which for one good reason simply cannot exist!

If you saw an event through the window, this does not convert you in the hero of this event! To be a witness of the event is important, but does not influence it. Only active participation in it gives a man the right to say that he indeed did something (one also should take into account the results of his interference). And even if this interference was positive, a sane person will not "shout" about his grandeur, even if his actions resulted in something meaningful or grand. Because an action done would indicate that this person has reached a certain understanding of nature and understands his responsibility for all consequences of his interference.

And if the person succeeds in getting understanding (in the complete sense of this word), he knows that self-praise is simply foolish. On the contrary, when one does this, it means that the consciousness of the person who eulogizes himself, has not reached the level of what he (she) is able to do and this is fraught with serious consequences, because this kind of blindness indicates the gap between the level of development of his abilities, his consciousness and his responsibility for his actions.

If the person does not understand this and does not get rid of this evolutional gap, he becomes an easy catch for different parasites, or sooner or later becomes a parasite himself. Because such a qualitative gap between consciousness and abilities can exist only for very short time, the level of consciousness must rise, during that time, to the level of abilities or even higher! The latter is impossible without the revision

of one's concepts, understanding of existent events and comprehension of the responsibility for everything that happens around. The understanding of what is going on makes him responsible for it. I will try explain the latter giving an example which everyone can understand.

When a person passes by and sees someone drowning in a river or lake, he will try to rescue him. If the person can swim, he must (if he is indeed a human being) plunge into the water and pull the drowning one out and, if necessary, do everything in order to maintain and save his life. If the person cannot swim, he must do everything in his power to find a way to help: throw a rope, a ringbuoy, any other thing that can float in order that the drowning person can survive until he calls other people.

If the person who cannot swim does nothing and the one in the water dies, we can only regret that this man did not even try to do something in order to rescue another person, but he cannot be blamed for the death, only for his passivity. However, if the person who can swim, especially when he swims very well, does nothing to rescue the drowning one for any reason, this person is responsible for the death of the man, in spite of the fact that it was not his fault that the man was in the water. He is guilty of the drowning man's death because of his inaction.

No excuse—there was not time, the water was cold, I was in a hurry, etc.—can justify inaction which resulted in the death of a man. I hope that every normal person would agree. This simple example clearly shows the responsibility of a person for the consequences of his actions, or lack of them, to other people, and what is most important to him.

In this example the ability to swim makes it possible for the person to act, and the life of the drowning man becomes his responsibility. The one who can swim is responsible for the life of the drowning person, because a human life depends on his action or inaction! The ability to swim is regarded as a property and ability of a person; and his actions or their absence are regarded as his understanding of the responsibility to other people and depend on the level of his consciousness.

Nothing changes, when a person has dramatically different characteristics and abilities (for example the ability to influence natural processes to a greater or lesser degree, to control these processes or even to change them). The only difference between the person who can swim and the person who possesses the aforesaid abilities is in the level of responsibility for his actions or inactions. The more the person can do, the higher his level of personal responsibility, whether he likes it or not!

When a person has this kind of understanding, he cannot think

of himself as exceptional, because the only exceptional thing here is his responsibility for his actions or inactions. This is very far from "basking" in the rays of one's own "glory", but an enormous burden of responsibility to others, especially if they still sleep!

Regrettably, most people who were endowed with one or another natural ability do not have the proper level of development of their consciousness, because of the distorted perception of the world. And exactly this gap between the level of abilities and the level of consciousness is used by social parasites of every stripe.

Certainly, a temporal mismatch between the level of abilities and the level of consciousness is inevitable, but the lack of understanding or disregard of this fact will sooner or later bring this person to the Dark side or do everything possible to facilitate his capture by parasites.

I was always surprised when those who due to different circumstances found the presence of some abilities which most people did not have, declared themselves to be exceptional. Very often these natural abilities were in their most rudimentary state, but these people did not even reflect on this, but only focused their attention on the fact that they had something, which other people did not have, and this imbued their soul with the understanding of their "exceptionality" which was immediately used by parasites.

When parasites see such contradiction between the level of abilities and the level of consciousness and responsibility, they begin to do their dirty work. They do their best in order to that this, still relatively small gap, between abilities and consciousness, becomes greater. Certainly, parasites are able to enlarge this gap only because of the distortion and perversion of human consciousness, as they are unable to create new qualities and properties.

They do this very easily. First, parasites scan a person and define in what he believes. Then they create their camouflage in accordance with the results of the scanning. For example, if the person believes in Jesus Christ, parasites appear before him in the appearance of Christ. Moreover, his appearance would fully correspond to this person's concept of how Jesus Christ should look.

This simple psychological trick confirmed by a corresponding hologram works without a hitch and not only with "Jesus Christ", but also with any other image in the head of the person, in which he has, if not absolute, but great confidence. Thus, parasites put on the camouflage, which exactly corresponds to the concepts of this person at the subconscious level, and therefore, he has an exceptional faith in this image.

When the person has "swallowed" this camouflage, which points to

the absence of understanding of what and how it "works" at other levels of reality, parasites begin their principle game, the first step of which is when the newly appeared "Jesus Christ", for example, telepathically says to this person that he came to him only because he (she) sincerely believed in him, etc.. . .

It is of interest that at the same time the same "Jesus Christ" says exactly the same words to hundreds (if not thousands) of other people, who find themselves in the same situation. After this kind of "preface" the information given by "Jesus Christ" to his "chosen", who then publish his "revelations", begins to differ dramatically. Moreover, those "revelations of Jesus Christ" correspond to the level of education, understanding, culture, and, which is most important, personal concepts of every single "chosen" one. The explanation of this "phenomenon" is very simple—when playing the role of Jesus Christ the parasites draw the "revelations" from the depths of the consciousness of the "chosen" person.

Well, it is more or less clear why this category of "the chosen" fall into the deplorable trap, but it is very difficult to understand those who are caught with the help of their personal ambitions!

A person has just opened his "eyes" and those who make contact with him declare that he (she) is appointed to be a ruler of Earth, galaxy or Universe, depending on the level of this person's ambitions. This person, now puffed up with his own grandeur, does not even ask the very appropriate question in this situation: "What have I done to deserve this huge responsibility?"

This is quite logical and simple—he does not yet understand anything at the level of the planet (let alone higher levels) and suddenly he is told that he must govern, for example, the Universe! It is tantamount to appointing a baby who has just said "goo-goo", to the post of "Supreme Commander-in-Chief"! Isn't that ridiculous?

For some reason no-one does this and, moreover, nobody could or would execute the commands of this "Supreme Commander-in-Chief" (like "goo-goo", "mummy" or "daddy"!) This is not because a "baby" is bad, but because firstly he must learn to walk and talk, get a proper education, show his talent as a military leader in practice, and only then he can be the supreme commander-inchief and bear full responsibility for his orders and the people who entrust him with their lives.

It is clear to everyone, but this simple understanding for "some" reason evaporates, when an "evolutional baby" gives his first "sigh". In fact, when a person breaks through to a higher level, it is nothing more than his "birth" at this level with all effluent consequences. The first words "mummy" or "daddy" are quite natural and appropriate

for a new child, but would be funny, at the very least, for a grown up person "born" at another qualitative level!

A talented person can go through all the intermediate steps between levels very quickly, but he still must go through them before he can acquire the necessary experience and qualities in order to rule the Universe. If such an evolutional "child" does not understand this, he becomes easy prey for parasites of all levels. When they get "their paws on" a person with distorted consciousness, he is doomed to evolutional death, because, as soon as parasites see the gap between his consciousness and abilities, they will do their best to keep this person in ignorance, unaware of the true nature of things for good.

They will back up his false ambitions and also create conditions so that the gap between the level of consciousness and abilities becomes greater and greater, because only then they will be able to rob continuously the person who's got into their clutches, devouring his qualities and potential! Oddly enough, when you start to explain the situation to this person and even show him the real essence of those who "assigned" him to be "ruler of Universe" he continues to deny obvious things, because he likes his "new-found status" and does not want to hear anything else! In this case, he deprives himself of the chance to become the true ruler of Universe, providing he continues his development, instead of stopping on the threshold of it! I feel so sorry for those people, who, having a natural gift and the possibility of development, but lacking the ability to think logically, fall for the bait of the primitive lie, only because this lie coincided with their ambitions!

One way or another, the parasites gather a pretty rich harvest at different planetary levels and, regrettably, very few are able to break through their barriers. The main reason for all this is the attempt to project habitual concepts onto qualitatively different reality, instead of extending old concepts and adding new ones acquired at another level of reality. The ability to expand one's consciousness is the most important condition for evolutional development.

It is so obvious. Our consciousness at the physical level is formed by means of five senseorgans which serve for our adaptation to the ecological niche which we occupy as living organisms. When for different reasons we break through to another qualitative level of reality, we appear in quite different natural conditions, which correspond to this level.

Five human sense-organs cannot provide an adequate reflection of reality at this level, because there are no light waves of the physical world, as well as sound-waves, smells and tastes the way we used to understand them. The human brain, "entering" into another level of

reality, does not have "sense-organs" for this reality and has to transform the information of this level into forms we can recognize.

Thus, an enormous volume of information is lost and man appears almost "blind" at this level, in spite of the fact that the brain can receive more information than it does at the physical level of reality. However, "more" does not mean "all". It means only that the brain receives additional information, which it did not have before he went to the other level of reality. But this additional information is only a little "stream" of information which exists at this level. Regrettably, man is unaware of this fact.

It is possible to extend consciousness to a new qualitative limit only by creating new senseorgans (structures of the brain) which replace eyes, ears, etc. at other levels. In fact, our physical sense-organs are only sensors through which the information enters the brain and the brain only "lays" everything on the "shelves" of our consciousness. When man evolves at other levels, additional eyes do not appear in the back of his head or anywhere else, as people unaware of how our brain works may think. Precisely, new structures of the brain become these unusual "eyes", "ears", etc. at every new level of reality which man breaks through during his evolutional movement forward.

If man is able to get the information using this unusual way (through the structures of the brain), he can translate it into a form familiar to him and for other people (visual or sound). Certainly, part of information will be lost, some times a very big part, and we must bear this in mind; but, if we want only to orientate ourselves in space, there is no harm in such simplification. I would like to repeat. We should remember that this adaptation of the information from other levels into our usual forms, "cuts out" a lot, but if we use it only for orientation at other levels, we will only benefit from it.

So, we can choose the necessary information out of external things at other levels, using such simplification, we can also "enter" into another layer of information on this level, however, it would be advisable to "enter" only into that one which is indeed important and necessary. This method of multilevel work with information, which satiates every new level of reality which man discovers every time he moves forward, prevents him from "drowning" in it.

I would like to say some words about the very popular modern concept of the "informative field", to which man can be "connected" and obtain any information. According to this concept, all knowledge exists in some kind of "informative field" and one only has to "enter" there and "read" this information. It is NOT so. Someone deliberately imposes this false information on people in order to create conditions

which allow "pouring out" only that information which prevents man from his awakening even when he enters another level.

