The Mirror of my soul

Vol 2. America the Real Thing

An autobiographical chronicle

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Preface

Being born in the USSR and having lived in this country for thirty years before my departure to the USA, I was totally sure that the socialist regime was the creation of social parasites the purpose of which was to destroy the best part of the nation— he strong people as they were called in the Torah and the Old Testament—to break the back of the nation and to convert the remaining into slaves. By the time of the USSR's collapse, the majority of Soviet people had already understood that the idea of communism was nothing but a lure which perfectly took into account the psychology of the Russians and Slavs who have the principles of true democracy implanted at the genetic level. Regrettably, the last Night of Svarog which has lasted for a thousand years clouded their minds and poisoned them with social illnesses, the usual Night's paraphernalia.

When I was a Kharkov university student, I studied the original works of the Marxism-Leninism founders pretty carefully, spending hours in the library and summarizing the "great" teachers of humanity. As a result, I pretty thoroughly mastered this material and often discussed it with teachers in lessons on philosophy, history of the Communist party, political economy and Scientific Communism (sticking to the program, certainly), thus, "rescuing" my fellow-students from an inevitable "poor" in the case of being called to the blackboard[1]. Certainly, teachers were not fools and pretty quickly understood my trick and very often ignored my raised hand. Nevertheless, I often succeeded in involving my teachers in discussions looking for different unclear points and discrepancies in the material I studied to the great relief of my fellow-students...

I write all this for my readers to understand that I studied pretty thoroughly the fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism and was, like all of us, hypnotized by the USSR's system of propaganda. However, even being in this hypnotic state I was not fully controlled by it. For example, when I was in my second year the Komsomol[2] secretary of our faculty

[1] These tedium subjects were obligatory in whatever kind of higher education (no matter whether you are going to be a doctor or an engineer). Usually, the students studied them reluctantly and very superficially. (*E.L.*)

[2] Komsomol is a syllabic abbreviation word, from the Russian ***Com****munisticheskiy* ***So****yuz* ***Mol****odiozhi* or "Communist Union of Youth". The organization was established on October 29, 1918. (*E.L.*)

offered me the opportunity to become an active Komsomol member, I said that I was not interested because it had long ago turned into a refuge for social place-hunters and nothing real and essential remained in it. I said that Komsomol was like liquid ammonia—it affected one strongly the moment one opened the bottle, but remaining open for some time, the substance turned to water pretty quickly. The same thing happened with Komsomol: they opened a "lid" and forgot to close it; as a result it was just "water" that was left. My comments prevented any Komsomol member from making this kind of offer ever since.

However, I cannot say that I realized the true essence of the communist ideology then. Oddly enough, I understood this parasitic system only when I began my own study of nature, found my own methods of evolving and carried out a qualitative transformation of my brain and, thus, was able to get rid of the influence of parasitic generators on my consciousness. But before all this, I thought it so happened that a good idea was profaned by careerists and bureaucrats. How naive I was then!

When I understood the parasitic essence of the system, I began to fight it with all my force, which I wrote about in the first part of my autobiographic chronicle. My journeys to Hungary and Germany shocked me by the difference in the level of material well-being between them and the USSR. However, the three months which I spent in Germany were not enough to form an accurate picture of the so-called Western World, primarily, because I did not speak foreign languages and, secondly, was unable to see the realities of Western life behind a pretty attractive "façade."

Leaving the USSR, I was sure that at last I was able to break loose from the "Empire of Evil" into the free world—America! I thought and wanted to believe that beyond the iron curtain was real freedom! The pressure I felt became especially strong when I had refused to work under the control of security services and, thus, I began to be thoroughly hunted. Although I, as "game," appeared to be too tough for the special services of the USSR, nevertheless, they blocked all the "oxygen" for my activity. These were the reasons for my hopes for the "free world!"

I personally consider the fact that I went to the USA and due to circumstances, lived in this country for almost fifteen years, as a piece of luck and a real life lesson which would be impossible to get theoretically. One needs to live in a country for years, not as a tourist or guest, but as an inhabitant to know it in reality. Although I was not a citizen of the USA, but, getting the right to work in this country, I saw real

life, not a beautiful poster. Now I am totally sure that I needed this experience and the fact that I appeared in exactly this country was not by chance. Much later I knew that before Svetlana and I crossed the border, the American security services had already had my file. If I were an "ordinary" foreign worker or an immigrant, as the majority of my former compatriots were in this country, I would have needed much more time in order to understand what was what, if I had been able to at all!

After our arrival, we even thought about getting American citizenship, the principal reason for which was the fact that an American passport gave the possibility to travel almost all over the world freely, but when in a couple of years my wife and I were offered citizenship plus "carte blanche" as to the number of zeros in my contract, I renounced (Svetlana did the same) **such** a citizenship and **such** a contract, despite the fact my pockets were not crammed with money and nobody ever gave it to me gratis. Nevertheless, money has "colour" and "smell" for us, for me and my wife, and whatever problems my "well-wishers" from the security services created, wishing so much to see me at their service; neither Svetlana nor I had the faintest desire to accept this kind of offer...

I will tell about this and many other things in this book, but now, anticipating a little, I would like to say that I found no freedom whatsoever in the USA! On the contrary, I saw another parasitic system where people were converted into slaves whilst considering themselves to be free. They are free only in one thing—to execute the will of their owners without a murmur! Disobedience was punished severely. The statistics facts speak for it: **ninety** percent in the USA live in debt, and **seventy** percent will **never be** able to pay their debts!

It appeared that people were slaves in both countries! To tell the truth, I don't know what is better: to be a slave and to know it (as it was in the USSR) or to be a slave and think that you are free (as it is in the USA and the rest of the "free" world)! The most staggering fact is that one and the same individuals have made people slaves in both worlds...

So, this book will tell about our adventures in the USA and how I came to understand the grandiose performance which has been playing out on our planet...

Nicolai Levashov.

Chapter 1.

Hello, America!

Our airplane took off from Moscow airport and... our trip into uncertainty began! I had already visited foreign countries and my acquaintance with life beyond “the iron curtain” proceeded more or less gradually. I visited Hungary (and later, West Germany), and saw one of the most beautiful cities in Europe—Budapest. Becoming acquainted with this remarkablecity gave me the opportunity to get to know that which was, for the majority of the inhabitants of the USSR, an unknown world. Although Budapest was the capital of the quite recently "brotherly"Soviet Hungary, I was surprised by the living standards of our close neighbours and "comrades-in-arms"whose freedom costour grandfathers and great-grandfathers so much of their blood...

Many could object saying that the Soviet troops did not only release Hungary from German fascists but also imposed the socialistic regime on it. Nevertheless, I would like to remind these "fighters for justice"that it was Hungarian scoundrels, longing for power, which allowed it to happen, selling their own people in exchange for the possibility of getting power in their hands. Besides, before the socialist regime collapsed, the majority of Hungarians, I would say the overwhelming majority, had accepted it without complaint and had voluntarily joined the Communist party of Hungary (note, not the Communist party of the USSR).

Certainly, one can remember the events in Hungary in 1956 and the ugly role that the troops of the Warsaw Pact[1]played in it then. However, the latter implies that not only the Soviet troops participated but also other countries of the Pact! As far as I remember, it was the East German troops which caused a special "stir": the soldiers opened fire on any moving object without any hesitation.

In order to make the situation clearer, we should take into account an irreconcilable opposition of two systems, blaming each other for all

[1] The Warsaw Pact was an organization of communist states in Central and Eastern Europe. The treaty was signed in Warsaw, Poland on May 14, 1955 and was an initiative of the Soviet Union and was in direct response to West Germany joining NATO in 1955. (E.L.)

deadly sins and depicting the opponent as the "Empire of Evil"to their citizens: the USA represented all that was evil for the Soviet people, and the USSR was the personification of all evil in the USA! At that time I was totally and sincerely sure, based on what I knew, that exactly the USSR was the Empire of Evil where the genocide of Russian and other native people, the destruction of the Great Russian culture and many other outrages was constantly happening.

My three month journey to West Germany allowed me to have some ideaof western civilization. Certainly, West Germany is not the USA, but it is very much like. I visited this country not as a tourist, which in Soviet times was normally led by the hand according to the "familiarization program"ratified by the higher Party organs and KGB. Unlike them I succeeded in observing the real life of the Germans, both ordinary burghers and multimillionaires, not the one pictured on attractive postcards. Although by the time of my journey the two Germanys had already been reunited into one state, I write about exactly West Germany, because the former East Germany (GDR) could not get rid of its socialistic past so quickly and still had the level and way of living typical for socialism. I saw it clearly when I crossed the former border between the two Germanys in my car, although I did not visit the former GDR' cities, the state of roads and gas stations spoke for themselves. In any case, it is impossible to get the real picture of any country on a tourist journey. In order to feel the pulse of life in a country one should live there, socialize with its inhabitants, not just with the auxiliary personnel of hotels and shops where Soviet tourists were brought according to a program and escorted by the appointed head of a tourist group. My life in the USA fully confirmed the rightness of this position...

Although I see now how naive I was then, I am sure that I needed to see the reverse side of the medal and get the whole picture not from someone's lips which, very often, lie without any pangs of conscience. As I discovered later, the "lips"lied not only in the USSR but also in the "bastion of world democracy,"and in both cases it was one and the same "lips."I needed to go to the USA for my own total discernment...

But then, in my airplane, I knew nothing of it and was eager to see far away America which I knew only from films and Soviet propaganda.

Svetlana and I flew to uncertainty, as we did not have any acquaintances in America, only Vera Ivanovna Orbelian who invited us to San Francisco after I cured her of Bechterew's disease(*Ankylosing spondylitis*) which orthodox medicine considered incurable. The illness made her travel half the world in the search of clinics which tried to do something for patients with such a gloomy diagnosis. When I cured her, she

shared her gladness with all her friends. So, the purpose of our journey to the USA was not just to see the American sights, but also to make curative courses for those who knew about my abilities from Vera Ivanovna and waited for me to arrive and solve their health problems. Every time Vera Ivanovna called me from San Francisco she said that all her friends were stunned by what happened with her and waited impatiently to test my abilities for treatment on themselves. As Vera Ivanovna was from a pretty rich family, I thought that her friends were from the same circle and would be able to pay for my service. In principle, we planned to stay in the USA for three to six months, no more, but life had other plans...

Meanwhile the airplane quickly escaped from the Sun. This was the first journey for Svetlana outside the socialist camp. Previously she was in Czechoslovakia and Poland and dreamed of seeing America. I also had never been to America, but visited West Germany and considered myself an "experienced"traveller in Western countries and thought that we were ready for what we would find in the USA. There was a grain of truth in it, but much of what we saw there caused no lesser surprise in me than in Svetlana. The only thing that could not surprise me in America was the plenitude of shops, because I had seen it in Germany. But total uncertainty waited for us and there were just several hundred dollars in our pockets which was a lot for the USSR then, but almost nothing in the United States...

Our airplane arrived on time, which was very important, as we had to make a change to another one which departed to the USA from another of Montreal's airports one hour after the first one landed. Surprisingly quickly we received our luggage, went through the passport control and stepped onto Canadian land. Svetlana quickly found out where we could find a bus which would take us to the airport and we caught it a couple of minutes before its departure. The next bus would be in ten or fifteen minutes and then we surely would not be able to make our flight, as we had just an hour between our arrival at one airport and our departure from another and the bus took no less than forty five minutes just to get there.

So, our "marathon"which began in embassies was not over on getting visas! Jumping from the bus, we ran as if possessed in search of the necessary terminal, grasping the suitcases and bags. Luckily, the inscriptions and numbers were in English, not in Chinese or another hieroglyphic language. Finding the location of our terminal, we rushed in the direction indicated; dragging our suitcases and bags, as we found out that in order to get to it we needed to run almost half-way round the airport. Most American and Canadian air-ports are built in the

form of a ring and one must move along the perimeter to get from one terminal to another. So, if the necessary terminal is missed, one has to run or walk quite a significant distance.

There is no problem when you have a plenty of time, but in our case the time was extremely limited. We had no time even to look for a cart and ran holding our luggage in our hands. Well, it might have looked funny: a couple of individuals rushing like mad through passages from one terminal to another, one of them (me) dragging a huge suitcase on wheels by the handle, with a video camera in a special hard container dangling on the shoulder and a briefcase in another hand and another one (Svetlana) loaded with bags of different sizes. When we finally reached our terminal, we were nearly exhausted, but, nevertheless, we made it a few minutes prior to the departure time! We appeared to be the penultimate passengers for the flight. A young black woman passed through the passport control before us; customs officials asked her to show her luggage for inspection; we needed to fill customs forms which all were in English and therefore for me were in Martian!

The airline personnel helped us (mostly, me) to fill in the forms properly, our luggage was not even examined; we took our places and at last could relax a little! Just several minutes passed after we boarded and the airplane was towed to a runway, a few minutes more and we were in the air again. We could hardly believe that we made it! Just an hour had passed between our arrival in one airport and departure from another one! We felt as one does after a good run and when the stewardesses began to distribute drinks I asked for water several times.

In two or three hours (I do not remember the exact time, because after our marathon I had a nap and did not look at my watch) our airplane landed at JFK and we stepped onto USA soil for the first time. Constantine Orbelian had asked his friends to meet us in New York. They were Nina Svetlanova who was Constantine's pianoforte teacher and Michael Okin. They brought us to a hotel. It was the "Marriot"on Broadway, as we knew later, and, leaving our things in the room, we went on our first "excursion"in New York.

Nina and Michael showed us some of Broadway. We left the hotel pretty late, it was about eleven o'clock, but the streets were full of people and everything was lit by the neon light of advertisements and shop signs. This plenitude of light on night streets was something unbelievable after dark and gloomy Moscow of 1991. Besides, we had arrived in New York before the New Year of 1992. It was December 30 and we had the strange feeling that we had lived two days in one. Christmas was over but the New Year had not come in yet, therefore everything around still had festive decorations. Almost all the trees in

the streets and the facades of houses were shining with Christmas lights. Millions of multicoloured bulbs shone and twinkled around us and this was magnificent. Neither Svetlana nor I had ever seen anything of the kind and it was stunningly beautiful! The lights created a holiday spirit and fairy-tale feeling! We walked along the nearest streets and sat for a while in a café.

What else staggered us was the number of black people on Broadway. It was very unusual for us to see so many of them, because in the USSR we could see black people, mostly, on TV or as tourists and students who came to study in Moscow's higher educational establishments, therefore to see so many people with black skin was unusual and very interesting; we did not have the least idea who these people were. I even had to restrain myself and conceal my astonishment. I did not want to look at them with a puzzled and perplexed expression on my face. So, I had to glance at them without looking too long on their faces, despite the fact that I was eager to scrutinize them more attentively, and some individuals obviously claimed greater attention. I just did not want to give the impression of being an uncivilized person, which, I hope, I am not.

So, getting our first acquaintance with New York, we went back to the hotel and, casting a last glance at the night city from the window, went to sleep. We agreed that Michael Okin would take us from the hotel at eleven o'clock. As our flight to San Francisco was at five, we had plenty of time to get to know this city in daylight. Indeed, the centre of New York was a stone jungle: lots of sky-scrapers were all around. Michael Okin met us the next morning and we went to the nearest café to have breakfast. During the conversation he took out his son's photo and asked me to give any information about him. Most likely, Constantine Orbelian spilled the beans about what I could do.

I enquired what it was he specifically wanted to know about his son's future. He asked me several questions and I told him what I saw and gave recommendations how to change the situation. My information was like a bolt from the blue for him, nevertheless, he tried to change the situation, but his son did not want to listen to anything. Years later, in 2003, when I met him at Vera Ivanovna Orbelian's anniversary, he came to us and said that everything I had said then and during our phone conversations came true in full, and this fact completely shocked him. He could not understand how it was possible that I was able to tell the main events of his son's life over a period of ten years without knowing him personally but just looking at the photo for a couple of minutes!

This is beyond the limit of most people's comprehension, although

there is nothing difficult here, if one can read information **via a photo**. The point is that a photo is directly connected to the person on it, and one has only to recover the hologram of the person with the help of the photo and based on this hologram get the information about his health, past, present and future! A person, who is far from the understanding of these things and has been deceived by "scientific"concepts hammered into his head without any proof at schools and universities, is simply unable to understand how anyone can predict the future of a person who he has never met, just by looking at the photo, and when someone comes across this kind of thing, he or she is utterly surprised when everything happens exactly how it was told. The reason for this surprise is quite understandable: in most cases people deal with "specialists"who just think that they possess something paranormal, whilst in reality they either err or consciously cheat. In the first case they are potential clients of psychiatric clinics, in the second one they are potential "clients"of places of confinement.

Regrettably, there are a plenty of people both from the first group and the second one, but the most dangerous fact here is that their excessive ambitions push them to do their best to get onto TV screens, shouldering aside those who really can do something but do not have enough insolence to yell loudly: "Look! I did it! Look! It's my work! "In addition to this, those who control the mass media need either obvious scoundrels or people with some mental disorder in order to show the still asleep people that everything concerning the paranormal is nothing but nonsense, having those as an example. Those in power are afraid to tell the truth about this kind of thing which would allow people to wake up and stop being a flock of sheep! .....

So, I gave Michael the information he was interested in concerning his son's fate, whereupon we three and Nina Svetlanova went on the excursion. They showed us the centre of New York and Central Park, there was no time for anything else as we had to catch our flight to San Francisco at five o'clock on December 31, 1991. We got to the airport in time, checked-in without any hurry, said goodbye and thanked our guides for their time and took our places in the airplane. It got to San Francisco at about eleven o'clock that night. We saw the myriad of lights in San Francisco and other cities of the bay through the porthole of the landing airplane, which looked like Christmas lights on the background of the black ocean, and this fantastic beauty staggered us. Our airplane made a circle above the bay and began to lose height ... Several minutes more and we finally reached our destination the city of San Francisco!

George Orbelian, Constantine's elder brother, met us in the airport.

We had never seen him either personally or in a photo and, besides, he did not resemble his younger brother. Although there were a lot of people meeting passengers, we came directly to him and, introducing ourselves, asked whether he expected us. He confirmed that he did and together we went to get our luggage. At the time of our arrival, George understood Russian pretty well, but did not speak it fluently, because the family spoke mainly English, so, he had not had enough colloquial practice.

The watch hands had begun to count down to the twelfth hourwhen we got into his car, less than an hour left to greet the New Year in San Francisco. We felt ill at ease because George had to abandon his merry New-year party and his guests to meet us at the airport. In Moscow we bought an enormous box of chocolates in order not to come empty-handed into someone's house on New Year Eve! Driving through the night in San Francisco for the first time, we arrived at the house of our guide. When we entered the house, we were staggered by the complete silence which clearly demonstrated that there no one celebrated the New Year's arrival. There was a New-Year tree in the house, but there were neither guests, nor a festive table. We were greatly surprised. Svetlana and I exchanged glances, but said nothing. On hearing the noise of an arriving car, George's wife, Marsha, sleepy and in a dressing-gown, came out. She wished us a happy New Year and offered us a bite to eat after the trip. She boiled the water, offered us tea in tea-bagsand a "specialty of the house,"a porridge. We gladly drank the tea, but had to force ourselves to eat the porridge. We did not want to show the hostess that we disliked it and heroically crammed it into the mouth washing it down with hot tea. We handed her the chocolate box and thanking us, Marsha went to bed to continue watching her dream.

George spent some time with us and then showed us where the bed linen was and how to unfold the living room sofa correctly. When it was unfolded, it turned out that we should sleep almost on the floor. Only a thin layer of the unfolded sofa was between us and the floor. However, as they say, to sleep on a hard surface is healthy, besides, we were pretty tired and after finding out where the bathroom was, also went to sleep. This was how we celebrated the New Year of 1992 (which dramatically differed from what we used to have in Russia during this festive night) and spent our first night in San Francisco. In the morning we returned the sofa to its initial position and began to plan our further actions. George introduced his three year old twin boys Craig and Wad. They did not speak a word of Russian, just like Marsha, and hardly articulating our unusual, for the Americans, names went to a kindergarten with their Mom which in the USA for some reason is

called a school.

Marsha had a navy-blue Volvo in which George met us at the airport. He had a small truck. As we found out later, Marsha did not work. Her task was to take children to "school"in the morning and to fetch them from it at four o'clock. George's family owned several houses, apartments in which were for rent. George's work consisted of controlling the managers of these houses, solving all nascent questions, paying current expenses and, certainly, receiving a monthly payment for the apartments from the tenants, which the managers handed to him. He chose people who worked for him very well and, therefore, he had enough free time.

So, when Marsha came back home from taking the kids to "school,"he "requisitioned"her car to show us the city and we saw San Francisco for the first time in daylight! Most houses were one or two-storied. The fact that they were built close to each other without any space between them and a whole block of buildings looked like one long building astonished us. All this looked very strange and incomprehensible to us, especially when each house looked different to the neighbouring one. The houses were painted in different colours and often looked very different. Some houses could be one-storied, others—two-storied; some houses had garages or a garage, others did not. We had an impression that someone had taken quite different style houses and put them wall to wall, without any care about harmony and beauty. Very soon we got the answer about the reason for such oddness. George told us that land in San Francisco was very expensive and most people could not permit themselves to have free space around the house. All these houses had a small plot of land at the back decorated according to an owner's abilities and taste.