Nature surrounds us everywhere in the physical world; every second our sense-organs supply the information about what is happening around us to our brain. We see and hear how wind rustles leaves in the forest, how a bee buzzes gathering nectar from a flower, we hear birds singing, see them flying; we are entranced with the beauty and variety of nature. But is all this knowledge? No, this is information about what happens inside and outside us. This information will become knowledge only when man comprehends it, understands cause-and-effect relationships and reaches enlightenment by knowledge.

The same situation is observed when man gets to another qualitative level. Having the possibility of receiving reliable information, man is only able to gather it there. Like at the physical level, knowledge does not exist in a "ready-made" form there. Man can acquire knowledge, only when he studies new information and, after comprehending it, gains the enlightenment. Someone can object, saying that he was handed knowledge!

Indeed, some people who went to another qualitative level were given one or other piece of information. There are some questions: who gives this information and why and whether this information is reliable? But, again for "some" reason no one asks these questions. The reason is simple: firstly, the person's "exceptionality" is revealed to him and, when he "melts", he begins to re ceive other "revelations". This is the work of PARASITES!

Their aims are to mislead and use a person recently awoken for their own purpose, preventing him from further development. The point is that Light Forces NEVER pass knowledge—a person must be ready for it, and it is impossible to bestow enlightenment by the simple handing over of knowledge. The enlightenment comes when man does it on his own, passing through his consciousness new information and checking up his understanding in practice through his actions.

Only adequate practical actions show, whether this person comprehends new information correctly and is ready to move further. To pass knowledge to a person who is not ready for it is tantamount to passing a nuclear control box to a child and warning him not to press "the red button", because something terrible will happen. I think there is no need to explain what the child will do with red button!

To tell the truth, the earth parasites managed to achieve a lot on our Mother-Earth. They created a "kingdom of distorted mirrors" imposing on people false conceptions. They imposed an idea, an ambivalent one, which works for the destruction of human logical thinking

and thinking in general. On the one hand, the idea states that man is created in the image and likeness of God, which imbues man with the feeling of his "grandeur", and on the other hand, another idea is hammered into the head of man—that of his sinfulness, nonentity and, the most interesting thing, that he is a slave of God!

It turns out very strange. Somehow this God's facsimile appears to be his slave! This is an absurdity, but only on the face of it. If one "looks" into it a little bit closer, he will find a true "underwater bomb". Opposite concepts start to "pull" the human consciousness in different directions at the one and the same time, which brings about the destruction of its wholeness and creates mutually exclusive "currents" in it.

That is why, when man breaks through to the qualitatively new level because of his natural abilities, he does not even think about the possibility of evolving his consciousness in the new conditions, and "simply" projects his old concepts! Why would he need to evolve anything, if he is created in the image and likeness of God? In fact, he has everything, probably he is a little bit below God, but still he is his likeness! This logical trap almost always snaps into action!

When man consciously goes out of the body, he has all these false concepts. In principle, the conscious exit out of the body further persuades man that he is "created" in the image and likeness of God! He did an unbelievable thing—he left his physical shell!

"This undoubtedly indicates the "divine" nature of man"—think those who fall for the bait of false concepts. And, therefore, they do not even think to somehow perfect themselves, because the God's "image" and "likeness" needs no perfection! In fact, only God is higher than His likeness! They do not claim the place of God (for the moment), but, nevertheless, they are certain of their primordial grandeur, which in reality does not exist, because the grandeur of man is in his actions, not in his self-importance.

However, the false system of concepts about the nature of man created by the social parasites on Midgard-earth is a nutrient medium for imaginary human pride. Someone may say that not all believe in God, that there are so-called "atheists" who deny God and, therefore, cannot be caught in the net of false concepts which have destructive influence on consciousness. Regrettably, this statement is also incorrect, because "atheists" say that man is a "king" of Nature! It is of importance: both faith in God and "atheism" were created by the social parasites in order to manipulate masses with ease and set one people against another, at the same time pursuing their own aims.

Thus, the social parasites "take" under their "wing" both those who

believe in God and those who do not! Is not it a "brilliant" idea! The social parasites make everything work for them! Both doctrines form distorted consciousness in people in order to prevent people from true understanding of the nature of man, his consciousness and his abilities.

Using both "trends", the parasites lead people into a dead end of false understanding of the existent phenomena, because only in this case are they able to hold man under control. Parasites consciously create the contradiction between the content and form. Regrettably, man accepts this falseness happily, because it promises him an imaginary "grandeur". But the true grandeur of everyone is in his actions, big and small, in his routine hard work, which man must do every day, day after day, in which, on the face of it, there is no grandeur. However, true grandeur always is born from exactly this routine labour in the name of something greater than simple satisfaction of physiological necessities.

The true grandeur is not in the shouting about it. Usually, only a loser, who was not able to realize his "great" ambitions, yells about his grandeur. True grandeur is in labouring for the good of other people, without expecting gratitude and glory, honours and recognition. All else is the "husk" of distorted concepts imposed on people by parasites in order to befog their brains with false ideals, to which, in fact, there is no need to aim. All this has a pitiful result—a person has just opened his eyes, but being guided by false leading lights, closes the road to his true grandeur forever (or for a very long time), the essence of which is the taking of personal responsibility for every act and for those who depend on him!

It is very sad to see people who have magnificent natural inclinations become marionettes in the hands of parasites of different levels. But the saddest thing is that these people often refuse the offer to help them get rid of the control of parasites. They are unable to renounce a "throne" to which they were raised by parasites. A sweet illusion is more preferable for them than hard work in the name of something unknown!

Here, you are already a god, king and hero, and there you need to "rack" your brains, solve problems, risk your life and health, and often you do not know, whether you will have enough "gunpowder" for all this. Here is the clue, why the parasites of every "stripe" so easily and quickly gain control over naturally gifted people who just begin to open their eyes...

Well, I will finish my "lyrical digression" and come back to the subject.

The brain transformation which I invented fundamentally changed the situation with the silver thread which links the "empty" physical

body and the spirit. After the transformation man can consciously leave the body and go on "travels" very far (the distance is almost unlimited)!

To be more precise, after the transformation the distance at which the spirit can move away from the physical body is determined only by the qualitative level of development of the spirit, instead of the "length" of the silver thread. If the spirit after the transformation "bumps" into some qualitative barrier and is unable to move further, it is enough to create new properties and qualities and he can go ahead!

An unusual qualitative manifestation was observed when I carried out several researches concerning brain transformation. First it happened in May, 1989 in Moscow in the Institute of Brain. Michael Dekhta, a journalist, played the role of "guinea-pig". He was placed into a Faraday cage in order to eliminate any possible influences from the outside; the encephalographic sensors were connected to Michael's brain.

When everything was ready, Sergey, an employee of the laboratory (I do not remember his last name) switched on the recording equipment and asked me to do something unusual with Michael. I decided to test one interesting idea. Instead of sending Michael into space, I sent him into micro-space. I brought him into a necessary qualitative state and "diminished" him to microscopic size!

After that I sent him travelling within his own body, in his bloodstream through his blood vessels. I conducted this experiment for the first time and Michael appeared inside of himself also for the first time. We can say that Michael "saddled" his erythrocyte and began to move together with it from one organ to another. When all this happened, Michael was so stunned by what he saw during his unusual trip that for a long time he did not get tired of telling everyone about his impressions.

When he got into one of his cells, using this unusual way, I asked him to travel about his chromosomes. I diminished him even further so that the spirals of his own chromosomes became enormous tunnels in which he could easily "walk". I made some correction in his perception in order for him to see every gene in the spiral. Knowing the chemical and spatial structure of the nucleotides which form our genes, he could give to each nucleotide its colour. So he was able to see not only every gene of his own chromosome, but also every nucleotide!

But this was not all! It was enough for me to make some changes and Michael could see which of his genes had one or other kind of damage. Moreover, he also could travel inside any person and not only in his present, but also in his future and past!

In addition to all this, it was not simple travelling. He could "obtain" any information about the state of the organism at the molecular or cellular level, depending on the necessary task. At the same time, his information reflected the real state of the human organism and original cause of diseases. Michael could not control all these trips as he was only an observer-passenger, whom I sent both into the past and future, controlling all these processes.

But even the role of a passenger was not so easy. He underwent enormous loads, but for all this, during his extraordinary trip Michael described everything he saw with genuine surprise and amazement. Probably, someone, when reading these lines, especially sceptics, would prefer to think that I am not right in the head!

But I would not advise them to do this, because these were real tests with the use of the most exact devices, which showed that the information received there fully coincided with the results of other researches carried out by conventional methods which required a long time and were more expensive, but the result was the same. And not only "the same" but much more complete: it could get every minute detail, which no device is capable of.

There is more! One should have seen Sergey's face when he observed the readings of the encephalograph! According to them during this experiment Michael was, at least, in the state of COMA! I say "at least", because usually straight lines on the encephalograph correspond to the state of clinical death. In other words, according to the encephalograph, Michael was dead! So, I ask sceptics to assume that it was the device which was not right in the head!

While, according to the readings of the devices, Michael was dead or on his way to death, he enthusiastically described everything he saw during his journey! So, now you can imagine the confusion of the employee of the Institute of Brain!

This was, so to speak, the internal journey of man, although a somewhat unusual one. Michael did not abandon his physical body, but traveled with his extremely diminished spirit inside his body. As for the "external" travel of the spirit, everything is the same! I conducted my first experiments with complete exit of the spirit from the body with the brain encephalogram recorded, when I lived in the USA and purchased a multichannel encephalograph which could show the results on the computer monitor.

This time my wife Svetlana was a "guinea-pig". First I recorded the signals of the brain in normal state, when Svetlana's spirit was within her body. Only when I was totally sure that the device worked correctly, I asked Svetlana to abandon her body. As soon as she went

out, all readings of the encephalograph immediately fell down to zero!

The readings were displayed on the computer screen in the colour spectrum from navy blue to shades of red. At zero amplitude of the signal the color was navy blue and as the amplitude of the signal grew, the color became "warmer" and "warmer" (blue, green, yellow, orange and red). So, when Svetlana exited the physical body, the amplitude of the signal immediately dropped to zero and the whole screen became navy blue! This state corresponded to very deep coma or death, but Svetlana spoke, could move and the temperature of her body did not decrease!

All this showed that she was all right, but at the same time the encephalogram showed that her brain did not function at all! This cannot happen, because this can never happen! But it was REAL and it HAPPENED, whether someone likes it or not! And if someone is still eager to preserve his "scepticism", well, it is his right!

In fact, even now in South America there is a "The Flat Earth", society in which members are convinced that Earth is flat, not round! They drew this "stunning" conclusion on the basis that every morning they see an ascending sun in the east, which moves through the sky and sets in the west, and Earth remains still and flat, because they see a flat horizon with their own eyes!

No argument that this is incorrect satisfies them, because they trust their sense-organs! It is the same, if we trust only to the readings of devices, the operating principle of which is based on incomplete understanding of the nature of living matter: zero activity of the cortex would only mean DEATH or, at least, a deep COMA, when man can NOT talk, move or show any other activity inherent to alive and healthy people!

The most interesting thing is that in the most cases they will be ABSOLUTELY right! The "oddities" in the conduct of devices appear only when a person has undergone a qualitative transformation of the brain, when the human brain starts to work in the fundamentally new mode, of which modern scientists have not the slightest idea. The qualitative transformation allows the human brain to work in quite different modes, to be more precise, a person himself can switch the work of the brain to different modes, which were simply unattainable for him pre- transformation.

So, real devices show that after the qualitative transformation of the brain the interaction between the physical body and the spirit changes dramatically (especially in case of Svetlana, who went through all the transformations I could think of). When a person in an ordinary state leaves his physical body consciously, the physical body appears in deep

coma which is close to the state of clinical death. Almost no signs of life in this state are observed; the breathing is very weak and barely visible; heart contractions are infrequent. The person can neither talk, nor move in such state, and the body is an empty vessel. After the transformation of the brain, at almost zero activity of the cortex, which was confirmed by the experiments in the Institute of Brain and my own experiments, man continues to behave as though the spirit is still in the body, while he is not!

For clear reasons (I hope), I will not describe how I succeeded in reaching it, not because I cannot explain what I have done, but because I do not want any detailed information getting into the hands of enemies, who, using this knowledge, are able to bring a lot of harm to many people.

One way or another, after the brain transformation absolutely new qualitative interaction between the physical body and the human spirit occurs, when the consciousness is out of the physical body the spirit is not tied to the body by the silver thread, but acquires true freedom without the risk of abandoning this body for good! But this is not all! When the human spirit consciously leaves the body in the habitual way, he appears as a mere observer and uses the potential, which he has accumulated before the moment of the exit from the physical body; after the brain transformation the spirit still uses the whole potential of the physical body, as if he is still in it.

In other words, during this kind of conscious exit of the spirit, not only the body continues to behave itself as though the spirit went nowhere, but also the spirit, being out of the body, uses its full potential as if still being inside it.

Under the conditional name "the transformation of the brain" we should understand it to mean the qualitative transformation of the human brain, his spirit, his physical body at the chromosomal level, when not only the so-called "asleep" human genes are activated, but also absolutely new structures of these genes are created; when the chromosomes become multidimensional and qualitatively different from the initial ones, and at the same time the person's outward appearance and his genes remain almost unchanged. The human brain undergoes a pretty strong change, and this results in that even the form of the skull changes insignificantly, but this is not important for the current analysis.

Therefore, after all transformations through which Svetlana went, her spirit was able to move freely, notwithstanding, whether it was a conscious exit or her spirit went out during sleep, she could move unbelievable distances without any harm for her physical body and

also she could, being out of the body, be quite active—if not using the power of her potential fully (for all that, the spirit and the body were separated), but being very close to this!

This changes the situation dramatically—during all the time of the existence of the civilization in Midgard-earth (may be not only there) one could only be an observer, when consciously leaving the body or, as many people call it, during astral trips (this name is quite wrong). Although observation is also important and useful in many situations, but it is a passive type of action, which gives little opportunity for further development.

The transformation of the brain allows both observing existent events passively and, with proper analysis of strategy and tactic, undertaking actions, and thus, continuing development during the conscious exit as well as during normal sleep when the body rests from daily work.

Thus, the possibility of continuous development and activity in any state appears. This changes the situation dramatically. It means the following—if my enemies succeed in eliminating me physically, using one or another method, for example, bringing me into the state of coma or damage my physical brain (I repeat, "if")—this in no way would affect my actions, on the contrary, for certain reasons, I will get the possibility to operate on a much larger scale!

It turns out that the presence or absence of the physical body changes almost nothing for me! While my physical body is not destroyed, it remains a foundation for my spirit. If for certain reasons I lose this physical body, I will be able to create any physical body in any place, and if necessary, I can create several physical bodies, which can exist independently from each other and at the same time they all would have my spirit, no matter how paradoxical it may sound.

It is difficult even to imagine what abilities and qualities man can have, if he chooses and follows the correct path. He will see then the real world—many-sided and shockingly beautiful, magnificent, amazing, delightful—there are not enough words-synonyms to transmit all the splendour of what we get used to calling Universe! In fact, what modern humanity understands under the concept of the Universe differs from the real Universe, like the sky from earth!

As usual, I got carried away "a little" with philosophising, but I sincerely hope that it can help someone to understand one or another problem. I hope very much that it will be like this. Now I will go back to the events of my life in the "real" world.

Chapter 38.

The second visit to Archangelsk

In September I continued to live my ordinary routine life, which was ordinary for me, but not for most people. Such is human nature—even the most unbelievable events, if they happen regularly, become ordinary. Therefore, we consider something to be "new", if it changes the "habitual" course of our life.

At the beginning of September Cyril Kasatkin, a young diplomat, whom I met when I gave a speech at the conference of the Fund of popular Medicine on March 29, 1989 and who organized my press-conference in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, called me. We kept in touch occasionally, because I did not visit Moscow often and he was mostly abroad on business trips.

When Cyril returned from his next business trip, this time from the USA, he called me and said that when he was in San Francisco, he visited an American millionaire Harry Orbelian, who emigrated from the USSR at the time of the Second World War, and told them about me. Now the Orbelians are in Moscow because the wife, Vera Ivanovna, who has the so-called Bechterew's disease (*Ankylosing spondylitis*) needs treatment. It is considered to be incurable and all their attempts to get rid of it in the West were in vain. Therefore, they came to Russia hoping that they would find help here. The treatment in the clinics of the USA and Western Europe had brought no significant relief, and this woman was now forced to walk with the help of a stick.

When we met, she had only two days left before her departure to the USA. Vera Ivanovna had never heard of any method like mine. Therefore, she was very curious as to what I would do with her. She had very good sensitivity and endured the load, which was a consequence of my work, very well. She was very surprised when she saw her own vessels and nerves; but even more surprised when the same evening she forgot about her stick, without which she had not been able to manage for a pretty long time. All this so shocked her that she remained in Moscow for ten days more, while her husband returned on the day he had planned.

I worked with her every day. We usually came to the apartment of her youngest son, Constantine Orbelian, a prominent conductor and

pianist, who rented an apartment in the famous House on the Embankment (a block-wide apartment house in downtown Moscow. It was completed in 1931 as the *Government Building*, a residence of the Soviet elite—E.L.). Within these ten days I worked with Vera Ivanovna and conversed both with her and Constantine about different aspects of life, especially about paranormal phenomena. Almost every day, Vera Ivanovna told us, me and Svetlana, that we should come to America, to San Francisco, that her eldest son, George, would be extremely glad to meet us.

Ten days passed and Vera Ivanovna went back to the USA and began to call me to continue the course of treatment. She again invited us to San Francisco, even more insistently, because, when all her friends knew what had happened in Moscow, they wanted to take my course of treatment too; almost all of them had problems with their health which they would very much like to be rid of. Vera Ivanovna got into the USA from fascist Germany, and she had got there from her native town in Ukraine which was occupied by the Germans—they simply stopped the tram she was on and took away all the young people in order to send them to Germany to work like slaves. She tried to escape from her slave-holder and ended up in a concentration camp.

In 1941 she had graduated from the Kharkov medical institute, married and then found herself in a concentration camp instead of working in a hospital. She was Russian, as were millions of other young girls and boys who were sent to Germany by force. When the war ended she got into a camp for displaced persons in the western sector of Germany. She was afraid of returning to her Motherland and being sent to a Soviet concentration camp, from which she would not be lucky to get out alive.

She visited the USSR only at the end of the 80's, at the time of perestroika. It happened that Cyril Kasatkin knew her and asked her to meet me on account of her incurable, from the medical point of view, disease. As I have already said, I was in Germany in 1990 for almost three months and was invited to visit this country again. But it happened that now Svetlana and I had two invitations to come to San Francisco (Vera Ivanovna was the second one) and we decided to go to the USA, because I had already visited Germany, I would like to see far away America, so would Svetlana.

We promised Vera Ivanovna that we would come to the USA. One very telling argument for doing this was Vera Ivanovna's words that a lot of potential patients were waiting for me in San Francisco. I assumed that she mingled in a circle of rich people and I would have patients able to pay for my work. This train of thought, although quite

logical, had nothing to do with the reality, but not because there were no rich persons in Vera Ivanovna's circle... Well, I will tell about it when it comes to it.

In September, 1991 Svetlana and I still lived in Moscow and I prepared my second visit to Archangelsk. At the end of September Svetlana went home for several days to visit her parents and son. From time to time I called Dmitry Rasskazov on account of making necessary preparations for my course for doctors, about which we had agreed on my first visit. Nadezda Yakovlevna Anshukova, the head physician of the Archangelsk medicinal-prophylactic health centre, took an active part in the organization of this course. It was she who shouldered all the difficulties of this.

Two days before my arrival to Archangelsk Dmitry Rasskazov called me to specify the last details of my schedule and asked whether I could do something with the water contamination in Archangelsk region? The situation was so uncared-for that the water in the rivers and lakes of the region had become acid.

Acid rain had now become "normal", the fish appeared on the surface belly up; in the delta of the Dvina River the acid water destroyed the flora and fauna of the White Sea. In short, there was an ecological catastrophe, which happened because of waste products, which the industrial enterprises of the region disposed of carelessly feeling zero responsibility for the consequences of their actions. In the course of time the ecological situation in Archangelsk region became critical.

Dmitry Rasskazov described this situation and asked whether I could do something about it. I promised to try. In fact, it is possible to solve any problem, if one can find the right key. I had succeeded in solving very serious problems successfully, about which I have already written. Therefore, I saw no reason why I would be unable to solve this one. I decided not to put it off for a long time and began to work on it. Svetlana helped me with this work. I used the same tactics, which I had used when solving the problem with the ozone layer.

I decided to decompose acids in the waters of Archangelsk area—in all rivers, lakes, bogs, subterranean waters—in other words, everywhere where the water was poisoned by acids. Working together with my wife Svetlana, I spent five minutes solving the problem of the acidity of the water in Archangelsk region. All rivers, lakes, bogs and subterranean waters of the whole area of 589 200 sq. km were cleared up. At the same time acid rain which had been constantly observed in this region stopped and not a single fish or a plant died during my work, neither on land nor in water! This happened in an area which is bigger than France and the island of Corsica put together (543 965 sq. km.). And

France is the biggest country in Europe!

The most interesting fact is that the woodworking industry of Archangelsk region did not stop poisoning water with its waste products, but, nevertheless, sixteen years after this work in October, 1991, the water in Archangelsk region is still the cleanest in Russia! This is the next fact which for "some" reason has not been published either in the Soviet mass media or in the Russian one!

However, the ecological catastrophe in the Archangelsk region was not a secret at all. A lot of newspapers wrote about it and it was reported on regional radio and television. And in one day this problem disappeared, everything became just fine and the state did not take the least part in this. Frankly speaking, no state measures could solve this problem; it is IMPOSSIBLE from the "scientific" point of view; nor was there any reaction from the "official" side, although many people knew who had done what. As usual they preferred to hush up the information, as if nothing unbelievable had happened. Mass media "simply" stopped talking about the acidity of the water and everyone forgot about it, as though this problem never existed.