When we asked George whether there were normal houses in San Francisco, he took us to the famous—Sea Cliff, a district of pretty chic villas built shore side with a magnificent view of the bay and the Golden Gate Bridge, or the Pacific ocean, which we saw for the first time in our lives and immediately asked George to show it to us. First he took us onto the city beach. At the beginning of January the temperature was 10 or 12 degrees Celsius. By the way, we had to get accustomed to the fact that the temperature in the USA was measured in Fahrenheit and to change, for example, usual for us 21 degrees Celsius into 71 degrees Fahrenheit. So, in January, 1992 it was very warm according to our concepts and very cool according to American ones.

In fact, the temperature in San Francisco almost never drops down to zero Celsius (32 F); they never have snow there, even in winter; palms and other heat-loving plants grow there. We were very unaccustomed

to all this. We were shown the outskirts of the city on the shore of the Pacific Ocean for several days and everything was new and unusual for us. One day George took us to the observational platforms which gave a good panoramic view of the Golden Gate Bridge, the city of San Francisco and the famous prison Alcatraz. By the way, the bridge is not gold, but red. The name was kept since when it was built it was painted in golden colour.

On one of these days Marsha was our guide and decided to show us San Francisco's China Town. There are just Chinese shops and restaurants in this district and all the inscriptions are in Chinese and English and naturally, there are a lot of Chinese and tourists there. Bush Street served as a border to China Town in the central part of the city. The street was not named in honour of Bush-senior and I do not know the reason why it was called this. You walk along this street which looks like all other streets and suddenly ... see an arch with dragons! Behind it are shops with Chinese "antiquarian goods"the majority of which are made either in modern China or in one of the underground Chinese factories in San Francisco. However, sometimes it is possible to find something that is indeed unique and interesting there.

So, you go along a typical American street, through this arch and ... get the almost complete illusion that you have somehow been carried to China: there are only Chinese shops with Chinese goods and Chinese people behind the counters; numerous visitors to these shops are also Chinese and speak Chinese amongst themselves, and only tourists and their appearance tell that you are still in America. Chinese cooks prepare Chinese dishes in restaurants and the menu is in Chinese and English. It short, it is a little piece of China on American land, and also we found out later that the Chinese live in America according to their Chinese laws, submitting to American laws in outward appearance only. It is the famous Chinese triads that really govern in Little China...

Svetlana and I have never seen Chinese goods, especially Chinese antiquarian goods (the real ones), which were real masterpieces. In one of these shops Marsha showed us statuettes of American Indians and mentioned that George collected this kind of statuette. We exchanged glances and I purchased one of them which represented the chief of a tribe. Its head-dress was very skillfully made of real feathers and the wooden statuette looked very amusing in this head-dress and the costume of an Indian chief. Luckily for us it cost fifty dollars and we were able to buy it (as Soviet custom officers allowed us to take only four hundred dollars). We wanted to thank George for his hospitality

and this kind of gift seemed to us quite appropriate. We were puzzled by what followed. . . ..

When Marsha saw the statuette in my hands, she understood what it was for and said that she could never allow herself to buy **such an expensive gift**during the ten years of her marriage! Her words puzzled us—fifty dollars is an expensive gift!? We had felt very ill at ease about the fact that we could not present something much better because of the scantiness of our financial means and if it were not for that, we would find something really worthy. However, it turned out that for an American, who was not from a poor family (her grandfather was the founder of the famous Stanford) a gift of fifty dollars for a beloved husband was an impermissible luxury! We found it strange. In fact, they spent much more on daily food! We could not understand such a mentality and it took a pretty long while to get accustomed to the "oddities" of the Americans who preferred to have fifty dollars in their account, instead of spending it on various knick-knacks, even if they wanted them very much. Certainly, not all Americans are like this, but the overwhelming majority thought exactly this way! The Russian way of life and culture dramatically differs from the American one, which (culture) actually does not exist, but is a melting pot of cultures of different people and countries. Moreover, far from the best elements of different cultures and traditions were combined in this "farrago. "Certainly, one would wish to have quite the contrary, but, regrettably, it did not happen. There is a relatively small layer of highly educated people in America who know about world culture very well. Ordinary Americans, in the main, are not well-educated. Besides, there is a very strange skew in their education system: pupils spend a lot of time studying extinct animals, mostly dinosaurs; the names of which they must know by heart. This is not the only oddity I found in the school education system in the USA, I will tell about other strange things later.

Also I found out that many Americans have an idea of Russia at the level of myths. We were often asked, whether it was true that bears walked along Moscow streets freely, and almost all were convinced that it was very cold in Russia, including in summer. They were highly surprised when I told them that it was very hot in summer even behind the Arctic Circle, although only for three months a year. I was surprised so much by the fact of how little they knew about the USSR, and later about Russia. The only Russian writers about which the majority of Americans knew were Leo Tolstoy and Feodor Dostoevsky, who has especially wide popularity in the USA. However, all these discoveries were yet to come, and right then we had only just begun our gradual

acquaintance with the unknown, for us, America.

We met Vera Ivanovna on the second or third day after our arrival and she expressed her joy in the fact that we could come to the USA. She confirmed that her friends and acquaintances waited impatiently for the time when they would be able to meet me and I would begin their treatment. George's children, George himself and his wife, Marsha, became my first patients in America, and certainly, Vera Ivanovna. The three year old boys constantly caught colds and 'flu, had their noses constantly blockedand staphylococcus infection advanced rapidly. One of the main reasons for this was the fact that the family "saved"in winter—they almost did not heat the house. They switched on the heating for a very short time, for half an hour or an hour, maximum. Although there is an extraordinarily warm winter in San Francisco, the cold waters of the Pacific Ocean result in dampness in houses. Also, fogs constantly cover the greater part of the city in winter, which increases the dampness even more, and we felt the "charm"of this on ourselves, especially Svetlana.

The point is that we were lodged in the living room that had windows which occupied almost the whole wall. They had just ordinary glass and a lot of gaps which created the ideal conditions for permanent draughts. As we slept almost on the floor, the constant draught was quite strong, and resulted in Svetlana's serious jaw inflammation which made her suffer a lot. Certainly I worked with her, but the pus which appeared as a result of inflammation should leave through the tissue of the gum and this is a very painful process. Nevertheless, one must not leave the inflammatory process unattended, becauseit continues to destroy teeth and the jaws' bone tissue. When the pus was accumulated close to the surface of the gum, Svetlana, deciding to accelerate the release of the pus and pain, took her manicure scissors and lanced this abscess, without waiting for this to happen as a result of my work.

Someone may ask why it is necessary to work with the problem, if the process of delivering from it is so painful. The matter is that when inflammation is observed, especially in the bone tissue, acute pain is always present in the active phase of the process, but the pus which appears as a result of this inflammation does not seep out, but remains in the bone tissues and continues to destroy the living cells of the bone and gum; therefore it was very important to expel it. As it is clear, I do not use a scalpel or other cutting instruments for this, but compel it to go out through gums where they surround the teeth. This is the shortest and most rapid way for the pus to leave the body naturally.

So, sometimes one should get through pain in order to get rid of a problem. However this pain does not last long and is just a side effect

of the release from a serious problem. Sometimes it can be very strong, especially, when the work is done very rapidly. In fact, pain is nothing but a signal in the brain about the activity of current processes in the body, and the quicker the qualitative change of bodily tissues, the stronger the signal of pain going to the cerebrum through the nerves.

In the natural course of events the qualitative change of tissues goes in the negative direction and reports serious damage in them. Here, the stronger the pain, the more serious the negative changes taking place in the human body, and not only human. So, in a number of cases, when renewing the damaged organs and tissues, it is necessary to accelerate the exchange processes by hundreds and sometimes thousands and tens of thousands of times. The human body reacts to these positive changes with pain, because in nature the processes **never**go in a positive, for a body, direction and any change in the working of human organs results only in the worsening of the state of organism, not vice versa! Therefore, the human body does not have "special"nervous signals in the case of the renovation of damaged organs and it always reacts to any change with pain. Certainly, when I work, I try to rectify such "failures"of mother-nature, but sometimes it is impossible to remove the pain fully without stopping the curative process.

So, wishing Svetlana's rapid relief from periostitis to happen as quickly as possible, I did the job with maximal speed and, certainly, the acceleration appeared to be very painful for Svetlana. When one morning I saw Svetlana coming from the bathroom with manicure scissors, I asked her what she did with them. She answered that she was sick and tired of the pain caused by the developing abscess, and she decided to help it "a little" from the outside. So, our acquaintance with San Francisco was also marked by Svetlana's periostitis.

We thought that we would be guests, living in such conditions, just a couple of days, and later the Orbelians would let us at least a one-bedroom apartment in one of the buildings they owned, but it did not happen, although they had free apartments then, but none was offered to us. Most likely, possible financial losses were in the minds of the people who invited us, although, the rent of a one-bedroom apartment in the centre of San Francisco cost between $650 and 750 per month! Probably, they thought that if I did not raise the question of the cost of healing, this meant that there was nothing to worry about. Probably, it was very convenient for them to think this way. It is highly likely that there was fault on my part here too: I felt very much ill at ease asking when they would pay me, but they saw nothing wrong in not asking me about it.

One way or another, in several days I met those people who, accord-

ing to Vera Ivanovna, impatiently awaited my arrival. As it appeared later, they were mostly immigrants from the USSR of the second (after the World War II) and third waves, and the majority of them were not from well-to-do families, as I had assumed. They all enthusiastically greeted my appearance and regularly came to my sessions and asserted that they felt very well after my work! I continued to work with them, but our money melted pretty quickly despite us trying to use it sparingly. One day when it had almost gone and my patients continued to keep proudly silent about payment, I decided to take the initiative. When I asked when they had thought to pay for my work and said that we should determine the amount, for "some"reason nobody appeared at the appointed time the next day. They failed to appear the day after that too and let me know through George that, regrettably, my work did not help them! I think that there is no need to make any comments.

Thus, I had not a single paying patient. Certainly, I was indignant at such dishonourable conduct, but was not going to beg anybody to continue treatment. Vera Ivanovna, when knowing that all her protégés behaved this way, lamented a little, and that was all. Vera Ivanovna did one more thing—she gave me five hundred dollars for her treatment via George considering it to be sufficient. It was the last time the Orbelians paid me anything for my work. In fact, Harry Orbelian controlled the family budget and he did not like to spend money, even despite the fact that it was a matter of the health of his own wife, his son and the son's family.

Nevertheless, I decided to continue healing the Orbelians and George offered me his help in my affairs in exchange. Svetlana and I talked this over and decided that it would be the best way out of a pretty unpleasant situation. George quickly recovered his skills in colloquial Russian and could translate my words into English quite correctly, which was very important for me then, because my English, to put it mildly, left much to be desired. I "learned"English at school and then at the university, but it would be much better if I had not learned it at all.

The point is that we were taught foreign languages in an absolutely wrong way. We began to study English at school from the fifth year. At first I liked this subject very much when we learned words which reflected the real objects around us. However, without allowing us, children, to create a minimal set of subject words, as naturally happens when a child masters his native language, we began to learn abstract words which had no associations in our heads. The study of English grammar was added to this when the minimal lexical basis was not created yet. In fact, nobody starts teaching a child the grammar of

his native language when he has only just learned to pronounce several words. Nobody has such an absurd idea! But how does any beginner, studying a foreign language, differ from a baby!? In linguistic matters, he differs almost in nothing.

So, we, the "babies"in English, being able, just, to articulate some words, were "hammered"with English grammar, compelled to read and translate absolutely idiotic, from my point of view, articles about youth movements of the world, Communist Party and Komsomol congresses and this kind of nonsense in which any normal child has no interest whatsoever. At least, it was not interesting for me. Moreover, our form-mistress in my first school was an English teacher who often dedicated the greater part of her lessons to class matters, not to the English language. In addition, she felt ill very often and many lessons were simply missed; when other teachers could substitute for her they were sent to our class, but we had a different substitute almost every time.

We children liked this situation very much: having fewer lessons, we could come home earlier and be engaged in our "super-important"affairs. In short, soon the study of English became a senseless task for me, I stopped feeling a living language, this subject became "dead"for me because the teaching was almost zero. A lot of time was lost and although I had "good"in English, it was achieved due to my quite good memory: it was enough for me that someone dictated a text translation in Russian and I memorized it and remembered this translation even a year later, if I saw it somewhere else. In the upper school I did not like English lessons, although we had a very professional teacher who was also a very good person. Regrettably, the initial dislike for English did not disappear, and I missed a lot of material.

So it happened that except for several simple phrases, and also the knowledge of English numbers which I knew perfectly due to the fact that the system of their forming was clear to me, there was nothing in my English "luggage."Here with that "knowledge"of English I arrived in the USA. Soon after our arrival, Mark, the brother of George's wife, became my patient and I remember one day when I exchanged with him a couple of phrases in English. He said then: "Well, now I understand how my Russian is!"There are schools in the USA where they "study"Russian in almost the same way that we "studied"English, if not worse, which I experienced later. Svetlana spoke English quite well and had a British accent, but... she was afraid of speaking English for a long time, because it seemed to her unthinkable to commit an error. So, George's offer to help came in very handy.

Soon after the described events we went to the so-called American College of Traditional Chinese Medicine. Its main office was located

in a prestigious building on Van Ness Street. There were only medical offices in it and the College with such a pompous name occupied a small office which consisted of a waiting room and two rooms one of which was just a little bigger than the other ... so much for the College! It sounds very important, especially on business cards, but in fact it was a three-roomed small apartment.

We met the head of this institute Mr. Howard Harrison who had succeeded in getting Chinese acupuncture officially acknowledged in the USA and insurance companies were forced to pay the bills of any clients who decided to have a course of acupuncture. Medical insurance and everything related to it was another unusual, for us, phenomenon.

Later I often noted that if medical insurance did not pay for the treatment, most Americans would not pay for it either. I witnessed very strange, to put it mildly, cases when a person, knowing that he would have to pay from his own pocket, chose State medicineonly because medical insurance covered the treatment, despite the fact that they would amputate his leg or hand there! It is better to live without a leg or hand, but paying nothing?! Such a position would be understandable if a person had little or no money at all, but even American multimillionaires have this kind of mentality! If something is free of charge, everybody is happy, but if one needs to pay, it is better to use medical insurance, despite the fact that the actions of modern medicine can do harm to health! I think it is the very attractive fact that medical insurance requires the payment of a relatively small (depending on the type) monthly amount; and an insurance company pays for the treatment, either the whole sum or the capital amount and, thus, a relatively small amount of money leaves the personal pocket, which plays the decisive role!

Medical insurance pays the whole or almost the whole treatment due to the fact that millions of people pay a relatively small amount of money every month, and only tens of thousands fall ill! However, it is a mistake to think that insurance companies are engaged in charity. If they decide that they have spent more on you than they had planned, they immediately cancel your insurance and this will happen exactly when you start having something really serious, which is not surprising, because insurance companies earn money on their clients. If you have appendicitis, your operation will be paid without hesitation, but if you, for example, have breast cancer, they would spend about fifty thousand dollars on you and then stop paying your medical bills exactly when you need it most! If you do not have insurance, they will sell your house or car and take away every valuable thing you own to pay your bills.

If you have nothing valuable, you will be given help only in so-called public hospitals, where conditions and services are much worse and less attention is paid to a patient, because one doctor works with a number of patients, at least, ten times greater than in chargeable clinics.

But in this case treatment is not free of charge either! Any working person in the USA pays taxes all his life (before he falls seriously ill), a part of which goes for exactly this purpose! This is not all yet! If medical help was given to you and you had nothing to pay with and there was nothing to take away from you, it does not mean that you "cheat"the doctors! If you succeeded in remaining alive after the treatment and even were able to find work, as soon as you have some income, a greater part of your earned money will be deducted from your income every month to pay your debt for treatment with very substantial interest being added to the main sum! They will do it despite your objections! So, after such help it is better to die at once and thus "cheat"doctors fully, or remain homeless till the end of your days; in the latter case the "merciful"state will give you a welfare payment!

Here are the "joys"of a "free"and "just""democratic"world! And I touched on only one aspect: how medicine "helps"people! By the way, insurance companies, especially medical ones, are the richest companies in the USA and, I think it is clear how they "attained"it. There are medical insurances according to which up to twenty million dollars (no more) can be spent on you during your whole life, however, there is a little "but"here—you must pay the kind of sum every month which very few can afford. As you can see, the choice is rather limited.

Certainly, I knew about it much later, but at the beginning of my stay in the USA I was always surprised by the question "Are your services covered by insurance?"When people knew that they were not, many of my potential patients vanished into thin air...

Well, we met Mr. Howard Harrison and he offered me the use of one the rooms in his office to receive clients and also to process the payment from my patients through his office. By this time I already had several patients who paid me. When those who had waited impatiently for my arrival disappeared as soon as they were informed about the necessity to pay, George and Marsha offered me work with some of their friends and relatives, but warned that they do not have much money. So, my first patients who paid were Marsha's brother and sister and their friends, a married couple. The first came for treatment to Marsha's home, while the married couple arrived at the office in Van Ness Street.

I remember one amusing case related to American customs unusual for us. After the meeting with Mr. Howard Harrison, we all went to a restaurant to make our acquaintance even "closer."It was our first

visit to an American restaurant. Marsha who had lived in India for several years chose an Indian restaurant. Neither Svetlana nor I had the least idea about Indian cuisine, the menu was in English and "told"me nothing about it for two reasons—I could not read it in English, even if I could have done, the name of a dish would say little to me, although every dish was accompanied by a description of its ingredients and preparation.

George explained the composition of one or another dish to us, but he could not explain **how**it would be prepared! In short, everybody ordered a dish, which were soon brought and the dinner began. It is of interest that what we usually call "dinner,"the Americans call lunch or second breakfast and what we usually call "supper,"they call "dinner"; even if they sit down to eat at eleven o'clock in the evening. Well, the "dinner"began, accompanied by talk about this and that. Howard asked Marsha about her years spent in India and sometimes he asked us some questions via George. Indian dishes appeared somewhat unusual, to put it mildly, for us, therefore we just "nibbled"them a little. When the dinner came to its end, we were shocked by what happened next. When everybody finished eating Mr. Harrison called a waiter and, asking all us whether we wanted to take away what was left and getting negative answer, asked the waiter to put the rest of the meal into bags! The latter did all this without any surprise on his face which indicated that it was a normal thing for him, but we looked on it with utter astonishment.

Later, when we were back "home,"we asked George and he explained it for us. To take away the food left on the dish was a quite normal thing to do in America. It usually was warmed up and eaten at home later. Sometimes, people ask for everything to be put in a doggie bag, but I personally never saw those remains given to dogs, although I admit that this can happen. There is nothing bad in it, but we, born and raised in the USSR, found this kind of phenomenon very surprising, especially taking into account the fact that Mr. Harrison gathered the rest of the meal from the dishes of others who sat at the table. I did not visit restaurants very often in the USSR unlike Svetlana who had her concert tours all over the country and often the only place to eat was a restaurant in a hotel in which she stayed. However, despite my very modest and her rich experience of visiting restaurants, we were taken aback: for a soviet person this kind of conduct would be humiliating and insulting! I, personally, do not find anything wrong with it: it's just when something has never been observed in one's cultural environment, it unwittingly perplexes.

There is another American custom which was unexpected for us.

It is a habit that everyone hugs everyone constantly, even hardly acquainted people: a person sees you for the second time in his life and presses you to his bosom, both men and women. We were accustomed in the USSR to hug exchanging being appropriate between a fellow and a girl or old good friends when they did not see each other for a long time, thus, expressing their joy that they find each other in good health. The Americans hug everyone and always. This is a norm of conduct, just as in Russia men shake hands with men or kiss a woman's hand. By the way, the Americans never kiss a woman's hand; at least, I never saw it in the almost fifteen years that I lived in this country. At the beginning these general hugs strongly surprised and embarrassed us, but when we understood that they are just a custom which was not connected with intimate actions (which, in fact, hugs between a man and a woman were in the USSR), we began to react to them more calmly. Besides, these hugs were, in the overwhelming majority of cases, purely symbolic; they did not bear feelings and emotions, or any intimate implication. Nevertheless, at the beginning this kind of action seemed very strange to us, representatives of a different culture.

After our agreement with Mr. Howard Harrison, George drove us almost every morning to Van Ness Street and Svetlana and I went to the office of the American College of Traditional Chinese Medicine. At the beginning I had only two or three patients and therefore we spent no more than two hours in a tiny consulting room. Actually I did not need to spend this amount of time to conduct sessions with two or three patients, but they came in at a time suitable for them, although I tried to organize everything as tightly as possible, but sometimes I had to wait an hour for the next patient.

Very often George was with us and helped with translation when it was necessary. One of these days we sat in the room, conversing about different things and George asked for more detailed information concerning brain transformation. As soon as I explained this to him, he had a burning desire to get through it. We had a lot of time before the next patient and I decided to make the transformation. On testing him, I determined his characteristics and began to transform his brain. He had a wonderful sensitiveness and very good stability of the organism, therefore, the transformation was over in several minutes. On a certain phase of the transformation he began to see everything that happened inside his body. His delight had no limits; surprised, he observed his own brain, the motion of his blood in his own vessels and the firework colours which raged in his head during my work. After the transformation George wanted to test his new abilities. I suggested leaving his physical body. He was a little surprised, but not scared. I

explained to him what to do and he began to try.

But within a minute or two, George confusedly told me that he was stuck in his right knee and could not leave the body fully. We laughed and I told him to return which he did. The reason for the delay of George's first "launching"outside his own body was that his knee had been damaged and it served as an obstacle for exiting the physical body. I did the necessary work and George tried again to "launch"his spirit outside the physical body. This time everything happened without a hitch and he went to the "near-body"orbit for the first time in his life. Flying with his spirit near Earth and the nearest inhabited planets; he went back into the physical body without any problems. It was difficult to compare his state after his "trip"to anything else: it is one thing when someone flies in space, but it is absolutely something else when you appear in open space, move in it at a speed which is unbelievable, even for fiction writers, visit other planets and all this is your own experience...