Most likely they were ordered keep silence, and ordinary people did not notice anything. They were "fed" other information in such amounts that they forgot very quickly about acid rain and dead fish in rivers and lakes. This method of manipulating public consciousness has been used for a long time. However, some information leaked out, but no one connected it with my work. Most likely, because of the fact that the phenomena which people observed were very unusual— there was a holographic projection of my hands on the sky when I worked on the problem (probably, because of the latitude of Archangelsk region). Here's what eyewitnesses saw:

"... A lot of peasants observed another unusual phenomenon right after the one we've just described. It is some kind of a warning message, of what? We should think about it. Approximately at 18.15 (October 2, 1991) those, who again decided to watch the sky, saw the following: at the place, where the first cloud with a "spot" was, suddenly the second one appeared. It was enormous —half the sky— and bright green. A "hand" to the elbow began to appear out of it. It looked very much like a human hand. The hand with the forefinger up is a warning sign from time immemorial. So, the "hand" was up, the forefinger was straightened, other four fingers made a fist. The "hand" stood motionless in this position for about five minutes and then began slowly to go down. It was going down for a half an hour. When it finally descended completely, the forefinger was directed toward the pier of Navolok. Suddenly a red light appeared at the tip of the forefinger

and began to go up along the invisible "vessels" of the "hand'. When it reached the elbow, the contour of the "hand" began to change, it became longer (as though separating from rest of the object).

Then the picture began to dim gradually and finally disappeared"[1]

Many children who attended my first performances in Archangelsk pointed at the sky and said that they saw a man there! Regrettably, no one took any photographs of this phenomenon in Archangelsk. Something like this was photographed much later, in 2002 in the USA, when I worked on the neutralization of the superstorm Lily. The picture was published in several journals under the name of "Hands of God" and then was declared a hoax and the author was badgered. But this will happen much later, then, there were a lot of rumors in Archangelsk, a few publications and after a while all this was forgotten. It is of interest that the eyewitnesses observed the projection of my work in the sky with a considerable delay.

The next day after this work I, Svetlana and our friend had to go to Archangelsk by train, but we missed it because of a huge traffic jam at the Sadovoe Koltso—when we finally rushed onto our platform, we saw only the "tail" of our train moving away. We were upset a little, but did not lose heart. Thanks to our friend we managed to get two tickets for an airplane (which was quite difficult task then—all types of ticket, be it bus, train or airplane, were always scarce—E.L.) and flew to Archangelsk instead of going by train. We reported to Dmitry Rasskazov about the change and he met us in the Archangelsk airport. When we had settled into a hotel, we went sightseeing. I had already got some idea of this city from my first visit, but it was the first time for Svetlana, although she had travelled through most of Soviet Union giving concerts, but fate had never brought her to Archangelsk.

The next day I began my work. In the day-time I met with medical groups from hospitals and policlinics, students and teachers of the Archangelsk medical institute and gave lecturesdemonstrations for them. The essence of the lecture was the analysis of the situation in modern medicine, its positive and negative aspects (the latter, from my point of view, prevailed).

Usually I began my lecture saying that at the beginning of the 20th century physicians declared that when they had enough high-quality drugs and exact diagnostic devices, they would win over all illnesses. They got all this, but the quantity of illnesses has not decreased, but increased as well as the quantity of patients. I also drew attention to the wrong approach to healing, when the main consideration was given

[1]The newspaper "The Soviet Onega", October 12, 1991.

to the symptoms of an illness, instead of its primary cause. I also talked about errors in understanding the mechanisms of the human immune system, etc.

Although, my words caused indignation in many doctors, considering the fact that it was not a physician who told them all this; (then, I had no scientific titles, written monographs or books), they did not express it very strongly. Certainly, there were progressive and thinking people who understood that the problems of medicine which I raised were not the spiteful slander of an ignoramus. Also there was my influence on listeners, which always exists, but there was another aspect which cut the ground out from under the feet of all my opponents. In my lectures I gave both the analysis and the way out of the current situation. I did not give a hypothetical solution, but the real one, which I demonstrated immediately. I will give an example which fully confirms my words.

Doctors came to my lectures with very different moods and motives. A doctor-radiologist came wanting to unmask a charlatan, as she confessed to her colleagues later. Usually, when I finished the theoretical part of the lecture, I passed to the demonstration. I tested everyone in the room to estimate their genetics in order to find the most dynamic one ready for the transformation of brain and spirit. To do this I usually asked them to clasp hands and then, using hypnosis, influenced hand muscles and the brain center which controls muscular tone of the body.

As a result of my actions, the hands of a sensitive person were linked together firmly and he was unable to unlink them without external help. At the same time he was completely conscious and aware of everything. This was an absolutely obvious and reliable way which I used to find people with necessary qualities of genetics quickly. I asked all "captivated" people to come to me. When I released their hands from this "captivity", I started to transform their brain and spirit, after which people could see their own internal organs, as well as the organs of other people; also they acquired a lot of other abilities.

So, in the policlinic, where I gave my lecture, I did the test on dynamic genetics and began to carry out the transformation. When I made it for a woman-doctor and she saw her internal organs for the first time in her life (first she saw the blood vessels of her own hand, then muscles and nerves) her eyes expressed extreme surprise. I paid no attention to that and continued the demonstration. I suggested checking out the "quality" of her newly acquired abilities right on the spot. I asked a colleague of the newly-born clairvoyant to be a "guinea-pig".

Everyone who was present in this meeting was also surprised at what happened with this woman over the transformation. I gave it no importance and continued the demonstration. I asked the volunteer, whether her colleague knew about her health problems. When I received a negative answer, I asked the brand new clairvoyant to define the health problems of her colleague, since childhood.

I gave her a brief instruction on how to use her new abilities and, guiding her actions a little, suggested describing all the problems she could find. The woman-doctor began to enumerate all the pathologies which she saw. She quickly and exactly defined all health problems, specifying the age when a problem appeared, how the process unfolded, what form and consequences it had.

The "hostess" of these problems confirmed everything. I then asked her to try to do a blood test without taking blood for laboratory analysis. This suggestion perplexed a "newly-made" clairvoyant a little, but I guided her in this case too. I told her to set her brain the task of giving the results of the blood test in holographic form—in the form of a usual table. In a few seconds this woman began to give the information: this amount of erythrocytes, that amount of leucocytes, platelets; leucocytes contained this amount of neutrophils, lymphocytes, eosinophils, basophils and monocytes.

When she read out the exact information taken as if from nowhere, almost everyone in the room was simply stunned, but this newly born clairvoyant, was the most stunned of all. Soon I knew the reason for such a reaction. It appeared that she was the doctor-radiologist, who wanted to unmask this "charlatan", who "boasted" that he could transform the brain after which man started to see internal organs.

It happened that this militant doctor-sceptic had a wonderful foundation for the transformation and it was she, a convinced sceptic and opponent, who showed her colleagues that everything I had said was true and real! Sometimes turns of fate can be very curious! After this she attended my performances and the whole course of my lectures. So, I had this kind of "relationship" with medical groups in the city of Archangelsk. I also had to fly to Severodvinsk to conduct my lectures and demonstrations there.

The first several evenings in Archangelsk I gave my performances which usually began at 19.00 and ended at 23.00 and even later. After that I conversed with people for, at the very least, an hour answering questions and trying to help, etc. This time the hall of the House of Officers was crammed with people. People stood and sat in passage-ways. Most likely, my first performances strongly impressed the habitants of this city and now they expected that I would show them new things.

Here are some curious cases.

There was one interesting case related to healing. One day, when I finished carrying out the mass session, I came to a girl who had an overload. She had spinal tuberculosis and had undergone several operations after which she could move only with the help of crutches. She could not move one leg at all, while the other had some mobility. Her crutches were next to her. I thought: as she has such good sensitivity, why not return complete mobility to her, and conducted a personal session, influencing her right on the spot. I succeeded in recovering her spine completely, so that five minutes of my work were enough for this girl to get up on her feet and go to the stage without crutches, whereupon I corrected her spine a little and she began to walk on the stage absolutely normally.

At this moment I did not think that I could create a *furore* of a "St. Jorgens's Day"[2]. I did not even think to use the fact that this girl came to my performance with crutches and went away, carrying them under her arm. Probably, from the point of advertising, it would have been correct to draw the attention of the whole audience to the already unnecessary crutches; but it was not in my character to draw attention to what I did—I was concentrating exclusively on the task of bringing the girl's spine and feet to a normal state, because, regrettably, such ability to endure loads was pretty rare!

If every human organism could endure the level of loads as this girl did, it would be possible to create man anew within several minutes, solving almost any health problem!

Regrettably, the overwhelming majority of people are not able to endure this kind of load and, therefore, it is necessary to advance with microscopic "steps" when healing one or another illness, instead doing one big "step". It is of interest that the mass media did not report a single word about this, as if things like this happened every day and everyone was tired of observing them! However, let it be on the conscience of journalists of the city of Archangelsk.

During one of my performances I got a note with an interesting content. It was so interesting that I even invited the author to meet me after the performance. The matter was the following. Different cans

[2] "St. Jorgens's Day" is a 1930 Soviet black and white silent film by Yakov Protazanov based on the novel by Harald Bergstedt. Before one of the church holidays, a thief, Korkis, escapes from prison and merges with the parish. He sees the vast amount of money that is settling in the clergymans pockets. Korkis cannot resist another venture... Together with an accomplice he conceives and realizes a fraud ("miraculous" healing of a lame man on crutches) to extract at least a small part of that money out of their pockets. (E.L.)

with water always were on the stage during my first performances in Archangelsk— from one-liter glass jars to milk-cans. After I finished my work people took away their jars and cans with "CHARGED" water. It turned out that a young woman treated her friend to tea using "my" water. When the latter drank it, she began to see the internal organs of other people; her brain began to "speak" to her, reporting about one or another pathology.

She defined all the illnesses of her parents, revealing to them that she saw their problems and her brain told her what they were. The parents, fearing for the psychical health of their daughter, immediately dragged her to a certain specialist who, on hearing that her brain "spoke" to her, "put" her on corresponding medicaments and after a while her brain stopped "speaking" and everyone sighed with relief!

It was a quite predictable reaction of both parents and doctors, but in this situation I was surprised by one thing—no one paid attention to the fact that the "speaking" brain gave very exact information about the health problems, which could not be a job of a sick brain! It turned out that the water on the stage had recorded my work on the brain transformation of those people whom I had chosen by my tests. For "newly-made" clairvoyants I also created a "converter" which transformed the information received by the brain into verbal form accessible and understandable for everyone.

All this was "recorded" on the water during my actions. Certainly, the remaining power of the water was small, but it was enough for a person with high level of sensitivity, which this young woman appeared to have. Even the track of my influence after the transformation of the brain was enough that her brain was transformed too! But at the same time she did not get my explanations which I gave to those people who passed through my transformation, the elements of how to use these new abilities correctly.

As a result of this, a misunderstanding with the "speaking" brain appeared. But this is not the end of this story! It was the parents of the young woman, who wrote me the note. They and their daughter attended my performances. The note stated that their daughter's brain began again to "speak" on my performances and the parents asked me what they had to do in this situation.

I asked them to come to me after the performance and when the whole family came, I said to the girl that she had to decide what she wanted to do—I could close her brain for good and it would not "speak" with her any longer or she could come to my course and acquire the skills to use what she had got. She thought a little and said that she would like to attend a course of my lectures.