George's abilities came in handy very soon; it happened the next day. Marsha's sister, Jenes, came to the healing session and, as usual, he translated from English. This woman was simply "crazy"about meditations and all this kind of stuff. At the same time, she was totally exhausted, which the colour of her face eloquently indicated: it was ash-grey. When I began to work with her and found out that she practiced meditation, I immediately recommended her to stop it; otherwise the consequences could be very grave! On hearing this advice, she looked at me in surprise and her look said everything: "Who are you and why I should listen to you when all the Great teachers say and recommend the contrary!"Certainly, she did not say, but just thought it, however for me it was all the same. She was enough of an educated person not to say it aloud, but she could not shut her thoughts down and her goggle-eyed expression fully gave her away. Therefore, seeing her reaction to my words, I said the following: "I think that you do not believe me, despite my explanations and this is quite understandable. Do you trust your sister's husband!?"Jenes answered affirmatively and then I asked George to describe everything that he could see during her meditation. Everyone agreed to this suggestion and Marsha's sister began the meditation, simultaneously commenting what she was feeling.

It was clear even from the outset that she entered into the trance state and her face expressed the highest degree of bliss. When the meditation was "in full swing"the woman reported that she felt an extraordinarily powerful stream of energy piercing her in the area of her left shoulder and breast. The degree of her "bliss"increased more

after it and it was difficult to understand where she was at this moment, but obviously not where she should be. What can be more convincing for a person than this kind of "own experience!?"

How is it possible to convince a person with good sensitivity to the contrary? Will they listen, having had this kind of personal experience!? It is highly unlikely, but one has to act despite this, if there is a desire to help. Therefore, in the moment of the climax of euphoria, I asked George to describe what he saw at that moment. To the great surprise of the meditating person, George described the following: "I see a creature looking like a dinosaur behind Jenes, the front part of its face is stretched into something like a "trunk"which is stuck to the left shoulder and I see that vital force is flowing to this creature through the "trunk"". It is of interest here that vital force was flowing from the woman to the astral creature (the spirit of an extinct animal), not vice versa!

During this classicaction of energy vampirism, the woman was in blissful "seventh heaven!"Is not this a strange situation: a person gets "unspeakable"pleasure and loses her vital force?! It looks strange only on the face of it and if one thinks a little, everything falls into its place. An astral creature sends some of stolen vital force back to a person, maximally exciting his or her centre of pleasure in the brain. This simplest of tricks allows the astral parasite to take away the maximum human vital force and here is why:

1. On feeling strong emotions close to orgasm a person opens maximally, which allows the pumping out of the maximum amount of vital force at a sitting.

2. Remembering those strong emotions during meditation, a person aims to feel them again and again, thus, feeding astral parasites many times and, besides, voluntarily.

This kind of dependence is like a narcotic one and fraught with similar consequences for a person. In both cases the illusion of pleasant sensations which a person experiences pushes him to feel something of the like again and again. One could think that for the creation of such "high"and "positive"emotions a lot of energy is required. This is not so! What happens is that normally a person experiences positive emotions when his centre of pleasure reacts to the actions he performs; in this case, the emotions are only a reaction to what is going on. Astral parasites influence the brain's pleasure centre directly, stimulating it with a portion of stolen vital force! We should never forget that we spend some of our vital force on every emotion, independent of whether we want to or not, even if the emotion is positive! I think that everybody has experienced powerful positive emotions at least once in their life

and a complete emptiness after them.

The world of living creatures is much richer than people would imagine due to the commonly accepted concept that life is just the physical bodies of plants and animals (including man) and that is all! Many religions offer eternal life after death to the good and just men and eternal hell to the sinners, but not a new life in another body. Others, for example, Hinduism, speak about reincarnation, but describe it very wrongly. However, none considers life as a many-sided and many-leveled phenomenon. Physical body or physical plane, or physical level (call it whatever one wishes, but the essence will not change) is **just a foundation**! It is a basis for life, for living matter and, besides, only at the initial levels of development.

The physical body of any living creature wears out for one or another reason and sooner or later is shed, certainly, if nobody has already made a "dinner"of it. But a living creature is not just a physical body! The latter is just a foundation on which life exists (for more details see: *Anisotropic Universe*, Chapter 4; *Spirit and Mind*, Vol. 1 and 2, *The Final Appeal to Mankind*). Other material bodies (the second, third, fourth, etc), the number of which depends on the level of development of a certain living creature, are "laid"on this foundation (physical body) in the process of the development of living matter.

Therefore, in a so-called ecological system created by developing living matter, living creatures which have a different number of bodies (in addition to the physically dense one) coexist simultaneously. Some creatures have only one additional body (in addition to the physically dense one), some—two, others—three, etc. The more "additional"bodies a creature has, the more highly it is developed. Besides, creatures which have the same number of "additional"bodies vary widely, because every additional body has its evolutional sublevels. So, we just have to marvel at the variety of living matter, which is in harmony and balance reflected in the ecological system, where the number of species of every kind and the number of kinds, both vegetable and animal, is in the state of steady equilibrium. The ecological system does not exist only at the physical level! There are "ecological"systems at other levels of the planet which directly reflect the level of development of the physical ecological system and are tightly connected to it. The "occupancy"of these planetary levels is uneven. The second and third planetary "floors"are maximally populated. The rest of the planetary "floors"are occupied the following way: the higher, the less; and there are reasons for it.

The matter is that living matter can be divided into several basic groups:

1. The types of living organisms which are regularly incarnated in physical bodies.

2. The extinct types of living organisms which cannot be incarnated in new physical bodies, because there are no bearers of their genetics incarnated at the physical level.

3. Reasoning kind (s) of living organisms.

Everything is more or less clear with the first group: the spirits are incarnated again after the death of the physical body, creating the circulation of life at planetary levels, the second and the third groups have some distinctive features. I will begin with the second group.

When a living species lose its genetic foundation, it passes to the category of extinct species of which, according to modern science, nothing remains, except for petrifying bones. But this is not so! After they lose their physical bodies, they **do not disappear**! The spirits of extinct animal lose their physically dense bodies, but their bodies at other levels do not die with the loss of their genetic foundation, but try to adapt to life **without a physical body**.

They have three options in this situation: to become a parasite, to create symbiosis with those species who have physical bodies and at least temporarily to be in a physical body, although with stranger genetics, or to be eaten by spirits of other more aggressive creatures. There are no other variants, except for combinations of what was mentioned above. On losing their physical bodies, spirit-parasites (they are also called astral animals, although not quite correctly) find some creature living in the physical body and begin to absorb its vital force, thus, getting the necessary replenishment for their existence. At the same time astral parasites use some kind of intellect in order to make the victim to feel "pleasant"emotions during the extraction of vital force so that a donor would long for submerging into a similar state as many times as possible.

The loss of vital force covered by "positive"emotions is extremely dangerous for a person and leads to his weakening and vulnerability to illnesses. Therefore, if astral parasites just take away vital force from a person, he would feel himself becoming weaker with every time. Sooner or later any reasoning person would pay attention to this situation and begin to analyze it. Astral parasites are perfectly aware of this and, therefore, they send some of the stolen vital force to the centre of human pleasure creating forced pleasant feelings in him. Regrettably, a meditating person does not know that the "pleasant"feelings which he experiences are of artificial origin and do not relate to the connection to "higher spheres", but to astral parasites' guile. They understand perfectly that if they suck all vital force from a person, they will get an

abundant dinner just once, but they want "to eat"every day. Besides, astral parasites do not "eat"the kind of food usual for us, but take the final result of food processing by the material organism, which is quite understandable: they do not have the physical bodies to carry out this process by themselves. So, they adapted themselves for absorption of the already prepared "product"without any hesitation! In order that a donor does not "kick"in the process of vital force extraction, astral parasites influence the pleasure centre in the human brain to force a person to long for this "bliss"voluntarily as many times as possible. Not bad for astral parasites!

This is exactly the reason why astral parasites do not "drink"all people's vital force at once. It is much more comfortable, for them, that one and the same person would surely "feed"them for a long time! In this respect astral parasites are cleverer than natural ones, especially those which influence the pleasure centre. Certainly, there are primitive astral parasites like earthly piranhas which attack any animal which enters the water and do not stop until only bones are left. But this kind of astral parasite can rarely "regale"itself with human vital force. The overwhelming majority of people have their protective field powerful enough to prevent this kind of astral predator from partaking of such a "dainty dish"—their vital force! In this case more "advanced"astral parasites, which make a person open **voluntarily**and let them suck human life-force, "come to the fore." This is what happens during meditation!

In fact, the result of meditation is the same, independent of the methods and varieties of meditation used. It happened that almost from the very beginning of my study of human nature, I saw people who used one or another method of meditation to reach enlightenment and got serious problems instead—damaged health and the loss of vital force. I have never seen a person who actually got enlightenment due to meditating, but saw quite the contrary. By the way, I did not observe this in only "freshmen"who could be easily blamed for the "wrong"method of meditation, but in people who had got benediction from the "great"teachers of the East! I also met some Eastern teachers, including mahatmas and, regrettably, they were not in any better situation than ordinary people. I will touch upon this subject later and meanwhile let me continue my American saga...

Chapter 2.

Between the sky and the earth...

Well, it happened that instead of numerous patients "impatiently" waiting for my treatment, just a handful remained who were ready to pay, however, only very modest sums which were hardly sufficient to buy food for us two. In fact, what I had done and attained in the USSR interested nobody in America: my achievements had no value in the US and were regarded as not provable, besides all documents were in Russian. Moreover, the Americans trusted only in their medicine and I did not have proofs of my ability to heal confirmed by American doctors. Vera Ivanovna Orbelian's example was not of great significance for the majority of her acquaintances, and those who did attach importance to it ran away as soon as I asked for payment.

So, I had to start from zero. Therefore, despite the fact that my patients had serious health problems, I decided to take a small amount of money for each session in order not to scare people off; my priority then was to prove to the Americans that I really could solve different health problems and was not just saying so, as often happens in the case of people who proudly call themselves healers. There were a lot of miscellaneous healers in America, who, at very best, were engaged in psychotherapy, not in healing (as well as in the USSR), gathering from their clientele a normal, for an average American, amount of money for their services.

Usually they used different meditation techniques as healing "tools" or, at best, they pumped a client with vital force, which in most cases did not belong to the "healer!" On getting a dose of energy during this kind of healing session, a person feels better for some time and that is just what the "healer" aimed for: a satisfied client—there is nothing else to be desired! The fact that this is not a treatment and the problem or problems remain bothers nobody! The most "important" thing here is to make a person feel better and how this effect is achieved (whether it be psychotherapy or temporary pumping with vital force without any "patching of holes") worries neither "healer" nor patient, no matter how paradoxical it may sound!

The reason for all this is not even in a "healer's" wish to create

the illusion of improvement on one hand, and people's "complete foolishness" and trustfulness on the other, but in the fact that modern medicine and the forces behind it imposed the idea that it is **impossible** to recover in principle, but just have a temporary improvement, whereupon the process will worsen anyway! Regrettably, "healers" are unable to save a person from illnesses, even if they strongly and sincerely wish to help, because it is impossible to achieve it without the knowledge and understanding of, the nature of existing phenomena, the cause-and-effect relationship and, most importantly, the understanding of what life is, living matter and living creatures in full. Moreover, in addition to knowledge one must have corresponding properties and qualities and potential in order that the theoretical understanding can be correctly used in practice and results in a person's recovery and not in the transition of the human organism to the phase of chronic disease.

Modern "medicine" tries to "combat" the consequences instead of the primary cause, and imposes the idea of the impossibility of total recovery. I would compare its methods to the following situation: a ship has a hole below the water-line and the crew pumps out the water, but does nothing about the hole. Whilst the pump is able to pump out all incoming water, the ship will remain on the surface, but should the pump break or stop working, for one or another reason, the ship will begin sinking.

Regrettably, the situation in modern medicine is even worse than with this unfortunate ship. It uses different medications in place of a "pump," which are very strong chemicals and the majority of them are strong poisons. Therefore, unlike a water pump, a medical "pump" does not simply pump out "water" from the existing "holes" in a human organism, but also makes new ones which sometimes are more dangerous than those against which these "pump"-chemicals were used. So, often, having no idea about the primary cause of a disease, modern medicine itself creates new problems in the process of its "heroic" fight against the illness and, in order to solve them, applies new "pump"-chemicals, which have other side effects ... and the process can be endless! What is most frightful in this situation is the fact that modern medicine and the pharmacological industry behind it would actually prefer a "never-recovering" person, finding this situation extremely profitable! ....

Well, in January, 1992 Svetlana and I found ourselves in a very uncertain situation, as they say, between the sky and the earth! We spent those small amounts of cash, which my not too numerous patients paid me, very sparingly. Besides, they did not visit me every day, and in the beginning there were only two of them, and two more patients

who paid through Mr. Howard Harrison's office appeared at the end of January. However, I could only get this payment a month later; and moreover, after deduction of all expenses and taxes, he took a quarter of the sum for "services" rendered.

Therefore, we were forced to save on everything, including food. We went to a food store once every several days either with George or Marsha and bought products there to prepare our meals for several days. In the USA chicken was the cheapest meat, and beef the most expensive, the best cuts of which cost from 18 to 25 dollars a pound (435 grams). In fact, neither Svetlana nor I liked this sort of meat and the fact that chicken was the cheapest came very in handy, because we both liked chicken very much. At first, we "rushed" to buy different cooked meats and sausages. The shelves of shops were crammed with different and numerous sorts, everything looked very attractive and appetizing (especially after the empty shelves in Soviet shops), but when we tried this "beautiful food," the desire to eat it for the second time disappeared—we found everything tasteless. We tried to find something edible among this plenitude, but failed. Therefore, pretty quickly we turned to self-catering—bought raw products and prepared something to our taste.

However, what we prepared was to the children's taste too: they were surprised by what delicious meals can be prepared from usual, for them, products. Often there were situations when we came back in the evening and hoped to have chicken legs, prepared yesterday, for dinner, but discovered that they had already "gone" straight to the children' stomachs. Children are children, but these "gone" chicken legs were our supper and dinner at the same time, and we had to organize fasting days. And in the morning we had the "fantastic sum" of ten dollars each, according to our previously agreed "budget", which we could spend as we "liked," for example, to buy a medium coca-cola with French fries. Sometimes I bought canned green peas or corn which I liked very much and Svetlana adored bananas and pretty often bought them. Then her motto was: "Eat bananas—where did you see a fat monkey!" She bought two or three bananas, so, there was no banana gluttony whatsoever. But I found this motto very funny and often joked aboutit...

I was busy in the office no more than two or three hours a day, but did not hurry to get back to George's house, for which there were several reasons. At first we found everything extremely interesting and wanted to know San Francisco's downtown. I was interested, primarily, in hi-tech equipment, cars and antiques. Svetlana's interest was antiques, cars and... all the rest which is totally natural for a woman. Then

we could be just observers, mostly doing window shopping. In this situation it was especially unpleasant when we (as well as other people) entered one shop or another and a shop assistant instantly appeared and "politely" began to offer his or her help. Their "politeness" was so importunate and insincere that we tried to abandon such shops as quickly as possible.

It was highly unpleasant feeling, when you enter a shop just to browse and do not have either money or desire to buy anything, but find yourself in a situation where a shop assistant insistently suggests buying a product which you either do not need or cannot afford for the moment. Such a situation was humiliating for both of us, especially when, being unaware of the fact, we got into shops with extremely expensive things for very rich people and shop assistants looked at us and many other people with a polite grin, so that even I, who never was a supporter of physical actions, often felt a desire to wipe the mocking smile from a "polite" physiognomy. Certainly, I restrained myself and, as I knew later, did quite correctly, because if I did not control my temper, "offended" personnel would immediately drag me through the court despite the fact that I had nothing then!

Therefore, we found our salvation in large shops where there was a lot of people and shop assistants did not hunt for buyers. There was another reason why we preferred them. It was very uncomfortable to stay in the street for a long time. Although we wore pretty warm clothes and it was not cold in the street, according to Russian concepts, the cold dampness from the ocean quickly penetrated to the bones and, on gulping down some fresh air, we tried to warm up a little inside the shops.

The reason for our seemingly strange conduct was that in a couple of weeks we began to feel very strongly Marsha's increasing irritation at our presence in the house. On one hand, the reason for such irritation is absolutely clear: with strange people living in the house, one cannot feel at ease in one's own home, etc. However, on the other hand, I worked with the whole family — with George, his wife Marsha, his two children, Vera Ivanovna and a number of other members of this family, and nobody paid me anything for my work!

Marsha had a cancer and a "bunch" of concomitant diseases. She was very weak, very quickly got tired and slept a lot because of this. George had the bridge of his nose badly damaged, so that he could not breathe through it for the greater part of his life. All attempts by American medicine to solve the problem failed, including surgical interventions. Their children constantly caught colds and their immune system was dramatically weakened by the staphylococcus infection. They had

pus gathered round their spinal cord and brain, oppressing the functions of their organism and negatively influencing their mental abilities. After my intervention the three-year children had pus coming out through the nasopharynx, sometimes in large clots, for a half a year.

When I got to know the Orbelians better, I also knew some facts. Before Vera Ivanovna came into "my hands" with Bechterew's disease(*Ankylosing spondylitis*) which is considered incurable by the whole world, her husband, Harry Orbelian, had spent about **$ 300,000** for treatment of this illness in different medical establishments, both European and American, **without any results**! I cured her of Bechterew's diseaseonce and for all! Up to now she has had no manifestations of it whatsoever, although she will be 90 this year! Certainly, her joints are not as good as they were in her thirties, but she still walks by herself and does it better than most Americans much younger than she is. She has not had an operation for hip joint replacement which the majority of Americans older than 70 almost cannot avoid!

In other words, what I really did for this family in money equivalent (according to the most modest calculation) was equal to the cost of several of the houses in which we were received. The understanding of all this made the situation even more troublesome. This was the reason why Svetlana and I "developed" our knowledge of the city of San Francisco until we were frozen to the bone and so tired that we could barely walk. Fortunately George's house was located very near a Muni (local transport system) station called Forest Hills. The situation was complicated by the fact that we did not know the city or the language well, especially me. During our wanderings about the city we tried not to deviate very far from one or another station and find the right way back from unknown streets to those which we already knew.

Almost always we did it without any problems. However, several times we found ourselves in very unsafe districts. In San Francisco, as well as in other American cities, fashionable streets sometimes adjoin ones which very much resemble slums: Market Street, one of the longest streets in San Francisco, was one of such streets at the beginning of the nineties. It looked more like an avenue than a downtown street: there were three lanes in every direction, and in the middle there was a pretty large space with stops for a streetcar and a Muni's main line underground! Well, there were the most expensive shops and fashionable buildings with the offices of different companies, etc in the north part of this street.

But at its southern end, should one move just one block of buildings away from it, one will enter an area populated by black or Latin-American people. I have no preconceived attitude toward people with

any particular colour of skin whatsoever, as spiteful critics, searching for something to carp and yell about, may think with pleasure. To their great regret, I have to disappoint them! The colour of anyone's skin does not matter to me, but the person himself! Besides, when we arrived in America, I could not possibly have any prejudice for one reason—I had never came across people of other races before.

One day during our wandering over the city as we crossed Market Street and moved away from it, a little southward, everything changed sharply! There was garbage everywhere, everything that could be broken was broken and torn off. There was not a single telephone receiver in phone boxes. Obscene inscriptions were everywhere (the fact that they were obscene, and their meaning, we learned much later). The strong smell of urine was wafted to our noses from narrow passageways between houses with shabby doors; people were dressed very untidily, the eyes of many of them had the look of drug addicts; there were a lot of dirty looking hotels; there were many garishly dressed women and the majority of these people had black skin.

When we got there, for some time we continued to move deeper into it, understanding nothing. Everything was very strange and people looked very strangely at us. Thus, on making a "reconnaissance," we came back, finding nothing interesting there for us. When we asked George about what we had witnessed, he was very surprised that had we got out of there without any problems. We could not understand why and he explained that there were a number of districts which a white person had better stay away from and in the case of getting there by chance, he should immediately get out from these dangerous places: at very best, he would be beaten up and leave without a purse and at worst he could be killed, and nobody would find his body! Even the police force preferred not to poke its nose into this kind of district, especially at night, and if they did, they went in pretty large groups maximally reinforced!

All this surprised us very much. In fact, in all my fifteen years experience of residence in the USA, I can say that I never saw anyone disturb a black person in a white district, regardless of how he was dressed and smelled, whether he was a homeless beggar or a respectable worker, anyone could freely move in white districts and nobody bothered him or discriminated according to the colour of his skin. Rather any white American tried to shun a black person in a white district even when the latter behaved insultingly! Nobody wanted to be accused of discrimination otherwise he would be dragged to court and "milked" to the max. This was really strange for us!

Thus, this was the first time we heard about a racial problem in

the USA which according to American mass media does not exist. But it does exist! However, today there is discrimination against white men in the USA, no matter how strange it may sound, it is true! They should provide employment either to a black person, rejecting the white one, or a homosexual or lesbian, instead of a person of normal sexual orientation! Oddly enough, professional skills and experience do not matter at all, but the fact is that the refusal to give the job to a black person or a representative of sexual minorities automatically means a lawsuit, an accusation of discrimination, either racial or sexual, which can result in million dollar losses for a "failed" company in favour of an "offended" person: the richer the company, the bigger the indemnity sum! It is shocking that nobody is interested in the professional level of an applicant. What an enormous warp! ....

Once I personally witnessed and, actually, took part in events which proved a warp in human consciousness and conduct. It happened several months later, when I had succeeded in changing the situation in which we found ourselves upon our arrival in the USA. One day Svetlana and I were queuing to buy a pizza. We were in the centre of San Francisco, in world-famous Powell Street with its cable cars made at the beginning of the twentieth century which are so popular among tourists and film-makers. This pizzeria was (and probably still is) very close to Union square, the central square of San Francisco, right near the place where the famous cable cars turn. We stood in line waiting for pizza which was baked right there, before our eyes. One could order different kinds of pizza to take away or buy one or two pieces, piping hot, and eat them right on the spot.

So, Svetlana stood before me with her handbag on her shoulder and... I saw a black hand pretty skillfully get into the bag and began to pull out money. There was about two thousand dollars in the bag. When I saw that someone was stealing it, I immediately grasped the thief by the hand. It was a black woman who dropped some of the money on the street and began to run. I picked the notes up, gave them to Svetlana and asked whether that was all the money. It appeared that the thief had managed to keep several hundred dollars. I ran after her, quickly overtook and grasped her by the hand.

Then something absolutely unexpected, for me, happened. She began to yell that I was a racist and that she could have hundred dollar banknotes too and began to call the police. A crowd started gathering around us. My English was "lame" in both "legs" then and I would have found it difficult to explain the situation clearly enough in the case of the police appearing. Also I understood that I was not able to prove that she stole this money. So, thinking to myself "damn it," I

came back to Svetlana.

I would like to say some more words about black Americans.

I spoke with several representatives of this race who worked conscientiously, very pleasant persons, and here is what they shared with me: it appeared that "their" people consider them betrayers because they work!!! According to their concepts, the fact that they worked meant treachery, the betrayal of racial interests and their "brothers" considered them "sold out" to the whites! Isn't that perverted logic! This is not the only example of a similar kind which I experienced. I will tell later about them and meanwhile I continue my narration...

So, we wandered about, primarily, in the centre of San Francisco and down in Fisherman's wharf where there were a lot of shops, art galleries, museums, restaurants and different points of interest. Certainly, in the beginning we were mostly observers, but I remember when we tried boiled crabs for the first time. There were several places where they were sold right on the street. In the USSR I ate only canned crab and it happened just several times in my life, because crab meat, sold in two hundred and fifty gram tin cans, was terribly scarce in Soviet times and they were solemnly opened and regaled upon only on important holidays. So, I can say that I ate crabs only very relatively, just felt the taste of crab meat on my lips. I also very much liked crab sticks, an imitation of crab meat made of fish, primarily cod, but people had to queue for hours to buy this imitation which did not appear in the shops every day.

So, here we were—on Fisherman's wharf in San Francisco and they sold boiled crabs right in the street and cooked them right before your eyes. You choose a crab, they break the shell in several places, you take hot drawn butter, sit down at a table straight on the sidewalk and begin to "extract" the still hot crab meat from under the shell using special tongs and, dipping the tender pulp into butter, pop it into your mouth... and this is delicious. However, should the boiled crab cool off, its taste changes dramatically and cannot be compared with the taste of the hot one. When we ate hot crab for the first time, the taste surprised us a lot—it had nothing in common with that out of tin cans.

However, the taste of crabs was not the only thing that surprised us. Nowadays exotic fruits can be easily found in Russian shops, but then there was nothing, except for bananas and oranges, which also were awfully scarce. Once my aunt brought us a mango as a present and we could not even clearly make out what it was. Unlike the USSR, one could find fruit from all over the world in the grocery stores of San Francisco, and we had no idea what they were. At first we could not afford a lot, but sometimes we did buy one or another exotic fruit

and conducted an "investigative experiment" for ourselves right on the spot. I just got slightly carried away with our "gourmet" experience; so, let me return to the real situation at the end of January, 1992, which was far from rosy. The only thing I would like to add is that we could afford to eat crabs despite our very limited budget: they were very cheap because a new catch was delivered every day to San Francisco Harbour ...

We felt Marsha's irritation becoming stronger and stronger with every passing day. Svetlana and I tried to stay in the house as little as possible and when coming back in the evening, we tried to slip into "our" room quickly and not show ourselves without special necessity. We devoted the greater part of our time before going to bed watching films. George did not have cable television and gave us a small portable TV set with a built-in videotape recorder and we could watch rented videotapes every evening. We were dazzled by the choice of films! In the USSR I sometimes bought video films on fiction, mysticism and history, but those who remember that time know of what low quality and poor translation these recordings were. Certainly, when one does not speak the language, any translation will seem all right, but when I began to understand English, I realized how inexact and poor this translation was, how many colours, emotions and sense the audience lost because of it!

So, having such a magnificent variety of films of wonderful quality we rented science fiction, mysticism and simply those which cover we liked and watched, watched, watched. However, there was a "little" problem—I did not understand anything of the sounds which came from the TV set, but I wanted to very much! The strong desire to understand the essence and attentive observation of what was happening on the screen gradually had an effect. A lot of actions shown on the screen were quite clear; a lot of objects were familiar and when you hear the name of one or another object or action in a foreign language many times, the brain starts creating semantic connections with their names in the native language, and the parallel system is created after a while, and you unexpectedly begin to understand the foreign language more with every passing day...

The whole January of 1992 was marked by uncertainty.

Certainly, there were plenty of pleasant moments related, primarily, to our delight in the beauty of nature in San Francisco, the most stunning of which was the grandeur of the ocean! Neither Svetlana nor I had ever seen the ocean, which appeared to be something absolutely amazing, especially, when you are on a giddy precipice watching how waves strike against rocks with incredible force and shatter into myriad

splashes on all sides and you feel the breathing of the ocean with each cell of your soul. They say that the ocean is especially beautiful on sunrise or sunset. I cannot say anything about sunrise over the ocean and not because I dislike waking up early in the morning (when it is necessary I can do it without any problem, as well as get up at any time in the night despite how late I went to bed). The matter is in that the sunrise can only be observed on the eastern coast washed by the Atlantic Ocean; however, I often watched how our luminary "sank" into the Pacific Ocean.

We found an amazing place to do this: a cliffy cape to the north of the Golden Gate Bridge, which protrudes into the ocean. There is an observation point where you feel as if you are in the middle of the ocean. The waves break against the granite rocks and shatter into billions of splashes which sparkle like jewels dyed the colours of the rainbow in the rays of the setting Sun, and the rainbow itself glitters over this incredible performance, the beauty of which is extremely captivating; you lose all sense of time and are carried away with the noise of waves, running again and again into forbidding rocks, making you forget the existence of civilization and feel the unity with primordial nature! The sun slowly setting into the ocean becomes purpler with every minute, creating the impression that it cools down and grows dim while submerging into the ocean waters. The air around it starts trembling; strengthening the illusion of sinking and it looks like the ocean is beginning to boil up around our luminary. Several moments later you can see only its edge . . . some more moments ... and then the Sun disappears completely into the ocean's depths! This extraordinary performance always amazed me, no matter how many times I observed it: I always experienced the feeling of immersion into the fairy-tale of nature. . .

We were also charmed by the Golden Gate Park, especially Svetlana. This outstanding park created on a sandy uncultivated plot of land gathered plants from almost all over the world. The green guests from Africa, Australia, Asia, North and South America grow in one place and it is enough to walk just a hundred metres in order to shift from African jungles to Amazon forests. Svetlana liked the Japanese garden most of all: plants of fairy-tale forms, the murmur of water, a fairy-tale landscape with waterfalls, bridges, whimsical small rivers and lakes in which majestic multi-coloured Koi slowly swim. The only thing which we could not enjoy was the flowering of the Japanese cherry, because we had to wait two months to see this natural performance as the Japanese cherries bloom in March, and here we were in January and in complete uncertainty. . .

One January Sunday George's father, Harry Orbelian, invited us to his villa. We had already been to his city house and this was the first time he had invited us to his villa in Sonoma. It was also for the last time in the almost fifteen years of our staying in the USA about which neither Svetlana nor I am at all sorry because this person did not evoke especially kind feelings in us and the future confirmed the rightness of our impressions. The villa was located right on the Russian river, not very far from Fort Ross. So, it happened that on getting to America, we found ourselves on Russian land which illegally became the territory of the United States, but this is a story for another day. However, I must confess that this is a very strange feeling: we left the USSR and appeared on Russian land, although occupied, again. Isn't it an interesting turn of fate? Although the land was Russian, the world around us was strange and still to be learned about; oddly enough, the fact that everybody smiles at each other and when they catch your glance they almost always say "Hi" to you, somehow made me merrier and although the problems disappeared nowhere I had never been a pessimist and was sincerely pleased to see smiling people around...

So, one Sunday in the second half of January, 1992 we were guests at the villa of the head of the Orbelians. He appeared to be a hospitable person, showed us around the villa and told about his fate which was very rich in events. His mother appeared to be an ardent Bolshevist and very actively participated in the "establishment" of Soviet power in Armenia. Her brother headed The Cheka[1] there (The Extraordinary Commission) for sometime, and local parents used his name to scare little children. In short, Harry's parents had the most direct connection to the bloody terror which came to the lands of the Russian Empire.

After the revolution they became a new "elite:" their family lived in a palace which previously belonged to A. Nobel, they had servants and all the attributes of the lordly life with which they had fought so fiercely. But one day his parents were arrested and he and his elder brother were deprived of life in the palace and found themselves on the street. All friends and almost all relatives turned their back on their parents and them. Indeed, this was a very hard ordeal, especially for children. It turns out that in this particular case the executioners could experience for themselves what they had done to the many people whom they killed, robbed and treated outrageously everything that was dear

[1] It was created in December 20, 1917 after the "Russian" revolution (October 26, 1917) and was an important military and security arm of the Bolshevik communist government. Its troops policed labor camps, ran the Gulag system, conducted requisitions of food, liquidated political opponents (on both the right and the left), put down peasant rebellions, riots by workers, and mutinies in the Red Army.

to those people, and the boomerang of fate returned them everything, however, with one difference: they were taken away from somebody else's property, whereas they took it away from the legal owners!

Certainly, the children could not be blamed for what their parents had done, but didn't their parents throw out other children from their own homes in which they were born and peacefully lived, and very often these children were either killed together with their parents or died in Siberian concentration camps or during deportation. Unlike most of the children from Russian aristocracy eliminated by Bolshevists, the Orbelian brothers succeeded in surviving the catastrophe of their lives which had begun so splendidly. However, to give them their due, of which they are worthy: it did not break them and both achieved a lot in life. The senior did it due to his talent and the junior, due to his business grip, which appeared to be cast-iron...

He was an interpreter during the World War II (1939-1945) and was taken prisoner, when serving on General Vlasov's staff. When the war was over he appeared in the American area of occupation and later moved to New York where he met his future wife who, being a young educated woman (she graduated from the Medical institute in 1942) was driven away to Germany from Kharkov (Ukraine) to a concentration camp, which after the War, was also in the American area of occupation. She was afraid to return to her Motherland fearing to find herself in another concentration camp, a Soviet one, although she was not guilty of anything. In America they united their fates and together survived a lot of difficulties, but owing to Harry's grip and readiness to do anything, they succeeded in making their way in the world. When they moved to San Francisco Harry began to work as a janitor in Harms, a famous shop for the rich, and very quickly passed through all the stages to become the manager of the shop.

In order to have some idea about his business approach, I would like to relate the story which he told us about how he purchased his first house. He did not have the money to pay the first fee for a house and he issued an unsecured cheque for $2,000 which was a pretty significant sum of money then. For the sake of comparison: many people's salary was about $50 a week which was considered to be very good. So, he bought a house complete with furniture. Simultaneously he found a buyer for the furniture for two thousand dollars and the day he got the keys the former owner's furniture moved to another proprietor and he got $2,000 in cash which he immediately deposited in his account and everything was "tiptop" by the moment his cheque should be cashed. In fact he bought a house at the expense of this very house, using the fact that two or three days would be required to cash his cheque

whereas deposited cash becomes accessible immediately. He ran the small risk of a salesman going to the bank and presenting his cheque for immediate payment. However, the majority of Americans do not do this. They bring all their cheques to the bank and the latter provides the transfer of the funds to their account from other banks, according to the sums indicated.

This was the "operation" about which the owner of the villa proudly told us, as well as about the fact that "big fishes" visited his villa, including Michael Gorbachev when the latter was the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the CPSU and later the president of the USSR. However, neither Svetlana nor I expressed any special delight on this occasion and, besides, we both did not drink alcohol and thus, could not keep Harry company in this activity. Well, whether it was these or other reasons, but he never invited us to his the villa again, about which we are not sorry at all, although the villa is located in a wonderful place...

Meanwhile, amongst the train of pleasant and not so pleasant, for our soul, events, the "general" situation remained the same. The patients whom I received in Mr. Harrison's office paid via insurance companies and the money could not be expected for at least a month. It was odd: I worked every day and money was charged after every session, but the payment would come in a month. If it were not for two patients who paid for every session in cash, the situation would be critical. Although they did not come for my sessions every day, it allowed us to "keep afloat" and preserve our dignity.

Some quite curious events happened during this joyless time. One day at the beginning of February, 1992 we sat on the terrace of George's house and conversed; the conversation gradually turned to the subject of how I happened to have my "unbelievable" abilities and most importantly, what were their manifestations. I began to talk about how it was that for quite a long period of time I did not think that the phenomena which happened to me were something unusual and I did not relate them to me, considering them to be just coincidence or luck. When I had "stored" a lot of those "coincidences," I involuntarily began to think about their fortuitousness, especially, when I understood that they did not happen with other people. I told about some cases when my desire, even at the subconscious level, made "wonders" with the weather: the fog disappeared when I needed to fly and this lasted precisely for the duration of the flight, or rain stopped or began.

On hearing this, George suddenly suggested that I "organize" a small shower in California and in San Francisco, in particular. It appeared that there had been a drought in California for **six** years, there

were almost no rains and the state was forced to buy water from other states in order to prevent panic among the population. Also, there were serious limitations on water consumption in California, the price of water skyrocketed and many people were forced to stop watering their gardens, because they could not pay the water bills, and even those who did not have any problems with money limited their consumption of water too. He said that if I could easily manage the weather at the subconscious level why not to try to make it rain consciously and water the earth dried-up for six years. It was said half jokingly. I think that then George did not believe all I said, but he said it and I had to react to it somehow.

Then I still rushed to prove everything to every sceptic, hoping that a person would "wake up" and see the way to the truth! Besides, it always insulted me deeply, when someone doubted that I told the truth. When you know that you do not lie, but tell the truth and someone thinks that you are either mad or a dreamer, or the most frightful,—a liar, a wave of indignation and desire to prove the truth arises within you. Regrettably, nothing changed despite the fact that thousands of times I proved everything to everybody who asked for it. Youth is youth; only with years did I begin to understand that there is no need to prove anything to anybody. You just have to do what you have to do and this will be the best proof. In fact, I do and did something not for the sake of anyone's approval, but because my heart, my mind and my understanding prompted me to do so. There was both hope and doubt in George's question, and I considered it to be necessary to prove my rightness too. So, I began to act and in several minutes clouds appeared and it was raining.

By this time, I had clearly realized that if I "squeeze" water from air masses in one place, I would create a problem in another. Eliminating the drought in one place, I would create it somewhere else, and this was not a solution to the problem. Modern scientists do exactly this, pulverizing different catalysts over air currents, which cause the drain of moisture in the place they need, and dehydrated air currents move further being "empty"—they have nothing to drop over other territories. I considered and still do such an approach unacceptable and applied dramatically different ways to solve the problem of the drought. Firstly, I decided to prevent precipitation from falling over ocean spaces, but to make the air stream "carry" the moisture to the continent and to drop it on the withered land. Secondly, I tried to launch the synthesis of water from primary matters or, as modern scientists call them, dark matter.

It was highly likely that both methods worked then, because the

rain began at once, while some time would have been required for the air currents which absorbed moisture over the ocean to carry the water and release it over dry land. The fact that the rain began almost immediately and was not accompanied by squalls of wind indicated that I "simply" provoked water synthesis over the whole State of California, as time is needed even for hurricanes and super-hurricanes which rush at a speed of more than two hundred kilometres per hour in order to sweep over thousands of kilometres of water space and release their life-giving cargo over dry land.

When it was drizzling in just a few minutes after my action, George said, again half jokingly: "Is that all that you can do?"

Svetlana joined him and, feeling slightly offended, I "stepped on the gas." As a result, it rained quite noticeably: big heavy drops began to fall from the sky, their number increased with every second and in no time it was pouring cats and dogs. George and Svetlana stopped teasing, but I should not have reacted to their words. The fact of the matter is that I worked to eliminate the drought over the whole of California and I succeeded! It was raining **everywhere**, not just in San Francisco. However, because I reacted to teasing and strengthened the rain in San Francisco, the strengthening happened everywhere: strong rain converted into thundershowers, and where there were thundershowers, small floods were observed! It had serious consequences, for example, in southern California, Los Angeles: such an amount of water in such a short period of time made the earth become soaked very quickly and many houses located on the slopes of the hills began to slip down...

Since then and up to my departure from the USA, there were no problems with water in California, and not only there; the authorities of the state stopped buying water from other states (which cost billions of dollars); the water reservoirs were always full; it not only rained in winter, as had always been before our arrival in the USA, but throughout the year which immediately told on nature: everything was green almost the whole year round, not just during the rainy season; the restrictions on water consumption were called off, etc.

Someone can say that all this is a casual coincidence, but the drought came again to California (and not only there) after my departure from the USA and seizes more territories with every passing year. But, certainly, this is also a "coincidence!" I remember a joke in connection with this situation. One day a gentleman came to a doctor and told him that, being drunk as a cobbler, he fell off the balcony on the ninth floor without even breaking a single bone! The doctor listened to him attentively and said that it was just a fortuity. After a while the man came again and repeated the story: he was again awfully

drunk, fell from the balcony and was safe and sound again! The doctor answered: "It is also a fortuity!" After some time the man appears and tells that it happened for the third time. The doctor's answer was: "And this, my friend, is already regularity!"

The things which I did and still do often are beyond the understanding of most people, but at the same time quite material phenomena happens which anyone can "touch" independent of whether he or she understands **how** it happened. If we look closely at the essence of things, we may notice that the overwhelming number of people do not understand even the principle according to which even commonplace things function, for example a TV set, but, nevertheless, they do not deny its existence. If we "dig" more deeply, we can see that those who affirm that they understand the working principle of, for instance, a TV set, in fact know just a little more that those who know nothing at all, and only at purely utilitarian level which they achieved by rule of thumb and as a result of tests and trials, not because they understand the nature of the processes which are going on there. The strangest thing in all this is that this situation is convenient for almost everyone!

In the case of my actions, **only one** thing is highly inconvenient for many: that is, based on my knowledge and using the force of my thought, I, a human being, do what this technological civilization is not able to do now and will never be! But what I do is more than real and, which is more important, allows **real** and unconditional use **now**, not after death as most world religions promise.

It is awesome how social parasites deformed human consciousness by use of their perverted system and massive propaganda which brought people to a slavish state of consciousness, imposing the idea that man is weak and pitiful both in the face of nature and those in power which govern, having God's benediction, and therefore the slaves have no right to criticize their power and, consequently, them. But all "Gods" promise that all good things will happen to the slaves **only after death**! Isn't that a comfortable position: the "Gods" ready to "help" people only after their death when the latter do not need anything any longer, because a person appears in quite different conditions after his or her death, more precisely his or her spirit does, and is incarnated again in a new physical body and does not remember anything about past lives.

Social parasites used exactly this phenomenon when they created religions according to which human life is meant for paying off man's sins, no matter whether they are real or fictitious, and if no sin can be found (but a person still suffers) it is that the God sends tests and

a cross to check the strength of his faith in Him. At the same time, man can confirm the veracity of it and get his "recompense" **only** after death! It looks very like an exclusive circle: man must die to make sure that religious dogmas are the truth and, on dying, man comes back into a new physical body remembering nothing about his previous life (lives)! Isn't it a psychologically ideal social weapon of deception?

Man is given a "carrot" which he will never be able to eat! But he wants to eat it very much and he strives after it as hard as one can and does not understand that this "carrot" is a sham created precisely to prevent man from **ever** choosing the way which will lead him to the level of creation when he will be able to solve all his problems without any "God." He will be able determine his fate and, which is most important, carry the burden of responsibility on his own shoulders, instead of shifting it to "Gods" which were unable to show their abilities for many generations and did not fulfill the promises which social parasites gave on their behalf.

That is why (and there are a number of other reasons about which I will write later) everything that I, a man, not a "God," have done is suppressed, although those in power know perfectly well what I did and when! They realize that if those whom they so cunningly converted into slaves know this and understand who brainwashed them and why and **who is who** in reality, they will **stop being slaves** and get rid of their chains. Then the "chosen" ones will have to say "goodbye" to their "choseness" which, in fact, **never existed**! Well, I am again carried away with philosophizing: the first months were not especially joyful in America and my returning to that time involuntarily attuned me to philosophical paths. So, let me continue.