There were other amusing incidents. One woman constantly came to the stage after my test, but her reaction on the test was minimal. The mobility of her muscles recovered very quickly after I stopped the influence. In other words, she still was not ready for the brain transformation, but she wanted it very much and every day she appeared on the stage. One day she finally "got it"! As I began any influence, she became "glued" to the floor and could not tear her feet off it, no matter how hard she tried.

But the funniest thing did not happen on the stage. I usually finished my performances after 23.00, often—almost midnight. People went home, except for those who remained to ask me questions or request healing. So, this woman was already on her way home, when suddenly she felt that she was unable to move. It lasted several minutes, whereupon she again regained control over her body. She rejoiced and carried on. However, her gladness appeared to be somewhat premature. After a while everything repeated again and again, and again.

Once when she was "glued" again, a suspicious person began to approach her. This scared her. She tried to move from the spot, but was unable to move a muscle. The man came nearer and nearer. She was already shuddering with horror, when suddenly she regained control over her feet and rushed home like a bullet, since her house was just round the corner! It turned out that each time when I began to influence a person in the hall of the House of Officers, her feet were glued right at the place where she stood at that moment. Later she told me about it, which indeed would be very funny, if it were not for the fear which she experienced. But all was well in the end!

Also there were several curious moments during performances. I did my best not to repeat myself and to think of something new and funny. Once I decided to arrange an exquisite banquet for everyone who helped me on the stage. I created a lavish table with dishes which few people could afford to buy then and the overwhelming majority of people had never even tried them in their life. I put red and black caviar, lobsters, crayfish and crabs and other delicacies, as well as exotic fruits—pineapples, bananas, kiwis, etc. When I finished "laying the table", I asked people to help themselves, but my offer did not arouse great enthusiasm. Soon I found the reason for this reaction. When I repeated my offer, a man timidly asked me, how much they must pay for this.

Most likely the plentitude of rare and very expensive dishes confused people. When I understood the reason for the constraint, I said them not to think about it, because the meal was free. When people heard it, they began to approach the table at first timidly and then more

confidently and to try the dishes. I asked people how did they like the meal and everyone answered that everything was very delicious and very fresh, and that they had never eaten anything like this.

I created this for the first time in my life and wanted to know what people felt, while eating a meal "made of" pure energy. Everyone ate with pleasure and I even saw clearly how they chewed and swallowed the food. The participants shared their feelings with me—they felt how they appeased their hunger and felt the real satiety. I did not expect this kind of result.

During another performance I showed people hidden treasures, chests full of jewels and mountains of gold coins and jewelry. It was very interesting to observe how different people with different mentalities reacted to the fact that everyone could take any amount of treasure they wanted. I remember how one little girl, a daughter of the director of the House of Officers, came to me holding several semiprecious stones and asked, whether she could take them. Sadly enough, there were few questions like this. Some people, when they heard that they could take anything they wanted and in any quantity, only asked where they could find sacks to put their "trophies" in.

When they got sacks, they began to fill them with precious stones and gold, and then dragged them as far as possible dreading that someone would change his mind and demand everything back. In fact, some filled their sacks so that they were able only to drag them along the floor, straining all muscles and dripping with sweat. This picture caused both laughter and bitterness. When people saw the mountains of gold and precious stones, many of them threw off their masks and showed their true self. If anyone had made an attempt to take the gold, they now considered to be theirs or even only hinted at it, they would have killed them. Regrettably, this is also in human nature, but, fortunately, not all humans are like this.

During one of my performances I decided to displace people not into the past, but the present. A "Volga" appeared at the stage with its tyre punctured and I suggested changing it. Several persons took part in this work. Some people took a jack and raised the car in order to take off the wheel, someone took a wrench and unscrewed fixing bolts, someone else dragged the new wheel! At the same time every participant in this "operation", which required certain physical efforts, sweated and their muscles trembled with tension when they tightened fixing bolts. In short, the whole process looked exactly like the replacement of any real wheel.

Later, when some professionals watched the record of this process, they were shocked by what they had seen. All the movements of the

people who changed the wheel coincided in detail with real ones. The position of fixing bolts on the wheel corresponded to their position in the real car. The experts saw nothing on the TV screen, except for an empty space, but people who "worked" on the stage saw a real "Volga" and also felt the hardness and coolness of its body, the warmth of the punctured rubber, the "tightness" of firmly screwed fixing bolts. For them the car at the stage was absolutely real and tangible by all their sense-organs, just as other participants smelled and tasted the dishes and felt the weight of sacks filled with gold which they could only drag along the floor, because they were real for them!

During my second visit I carried out my performances in accordance with the same principle, which I used on my first, when I decided to unite a cognitive lecture, health sessions and a "circus" in a single whole! This merging of dramatically different things appeared to be very successful. Almost every performance ended at almost midnight and after that people waited for me with their illnesses.

Many people asked Svetlana for help too, especially women with breast cancer. Svetlana did not have enough experience in healing this kind of disease, but her kind heart could not refuse to respond to an appeal for help. But during this work emotions are impermissible! One must feel emotions only before or after a healing influence. If one allows oneself to feel emotions during this process, one should expect problems, which is precisely what happened with Svetlana.

She worked on a woman with breast cancer and the following day she had a pretty large tumour in the same place that the woman had it. Naturally, Svetlana was not happy about this, but she did not become panic-stricken, as could have been expected in this case, and not because she was sure that I would take this tumour away, but because she always had the character of a fighter, in spite of the fact that she is totally feminine! Staying calm until the tumour disappeared could not be easy. I immediately began work on the elimination of it, because tumours "received" this way usually grew like mushrooms after the rain. When it happened, my recommendation was that Svetlana should not do anymore influencing.

People were not very happy when Svetlana said that she would not give her medical sessions. I found it very surprising, but when people are worried exclusively about themselves—they are eager to get what they need, even if another person could suffer for it. Certainly, the desire to be healthy and to evade a death sentence is totally understandable. But I never understood the position, when a person does not care about the fact that the person who helps could die, that he can escape death only at the expense of the life of another person. By the

way, Svetlana's personal sessions after my performances were not for the sake of money, but because she wanted to help to people doomed to death by cancer.

So I succeeded in delivering Svetlana from this "gift", although this area remained weakened for a long time and later on our "friends" liked very much land blows on it, wishing to revive the tumour and thus destroy her physically, but they failed!

Days passed very quickly and here it was—the last performance in the city of Archangelsk and I began my course of lectures. It turned out that I had two groups—one was a group of doctors and the other was a group of ordinary people. Therefore, I had to carry out two courses a day. The first one was in the morning, from 8 to 12 o'clock in the hall of the medicinal-prophylactic health centre which was headed by Nadezhda Yakovlevna Anshukova. I gave lectures to the second group in the evening, from 18.00 to 22.00 on the same day. I had this kind of schedule for ten days. There were about eighty people in the first group and more than two hundred in the second. I never knew the exact number and Dmitry Rasskazov never showed me the lists. I think that there is no need to explain why...

There was an interesting fact concerning the medical group. There was almost no one from those whom I had chosen during my lectures-demonstrations. Almost all the chief medical officers sabotaged my course, sending their trustees in order that "their" people would later unmask me in front of the rest of the employees. This sabotage did not scare me, but distressed me a little, because those who were sent did not have genetics mobile enough, especially when I had already found such people and would have achieved a great deal with them. But chief medical officers did not care about what a person could or could not get. They absolutely did not care that a person prepared more carefully would be able, using his new abilities, to give help as a doctor to lots of people. And this help would have been real, instead of the phantom help which modern medicine has given and continues to give. They only cared about one thing, "unmasking" me and everything I said and did.

Certainly, it was easier for me to work with a medical audience—I did not have to explain to them what was a liver or heart, where they were and how they functioned, as well as all other organs and systems of the human organism. I simply gave them the understanding of what living matter was, which no one had ever explained to them in medical institutes. There were both doctors and candidates of medical

sciences[3], who also with great surprise and interest listened to what I told them about the functioning of organs and systems of the human organism.

I was glad to see the eyes of these people, most of whom had been roused against me on the first day, became more alive with each passing day! I saw a genuine interest in what I said, to the information about man, which appeared to be quite unexpected and very interesting for them. All the pomposity and false aplomb fell away from them and they again became the lively people with lively eyes that they had been in their far away childhood!

With every day these people opened their souls wider and wider. Every day I worked with all of them, changing their foundation, and gave them the understanding of what living matter was in general and man in particular. I explained my understanding of the origin of problems in the human organism, how and where it was necessary to look for the original cause of an illness and a lot of other things. Their sparks of understanding became brighter with every day.

After a week of my lectures one interesting event happened. One of the students, and as I discovered much later, a hospital division superintendent, came to the next lecture and burst into tears. The reason for her tears was because, using my method, she was able to remove a thrombus out of a patient's vein in a few minutes. This shocked her so much that she could not speak about it with calm.

As she said, she worked in the hospital for almost thirty years and for the FIRST time she was able to give REAL help to a person! And this was not all! When she convinced herself by her own experience that my system was true medicine, she confessed that her boss, the chief medical officer, sent her to my lectures in order for her to take my course and then unmask me in the eyes of all her hospital employees. I think she was not the only one who came to my lectures with this kind of task.

But this had its positive side too. After ten days of studying, three hours a day, almost all students changed their opinion dramatically about what I gave them, and they learned to use, although only at the most initial level, the new qualities and abilities which I created for them. Certainly, if the people whom I had selected in my lectures-demonstrations had come to my course, I could have taught them much

[3]The Doctor of Sciences is a higher doctorate degree. It was the second and the highest post-graduate academic degree in the USSR (and now in Russia), has no academic equivalent in North America or Britain. The prerequisite is the first degree, the Candidate of Sciences which is informally regarded equivalent to Ph.D. degree. On the average, only 10 per cent of Candidates earn a Doctor degree. (E.L.)

more. However, what I succeeded in doing with those who were sent had a greater influence yet on the doctors.

Later I knew that many doctors who attended my lectures were threatened with firing and blacklisting, if they refused to "unmask" me in the eyes of the rest of their colleagues. Some were forced to do this. I was not offended, because I understood their situation, but I felt pity because they "put out" those living sparks in their souls which I had succeeded in kindling in them. The fact of such hard pressure on these people indicated that medical officials were very scared! Can you imagine what I could have achieved with these people, if I had given lectures for a month or two, or a year or more?

From 6 to 10 o'clock in the evening I gave lectures in my second group, where were two hundred or more persons. The lectures were almost the same as in the medical one only I had to spend more time, explaining medical concepts of which the majority of listeners were unaware. Among my evening students there were a lot of people who underwent my tests and helped me on-stage. Tatiana Divnich was among them; she attended all performances and dreamed of having her brain transformed.

In the last performance I succeeded in bringing the process of her qualitative transformation to the level when the transformation of her brain became possible. I could not even imagine the consequences that would follow, into what a monster this ambitious woman would turn. I met with a group of my students before our departure to Moscow, among them was this "lady". She said some weird nonsensical things and I immediately realized that the Dark already controlled her, nursing her aspirations to self-glorifying and laudation.