The whole of January and almost half of February passed and the situation was the same. I brought to America the unfinished manuscript of my first book. I also drew a number of illustrations and one day following George's advice we all went to the office of a digital company. An employee explained that they could convert my pencil drawings into digital format, which was necessary for the book being published. He even scanned one of my illustrations and showed a result. I did not like how a pencil drawing looked on the monitor, although the picture on the paper was quite all right in my opinion. The traces of graphite were strongly visible on the screen all over the picture after scanning which gave the impression that the picture was dirty. So, I did not like the digital form of my drawing. When I said it to the employee, he assured me that they could clean the picture and even showed how it could be done. I did not like the results of the cleaning either, nevertheless, I asked George to enquire how much it would cost to scan and clean the

twenty pictures which I had already had.

The employee quickly estimated the number of working hours, etc. and reported that it would cost no less than five thousand dollars. Then I did not even have money to rent an apartment for us, but I got the complete picture of what digital equipment could do with pencil drawings and the price and drew the conclusion that it would be much better to buy a computer and the proper equipment and learn to use it than to throw money about. But these were just prospects for the future, meanwhile the wind whistled in my pockets and I hated this situation...

One day in the middle of February, during one of our forced walks, Svetlana and I discussed the situation and even considered the possibility of returning to the USSR. However, I have never lost in my life and, on talking the situation over, we decided that surrender is not in our character and we should continue what we had begun, counting on nobody but ourselves: we had each other and could get through all difficulties together. Done! As my English left much to be desired, more precisely, it still did not exist, I asked George to find places where people interested in alternative healing, esotericism, etc. gathered, if indeed there were such places in San Francisco. He said that one could find almost anything in San Francisco, especially concerning this kind of thing and began to ring to different organizations and institutions with the suggestion to organize my lectures.

George found several places of this kind and people there were very interested too: exactly then there were various seminars and meetings with healers and my participation came very in handy for them, about which they informed George. This turn of events raised my spirits and we went to a meeting. I asked George to translate my speech into English and, although his understanding was incomplete, it was much better than if I had tried to say something. Besides, he had got through my brain transformation and was a living witness to the truth of my words. The organizer of a seminar, a woman whose name I do not remember, pronounced my name and George and I appeared in front of an American audience for the first time. There were several dozen persons in the auditorium. I began to speak, pausing periodically so George could translate my words. I told about brain transformation and the abilities it could give to man. George proved my words by his own example, telling how and what happened to him during and after the transformation. I talked about the possibilities of healing and a lot of other things. George invited John Mac-Manes, his surfing friend, to this meeting. He then was the director of CNN's news department in San Francisco and the bay and everything I said interested him very

much.

There was a small incident at the meeting. An American healer would be speaking after me, and when I began to tell about how I transformed brains and the results of my healing, one of the listeners jumped up and expressed indignation saying that he had come here to listen to exactly him, not me! The organizer of the meeting had to point out that I was invited the same way as other lecturers and thus put an end to the incident. Probably, the admirer of another lecturer was touched on the raw because my lecture caused a great deal of interest in people and nothing was left to his idol. The reaction was indeed growing fast: many people not only listened to me with interest, but expressed the wish to have a course of my healing. The fact that George was an American and that he told how I healed his mother of an incurable disease played a positive role. There was a young British man called Steve who appeared to be very receptive to my influence. I carried out several sessions with him, he was shocked by the results and began to share his impressions with other people, and talk about me began to spread...

Certainly, it did not happen in one day, but Steve's "magic touch" moved everything from a standstill. His sociability played an important role in that people knew about my presence and abilities. In fact most Americans do not like to talk about their problems, even more so, about health problems. They taboo these questions. We found the psychology of the Americans very strange: they could talk about very intimate things (even to people they hardly know) often revealing such details that Svetlana and I were shocked by such "frankness" and openness, but as to professional and health matters the answer was the same—"everything is very good." They say this not because everything is indeed very good and not because they do not want to worry and load others with their problems, but because their health problems, being made public, could threaten their welfare, career, etc. and to lose their job means to lose their standard of living and this is total failure for them!

So, Steve's sociability helped me to get everything moving. The born and bred Americans began to seek my help, instead of only Russian speaking emigrants from the USSR, the majority of which were Israelites which were dying to live in their "historical Motherland," but for "some" reason appeared in the USA! Vera Ivanovna's circle consisted of exactly them and I had already personally experienced their "approach." So, almost from the beginning of my stay in the USA I did not have the least desire to have any dealings with the former inhabitants of the Soviet Union. None of them ever fulfilled what he or she

had promised.

One way or another, things moved! I felt an enormous relief. Almost at the same time I got the first cheque from Mr. Harrison's office. I held a cheque with my name as recipient for the first time in my life and this was very pleasant, but the sum strongly surprised me. I kept records of my patients and knew how much they paid for a session and that was why the sum indicated on the cheque surprised me. Evidently Mr. Harrison decided to pay all the charges for his office from this money, because he had almost no visitors, judging, at least, from what I saw with my own eyes, and the office had expenses every day: a secretary's salary, the rent, electricity, telephones, etc. On charging me all of this, he additionally took 25% from the rest of the sum!

It was rather odd "mathematics," but I did not find it so "mysterious" what Mr. Harrison, probably, had expected. I was glad to have the cheque, although with a months delay, but Mr. Harrison's "business approach" did not satisfy me. I told him about this as soon the possibility arose, certainly, through George. He paid $1,500 per month for the whole office and I used the smallest room only several days a week for two or three hours a day but, nevertheless, I offered to pay him $2,500 every month which he rejected. He continued to insist on his conditions which I found to be absurd and I said this to him. But I had to accept this situation for some time, because I did not have a place where I could receive patients, and in George's house we were hardly tolerated even without patients, which Svetlana and I felt strongly enough, although everything looked decent from the outside.

Well, I got my first cheque and ... it seemed that everything was finally all right now! However, this was not all. Mr. Harrison said that the cheque should be deposited in the bank only on the next day, when the funds would be accessible for payment. The next day we went to my bank (The Bank of America) and George helped me to fill out all the forms and I deposited the cheque in my account. I got the receipt which informed me that 90% of the sum would only be available in **two weeks time**! I did not expect this and was strongly surprised, but these were the rules for new clients of the bank. Nobody told me then that I could withdraw the whole sum if I went to the bank the name of which was written on the cheque. But even in this case, the cashier would execute some precautionary measures, about which I knew later, but then everything was new and strange for me because we, the former inhabitants of the Soviet Union, had no idea whatsoever about banking. This phenomenon just did not exist in the everyday life of an ordinary Soviet citizen. So, I had to "master" it right "in action."

I remember George suggesting that I open an account somewhere two weeks after our arrival in the USA and we went to the nearest branch of a bank. George filled all the necessary forms and it was explained to me how to use the account and the cheque book. I nodded with a smart look, understanding nothing of what I was told. When we left the building I asked George about all the details of these rules and he explained everything to me in Russian. I had to open the account because Americans almost do not use cash, unlike Russians. Later I often noted that they wrote out cheques in shops even for several dollars! In fact, cheques are not used in Russia even now.

On one hand, the cheque system is very convenient, especially for your own accounting and you need not go anywhere, to stand in queue, etc. However, it has the reverse side—state institutions get the possibility to fully control the citizens' life through it, requiring them to report how and on what they have spent their money.

At the beginning of March I could, at last, use the money I earned and the first thing I did was write a cheque (also the first one) for renting an apartment! As we had not plenty of money, we rented from the Orbelians a small studio with a tiny kitchen (the distance from the window to the stove was about half a meter). I asked George how much it would be, wrote out the cheque for $750 and asked another favour. We all went to a furniture shop and bought a sofa, a glass table with six chairs, bed linen and tableware for two persons. There was a refrigerator and a bed which folded into the wall. We bought also a small TV set, a videotape recorder and a telephone and asked them to deliver everything to our new home as quickly as possible. George called a telephone company and arranged a telephone line and the next day we moved to our apartment and could relax a little for the first time! I had spent almost all my money for this, but the freedom was well worth it!

Some time later I learned that I was paying the maximal sum for this kind of apartment: the Americans paid $650 per month for them. It was a quite unpleasant discovery for us, but there was a "bright side": George did not require payment of the first and the last month or a deposit. So, one thing offset another and somehow smoothed over George's unattractive, to put it mildly, action. He had one oddity: he was ready to do anything which did not concern money from the bottom of his heart and soul, but as soon as something was a matter of money, he became quite another person who pursued only his own benefit. I observed similar phenomena in other people too, but unlike them, George always helped if it was not related to money.

When we moved to the apartment, I repeated my offer to Mr. Har-

rison concerning payment and he declined it again. I decided to give up his service and to receive my patients in my apartment. Svetlana totally supported my idea, although it became a serious test for her...

Chapter 3.

Workaday routine

Well, we spent almost all the money we had earned on renting and settling down in the tiny apartment in the centre of San Francisco, and again found our selves in anxious expectation—what would come from all this? Although the future was quite unforeseeable and unknown, we took a long deep breath for the first time since we arrived in the USA.

Staying in a stranger's house had been very depressing for us, especially taking into account the fact that the mistress's thoughts on this situation were open to us, although she did her best to behave with dignity. The fact that I did not know English at the time changed nothing. Many people do not understand the nature of telepathic perception and can be surprised that one could read thoughts without knowing a language. The fact of the matter is that thoughts are primary, and the words follow, although most people are sure of the contrary; therefore the majority of them cannot understand simple things being unable to see them from another angle. In fact a thought or an image is translated into verbal code in order to be transmitted to others only after it is completely formulated or created by the human brain.

Each nation has its own verbal code which has been developed over the course of time, reflecting thoughts and images which occur in people's heads. This means that people who speak different languages only have **different verbal codes**, **not different thoughts and images**! That is why in order to understand what another person thinks without knowing the language he speaks it is enough to tune in to his thoughts and images. There is a phenomenon which is related to precisely this: people of different races and nationalities who met newcomers from other stars were always surprised by the fact that the aliens communicated with them in their native language without opening their mouth!

Certainly, those who came from other stars did not know **any earthly language** and, actually, were unable to verbalise, because the overwhelming majority of them communicate with each other **telepathically**! Therefore, when they meet an inhabitant of our planet they simply project their thought onto the human brain which translates it into the verbal code used by this particular person! That is

all! There is no unbelievable and enigmatic miracle in it! The aliens do not know earthly languages, or the languages of any other inhabited worlds, but use **telepathy**! Actually, many people told me that as they thought about one problem or another, I began to answer their questions which had not been verbalised and it did not matter whether I knew the language of the person or not. I will run a few steps forward, two or three weeks from the events I describe now, in order to give an example.

From time to time I asked George to come to us and translate my words to my patients, especially when what I wanted to say was beyond ordinary phrases about what my patient felt and where. One of these days in the middle of March, 1992 I worked with Steven Lovin, the proprietor of a small factory which produced vitamins. Actually, it was not just his state of health which provoked his keen interest in my abilities. One day Steve arrived for the session and gave George a letter to read and translate for me. George put the unopened letter on the table and I began to work with Steve. In the process of working I began to explain to him through George what I considered important for him to know.

My explanation did not concern the state of his health, but very subtle chemical mechanisms which went on in living matter. In other words, my explanation did not relate to obvious things, as some sceptics may think. I began to explain that chemical composition and the position of atoms in a molecule are not the only things of importance in organic molecules, but also the spatial positioning of one or another atom in respect of each other. In other words, the spatial structure of a molecule plays as important a role as its chemical composition! I also told him, that the main problem with organic matters produced industrially, vitamins in particular, was their inability to be assimilated by a living organism for one simple reason: having a complete chemical identity with "live" vitamins, they have a dramatically different spatial molecular structure. Therefore the human body assimilates them very poorly.

I also touched upon other questions which it would be very difficult to call obvious. When I finished the session and the explanation he was almost in a state of shock. The first thing he said was that he got all confirmations of my abilities he had needed. The point is that, when I tuned in, working with him, I carried out the session and at the same time answered the questions expounded in the letter which George left unopened on the table! This kind of thing is normal for me, but it looks like a miracle to other people, although there is no miracle whatsoever! Exactly this episode became the starting point of our almost five-year

collaboration...

Before I continue to tell about our workaday routine I would like to explain my position about thought reading. I consider that the thoughts of any person are his or her personal business, and I never "get" into the head of a person without his consent with the exception of any situation when a person constitutes a menace either for me or for people around me. In this case I consider that I do not need his or her permission, but even then I do not get into his personal matters but just look at the dangerous aspect. In all the other cases I do not "dig" into the person's head even if his behaviour toward me is obviously negative. Any human being has the right to have his own opinion independent of whether it is correct or not. While it does not harm anybody, it is his personal business. So, in order to understand Marsha's attitude to our staying in their house I did not need to "get" into her head—her thoughts splashed out from her as a fountain. Craig and Wade, the twin brothers, were the only persons who did indeed behave sincerely towards us...

Well, it happened: after two months of feeling uneasy we were **free**! Free and independent and, what is most important, we owed nothing to anybody, because we paid for everything from our own pocket! This feeling was outstanding! Despite the fact that our apartment was incredibly small, we felt just perfectly ourselves there. Our first tiny "base" was at 640 Mason Street between Bush and Sutter streets right near San Francisco's central square. It had one peculiarity: the bed could be hidden into a built-in wardrobe: its folds slid apart and the bed went down in the evening and went up in the morning. Thus, the room got some free space without which there would be no room at all and, which was the most important, it would have been impossible to receive patients. This curious ingenuity allowed us to transform a bedroom into a small office which was in any case larger than that which Mr. Howard Harrison had rented to us. Our tiny apartment turned into a cosy little office only because of Svetlana's efforts. She was able to create this cosiness with just a few touches.

In a couple of days everything was ready for receiving patients. Reception began at 9 o'clock in the morning and, despite our desire to sleep more, we had to "jump to it" at half past eight, prepare the room, and take our workplaces. Svetlana's "workplace" was a small kitchen where one person could not even move round another and while I worked with people in the "office," Svetlana was forced to sit all this time in the kitchen on a stool, because even a chair could not fit between the window and the stove. Books were the only salvation for her in this situation, which she read while I worked with patients. Considering her

agility, sitting in one place was almost a torture for her, and its duration became longer with every passing day, because at the beginning I did not have many patients, but their number quickly increased.

I worked with many patients who indeed did not have any money, free of charge, and there were a lot of people in this situation in America. $5,000 dollars is a tremendous sum for the overwhelming majority of Americans. My only condition in such situations was the provision of medical documents about their state of health before beginning my work, also during it, and permission to use this information where necessary in my public lectures or publications. I considered it not right to use my patients' medical case notes without their permission and, moreover, I never told people that they were healthy without sending them for some medical tests. I did it not because I was unaware of what to say, but because my words and my knowledge could not be represented in a medical form to which people had become accustomed and which they trusted.

Besides, there were plenty of "healers" in America to which people came with problems and which, at best, did not harm their patients, but they assured people that they removed an illness or illnesses, but medical tests showed that nothing had changed. So I decided that it was of no use to tell people something like this after they had gone through this kind of "experience," despite the fact that in my case illnesses indeed disappeared. Therefore I sent them to medical establishments in order for doctors, not me, to draw conclusions about the state of health of my patients on the basis of medical tests.

I just recommended which tests a patient should have at this or that time during my work. Thus, nobody could say that I "lied" to them about their recovery. Doctors whose names I did not even know and who did not know either me or my work gave such a conclusion and therefore they could not be my "accomplices" in the "cheating" of poor, trustful people, as my enemies would very much like to present the matter. I always adhered to similar strategy and tactic, which was the correct decision and the only possible way, especially taking into account that doctors could not understand what was going on with these people, because, in most cases, they did not even know that their patients visited my sessions!

One way or another, word of me got around: I never advertised in the mass media during the fifteen years of my stay in the USA. A lot of people shared information about me with relatives and friends, although there were many who never talked about me even with their good friends. The reason for the silence was purely pecuniary, so to speak. The point is that a working American will say that he is perfectly

healthy even if he has an incurable illness. Such deception is related to the fact that people who work for somebody else are afraid that notice of their illness could be the reason for losing their job, which for the majority of people means the loss of their house and medical insurance. That is why many hired workers preferred not to tell about their health...

As I said earlier, a young British man called Steve was especially active in advertising me at the beginning of my private practice in the USA. He appeared to be very sensitive to my influence and reacted very strongly to every motion of my hand and my every action and very openly shared his perception with others. He was so enraptured by what I did that he told all his numerous acquaintances about it. On experiencing my influence, many people brought their children, relatives and friends with them. So, in the first week of March the number of my patients grew to ten a day, and during the next week the number increased to between fifteen and twenty persons!

Although not all of them, more than half my patients paid me for every session. Although it was relatively small money, it allowed us to be completely independent financially and not to limit ourselves in almost anything. When a tiny stream of patients became a cascade, Svetlana had to sit on the stool from nine o'clock in the morning to four o'clock in the afternoon, and sometimes much longer. I had one patient every twenty minutes. I tried to set the time as tightly as possible and not to make people wait for more than five minutes. I asked the same from the patients. I respected their time and asked that they respected mine and I succeeded in getting almost everybody to come in on time. Certainly, not everything always depended on the person: there was traffic on the roads, broken-down cars, etc., but people always called and informed me about this kind of situation, and I always tried to find a gap for them in my timetable, often sacrificing my short break. So, very quickly I succeeded in organizing my work in the most efficient way possible, which, for others, looked incredibly intense: especially to the Americans, who have never been famous for their punctuality.

However, they are not the only ones to blame for their lack of organization: when a doctor sets an appointment time for a patient to come at nine o'clock in the morning, most likely the latter will see his doctor not earlier than eleven o'clock, if he is lucky! American doctors consider that it is a patient who must wait for them in order to avoid downtime! The fact that a person is forced to wait several hours does not bother them at all. Their primary concern is that not a single hour of their time remains unpaid. I have always disliked having a crowd of people waiting to see me because I consider it a

manifestation of disrespect towards them. At the same time I required that people respected my time too. My patients tried to show me this kind of disrespect only a few times during the whole time of my private practice in the USA.

I remember that once a young man asked me for a session, I fixed the day and time and he agreed. Nobody appeared or even called at the appointed time. I was a little surprised, but I thought that he had changed his mind and did not find it necessary to inform me about it. I found it unpleasant, but forgot about him almost at once and was very surprised when he appeared two days later and not at the time we had agreed. Although I was not busy at that moment, I did not receive him. I specified his name, looked in my time-table and asked him whether he remembered that he should have come two days ago and at a different time. I thought that he had mixed everything up, but he said that he remembered the day and the time perfectly, but it "simply" did not turn out that way and he came when he could. I was slightly taken aback by his answer and asked whether he had a telephone? He answered positively and I asked then why he did not call me and postpone the time of the visit? He answered that he did not consider it necessary. On hearing this, I refused to treat him despite the fact that I was free then and said that if he wanted my help he should call me beforehand and appear at the appointed time, not when he felt like it.

Sometimes people confused the day or time of their session, but there were not many of them and it was not an intentional deception. In general my patients were very organized and I almost never had any misunderstanding. Good organization and discipline allowed me to use the time as effectively as possible and people did not waste any of their time, knowing that they would always get their session at the appointed time to the minute. Thus, I could spend strictly planned time on my patients and dedicate free time to other matters. The only drawback of such organization was the fact that I had to "switch on" and "switch off" every fifteen to twenty minutes.

I will explain a little what I mean by that. The point is that the working and non-working state of my body differ dramatically from each other. In the non-working state all my structures (except for protective and scanning ones) are rolled up, because walking around with constantly unfolded structures and skipping powerful streams of matters through them for no reason whatsoever is like lighting the streets on a sunny day; it is unreasonable and impermissible: any casual thought at the subconscious level can be realized in such an active state. Therefore, when there is no necessity I am in a "rolled up"

state. Certainly, it is not the physical me that rolls up in something, but the structures of my brain and spirit which I have created. People who cannot see what is going on at other levels of reality note no changes when I open or close my structures, but very often they feel this transition, as if they got under a powerful magnetic field. Sensitive people perceive this process as though something "blows" them away without a wind being present.

My physical body undergoes enormous loads during the process of folding and unfolding: blood pressure can jump from normal to more than two hundred in seconds. Although I have changed my physical body a lot, nevertheless, these feelings are far from pleasant. The loads in the process of unfolding can be compared with those which cosmonauts experience during take-off and landing. In order to pass to the active (operating) state I must unfold my structures, not all of them, but their "core" should be activated anyway, because my spirit and the structures I have created are a single whole. I do not need all of my power so I have to restrain it even at such incomplete unfolding in order to prevent the overload of a person: my active power is much more than most people are able to endure even during the minimal activation of my structures, and during the work I always have to restrain the power from breaking out. This is a side effect, so to speak, of those transformations which I made for myself.

Thus, the work with my patients forced me to "open up" and "shut down" every fifteen or twenty minutes and to watch that the power in my unfolded state was not accidentally "splashed out" to where it should not be! This process, repeated fifteen to twenty times a day, certainly resulted in some fatigue. When the door was closed behind the last patient, I wanted only one thing—to drop onto the bed and have a nap of thirty or forty minutes at least! Svetlana, spending all this time, sitting on a stool in enforced captivity in the tiny kitchen, wanted to "stretch her legs." So, I "shook" off fatigue and we two went to explore the city. When George came we all went together either to the San Francisco Park or some other interesting place. Also we went to meet scientists or people who showed interest in my abilities. Very often Svetlana and I went to discover a new, for us, place in San Francisco. We asked George how to get there and spent our free time "scouting."