In a very gentle way I explained to her that very often Dark Forces, parasites, mislead inexperienced people, showing them distorted or false information and that it was necessary to be very careful and to scan always a creature which passed any information. I said that Light hierarchs never gave any information, because man must comprehend and understand existing phenomena from his own experience. I also said that in her case she had become the next victim of parasites. Well, this woman, who had got her abilities from me only several days ago, told me that it was me who was fooled by parasites, and she had contact with the "highest" light forces. I understood that she was terribly mistaken! But I could not have expected this "mistaken" person to launch herself into feverish activity after my departure, covering all with my name, or that lots of people, including some of my students, would fall under the influence of this woman with an unsteady psyche and excessive ambitions, for no reason at all. However, this is the

subject of a special talk and I will return to it later.

We were extremely busy for all of our stay in the city of Archangelsk from early morning to late at night. We had only several hours between morning and evening lectures which we used to eat and rest a little. Often I met with people during this rest when I tried to give them my understanding of the world. Rasskazov senior asked me to carry out a meeting/performance with employees of the regional TV center. I recorded four broadcasts under the heading "Meetings for you", where both scientists and physicians, who attended my lectures, took part. In short, the work-load was maximal!

Although the work required intensive effort, I was extremely glad and happy. Taking into account my past experience, I explained to all listeners what they could and could not do, when using the brain structures I created for them, and the most important thing—why! After the explanation I warned that in the case of improper use everything would disappear and the infringer of these rules would be back where he started.

During these ten days I shared with people who came to receive knowledge everything I knew, hiding nothing. The only things I did not tell them about were my actions in Space. I did not consider it right to tell about those and here is why.

Firstly, everyone must be ready for the information he gets. It is tantamount to coming into a nursery school and starting to teach children quantum physics. Certainly, one can do this, but it will be useless. And not because children are stupid, but because firstly, children must go to school, get a good education, then enter a university at the radio-physics faculty and only then it is possible to teach them quantum physics. It is impossible to skip the intermediate stages and study quantum physics at once. This is true not only for quantum physics, but for everything, especially for what I wanted to transmit to people.

Secondly, I did not want people to have an inferiority complex after my stories.

Thirdly, in my lectures and practical exercises with people I aimed to give them knowledge, to awaken people from sleep, not to self-advertise. I thought then that if I passed on to people what I knew, "chewing" everything for them well, they would simply need to swallow it and that would be all! No one "chewed" anything for me, I had to get everything on my own; and if I shared my understanding with people, it would be easier for them to master the knowledge. I thought this way and this was my mistake.

The human brain is able to gather from incoming information only

that which is similar or close to something it already has. And if false concepts were hammered into the human brain both at school and in higher educational establishments, this brain will let in only that information which is close to these false concepts. The brain simply skips the rest of information, whether anyone likes it or not, including me!

The basis of the knowledge the social system lays into the brain of a person is of principle importance. No one do this on his own, because this process starts from childhood and does not depend on an individual, but on the knowledge prevailing in human society. Thus, we all are doomed to absorb only what is given to us and cannot influence it.

In cases where deliberately false concepts are imposed on us, we are unable to understand this until we get rid of their power. If the correct picture about the nature of things is given to us from our childhood, we will develop very quickly and a lot of us can attain the phase of Man. But this can only happen, if we absorb correct concepts, which, regrettably, is not the case on our Midgardearth.

Certainly, all of this did not happen by chance. The social parasites have done it intentionally in order to prevent people from awakening from the evolutional sleep into which parasites immersed them. In order to wake up man must possess strong will-power and enormous desire to understand what is going on without thinking, whether it will be profitable for him or not. Considering existing conditions, man must go against the whole system, against everything to get the ability to feel truth.

Few decide, after they have got their higher education, to go against the authority of modern science, because everyone who dreams of becoming a scientist wishes to write a Ph.D. thesis. And this is impossible without submitting to the requirements and concepts of orthodox science which is just as far from the understanding of nature now, as it was in the time of Aristotle and Socrates. Therefore almost all follow the course (like a river bed) of "traditions" which are actually plausible but consciously made fakes (for more details see my article "The theory of Universe and objective reality"). Even if someone asks questions at the beginning of their "scientific" career, they very quickly give it up, if they seriously wish to continue.

Besides, without additional sense-organs, it is almost impossible to follow the path of the truth. Therefore almost all people appear to be victims of a false picture of nature. And the saddest thing is that the human brain does not understand and, worse, is unaware of the fact that the social parasites "pumped" into it a false system of

concepts and the brain fights desperately to preserve them without understanding that they do not correspond to the real state of affairs in nature. But this is impossible to explain to the brain and it "kicks" as hard as it can, trying to save false concepts.

One way or another, my hope that it would be enough to "chew" a new picture of nature for my students and that would be all, did not come true!

At very best, the consciousness of people could snatch out only resembling elements from the whole stream of information! Besides, "resembling" does not mean identical. Thus, the contradiction between the form and the content arise, which inevitably results in distorted understanding of and reflection upon the information obtained. It does not mean that a person who's got an orthodox education is not able to master new concepts about nature. It only means that it will require a lot of effort, labour and patience before the false picture of Nature, imposed by the social parasites, is substituted for the real one.

I can only add that the more diverse a person's education and the wider his spectrum of interests, the easier it will be for him to get onto a new track regarding his concepts about nature. Ability in analytical and independent thinking should be also added to this and, certainly, — talent is needed too.

These were the difficulties I found when I began to teach other people my system of concepts. But in October, 1991 I gave my first lectures and hoped that the detailed explanation of the basis and some important nuances of my theory would be enough, so that listeners had a correct picture of the nature of things.

I also hoped that my students would carefully execute my instructions about how to scan correctly, to process the information obtained, to develop correct tactics and strategy of actions and to calculate necessary potential and qualities in order to solve a problem. Everyone listened to me attentively and all turned a deaf ear to this, paying attention only to how "easily" I did it. The visible simplicity of my work was the result of my enormous experience gained in understanding that which I had already accumulated and backed up by practical results. But for some reason no one thought about that.

However, even with all the negative moments which came to light later, I was happy that I helped people to wake up. Probably, they did not "recover their sight" immediately or were unable to do this at all, but people got the chance of which they had been deprived without their permission. The study was chargeable; every person had to pay a thousand roubles.

According to previous arrangements with the Rasskazovs, all money

for my performances and courses of lectures passed through their company “Master”. Dmitry Rasskazov promised me to come to Moscow with the financial report and my share; whereupon, we say goodbye to each other. Svetlana and I settled in the sleeping car on the Archangelsk-Moscow train and went back to Moscow...

Chapter 39.

Moscow fuss

We returned to Moscow and began to think about our near-term future plans. Firstly, we decided to change our apartment, because of increased criminal activity in the district where we lived. Several times the windshield wipers of my "Mercedes" were stolen, the window of the rear door was broken and the apartment was robbed when a rickety front door was easily broken. I felt that something was wrong and returned home sooner than the thieves expected. Obviously, the robbery was not organized by a simple street gang, but by professionals who organized a special "leakage" of our whereabouts.

Svetlana's "friend", who tried to poison her and then "unexpectedly" disappeared, reappeared and began to search for Svetlana through our mutual acquaintances. Svetlana was asked to collect some documents and personal belongings from her and also wanted very much to look into her eyes. They agreed to meet at the main entrance of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR and I took her there. Svetlana also wanted to get her foreign passport and to withdraw her salary in foreign currency.

It happened that Svetlana did not meet with her "friend" and was unable to pick up her passport, because, they said it had been destroyed. She also could not withdraw her money, because her "friend" had already taken it, showing a letter of attorney, (which Svetlana never gave her). Svetlana's "friend" could not have done all this without some very powerful "support".

No one knew that I would take Svetlana to the meeting, except for this "friend" and those behind her. They evidently thought that I would stay and wait for Svetlana, but miscalculated a little. I had seen that our door was very weak and on my way back went to the shop and bought the necessary materials to repair it. Then I came back to the apartment and caught the thieves red handed, most likely at the very beginning of the robbery. When they saw me returning, the thieves left very quickly without taking much.

They did not take the TV, video camera, or anything of the kind. Probably, they came for other things, because several video cassettes disappeared. Among them was the cassette recorded in Alitus with

Svetlana's father on it, and this was most upsetting, because it was the only and, as it transpired later, the last possible record of Svetlana's father! Was it done by chance? I doubt it, because there were things in the apartment, the pecuniary value of which was hundreds, if not thousands of times greater.

So, no one expected that I would return so quickly. I think that I foiled a search organized to look like a robbery. The materials which I brought to repair the door proved to be useful. A friend arrived and helped me with this. I think that they would have broken in even if the door had been repaired before. Those who organized the "robbery" would be able to force any door. In fact, my "flair" did not let me down and the "guests" failed both to take away the valuable things and to find what they were looking for. But I am absolutely sure of one thing: the robbery was not organized by amateurs and Svetlana's "friend" took part it its organization.

We rented a new apartment in a high-rise building near the subway station "Profsousnaya". The apartment was on the eleventh floor, and this caused some inconvenience when the lift did not work. It was a one-room apartment and we had to buy some furniture in order to make it a little comfortable. This place became our last "base" in the USSR.

When we returned from Archangelsk, life took its normal, or almost normal, rhythm. The shelves in shops were completely empty. One stood in endless queues in order to buy something, including bread, whereas before people stood in queues only to buy scarce goods. Those, who lived there then, remember that even sugar was sold according to coupons and quotas. It was true that it was possible to purchase almost everything at local markets, but the prices were sky-high! Most people could not afford to buy there. At the same time the prices of imported goods in commission shops went up every day. I was always interested in electronic goods and remember how a videotape recorder went up a thousand roubles in a couple of days, although the "old" price had already been very high; but salaries remained the same, in other words—miserable.

In several days Dmitry Rasskazov arrived in Moscow and brought me money, to be precise, he brought me less than a third part of the agreed amount, and I told him this was not enough. He tried to mumble some explanations, but I firmly dotted my "i's" and crossed my "t's" and he did nothing except apologise, saying that payment for the medical lectures had not been transferred yet and my performances and other lectures had only been partly paid. I made the situation clear again and asked him to stop making a fool of me, which made even

him feel a little embarrassed. He mumbled something about clearing this matter up and giving me the rest of money later.

Well, I think that there is no need to say that I never saw him again. Much later I received confirmation of my opinion about the "honesty" of the Rasskazovs, both father and son, when I happened to talk with Nadezda Yakovlevna Anshukova about the subject. She said that she had transferred all money due from the medical group to the "Master" company account at the time of my performances. She also revealed that the Rasskazovs purchased a TV channel from regional television shortly after my departure from Archangelsk. Their company had never had considerable sums of money and, quite possibly, they used the money they had stolen from me to make this purchase, or, at least, my money covered the lion's share of its value. In other words, the Rasskazovs simply committed fraud, which was not a rare phenomenon then or now.

I lost money I had earned and nothing more, but they lost face and honour. Most likely, these words mean nothing to them, but for me, they mean a lot. Certainly, I was disappointed that these people behaved in this way; however, I was satisfied with what happened in Archangelsk. My performances and later my courses of lectures helped many people, at the very least, to wake up and open their eyes. And even if someone "closed" his eyes again, thinking that living this way would be easier and more profitable, sooner or later they will understand that saying "it is no concern of mine" is a self-deceit and sooner or later reality will somehow affect this person, despite the fact that he declared a policy of non-interference.