Certainly, those were places we could get to using public transport. We lived almost in the centre of San Francisco and needed to walk just three blocks to the underground (Muni), choose a line, then go and explore the city, which in many places was "bed-sit land" which had nothing special, but dwelling houses. Our first Muni journeys were to

the district of West Portal, to the "Stonestown" shopping centre or Fisherman's Wharf. The underground Muni surfaced in West Portal. Its exit looked like an enormous throat swallowing and spitting out trains. It was the first time we had tried to get to the Stonestown shopping centre, but when the train surfaced in West Portal, we decided to get off there.

West Portal Street began right at the Muni's exit and most likely its name is directly related, because there were no other "gates," "doors" or "portals" except for the enormous throat of the underground. The street somehow felt very comfortable. There were a lot of small shops, restaurants of Mexican, Chinese, Japanese and other cuisines, a movie theatre which was built most likely at the beginning of the 50s. The shops had their own "personality" and exactly this created a special ambience.

In one of these shops Svetlana saw high heeled shoes of very bright colours which one never ever saw in Soviet shops. The shoes were bright red, green, blue and yellow... the colours were so diverse and unexpected... made of good leather in... China. The price was surprisingly small, so small that I still remember it—a pair of shoes cost 9 dollars! At first we could not understand why such outstanding shoes made of good leather cost so little. Svetlana chose several pairs and we left the shop, still surprised. Later we found out the reason for such cheapness—when used once they can be thrown away, especially, if walked in out in the rain when the soles disintegrated almost at once. After this we always adhered to the saying: "We are not rich enough to buy cheap things!" However, in one of these small shops Svetlana found something that really looked beautiful and was of high quality. There she bought knitted cardigans of angora wool embroidered with cultivated pearls for her, our mothers, my sister, and my brother's wife, whose name is also Svetlana. They were handmade, executed tastefully and delighted our eyes. My soul rejoiced when I imagined how our nearest and dearest would look in this beauty...

This was the first time that we could send gifts to all members of our families: to Lithuania where Svetlana's parents and her son, Robert, lived and to Russia where my family lived, although my brother Vladimir moved to Kharkov (Ukraine) in 1991 when he bought a flat there, but he did not live there long. When the Soviet Union disintegrated, the Ukrainian government began to make certain changes related to the Russian-speaking population: those who were not born in Ukraine were required to pass an examination on the Ukrainian language without which it was almost impossible to work and live in Kharkov which, by the way, became "Ukrainian" only after the revo-

lution of 1917. It happened when Bolsheviks created the USSR and Ukraine, being mostly agricultural, needed a working class on behalf of which they could create a "dictatorship of the proletariat" there! This was the way that Ukraine "acquired" the territories which now are called Eastern or Right-bank Ukraine! Bolsheviks, among whom there were almost no Russians, generously handed out Russian land without asking Russian people. But this is the story of another day...

One way or another, my brother and his family was forced to leave Russian lands in 1994 which never belonged to Ukraine but imbibed oceans of Russian blood, but due to the will of unscrupulous politicians became "Ukrainian" with the stroke of a pen! Thus he and his family, all members of which were born on the territory of Russia, were forced to move back to Russia as migrants and wait several years for Russian citizenship. But all this will happen much later, meanwhile let me return to San Francisco, to March of 1992...

One day we got to the enormous shopping centre "Stonestown" with hundreds of various departments, but I was interested in one—that of electronic goods which shocked me by its size and plenitude after the almost empty Soviet shops. There were the latest models of TV sets, videotape recorders, photo and video cameras, computers... everything evoked strong curiosity in me. I could "stroll" in this kind of place endlessly, while Svetlana was eager to see other departments. She visited electronic departments with almost the same enthusiasm as I, about which I was very glad, but I could not "stroll" with the same enthusiasm in departments that interested her. Usually, I acquired a sour look after several minutes of stopping in such places, began to look at my watch every now and then and every minute or two would ask Svetlana when we would move on.

Certainly, I waited for her as much as was necessary, but, as they say, "breathed down her neck," which hardly created a pleasant atmosphere for her. Like most men I could "walk" for a long time in the electronic equipment, cars, weapons, etc. departments. I am a man and many generations of ancestors inserted a love of weapons and horses (cars) into my genes. They were warriors who for ages and millennia protected their land from enemies with honour, shedding their blood and giving their lives. Their love for their battle-friend, the horse, the weapon on which their life in battle and, in the end, victory over the enemy depended, was "imprinted" into their genes.

Few know the fact that knights socialized with their battle friend-horse **telepathically**! A horse is a very clever animal, and if a human becomes its friend, it is difficult to imagine a more devoted creature, which cannot be said about a car. A complete unity, some kind of sym-

biosis between a person and a horse allowed them to act with extraordinary coherence during a battle without the cruelty which is observed now. And the miracle happened: the human and the horse became as one creature when the quickness and force of the horse became the continuation of the human! Such unity freed both of the human's hands, the horse acted immediately on his mental requests-orders and this warrior became almost invulnerable! When this was supplemented by his masterful sword skills and battle magic, we can imagine what the enemies felt when encountering such a warrior!

The legends of the fairy-tale creatures, centaurs, were born then! Centaurs are perceived as mythical creatures of so-called "ancient Greek" mythology. In fact they were not mythical creatures, but ordinary people! Well, not quite ordinary, if they could socialize telepathically with animals and managed some battle magic, but, nevertheless, they were humans! It happened that the tribes of outcasts which lived around the Mediterranean forgot their roots, lost their ancestral memory and did not know horses. They called the south branch of the Ruses, which populated the modern Crimean peninsula and called themselves "the people of Prince Scythian" or simply Scythians, **Tauri**, because the Scythians called their peninsula **Taurida**. That is why **they** transformed an equestrian Rus-Scythian into an equestrian Tauri — a cen-taur (Kéntauroi in Greek; "Ken" is a distorted Russian word *kon*, meaning a horse — *E.L.*). So, myths and legends are not always fiction!

The knowledge of how to wield a sword, including revolving two of them with both hands, is saved at the level of my genetic memory fixed by the many generations of warriors in my family; and as long as I can remember, I have always loved horses. Whilst a little child, I asked my grandmother to buy me a foal when she asked me what gift I would like on my birthday. When we visited my grandmother in the country, I was in raptures when she arrived from the apiary on her cart and then we together took her horse to the collective farm stable. I always asked her to give me the bridle rein, because I wanted to take the horse in on my own and when I was given it I proudly led the animal to the stable. I did not care that I led an ordinary farm horse without any pedigree! I was glad that I walked beside such a wonderful animal! My grandmother went to the apiary early in the morning when I was still sleeping which always strongly upset me.

Regrettably it happened that I never had any occasion to find myself in a saddle, although I dreamed about it all my life. The gift of a friend, a black stallion of Anglo-Hungarian breed, has been waiting for me in France for many years. These were the stallions on which the knights of the Ruses and medieval knights rode out to battle. However,

the situation is that I still cannot get to our French domain, but the genetic memory of my ancestors tells me how I should sit in the saddle, how to move, how to control a horse without a bridle, etc. When I advise those who have horses how to enter into contact with a horse, how to feel and run the animal by means of thought, it appears that they get what I told them about by following this advice. It confirms that genetic memory is real, and one just needs to learn to listen to it. But I have carried on "a little" let me come back to the events of March, 1992...

Svetlana had a surprising talent for finding knick-knacks which with her "magic touch" could turn the most wretched dwelling into something fabulous. She has naturally impeccable taste and sense of harmony and I liked so much when she found one or another trinket here and there, put it in the right place and, thus, converted a plain apartment into something beautiful. There was a cinema near "Stonestown" where we went pretty often. Although we still did not understood every word on the screen (at least me), nevertheless, these visits allowed me to dip into the linguistic environment, because I spoke a quite specific language with my patients (mostly medical terminology) and had little practice in the ordinary colloquial one.

One day when we were waiting for our train we saw a group of lesbians on the station. Certainly, we already knew that the wonderful city of San Francisco is a world-famous capital of homosexuals. However, even knowing it, it was unexpected to see a woman with a man-style haircut and male clothes, holding another woman by the hand, like a couple of lovers! We had never seen anything of the kind in the Soviet Union, and it was some kind of shock to observe this manifestation of the violation of natural laws with our own eyes! I will not dwell on this phenomenon, which is natural pathology and illness, for too long although I know the reason for its appearance. I will give just a small "sketch" about this problem.

The fact is that such conduct of both men and women which contradicts nature is absolutely abnormal, no matter how much certain forces would like to impose the contrary opinion.

Let us consider the following example. If a person has a thyroid gland two times bigger than normal, he or she is told that it is an exophthalmic goitre and is prescribed a course of treatment including the surgical ablation of some of the thyroid gland. The reason for such action is that an oversize thyroid gland produces such an excessive amount of hormones that a person starts behaving abnormally and his organism works on "wrong turns."

A homosexual male's hypophysis (pituitary gland) is four

times bigger than that of a normal male! A normal woman's hypophysis is twice as big as that of a normal man, which is quite understandable: a woman is a future mother and her organism should provide normal functioning not only for her, but also for her future child! Women pay a high price for this natural necessity: they are constantly under hormonal "pressure," the maximal of which is observed during special female days, when many women do not always behave quite normally because of the powerful hormonal influence. We can imagine what hormonal "pressure" men endure whose hypophysis is **two times bigger than that of a woman**! Such a man's behaviour is **abnormal**! It is a serious pathology which should be healed. It is not my supposition: MRI shows this pathology very clearly, but less than twenty percent of American physicians know about it. The rest are in "blissful" ignorance of it. A question arises: who gains by declaring homosexuality **normal human conduct**?

Although this pathology does not make people's eyes bulge, as happens in the case of exophthalmic goitre, the fact that the hypophysis is "hidden" in the centre of the head and most people cannot see it through the cranium without special devices, does not mean that this human central hormonal organ's increase by several times is not pathological; it is, and very seriously, which results in serious psychical disorders and abnormal conduct. These people need help in order that their organism can function harmoniously, without which their harmonious development is impossible! ...

Well, I did it again! I just cannot by-pass something like this! In fact, I think it is incorrect to side step phenomena like, for example, homosexuality, without giving the understanding of it. It is very painful to read, hear and see the lies about it poured out by the world mass media on people, especially on children, imposing the perverted idea that homosexuality is a norm of conduct and life, a norm in all senses! It all gets to a point where children begin to feel uncomfortable if they do not support unisexual love by their own example! Surveys show that 90% of pupils tested unisexual "love" at least once and did it, primarily, because any other behaviour is **unpopular**! Thus, a strongly expressed physiological pathology is promoted as **normal** to the whole of humanity!

This is done for one simple reason—there is a very high percent of homosexuals in the midst of the modern "elite." They refuse to acknowledge the fact that their sexual orientation is pathological and a sign of degeneration and that people with such pathology, which means being under powerful hormonal pressure, cannot have a normal reaction and **should not be allowed to take decisions which influence the**

life and death of millions. However, many people with this pathology form the "elite" which takes precisely these decisions. In order that nobody would ask them to leave their posts, they invented a trick, declaring homosexuality an absolute norm and even an indication of a "**higher race**"! And now even children begin to reason about their homosexual "nature," when in fact homosexuality is one of the strongest signs of **degeneration**! Therefore someone should tell the truth about it which is not based on some doubtful "deductions," but on real facts, as, for example, the fact that the hypophysis of a homosexual man is **four times bigger** than the hypophysis of a man of normal sexual orientation. No matter what phantom explanations can be invented to declare this phenomenon as a norm of conduct; it cannot be normal on the basis of real physiological processes!

This kind of open demonstration of an unnatural nature caused by serious hormonal pathology was a very unusual thing for us to see, having just arrived from the Soviet Union, and evoked more surprise than fulmination. If a person is ill and, even more so, if the illness is caused by serious violation of the hormonal balance, more precisely pathological violation, which has resulted in serious changes in the conduct and psyche, he deserves sympathy, not fulmination, and, certainly, thorough and correct treatment. But, alas ... modern medicine cannot treat this kind of pathology and conceals the fact that this kind of conduct is a consequence of a pathological development of the human hypophysis.

I cannot say that in the USSR I heard and knew nothing about homosexuality, but... then homosexuals did not demonstrate their nature so openly. Most likely, the reason for this was the clause in the Soviet criminal code regarding sodomy. One way or another, I felt nothing but misunderstanding and regret, when I saw two men walking with arms around each other or two women one of whom played a man, but anyone clearly saw that she was a woman. Anyway San Francisco remains a beautiful city in my memory and the fact that homosexuals chose it to be their capital did not spoil my impression of this wonderful place, nevertheless, it was impossible not to notice such a phenomenon...

Meanwhile, every morning began with receiving patients, meetings and basic everyday tasks which we needed to solve in what was, for us, a strange country and in complete uncertainty about tomorrow. The number of people who wished to get my sessions increased with every day. People brought their entire families, including their children. I did not pursue big money, I needed to show in practice that what I did really solved health problems and differed dramatically from what other healers did. At the same time I asked my patients to bring me a

copy of their case history before I began the work and all new results of medical researches after my work with them. And, certainly, I asked their consent to use this information, if necessary, as a confirmation for the mass media.

Although the latter were not in a hurry to make material proofs of my work public, I was not distressed. In fact, despite everything, I began to create my own archive and in the case of necessity I got a relevant file and demonstrated the confirmation of my abilities to the persons interested in getting my treatment. When a person saw real medical documents from American hospitals and private clinics, he was impressed: he saw medical documents which registered hisstate of health month by month, which methods his doctors used and ... a problem or problems that did not disappear and often became more serious, sometimes incompatible with life. Then he saw that these problems began to disappear with the beginning of my treatment from one medical test to another! Certainly, I spent a lot of time creating such an archive, but precisely because I adhered to this tactic from the first days of my practice here, without assigning primary importance to money, I succeeded in creating my reputation as a healer in the USA.

There is one more thing. On finding out what morals and manners reigned among immigrants from the USSR at the very beginning, I almost did not have any business with them. I worked only with the Americans, not with "newly-made" citizens of America, especially when they were Israelites which had emigrated from the USSR to their "historical Motherland" which somehow appeared to be the United States of America! As I worked with the Americans, even without knowing the language, from the very beginning of my healing practice, I achieved a certain success in this country, which many others who dealt only with Russian-speaking immigrants were unable to do. Despite the fact I had to prove my abilities again, I consciously chose this way, because I was convinced that it was the only right one!

The whole of March was busy, full of work with patients, but we also did other work. Our first own "base" in America gave us the opportunity to recommence our other work which had no relation either to America or to money gaining. Certainly, this "base" was not ours, but it was important in that we got the long-awaited freedom and possibility to organize our life independently. Therefore, in this little room Svetlana and I went back to our other work: I again began to invent new brain transformations, to think of new structures, to search for new methods of problem-solving and to check them in practice immediately. I took the role of guinea-pig upon myself, Svetlana wanted to be it too, but I rarely agreed. The reason for my desire to experiment only on

myself was not my unwillingness to share the "glory" with somebody else, as someone may think, but because I did not want to risk anyone but myself.

When I invented something new, unknown to me, I did not have a clear picture of what and how a person would feel if it were to be realized in practice at once. Therefore, when I had my next "crazy" idea, I "ran it in" on myself, introducing necessary corrections until the new version became "edible"! The latter I understand to be the finally debugged and harmonized structure which creates no unpleasant side effects in the human body. All the matter is that when you create something which nobody has ever created before, or you know nothing about something like this, you have no idea how this "something" will behave in the process of its implementation in practice. Therefore, very often the creation of new structures and qualities caused a lot of highly unpleasant moments which required immediate polishing, which usually consisted in the creation of additional structures and qualities without which my new "doodads" could not work as I wanted them to work and, moreover, very often could not be compatible with the already created ones. That is why I created my novelties for Svetlana when I had shaped them up to perfection on me.

The process of their "digesting" was also a huge load for the body, and these experiments were hard even for me, who was quite accustomed to them, when an unbelievable fatigue and weakness would fall on the body like an anvil. It was the numerous corrections and polishing which put everything in place and the new load was then not too heavy for the physical body. Often these corrections were nothing but concordance to what had been already created with the new qualities and structures which I invented. This harmonizing often required the creation of new bodies for my spirit and searching for fundamentally different primary matters for these bodies without which the concordance would be impossible. One way or another, these new things which I created required some time for "digesting" whereupon everything came together in complete order, however, dramatically different at another qualitative level.

This was the reason why I checked everything on me, and only then introduced new changes, free of side effects, in Svetlana. Svetlana's initial considerable abilities increased even more after every transformation. Her ability to completely exit her body in her sleep, and not only that, acquired a dramatically different qualitative level. Her spirit stopped depending on the physical body after the first transformation of the brain: the distance the spirit could go away from the physical body and the potential which the latter accumulated during the day-

time already did not matter. All this had no importance, because the silver thread which usually links the spirit and the body disappeared from Svetlana as a result of qualitative transformations of her spirit and physical body; the direct connection of the body and the spirit via newly-created structures of the brain and corresponding structures of the spirit appeared instead of it. The new structures influenced space so that the distance between the spirit and physical body did not matter at all: be it a distance of sextillion light years or only microns.

Moreover, her spirit could create any potential for its activity, being out of the body and at the same time be in the physical body! It seems absurd only on the face of it, because qualitative changes and transformations of the spirit and brain put in action dramatically different "physics," more precisely, the nature of what is going on is absolutely different! It has nothing in common with any earthly natural laws, especially with those which modern "science" uses.

One way or another, absolutely new qualities and abilities appear as a result of the transformation of spirit and brain, which have no analogues, and in this connection, it is very hard to explain their essence using the usual, for the majority of people, concepts.

On acquiring new qualities and properties, Svetlana went to test them in practice at once. As we almost always worked together, the only time she had for her own research was night, more precisely, bedtime, because very often our joint work was over very late, sometimes way past midnight. So, she used the time for sleep for her independent research of space to the fullest! However, her independent developing of Big Space had its consequences: she was fiercely hunted. The longed-for prey was her spirit and the structures which I created for her. When the next hunt began, I had to interfere and "settle the affair" with the hunters. Usually we came to a hunter together and I asked him why he hunted her? Almost always the principal reason for hunting was the level of development of Svetlana's spirit and her structures. I usually suggested stopping the hunt and breaking up peacefully, but this kind of suggestion almost never met with enthusiasm, and the battle began immediately!

The adversaries took the matter very seriously and did their best to destroy me. They inflicted powerful blows precisely in unprotected areas or using that which was absolutely unknown to me. They saw what I had and what matters I could control, etc. and did not ask for trouble, but attacked my weak points. So, sometimes I had a bad time of it, but I always succeeded (at least, until now) in enduring the blows, recovering myself and creating new structures.

In order to survive in such situations, I had only several minutes,

seconds or sometimes even less time, to discover very quickly where the blow had been inflicted, how and what means were used! But this is not all. I also had to create new qualities which I lacked at this moment and, on their basis, to create new bodies for the spirit and new structures which would defend me from blows intended to eliminate me. Usually, the matters which my enemies used in their attempts to kill me were unknown to me, but the fact of their implementation had extremely positive consequences for me, in spite of them bearing the program of my elimination.

This gave me the chance to have direct contact with matters which I probably would never have had occasion to know! In this case my enemies gave me what I needed to accelerate my evolutional development! They, certainly, tried to destroy me, not to do me a favour by giving me something new to make my brain stir! But in such situations I got the possibility to study the unknown and to create my systems of counteraction on the basis of the new knowledge. Pretty often, on filling in the next white spot in this way, I found a failing link or a key for creation of something fundamentally new and when I reconstructed myself during the battle, I got an "antidote" to the blows and at the same time the possibility to make a jump in my development which often was of revolutionary character, allowing me to create absolutely new things, not just to perfect what already existed! Certainly, every time I had to begin this kind of war I did not know its final result: the blows of my enemies were intended for my elimination and the battles were far from being knights' tournaments where the adversaries use a spear without a tip.

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Someone there might well ask; did not they do too much "honour" to some human from Earth by fighting with him and whether this human makes bold by saying this? The matter is that I don't make bold. When someone tries to destroy you, you cannot spend time finding out who it is that beats you, what position he occupies and why he does it? Probably, anybody else could ask these questions, but I was too busy to ask them. I had to find the way out of the situation, and the only one was victory. In fact every minute and even second of delay was fraught with serious danger of destruction for my spirit and body and, when reaching some critical level of the destruction process, death expected me, and not only my physical body.

I never was afraid of death, even when I was a child and did not

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

understand what it was, or later when I did! Comprehension of the nature of death did not bring me any fear of it; on the contrary I acquired the conscious understanding of what the death of the physical body was which resulted in the conscious absence of the fear of death, the presence of which makes a slave out of man. The understanding of what death is in the ordinary sense of this word gave me the understanding of what death really is, if I may say this, which is the death of the spirit of a person when everything indeed ceases to exist for him! However, the understanding of evolutional death did not scare me either and when they tried to destroy me like this, I found no fear in my soul, besides if during a fight I had had even a hint of fear, I would have been destroyed immediately.

So, I fought not because of fear, but consciously trying to prevent Svetlana's capture and my own elimination or possible capture which would be unthinkable for me. There is nothing worse than being captured by parasites, which I found out during the battles with those, who attacked Svetlana in her journeys with her spirit.

The overwhelming majority of those who began to hunt Svetlana were, in the past, ..., which space parasites captured using one or another method through "blank evolutional spots," gaps in development or unknown for them phenomena. That is why I could do nothing but fight them, despite the fact that I would rather solve any problem peacefully, establishing the truth, not making compromises or doubtful bargains. But the Black Hierarchs or . . . . . preferred military operations when being driven into a corner by facts and logic.