Social parasites create the illusion: if a person keeps himself aloof from active deeds, even for the right cause, no one will touch him. But this is a most primitive trick in order to create conditions that will make hesitant or indifferent people decide to withdraw from active life. The illusion of non-interference, which is imposed so actively by social parasites, is profitable only for them and no one else. The long arms of parasites will reach people with neutral positions too, only a little later than those who take a line of active resistance to the distribution of parasitism. The policy of non-interference only postpones the end, and when the social parasites have "solved" their "problem" with active people, they will set about those who have declared their neutrality.

So, no one can avoid the conflict of interests with parasites, not even by hiding in the wildest and remotest part of Siberia—this will only delay the inevitable. Moreover, if a person hides out in some god-forsaken place, he will win nothing, because this will only bring him spiritual impoverishment, which again, is profitable to the social

parasites. Only when people indifferent to what is happening around them, understand, that it is impossible to avoid the fate which social parasites have prepared for all, and completely wake up, will the parasites loose the ability to do their dirty business, converting people, as reasoning animals, into their slaves, who tremble before any threat to their "precious" life, submitting to their animal instincts, the most important of which is to survive at any cost!

While this has not happened yet, and people still think that, if they remain aloof, they will win something, the social parasites remain relatively calm.

However, in 1995 all psi-generators were eliminated and the spirits who were waiting for their incarnation were liberated from the intentional or unintentional karma which blocked their development. This has resulted in the fact that more and more people who live on Earth are now waking up and newly-born children are getting dramatically new possibilities for their development. It is only necessary that both groups are able to get true information and reach enlightenment by knowledge.

This process has been already started and no one can stop it. Extraordinary children are called "Indigo children" because of the colour of their "auras", as those who are able to see it explain; although, the so-called "aura" is only a consequence and manifestation of those abilities which Indigo children possess. Those spirits, who in 1995 were released from the earth karma and also different blocks imposed by social parasites, began to evolve differently. When they begin their development in the physical body, their fourth body is actively satiated with primary matters, which makes rapid development possible.

Because incarnated spirits have different levels of development, clairvoyants do not always see this brightly pronounced indigo colour around all children. However, this colour, even when it is very pronounced, does not mean that these children are representatives of a new race of people. The freedom from karma and all blockings ONLY gives the POSSIBILITY for rapid development and reaching the level of a creator. It is NOT something already done. In spite of the fact that these children manifest many talents and abilities, this is only the initial point of development. Without the right knowledge and teaching these children could turn into moral freaks with "godlike" ambitions for no reason at all.

Social parasites also understand this. Such children are a real threat to them and their future and they try hard to impose on them the confidence that they are representatives of a "higher" race of people. Thus, Dark Forces try to drive a wedge between these children and the

rest of the population. This kind of propaganda and other methods have the strongest influence in childhood, when an Indigo child passes the stage of animal and reasoning animal; as a result of this negative influence these children may have an evolutional defect.

This is exactly what social parasites want to achieve. They cannot do anything about the appearance of such children and try to brainwash them through the mass media which they control; regrettably, they sometimes succeed in this. Evolutional distortions, which appear because of the efforts of social parasites, result in some Indigo children not achieving those levels of development that they could, if they developed correctly. Fortunately, the majority of the most talented children who have a serious predisposition for development get into the so-called mind school (which is at the mental level of reality), where they develop harmoniously and get the possibility to reach enlightenment by knowledge and realize their potential maximally!

But, all this was still to come. In the middle of 1991 I conducted my first courses and was "in seventh heaven" watching with enormous interest, how voraciously people absorbed the knowledge which I gave them. The feeling which you have when seeing how light, life and sense appear in people's dim eyes cannot be compared with anything else.

I saw that this was possible, I managed to evoke this in people and I knew for sure that this was possible. Regrettably, most people appeared to be unable to keep this internal light, but it was possible in principle and this was the most important. My error was to consider that since I had succeeded in lighting this spark in the eyes of people, it would continue to burn without my help. Regrettably, most people are unable to maintain it independently. Most people are unable to resist all that social parasites have created on Midgard-earth. Therefore, those sparks were not able to burn for very long without permanent replenishment on my part, but, nevertheless, their tracks remained, as well as the willingness to fill the soul again with this light.

When I gave my lectures, I did not know all this, or the fact that most people required a lot of time in order to change their consciousness and concepts. Some people can take their whole lifetime to achieve this. In fact it is always more difficult to change the foundation of the consciousness, in spite of the fact that the existent one is false! Some people can spend "just" several years for this, but, in any case, this always requires a lot of time. I understood all this later, having observed my American students for more than twelve years.

Nevertheless, in 1991 I succeeded in awaking many people which brought me some fame in Russia. Although it was dramatically distorted, there were some grains of truth, and everything I did in 1991

was not in vain, although I saw everything then from a quite different angle. I thought that when a person woke up, he would not like to fall into lethargy again; but only a few found enough strength of mind and will to go against the current: most people had so-called good reasons, like children, sick parents or fear of being fired and blacklisted.

Although I understood, why people turned to treachery suffering this kind of pressure, all the same, somewhere in the core of my being I felt pain because of this. In fact, I also had to make up my mind and go against all and I did it not for the sake of my own benefit (rather to the contrary), but because I could not act differently—I wanted other people to get a chance to be rid of the narcotic dream into which social parasites had immersed people. The slavery which they created will never disappear of its own accord and they never will reject parasitism voluntarily. Moreover, one also cannot sit around and wait for everyone else to start acting honestly, without pursuing their own interests.

The slavish philosophy imposed on the Ruses during the last thousand years extremely adversely affected people, even at the subconscious level, which "advises" them: "Let other people act. If they die, you will remain alive. Put up with everything and you will live!" But the subconscious does not tell a man that he will live, but only as a slave and when his owners wish, they can even take this slave's pitiful life, as they do not consider him human. Is it really a life? Some may think so, but for me it is worse than death! The life of a slave is that of the living dead; he does not even understand that he is dead, because the soul dies in slavery. Therefore I hope that there will be more people who understand this and if I succeed in making my humble contribution to it, I will consider myself to be a happy man.

Let me return to Moscow, to the end of October and the beginning of November, 1991. When we decided to visit the USA, Constantine Orbelian said that he would take care of all formalities. I gave the money for our tickets to his secretary, thinking that he was indeed "in the know", but I was wrong.

Constantine entrusted his secretary with the task of getting the tickets and his cousin, Vladimir Mironov, was responsible for our visas. Firstly, it was necessary to get a new passport for Svetlana, to replace the one destroyed by the "friends". And there a problem occurred.

At that time I was still registered in Kharkov because I had failed to change my apartment there for the one in Moscow for the three years of my residence in the capital. And Svetlana was registered in Lithuania which had broken away from the USSR, but did not issue its own passports yet, and was unwilling to give out the soviet ones. We were not married because of the same reasons. Therefore, in the

shortest time possible we needed to settle these questions too. Our good friends helped us with this.

When high officials from the Department of visas and registrations (Russian abbreviation is OVIR) knew the details of our situation, they immediately refused to help us; however, a worker from the district branch of the OVIR who was found through our friends, did. He showed humanity and, as they say, "put himself in our shoes" and issued a foreign passport for Svetlana. In order to anticipate any misunderstanding, I would like to say that he did not do it for the sake of money, but helped as one human to another, which was very rare then and even more so now. He refused to accept my offer of payment and even said that there were things more important than money. I was pleasantly surprised by this.

When we received our passports, we could finally continue with all formalities concerning the American visas. I relied on Constantine Orbelian and gave our passports to Vladimir Mironov, who worked then in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the USSR. We could not have imagined what adventures awaited us as a result of such trustfulness.

The only way to register our relationship officially and quickly was to get married by a village soviet (council). Again our friends came to help us! One of them had good connections in the Spasko-Lutovinovskiy village soviet in the Orlov region, which was housed on the former farmstead of the well-known Russian writer Turgenev. One fine day we went with Vladimir Sergeev and Nina, who organized all this, as wedding witnesses. We pretty quickly reached the place and, wading a little through the mud of dirt roads, came to the village soviet.

Well, when you don't visit the country for a long time, especially in the fall-winter period, you tend to forget what it is like. Therefore, when we abandoned our warm car, it appeared that we had to walk on dirt. On the positive side, the dirt was slightly frozen and we left to overcome the last "obstacle"! In order to do this Svetlana had to pick up the flaps of her fur coat and thus to cross a small "sea" of the semi-frozen dirt. This made us laugh and joke that surely no one had this kind of wedding ceremony!

We waited some time for all the officials to arrive, and the ceremony began. The head of the village soviet pronounced the words required in this situation, we and our witnesses signed the papers and in ten minutes we got our marriage certificate and stamps in our passports! That evening a small group of friends organized a wedding party in one of the Moscow restaurants. Svetlana and I are very grateful to all of them for the human warmth they wrapped around us...

Chapter 40.

Departure to the USA

At the beginning of December our "friends" made one last attempt to organize a car accident

in the USSR. One day I, Svetlana and our friend went to a town near Moscow to visit his uncle whose wife had breast cancer in the final stages. We drove through the center of Moscow, and I turned from Sadovoe Koltso to the Avenue of Peace. The road was iced and I drove very slowly. When we got to the Krestovskiy Bridge, I unexpectedly found out that the brakes did not work! I pushed the brake pedal hard down with absolutely no reaction. The car began to gather speed, going down the bridge. We were lucky, because there were only a few cars on the road and, without hitting any of them, I was able to cross the bridge and after a while to stop the car at the side of the road.

We left Svetlana in the car, caught a taxi, went to a currency autoshop and bought brake fluid for the Mercedes. We poured it into the brake system and continued our way. Our "friends" had calculated everything well. They had siphoned out some of the brake fluid and, when I drove away from my house the brakes worked normally, but then the quantity of fluid left was insufficient for the pump and the brakes of my car ceased to exist. But this trick also did not give the result they hoped for. No one (even the car) suffered. There were no more attempts to destroy me physically before our departure to the USA or, most likely, I blocked them with my influence. I think it does not really matter why new attempts to release the world from my persona were not made.

At the same time we had enough other dirty tricks from a very unexpected quarter! When the problem with Svetlana's foreign passport was solved, we met with Vladimir Mironov and gave him our passports for visa registration. As I already mentioned before, he was Constantine Orbelian's cousin and worked at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. On the face of it everything appeared well organized.

We got the first surprise, when Constantine Orbelian's secretary gave us our tickets. It appeared that tickets were to Montreal, Canada! When I asked in surprise why we needed tickets to Montreal, she mumbled something about terrible problems with tickets. Certainly, the di-

rection was correct, but Montreal was Montreal, and San Francisco was San Francisco and there were a couple of thousands of miles between them, which even according to Russian standards was a pretty big detour. I was exasperated a little by this fact and said that she should have consulted me before buying these tickets, because I could purchase tickets Moscow-San Francisco without any "help"; what should we do now with them? Constantine promised that he would personally take care of the tickets from Montreal to San Francisco. However, we did not know then that our trying experience with tickets was far from over.