Actually, the Black studied me during "peaceful negotiations" and tried to discover weak points in my structures, gaps in my evolutional development and possible phenomena which, unlike me, they knew perfectly. It was their usual trick: they arranged everything to study the next victim and when they found the Achilles' heel they stopped any "peaceful negotiations" and inflicted blows for elimination or capture, depending on what they needed. Sometimes they struck to force the opponent to reveal his hidden reserves or abilities and qualities, in order to take or destroy the opponent for sure.

So, the Black Hierarchs did not parley for the sake of establishing the truth, but to gain enough time to study the victim and when they felt that they had the absolute advantage they interrupted "negotiations" and began the war. As I could understand from my own experience, this tactic never let them down. The reason for this is that most Light Hierarchs were developed in relatively peaceful conditions: almost all of them had travelled their evolutional path in highly devel-

oped civilizations without permanent contact with parasitic systems; exactly this became their Achilles' heel.

The problem here is the following: it is almost impossible avoid evolutional gaps and flaws in the foundation of one's evolutional development evolving on one's own. In order to earn new properties and qualities, one somehow needs to come across them. To do this one has to pay attention to them, which usually takes place in the process of the solution of one or another task. Thus, it turns out that the development of a Light Hierarch is stipulated by those tasks which he is able to solve during the period of his (or her) evolutional development. The problem is that no matter how developed a Light Hierarch was, he did not have the opportunity to solve all kinds of tasks. Moreover, he could not possibly solve problems which had never arisen for him, which is logical, obvious and natural, but this creates conditions for gaps and flaws in his evolutional foundation. Light Hierarchs did not have space or planetary parasites in the initial stages of their evolution which would reveal their evolutional gaps by inflicting blows and waging wars! As a result of this Light Hierarchs continued their development with gaps and the further the development went, the more gaps appeared!

This was precisely the reason why relatively undeveloped space parasites got the advantage when attacking Light Hierarchs, no matter how strange it looks on the face of it. When parasites inflicted their blows to highly developed Light Hierarchs, the latter did not have time for "patching" all the gaps in their evolutional foundation. Moreover, as the majority of them had a very high level of development, there were plenty of qualitatively different gaps about which they were unaware. So, their evolutional advantage became their weakness in this situation.

There is another moment. Most Light Hierarchs had no necessity to create something over the course of several seconds and in tremendous quantity. It was exactly some sluggishness and the great number of tasks necessary to be solved simultaneously which made highly developed Light Hierarchs vulnerable to the actions of parasites. If they had more time for the solution of "suddenly" originated problems, or the number of problems was less, and they did not need to reconstruct their foundation from the beginning of their evolutional path, the space parasites could never ever capture any of them. Unfortunately, everything was as I described, and Light Hierarchs did not have a chance, but this does not mean that they surrendered without fighting to the finish!

Unlike the majority of them, I was "lucky" on this occasion: our planet, Midgard-earth, was totally seized and controlled by social par-

asites and their masters from Big Space. Therefore, when I began my development there, I had to bump into them and their methods from the very beginning. Exactly this and the fact that I succeeded in creating my own system of development which I constantly changed and improved to solve different problems and to fight with parasites allowed me to avoid their problems.

My close and early "acquaintance" with the tactic of social parasites forced me to learn to react very quickly. The structures of my brain and the evolutional foundation, which I made dynamic and flexible from the very beginning, helped to achieve the necessary swiftness. So, when I was struck I got the possibility to study the unknown and to create protection, earning new properties and qualities. Very often new qualities which I received in such an unusual way enabled me to continue my development in new to me directions which often resulted in innovative and original solutions followed by a dramatically different new change of my whole evolutional foundation.

Often it took place during the battle which usually allowed me to sort out the problems with my opponent or opponents very quickly. But I already knew perfectly well that most Dark Forces Hierarchs were, in fact, Light Hierarchs captured and controlled by parasites, and that it was not they which inflicted the blows on me, but those which manipulated them. Therefore, when fighting with them, I did not set myself the task of eliminating them; on the contrary, I wanted to liberate them from the parasitic control.

During the battle I did not just "repair" myself and create new qualities which closed the gaps in my evolutional foundation, but also I looked for the system in my involuntary opponents that the parasites used to control their actions, and began to fold it up in order to return their freedom to the victims of space parasites. Despite the fact that I received quite noticeable blows, I always felt joy when I succeeded in liberating another wonderful creature from the parasite's yoke.

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York and Dark[2] became the first liberated . . . . . . This is the way their names sound in Russian, although only quite approximately. There is no need to look for English roots in their names, as someone would wish to, because a hierarch's name reflects his evolutional level and is much more complex than this simplified variant of his name in verbal code. In reality the names of these creatures are a very complicated interlacing of structures and matters in some kind of

[2] Pronounced as ['jo:rk] and [da:rk] – *E.L.*

a volumetric sign which fully reflects its owner's level of development. Living on Midgard-earth we got used to having a name in verbal code and addressed our friends by their names as a matter of course, perfectly understanding the fact that these names were purely symbolic. Also the hierarch's name changes every time he passes to the next level of development and these conditional names allowed us to avoid constant mess caused by the fact that the hierarchs' evolutional jumps began to take place very often.

When a Light Hierarch was liberated from parasitic control, he always expressed a desire to participate in purging the parasites from Big Space instead of going back to the duties which he had had before his capture. There were several reasons for this. The main reason was that they considered it their personal responsibility to fight against the space parasites to prevent that hell through which they were forced to pass when being taken by parasites. In fact there were very few of those, "lucky" enough, not to remember what had happened to them after their capture, who just had a lapse of memory, because often parasites could not use a hierarch's abilities without switching his conscious off and "ran" the hierarch which remained perfectly aware of his monstrous actions, but could not do anything about it. They lived in their constant undeserved personal hell!

This is the most terrible thing one can imagine: what these hierarchs must feel when they see that they have destroyed everything and everyone they loved by their own hands! I have already written about it before, but every time when I think of something of the kind I always feel indignation and desire to settle scores with these parasitic abominations as quickly as possible! Just imagine what a strong desire to put an end to space parasites rose in those who experienced their barbaric methods on themselves, when just the understanding of their methods causes so strong a reaction!

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It somehow became a custom from the very beginning that every member of the nascent White Brotherhood shared immediately with everyone all his new ideas, developments and finds. Nobody had the least desire to save something new he discovered exclusively for himself. Everyone was ready to sacrifice his life to rescue others, not by word of mouth, but in fact. Thus, the true brotherhood of warriors, who joined it not for the sake of their own benefit, but to release the Universe from the loathsome plague, social parasites, at any level, was born!

Well, it happened that Svetlana's curiosity and thirst for knowledge

converted her into some kind of “beacon” which attracted hunters for her structures and spirit, which constantly renewed after the next "doo-dad" or new transformation of her spirit and brain structures which I invented.

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Fraternization with one’s spirit is something outstanding: you become a part of another creature, and another creature becomes a part of you! Compared to it, fraternization with blood which is well known on Midgard-earth looks a child’s game. When you fraternize with your spirit, then treachery of any kind is simply **impossible**! It becomes tantamount to betrayal of you; because, if anything happens with your spirit brother, you will experience the same and through this connection can come to help him instantly, to rescue him and at the same time yourself!

Pretty often the spaces parasites destroyed Light Hierarchs for one or another reason and used their evolutional achievements, their structures folded into crystals and their spirits, as a source of potential. In other words, after the parasites eliminated the Light Hierarchs’ physical bodies, they converted their spirits into their slaves and their structures into a weapon! When such space parasites were defeated, they left only folded structures of the enslaved Light Hierarchs and their spirits, already free from such a terrible slavery.

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I am convinced that it is much better to grant a second chance to choose the way of light than use primitive elimination. In fact every creature has its unique nature and it would be deplorable to lose this uniqueness because of the foolishness of its transmitter; and the second chance in the form of returning to the point of deviation from the light way of development with no possibility of returning to parasitism is, to my opinion, an optimal solution! Sometimes it happened that when the program of undoing to the point of deviation worked, almost nothing remained from one or another parasitic hierarch. Regrettably, there was no any other way in this kind of situation; at least, I did not find it! As a result of my actions a lot of structures and crystals which were either stolen from Light Hierarchs or taken from destroyed Hierarchs were liberated.

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Nevertheless, there were a lot of liberated spirits which despite all

arguments insisted on merging themselves with other spirits. They preferred to dissolve and it was necessary to fulfill their wish, although I was always against dissolution of one spirit in another, because in order to exchange qualities, it is enough to create a replica of the spirit. So, for one or another reason, some spirits liberated from parasitic slavery insisted on confluence with . . . . . Maybe, they wished to fight the space parasites which had destroyed them in precisely this way, becoming a part of another spirit. The spirits of Light Hierarchs which wished to be recovered got new physical bodies.

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As a result of this, Light Hierarchs came back to their activity armed with a new "weapon" against the space parasites. Those spirits which rejected the renewal forever became a part of . . . . . I remember how Svetlana opened out the memory of a female spirit in herself for the first time. Her face reflected a suffering and pain inexpressible with words and her amazing eyes were filled with tears which streamed down her cheeks.

It was unbearable for her to continue to unfold the memory of a female spirit which had died an unimaginably long time ago and to watch its tragic fate through the eyes of this spirit. Several minutes of such viewing completely "squeezed" her like the strongest stress. In fact the process of memory unfolding does not look like the watching of a melodrama with the obligatory good ending. When looking at the screen, a person can sympathize with the protagonists and even shed a tear which is quite normal, but you are not a strange observer of perturbing events in the process of memory unfolding, but their active participant. In a film actors just play suffering, pain and torments, while in the process of unfolding you feel everything yourself totally and in reality, despite the fact that all of it took place a long time ago and not with you! However, it does not matter with whom and when it took place when it is inside of you and you feel it with your every nerve, every cell of your body and every corner of your soul! So, to receive someone into yourself means to receive the whole pain, melancholy and suffering of a creature and far from everybody can endure this! Correctly saying, there are few who would agree to receive all these sufferings which often lasted millions and sometimes billions of years.

Everything that took place during these unbelievable, for ordinary perception, spans of time was unfolded just in several minutes, keeping all the sharpness and brightness of the events. Having run through the remote past of a Light Hierarch, you become a direct participant in

these events as though you really took part in them. When the spirit of a Light Hierarch becomes a part of you, all his living experience becomes your experience, all his pain—your pain, all sufferings—your sufferings, because nothing can be left behind by the tormented soul which had its spirit enslaved by space parasites, and its body destroyed!

So, despite enormous and matchless joy because of what was going on in Big Space and liberation of Light Hierarchs from the space parasites claws, we felt bitterness too, because we experienced what they had to endure and go through during their slavery. When you come into contact with this, the vague remains of pity for the parasites and any attempt to explain their actions as their incomprehension disappear without a trace. Social parasites, independent of whether they are space or earthly, know perfectly well what they do and how they do it, and it is necessary to fight them without any regret, but not by their methods. Otherwise a fighter with abomination will turn into it himself. When one has the correct understanding and necessary knowledge and abilities, he can thoroughly cleanse the Universe of parasites without converting into their likeness. One never should admit the appearance of hatred to these monsters, because it and other negative emotions, independent of the fact that the reasons for their appearance can be more than well founded, is impermissible. All negative emotions are "doors" for the attacks of space parasites and a direct way for transformation into one of them.

So, any Light Hierarch should not transform himself into a beast while looking at what the beast is up to. It is not a simple task, when observing all the atrocities and loathsome acts of parasites, to prevent the heart from hardening and transforming yourself into a pitiless punishing machine which after the punishment of the guilty will inevitably continue to search for a new enemy to punish. It is very important not to transform into a "dragon," battling with the "dragon." Therefore, it is necessary to control the emotions fully and to prevent them from getting control over one's mind, even for a moment, and certainly, it is necessary to investigate calmly every particular case and not to brandish fists first and think after, even when the fists of others batter your back.

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Even despite the fact that in order to realize this idea in practice I had to survive some unexpected painful side effects when the nerves burned down in my right arm because of the excessive load, I succeeded in completing the work and only then healed the "employment injury." The successful completion of the task which I set myself allowed me to

find a fundamentally new method of fighting against the space parasites and introduce some improvements in my structures and nervous system. It was the beginning, the new way of fighting against Dark Forces, which had been unknown before.

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It became the beginning of a new Brotherhood, the purpose of which was the liberation of the Universe from the occupation of the space parasites!

This work became for Svetlana and me the main cause in our lives, (all other businesses were only an inevitable necessity), and it was not because this was how we tried to escape from the problems of reality. Not at all! By the end of March I had plenty of people who wished to take a course of my sessions and, although I did not earn millions, nevertheless, the problems with money remained a thing of the past, although not that far past, only by the two first months of our life in the USA.

Even considering that not all my patients paid me for the work, I earned, per day, no less than I earned for the whole of February, which was considered very good money in America then. Due to the fact that the financial problem stopped being a problem, we could return to our work in Space. It does not mean that earthly matters became for us uninteresting and unnecessary, certainly not! It is just the events happening in Space had a higher priority for us then and, as the future showed later — what we did in Big Space became the foundation of what was necessary to be done on Midgard-earth. We noted a quite unusual phenomenon: the further we moved with our actions into Big Space, the closer we came to Midgard-earth; the further we submerged into the past of the Universe, the more connections to what was going on, on our planet, we found. All of it was not just surprising and interesting, it was unbelievable! ...

The future brought us more clear understanding of all this, and then, in the spring of 1992 Svetlana and I waited for every free moment with impatience to submerge into the unbelievable round of events of the Universe, the direct participants in which we became and where our faithful friends-comrades-in-arms waited for us...

Chapter 4.

Spring affairs

March of 1992 was full of events. There were a lot of meetings with people interested in both my healing and understanding of reality. Svetlana and I continued becoming accustomed to a new and unusual, for us, environment and traditions. However, the unusualness of the American atmosphere did not result in our total adjusting to it like immigrants from the USSR, and later Russia, did when they came to "fairy-tale" America. We remained ourselves and were not going to "fit" the "norms" of American life. It did not mean that we refused to study English: this was a vital necessity, because we did not want to depend on interpreters constantly, who, to be quite frank, could significantly distort what I said, which often happened and the reason for this was either their misunderstanding of the material they translated or intentional distortion. I learned medical terminology in English pretty quickly, but translating more complicated concepts and notions into English was still a problem. Regrettably George Orbelian, who in the beginning acted as an interpreter in my meetings was not qualified to translate more complicated material. The absence of good education strongly impeded him, because he was simply unacquainted with many conceptual notions. Even in the first months of our life there we saw clearly that the level of education in the USA was very low and not only in schools but also in colleges, many of which were called universities for some reason.

Despite this, people showed a great interest in what I said and did. Most of my American patients attended lectures which I was invited to give, or meetings which George organized in his house. Sometimes the latter had quite amusing consequences. One day a married couple, George's friends, who were among my first patients, attended this kind of meeting in his house. The couple was quite uncommon: the husband was white and the wife was a Native American. It will be clear later why I mention this. In these meetings I told people what I succeeded in doing and when: I always considered and still consider that it is right for a person to tell about those things which he or she knows from his own experience, or, at least, witnessed. I talked about what I did

on February 25, 1990, about the ozone hole, Chernobyl, the events of August 21, 1991, about the water cleansing in Archangelsk region at the beginning of October, 1991 and other events.

So, one of these meetings which the couple attended had a quite unexpected continuation. It appeared that according to a preserved tradition each member of a Native American tribe would learn from their shaman. Thus, they tried to save their culture. It is highly likely that not all Native Americans had this kind of teacher, but this woman had. After having attended several meetings, she described to him in minute detail what had happened there. On hearing all this, he exploded with indignation claiming that it was precisely he, not me, which the ancient predictions mentioned!

As it turned out, Native Americans have a prediction that a man appears in the future and performs some important deeds: this "wise man" burnt with indignation because I had "stolen" his destiny! Isn't it amusing: I told about the events of my life in chronological order, and someone over the ocean considered that it was his destiny predicted in the remote past? The point is not that because I had never heard of the Red Race's ancient predictions, which only they knew and I could not "appropriate" another person's destiny, being born in a different country on another continent; but that if the "sage" did consider himself the man of the ancient prophecy, why did not he do anything to respond to it!? It is another case when abilities do not coincide with ambitions.

Thus, owing to such an unexpected occurrence I now knew that Native Americans have an ancient prophecy to which many facts from my personal biography correspond. This fact was interesting for me, but no more than that. It did not matter to me whether my biography coincided with ancient Native American prophecies or not, because I did not act according to prophecy, but to what my understanding gave me, my conscience told me and my mind and heart prompted. There was no place for prophecies in my concepts, because I acted only according to my principles! If in the remote past someone saw something that I did and continue to do, it does not mean that I acted according to this prophecy! There is another reason too: I knew nothing about this prophecy for more than thirty years of my life. So, the first "applicant" to my biography appeared in far away America, and was a devoted Native American shaman. Regrettably, he was not the last one...

There was another curious event at the end of March, 1992. One day one of my patients informed me that it was her last visit to me and she appreciated my work very much, but she was going to leave San

Francisco. I inquired why she decided to abandon California and heard some unexpected things: she was afraid of earthquakes and a strong one was expected in San Francisco soon and she had no desire to disappear under ruins of her own house! This is a fully understandable human desire. I said to her without explaining the reasons that there would be no earthquake and if it was the only reason for her departure from San Francisco, I would advise her to stay. But she was so scared that my words were not enough for her and she left California, as did many other people for the same reason. I did not explain why there was no need to leave, because most likely my explanation would scare her even more or she would think that I was off my rocker. And here is why.

I already had a certain amount of experience in working with global problems and was pretty sure to be able to neutralize the earthquake; moreover, in a way, I had already done it before. It happened in my childhood. On May 14, 1970 there was a pretty strong earthquake in Northern Caucasia. It was not so strong in Mineralnye Wody (where we lived) as, for example, in Makhachkala, but, nevertheless, was pretty notable. I remember it not because I was afraid of earthquakes, rather to the contrary. The earthquake happened late in the evening, after ten o'clock. I remember that I had already gone to bed, while all other members of my family continued watching TV.

In my childhood I could normally sleep only in complete darkness, if the door was not closed tightly and light leaked in, I usually could not fall asleep for ages, tossing and turning. My eyes were very sensitive to light, therefore I usually took a towel or a clean rag especially prepared for this purpose and used it as some kind of a lock. I put it between the door and the jamb to close the door very tightly which prevented the light from leaking out from the living room into our bedroom. Often I closed the gap between the floor and the door with other rag or towel and, satisfied, went to bed and quickly fell into deep sleep.

That night I fell asleep quickly too and suddenly woke up, although not fully, from some acute pain. When Morpheus' power over me began to weaken I understood the reason for the pain: my bed repeatedly "bounced" off the wall, then came back and struck it again. So, I bumped against the wall with my side which was quite painful. This caused no fear in me and I did not rush to the street in my underclothes. I was tossed against the wall a couple of times more, did not like it at all and thought that it should stop immediately and ... everything stopped at once and I went back my interrupted dream as if nothing happened.

Certainly, I did not think then that the earthquake stopped because I wished to sleep calmly. In the morning everyone shared their

impressions of what they had experienced. My family told how the lamp danced under the ceiling and the TV set on its base did the same, etc, but nobody ran out into the street from our five-storey block of flats unlike many of our neighbours. Oddly enough, those who came out onto the street stood next to our block unable to think clearly (probably because of the shock): if the house collapsed, many could have died under the wreckage. There was one unusual thing related to this earthquake: it stopped very sharply which never happened in the case of "normal" earthquakes and did not have an aftershock, concomitant earthquakes which usually were produced after the main one.

Certainly, I gave no significance to all this then and did not think that it was somehow related to me. Then I perceived many events of this nature in my life as the natural course of things, luck, norm, etc.—anything but the fact that it was somehow related to me, which is hardly surprising, because a child and teenager is almost unable to make the connection between what is going on with the fact that many of these events depend on what you (precisely you) think and wish, especially when it concerns phenomena of earthquake proportions! But even then, whilst still being a child, I was surprised at my own strange reaction to a pretty strong earthquake: I felt no fear which should be present, especially in a half-awake state.

It was the first earthquake of such magnitude which I had experienced in my life. We all became accustomed to small "earthquakes" which in reality were explosive works carried out for a long time on the mountain Zmeika to extract the stone used in construction. It was the firmest in the world "elaborated" by Nature. The Caucasian mountains in the region of Mineralnye Wody (Mineral Waters) are a unique natural phenomenon: the magma just swelled up the surface being unable to break forth, then hardened and thus formed small, according to local concepts, mountains. Zmeika's is about one thousand meters high. Most likely it would be considered a high mountain, but local people did not consider this kind of height as something really huge in comparison with the nearby Caucasian range. When the weather was fine and clear we had a magnificent view of Zmeika from the window of our flat and, which was the most thrilling, the Elbrus's snow top! It was an amazing spectacle! So, the mining works in Zmeika Mountain lasted for some more years after we had moved from Kislovodsk to Min-Wody. They were carried out by means of explosions, each preceded by a terribly loud siren. The explosion was of such force that window glass trembled in all houses of our neighbourhood.

But an earthquake is quite another thing: the trembling of window panes is nothing compared with the swinging of the house with such

amplitude that the bed would be driven away from the wall, pick up speed and strike it back. With all this going on, I should have been scared as happened with others, but for some incomprehensible reason I was not. This did not occur because I never feared anything, as someone may think, or because my self-preservation instinct failed to work. Not at all! For example, I was afraid of darkness in my childhood for pretty long time. Even being of school age I avoided staying alone in complete darkness.