Meanwhile, I gave my course of lectures for Muscovites who knew me and had asked me to do it for a small group of enthusiasts. I gave lectures in a Moscow nursery school for ten evenings. Certainly, it was a small group of people, hardly more than ten persons, but I decided that it would be great if some persons who got through my course remained in Moscow. From my point of view everything went very well. I again saw that my information and everything I did was like a revelation for the overwhelming number of people. People simply shone from within because they began to be awakened by knowledge. I will not describe how I carried out my teachings in Moscow, because they were no different from those of Archangelsk. In all other respects everything continued in my habitual routine.

According to our tickets we should take off from Moscow at 9 o'clock in the morning on December 30. In the middle of December we still did not have the American visas. We began to worry a little and asked Vladimir Mironov about the state of things and he said that there was nothing to worry about. I was able to get the American visas quickly on my own, using other connections, but Vladimir Mironov refused to return our passports, saying that they were at the American embassy. But when in several days nothing happened, I become seriously anxious.

It was an error to trust this man, but it was already late and useless scanning him. At last, on December 23, Monday, exactly one week before our departure, he called and asked us to come to the building in front of the American embassy at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I now began to think that my suspicions about this man were erroneous. I even started to feel ill at ease, because I thought badly of him and considered that my scanning of information in this situation was incorrect, that I had become overly suspicious and began to see an enemy in everyone.

However, my doubts did not last long. When Svetlana and I arrived at the place, Mironov got into the car and asked to go to the Russian OVIR, because firstly we had to get our exit visas there! I understood then that Mironov had simply sabotaged our receiving of the American

visa and my scanning did not let me down. So, we went to the Russian OVIR, more precisely the OVIR of the RSFSR[1] and met with the chief. He listened to us and called an employee, whom he charged with our case, and said that we must be there the next day at 3 o'clock, with the duty paid at the Sberkassa (saving-bank) according to the forms which they would give us there. We thanked him and went home.

The clerk who took our case asked us to give him a lift to the Dzerzhinskiy building. Of course, I agreed, moreover, I was going the same way. We got into conversation in the car and I told him how long and hard we had tried to solve the problem with Svetlana's passport. He listened to my story and said that we should have asked him and the problem would have been solved quickly! He got out of the car and we went home.

Later in the evening Vladimir Mironov came to visit us, which surprised us. I thought that he arrived to share some information, but was wrong. He inquired of me, in detail, what else they told me to do. I said to him that it was a pity that we did not know this clerk before, when we got Svetlana's passport; when everything could have happened much faster, without this kind of inconvenience. This drove him out of his wits and furiously he almost shouted:

— You will NEVER get out of the Soviet Union! Well, may be you, — he turned to me, — will make a miracle, — he said with obvious malevolence in his voice, being absolutely sure that this was impossible!

It was the last time I spoke to this person. Mironov left our house in very excited state, planning what more he could do to make his words came true. But he did not take into account that miracles can happen especially if they involve me, although he did indeed do everything he possibly could to derail my departure plans. And here is how.

When on Tuesday, December 24, Svetlana and I arrived at the OVIR at 3 o'clock as we were told, having paid our duty, I was invited into the office of the head of the OVIR, who asked me:

— Why did you have unofficial relations with my subordinate? You see, Mironov came here at 2 o'clock and told me about this.

It was obvious that this man detested people like Vladimir Mironov and he told me about his feeble efforts against me on purpose. I explained that nothing of the kind had happened and could not have happened, because Svetlana already had her passport and it was only a conversation about the hypothetical possibility of getting the passport quicker through his establishment. After this short conversation, the primary purpose of which was his desire to show the true face of

[1]The Russian Soviet Federative Socialist Republic. (E.L.)

Mironov, he handed me our passports with the exit visas and wished us a nice trip.

Thus, in the evening of December 24, we had our passports with the exit visas, despite Vladimir Mironov's efforts, but we still did not have the American visas. I told Constantine Orbelian the situation with visas, and we agreed that he would come to the American embassy with us. On Thursday morning (Wednesday was a holiday in the American embassy, because of Christmas) we got into the Embassy and filled in forms to which he added his invitation, which almost played a negative role, as it turned out later.

The point was that he had made about two hundred invitations to the USA during one year and was blacklisted because of this. In short, they took our documents for visa registration and said to come to get the answer at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to such-and-such a window. We went home and returned to the American embassy at 5 o'clock sharp. We found our window and I calmly, unaware of anything, passed by the enormous queue of people who were waiting for something. I came to the necessary window at 17.00, waited until a person walked away from it, took his place and asked whether my papers were ready.

I was told that they were not and was asked to wait a little. I stepped aside and began to wait for my papers. Now I had the time to look around and only then did I realize that all these people who stood in this enormous queue, which we had passed by, were waiting their turn for the same window! I was guided by one thing—they told me to be at such-and-such window at 17.00 and that's that! I could not have supposed that all other people were told the same thing. I never saw such an enormous queue, except for the one to Lenin's mausoleum, when thousands of people fooled by the Soviet propaganda stood in the queue for hours in order to glance at the "great" Lenin.

In 1972, when my mother and I came to Moscow and went to the Red Square for the first time, we saw the enormous queue of the zealous visiting the Mausoleum and even wanted get in it, but it was very hot and our desire evaporated very quickly. So, we continued our acquaintance with Moscow without the traditional visit. Later, when I understood who Lenin was, I had no desire whatsoever to visit his mausoleum.

So, almost exactly that kind of long queue stretched out from the indicated "visa" window. I was absolutely sure that if I was told to come to the window at 17.00 sharp that meant that I must come exactly at this time to this window. I waited near the window for fifteen minutes and when the next person stepped back, I again inquired. This time the answer was ready. I paid for the visas and took our passports.

We had 6 month visas. I was given a visa B1 and Svetlana—B2, which meant a business visa without the right to work in the USA. We got these visas, because I was invited to take part in the conference on alternative medicine in San Francisco.

Thus, we got our visas in 15 to 20 minutes, without standing in the queue. No one was indignant with us. No one even asked me, who I was or when was my turn. When I told my friends about this, no one believed me. I was told that people began to queue at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning and, if they could not get to the window that day, they sometimes spent the night near the American embassy in order to get there for sure the next day. Sometimes people spent several days waiting for their turn, because the windows opened at 17.00 and closed at 20.00.

Often people went through all this, came to the window and got a denial. I was not aware of any of this. I only knew that I was to come to the window exactly at 17.00 to get the answer. Exactly this mood made it possible that, when I came right to the window, no one said a word to me and while I stood near it waiting for the answer, several persons came to the window and none of them even asked, who I was, why I was standing there and when was my turn. I did it unintentionally, I always respected turns, everything happened because of a mere misunderstanding. I did not influence people intentionally in this situation, simply my mood caused by the information I was given resulted in that I involuntarily, at the subconscious level, influenced people who stood in this enormous line.

One way or another, in the evening of December 26 we finally had our passports with the American visas and permission to leave the USSR. We thought that our adventures were now over, but we were wrong. We had to get tickets from Montreal to San Francisco, which Constantine Orbelian booked for us. The western airlines offices were located then in the Hammer-center, and because there was a holiday on December 25 and we got the American visas only on Thursday, we could get our tickets on Friday, December 27. We agreed to meet with Constantine at 11 o'clock in the morning at the entrance to the center.

We met and went together into the office of the airline company. Constantine took the tickets and we had already exited the building as a representative of the agency came after us and said that it was probably important for us to know that we would arrive in Montreal at one airport and depart for the USA from another and that we would have only one hour between our flights! His warning was very important and at the same time disappointing! In order to get from one Canadian airport to the other we needed a Canadian transit visa, which we did

not have at 11.30 in the morning on Friday, December 27! And also all western embassies and consulates worked only till 12.00 because of the Christmas holidays!

We were lucky because the Canadian embassy was near the Hammercenter. Nevertheless, when we came there, it was already something past twelve and the embassy was closed to the public. We were allowed inside only because Constantine Orbelian, an American citizen, was with us. However, the most important for us was to get inside and we made it. After a while an embassy clerk came out and asked about the reason for our visit. She spoke very good Russian and I explained to her that we needed the Canadian transit visas.

She said that the ambassador (or the consul) already left. But I knew that they always had some visas on hand just in case and influenced her so that she wanted to help us. She cogitated a little, promised to do something and left the room. In ten to fifteen minutes she came out with our passports with the Canadian transit visas. She did not even take any money for the registration, because the cash-desk was already closed. We thanked her for her help and left the Canadian embassy.

Thus, we managed to gather everything necessary for the trip to far away America on Friday, December 27 at one o'clock in the afternoon. We needed only to pack our things and that would be all! No one wanted to believe us, whoever we told about our adventures with visas! But this did not bother us, we knew that it was true and we had witnesses.

It turned out that the last week before our departure was very tense and full of surprises. The base behaviour of Vladimir Mironov was a complete surprise and not only for us. But at the same time, the action and words of the head of the OVIR, who considered Mironov's conduct mean and double-dealing, surprised us too, but pleasantly. Otherwise, he would never have told us that Mironov had come to him in order to do everything he could to prevent us from getting our departure permits.

Our last week in the USSR was so tense only because of Mironov's sabotage. We spend our last Saturday and Sunday before our departure at home. On Sunday I drove my Mercedes for the last time and then put it into the garage which Nina and her husband kindly put at my disposal. I paid the rent for the apartment for several months in advance and we were ready to fly into uncertainty. America was another "planet" for us then and although we knew a lot about this country, we were sure then that Soviet propaganda intentionally distorted everything.

I thought that we would stay there several months and then come back. I could not have imagined, and would never have believed it, if anyone had told me that I would live in the USA for almost fifteen years. Our friends visited us on Sunday and wished us a nice trip and early in the morning, at 5.30, we went to Sheremetievo-2. Vladimir Sergeev gave us a lift to the airport and our friends went in another car. There were not many cars on Moscow roads in December, 1991 and we reached the airport without any problems.

During the passport control we were asked whether we had foreign currency with us. We answered positively and said that we had a thousand dollars each and were very surprised when a customs officer demanded we deposit one thousand and six hundred dollars, because according to the law we were only allowed to take two hundred dollars per person. They said that the publication in the newspaper which informed us that President Yeltsin "permitted" us to take one thousand dollars per person was not law for them!

Thus, leaving the greater part of our money, Svetlana and I passed the border and the custom control and got to the so-called neutral territory of the airport of Sheremetievo-2. Going through custom control, they demanded that I open my suitcase and, on finding nothing interesting, they let me put everything back. I quickly had to cram all my clothes into the suitcase, thus throwing everything into disorder. But it was the last unpleasant moment before our departure.

While we waited for our flight, we looked at the windows of the duty free shops with curiosity. I looked with special interest at the windows with photo and video equipment. Our flight was on time. The boarding was announced. We had our documents and tickets checked for the last time and the bus drove us to the steps up to the airplane. We settled in our seats as comfortably as we could (especially me) and in ten or fifteen minutes our airplane was on the runway. It began its run... the last shudder... and takeoff ... we were flying toward uncertainty...

To be continued

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