When we spent the summer at my grandmother's, in the evening I was often sent to the collective farm apiary, precisely, to the quarters where beehives were usually kept in winter. It was situated in the big collective farm park, the entrance to which was near my grandmother's house which was actually the house my great-grandfather built with his own hands and who died in 1972 at the age of ninety six. So, in order to get to the winter bee quarters, I had to walk about two hundred metres along the path by the fence, open the gates, cross the road, open the gate of the collective farm apiary and whisk into the door of the winter bee quarters. I had to do all this in the late evening and in absolute darkness with a bulb as the only guiding "star" which illuminated a large table in front of the house and where the whole, very large, maternal grandfather's family gathered every summer evening.

So, when I was a boy, I was often sent to get this or that thing in "that" quarter! Pride and shame prevented me from confessing that I was afraid of walking in complete darkness. The fear of darkness was an echo of the first years of my life when I saw astral creatures which avoided daylight and appeared only in the darkness. Having grown a little, I stopped seeing them, but I felt their presence in the darkness and, besides, the world of the night produced a lot of different sounds, and the feeling of somebody's presence became almost tangible. So, here I was, starting on my journey to the apiary which seemed to me incredibly long then. As I moved away from the lit place into the darkness, my pace became quicker and quicker and, when nobody could see the manifestation of my fear, my rapid steps turned into a run and different sounds and rustles in the surrounding darkness prompted me to increase the speed with every passing second. I rushed at full speed and only wind whistled behind my back! As I approached the saving light on my way back, I extinguished the fear that had seized me by the force of my will, quickly changed the run into a rapid step, then into a slow one and appeared before the "public" absolutely quiet showing to all that this was a piece of cake for me. I thought that nobody noticed what really happened in my soul during those trips. Most likely, the adults were calm because it was me who volunteered to walk to the

apiary in the darkness. Each time when the fear rolled over me with its hot wave, I tried to walk as slowly as possible for as long as possible, but sometimes some sharp or unexpected sound resulted in my feet running without listening to that voice in my mind. It was my obstinacy and pride which with time made me stop taking to my heels because of an unexpected rustle in the darkness. Then I was very proud of my victory over my own fear.

I told all this in order to show that I knew what fear was and my instinct of self-preservation worked quite well.

So, the situation when the earth was swinging together with everything on it, including me, when I woke up because of being thrown against the wall with my bed did not cause fear in me: I was not paralyzed by it and the instinct of self-preservation failed to force me outdoors in my underwear, unlike many adults did, as I later knew. Not at all! I was **absolutely calm** and only one thought was in my mind: "the swinging of the earth must stop." It did in the very moment I thought about it, and I went back to watching my interrupted dream.

It was much later when I understood that only total calmness and concentration will allow any action to be successfully fulfilled! Any emotion knocks out the state of concentration and makes the performance of any task almost impossible. I understood, also much later, that my internal calmness then was the manifestation of **my self-preservation instinct**. It happened at the subconscious level or in other words at the level of my spirit which was still asleep then and which knew what it was necessary to do in order to stop the earthquake! My run from the house could not have helped me (no matter how rapidly I ran), if the earthquake had continued to increase as had happened before my awakening!

By the end of March, 1992 I already understood much more than I did when was a child and decided to apply this understanding in order to prevent the earthquake in San Francisco, especially when the earthquake in San Francisco of 1989 was described to me. Even in 1992 one could see the still unreconstructed bridges and highways. Therefore I said to my patient that she should not leave the city because of the earthquake, without giving her my arguments: it seemed to me that for "some" reason my explanation would not calm her. Regrettably, she did not listen to my words, which was a pity because there was no earthquake in San Francisco whatsoever! Here a sceptic starts to rub his hands joyfully hoping to expose me as a liar which tries to arrogate to himself that which did not happen! But his joy will be somewhat premature and here is why.

Firstly, I would like to mention some facts concerning California and

make the situation a bit clearer. There is a break in the tectonic platform which goes through the whole of California from north to south and was always famous for its activity accompanied by earthquakes.

Secondly, according to information known to the US highest governmental echelons the Pacific Ocean goes under the continent to the distance of **two hundred miles** (three hundred twenty kilometres) at a considerable depth. This means that California is a "visor" which comes forward into the Pacific Ocean for two hundred miles, and there is a crack right in the middle of it! This is not fantasy on my part, but information obtained by the Pentagon from American submarines. Therefore it is quite obvious that a strong enough earthquake could make the whole of California break off from the mainland platform and get its personal "doomsday!"

So, the people of California had every reason to be afraid of earthquakes. Then the question arises: what can man do with all this? If he is not going to try to do anything, obviously, he can do nothing! But if he is, the first thing he should do is to understand the reason why earthquakes happen. For this purpose it is necessary to know that the earth's crust consists of tectonic platforms which float on the surface of the magma. They can scatter from each other or gather, crawling over each other, or clash with each other. There also can be situations of one platform "going" under another in the case of tectonic breaks.

However, the speed of their movement is very small: from several millimetres to several centimetres a year and this motion remains unnoticed during many generations, especially taking into account the size of the platforms. Modern geology has a quite clear picture of this process, but some nuances have nevertheless slipped away from it. Magma, on the surface of which the platforms float, is very heterogeneous and is liquid crystal heated to several thousand degrees, pierced by streams of primary matters, or by "dark matter," as modern physicists call it. However, the importance is not in the name, but in what it really is and how it influences the surrounding reality.

Firstly, if the streams of primary matters pierce the magma, they, thereby, influence its conduct. The quicker and stronger the streams of primary matters change, the stronger they influence the planet's surface and magma. The earth's crust and the magma on which the crust floats show different reactions when the primary matter streams change their intensity, power and qualitative composition. The difference in reaction is conditioned, primarily, by the fact that the earth's crust and magma have different degrees of their proper mobility. In its turn, a different degree of mobility occurs because the earth's crust has a hard crystalline structure, while magma is a liquid crystal!

Secondly, although magma is a liquid crystal, it is also heterogeneous! Its heterogeneity is primarily of temperature character: the higher the magma's temperature, the more mobile and dynamic it is and the stronger its reaction to the change of streams of primary matters. Two neighbouring areas of magma which have differing temperatures will react differently to one and the same changing of the external streams of primary matters. In fact, there are oceans and seas, continents and islands, rivers and lakes on the magma's surface, just like on the surface of the earth's crust, but they all are magma of different temperature and different viscidity. Magma's oceans are under continental platforms and magma's continents are under oceans, seas, etc.

Magma's formations have such a reverse structure because continental platforms possess more heat-insulating capacity than the relatively thin earth's crust in oceans and seas. Therefore, the magma's temperature under seas and oceans is lower and the viscidity is higher; its mobility is considerably less than that which holds continental platforms. Furthermore, the magma under continental platforms and oceans is also heterogeneous because of the heterogeneity of the earth's crust. The thickness of the crust and, thereby, heat-insulating capacity of both dry land and ocean bottom are different. The composition of the crust (the thickness of the layers and their properties) influences its heat-insulating capacity too. All in all, granite, dolomite, limestone, etc. have different thermal conductivity. If it was not for such heterogeneity of thermal conductivity of the earth's crust, or magma being thermally and viscously homogeneous, the appearance of life on Midgard-earth (and not only here) would have been out of the question!

If it were not for magma being more viscid (which means less mobile) under seas and oceans, it would have broken through long ago filling the cavities of the crust which are now occupied by the world ocean and in this case the best scenario would be: the whole planet is covered with water, the highest mountains stick out of it and there is no life in the now existent form! The heterogeneity of magma's viscidity which is found because of the difference in temperature is the reason that everything is just like it is. Magma's thermal heterogeneity results in the hotter magma (which is more mobile) having considerably stronger reaction to the change of external conditions, such as sun activity, gravitational influence and the oscillation of density and qualitative composition of primary matters (or "dark matter")! Therefore, when the activity of the Sun increases, the volcanic activity increases too, tectonic platforms begin to move quicker, etc. In order to prevent an earthquake it is **necessary to compensate or neutralize all nascent qualitative changes of the environment**. To do this one

should, firstly, understand this process, secondly, have proper qualities and, thirdly, have the correspondent potential to solve the problem! If all requirements are executed, the problem can be solved despite its seeming insolubility!

I made this small digression-explanation in order to give a rough understanding of the existent processes.

And now let me go back to the end of March—beginning of April, 1992. When I advised my patient, frightened by the possibility of earthquakes in San Francisco, to stay California, I did not explain to her why, nevertheless, I did not say it just for saying. I understood the nature of earthquakes and created a stable area with a system which would compensate for any serious disturbance around San Francisco. In other words, a pretty large area of stable magma appeared under San Francisco. I did not remove all disturbances which are Midgard-earth's "breathing" and necessary for its normal life, but only those which could bring the catastrophic consequences.

A sceptic can grin with satisfaction thinking that I drove myself into a corner! The fact that there was no earthquake in the spring of 1992 in San Francisco does not yet mean that it was my interventions and that it would not have happened without them. Firstly, it is not my purpose to get words of gratitude. I just expound the facts and events of my life! Secondly, whether it was by chance or due to the fact that I concentrated **only** on San Francisco, the proof that my words are not lies or self-deceit appeared very soon. On April 22, 1992 there was an earthquake of magnitude 6, the epicentre of which was near Los-Angeles and another one happened at the same time in Eureka! In order that everyone understands I should point out that Los Angeles is in Southern California, to the south of San Francisco, and Eureka is in the north, to the north of San Francisco!

Thus, the city of San Francisco is **between** Los Angeles and Eureka! All three cities are located on the same tectonic break in the earth's crust which simultaneously began to move under Los Angeles and Eureka, but **there were not even weak jerks** in San Francisco! It is tantamount to one edge of the table moving, other edge moving too and the middle of the table remaining immobile! This kind of thing is simply **impossible**! But it is a fact which has made seismologists and geologists rack their brains even 'til now! In certain circles it even got named as "the San Francisco phenomenon"! The land in San Francisco and its outskirts within a radius of hundred miles remained totally calm! So, the blocking of the earthquake in San Francisco resulted in the appearance of a "natural" phenomenon which nobody ever observed before.

Here was how an unexpected talk with my patient resulted in such interesting consequences. My adventures with Californian earthquakes did not end there, but had just begun, about which I will tell in due time and meanwhile I will go back to the end of March, 1992...

After everything got settled more or less and I had enough patients who paid me for every session, Svetlana and I could heave a sigh of relief. We both understood that our first "base" was very small and wanted to find something bigger. It turned out that George had a large apartment in the building across the street becoming available in April and he offered to show me it. It was a three storied building and each apartment occupied the whole floor, so there were just three apartments in it. Each apartment had a large kitchen, a dining-room, three relatively small bedrooms and a spacious living room.

As compared with our first tiny apartment, this one was incredibly spacious, more than 200 square metres! I paid $1,700 a month for it which was considered to be quite expensive in 1992, but I could afford it and found it comfortable to have a very large living room where I could hold meetings with people and did not need to ask George or any other person to let me do it in their place. I also asked George to find a professional interpreter. For myself, I felt much better when the necessity to ask George to come to the meetings as an interpreter disappeared and I could pay a person for his work and therefore was not obliged to anybody for anything.

So, on April 1, 1992 we carried our belongings across the road. We bought some more furniture to furnish our dining-room, living room and bedrooms, one of which I decided to use as an office and furnished it accordingly. A new place gave me the opportunity to carry out my activity to the max! I received my patients in the office and met scientists and people interested in paranormal phenomena in the living room. Gradually I made a name for myself in the midst of the Americans. Many were interested in taking a course of lectures about my system. On this occasion I met the head of Lincoln University who was ready to write out an invitation for me so that I could get a working visa.

I succeeded in solving health problems for many people and often asked their permission to film their interview concerning this question. For this I rented a professional cameraman for several days and asked John McManus, a professional TV journalist, to interview my patients or scientists whom I met. Thus I got new material into my film library which belonged to me legally and nobody could raise a claim concerning my using of this material. I began to gather documentary material from the very beginning of my practice and did not begrudge

the money spent on it, because I had always considered and still do that documental materials like medical cases of my patient before and after my treatment and recorded interviews with them are the real proofs that what I do is real, not just unfounded statements, which any sceptic could call into question if my work lacked any documentary confirmation!

It was then when I came back to the idea of publishing my first book, several chapters of which I had already written and also made a number of pencil illustrations. As early as in March we went to a digital laboratory to make my illustrations digital. One of the employees of the laboratory showed me the abilities of the computer equipment they had scanning my pencil picture and I saw it on the computer monitor for the first time... and did not like it at all. It looked quite decent on paper, but a sorry sight on the screen.

I was upset by this and asked the guy to do something with the "dirt" which showed up on the screen. The point was that the graphite scales became visible after the scanning and gave the impression of an untidy picture, but it was all right on paper. He suggested I "clean" the pictures and showed me how it would look which upset me even more because the picture only looked just a little better. Moreover, he said that it would cost $200 per hour and require many hours of professional work. Then I had neither desire nor many thousands of dollars for this.

Also I met the head of the institute which studied paranormal phenomena. It was located near San Francisco in a very prestigious place. The Institute of Noetic Sciences—this was the name of the institute in the small town of Sausalito where I was invited by its vice-president Mr. Win Franklin. It was the first time we had visited this tiny town to which some quite unusual events would be related, but then we went to discuss the possible publishing of my book in English. I took the manuscript, naturally in Russian, and the illustrations.

The meeting was pretty long. I told what my book was about and accompanied the explanation with the comments of my pictures and I did everything to give a maximally clear picture of my book. It is quite possible that George's translation was not competent enough, because he obviously lacked even common scientific concepts. One way or another, Win Franklin closed the discussion with the phrase that they would need to spend from $25,000 to 30,000 for the translation and only then could they estimate the possibility of its publishing in English... in short, they politely said "no"! However, they did offer to give one chapter for translation to the interpreter which they knew.

They gave me her telephone number and informed me that she knew

Russian well because her grandmother came to the USA with the first wave of Russian immigration. We met and I gave her the text for translation, but she could not read my handwriting well and all this did not work. My handwriting indeed was very far from perfect and far from everybody could read it, even more so understand what I wrote. So, an insoluble problem arose: the interpreter could not even read my text, not to mention translate it and also she said that she was going to move from San Francisco to the East Coast. Well, this time the translation of my book, even of one chapter, failed. On "looking" at all this, I decided that it would be much better, if I did everything on my own! But first I needed to earn money in order to purchase a computer system. Then good computers, printers, scanners and software were expensive even in the USA, and I decided to postpone the edition of the book for some time...

At the beginning of April Svetlana and I came to conclusion that we should accept one of the offers and get fixed up in a job. The best choice for me was Steve Lovin's offer—he offered me work as a consultant. It suited me perfectly, because I could use my time as I considered necessary. My consulting services consisted of giving recommendations as how to make the vitamins he produced really useful for people. I explained that although natural molecules had identical chemical composition with artificially manufactured ones, their spatial structure was absolutely different and therefore living organisms assimilate them very poorly.

Moreover, the molecules of living organisms differ from the commercial ones in that the latter were dead in the direct and figurative sense of this word. Organic and non-organic molecules of a particular living organism have several qualitative levels depending on its level of development; "living" molecules are saturated with the so-called vital force. The death of the living organism makes this vital force quickly disappear both from non-organic and organic molecules. Therefore the taste and quality of food dramatically depends on whether a person eats fruit or vegetables immediately after he picked them from the branches or beds or in several hours, days or weeks.

It does not matter whether the food was frozen or refrigerated and what substances were applied for its storage—the vital force leaves the dead body in several hours after the death of a living organism, plant or animal. Plants and their fruits preserve their vital force a little longer, however, now everything is organized in modern civilization so that they get to the table without any traces of vital force whatsoever, but full of decomposition poisons. Certainly, it is impossible in modern conditions to deliver to everyone's table healthy food full of vital

force—right from a branch, bed, pond, farm or chicken coop, but if we understand the nature of the existing phenomena, we can restore the vital force of the food in our kitchens and destroy the poisons which appear as a result of the disintegration of different substances, for example, the adrenalin in the meat which animals throw into the blood in the moment of death.

Regrettably modern science does not understand all this and many other things. I could go on expounding the understanding of this and other processes, but my narration will be endless and tiresome for most readers then. So, my work consisted of creating the properties and qualities of living molecules in the industrially manufactured vitamins. For this purpose I influenced them in the company's storage facility.

So, Steve Lovin's offer suited me just fine, as I preserved the freedom of action and ability to do what I considered necessary. Therefore, on getting his commitment letter, Svetlana, George and I went to the office of an immigration lawyer which Harry Orbelian had advised us to use. The lawyer heard out our situation, made some copies of necessary documents and, on making nothing yet, demanded we pay his consultation fee and money for the work in advance. I paid exactly what he demanded: for a 30-minute conversation he charged $300 and $1,000 in advance. I tell this not because of the money mattering, but because the first lawyer appeared to be a "recommended" swindler. A month later we came to his office to inquire about the state of the matter and it appeared that he had done nothing at all. He had not even prepared a registration form for the working visa. When I found all this out I rejected his service and demanded the file with my documents. It contained the copies of my documents which I had done earlier and just one new document—my university certificate done according to the American standard, which a special company can do in one day for $100.

This was how we began our acquaintance with the American immigration system and its workers. There are a lot of rascals with certificates from prestigious universities in America, as well as graduate "specialists" who do not know even the simplest matters in their profession. But then we visited the office of a "prestige" immigration lawyer for the first time and made sure that everything went as it should do. Meanwhile I received my patients every day already in my office, people called me to get a distance treatment, Svetlana and I continued to familiarize ourselves with the city.

I remember how we went to Macy's and saw a new model of a large "Sony" TV of very elegant design. Certainly we bought it immediately. They could only deliver it in a couple of days and I did not want to wait

and called George. He arrived in his small truck on which we loaded both the new TV set and a support for it. While we waited for George, we found "Sega" play stations which had just appeared in the shops and bought two of them—one for me and one for Svetlana and several games; we both wanted to test ourselves in computer games! As we had two TV sets, we could play without disturbing each other. The first computer game which we tried was "Sonic". Svetlana was carried away with computer games for some time, but then her interest faded pretty quickly, while I am still interested in them. I always was eager to know what is at the next level, and if the game was interesting, I always reached the end.

We both readily visited the electronics goods departments of any shop, where I could spend plenty of time studying new models of TV sets, videotape recorders, tape recorders and recently appeared laser video players. There is no necessity to say that all novelties immediately appeared in our apartment. The first video laser disks were enormous like large gramophone records, but the image we had on the TV screen was really perfect. We also had to buy a lot of other things from the tableware to bed linen and I had to participate in this which did not evoke too much enthusiasm in me. I did not consider the organizing and decoration of one's place of living something unnecessary, not at all. Since I left my parents' house for studying in another city, I always arranged my places of living on my own, so it was not some unbearable burden for me. It's just I preferred to linger in only two places—the electronics departments and the auto shows, by the way Svetlana visited them with huge interest too. As for domestic matters I preferred to come and take the necessary things, instead of spending time choosing from the whole assortment. However, Svetlana and I were unanimous in buying the best from what was available and in general our tastes coincided. Also Svetlana had that amazing female vision and soon our new dwelling acquired quite a pretty decent look.

On visiting Germany, I came to the conclusion that we Russians, who grew up in the USSR in a Russian spiritual environment, strongly differed from the Germans and from the Americans, as it very quickly became clear to us! I, personally, would not change my Russian spirit, even for the world! Actually, I may say that a person either can have a Russian spirit or not! There is no third option, because I saw that most immigrants from the USSR, the lion's share of whom were Jews, quickly attuned to the western parasitic spirit, lost the thin coating of Russian culture and slid down to frank vulgarity. I visited some places where the Soviet immigrants usually gathered and found it quite unpleasant.

I got the impression that I was in the midst of hucksters with the

level of cultural development *a la* Privoz, the famous market in Odessa. Although many people at these gatherings of the "elite" of "Russian" immigration had "higher" education, it was hardly noticeable in them! They called themselves "Russians" for some reason, although there was nothing Russian in them except for speaking the language which, by the way, they very quickly began to mangle. They created a new slang; the language was neither Russian nor English, some kind of a mongrel. They took the English root of a word, added a Russian ending and, be it a verb, conjugated it according to the rules of Russian grammar. Thus the English phase "to go shopping" transformed into "*poshli* (lets go) shop*atsia*. There were some immigrants, including of Jewish origin, whose level of culture did not evaporate on crossing the American border, but most of them tried to stay as far away as possible from the immigrant-chameleons...

John McManus, George's surfing friend, routinely attended my healing sessions in April, 1992. He worked then as the head of CNN's news department in San Francisco and the bay. He had human and professional interest in what I did, so, he attended many of my lectures. Naturally, due to his line of work he co-operated with the American special services. It will be clear soon why I mention all this.

On Wednesday, April 29, 1992 there were mass disturbances, primarily, among the black population in California, especially in Los Angeles. People were killed, cars were destroyed, shops were robbed, etc. Tens of thousands of black-skinned people raved and committed outrages! It was mainly white people who were the victims of the raging crowds. In a couple of days the events were completely out of control. The government sent the National Guard to suppress the disturbances, but achieved zero result. On Friday, May 1, 1992, John came for his next session in my office at 6 o'clock in the evening. He was the last patient that day and after the work we chatted a little and pretty quickly touched on the subject of the disturbances. Unexpectedly John told me that the National Guard could not cope with the situation and if that which I had done the in the USSR was true, he would be very grateful if I suppressed the disturbances! John meant my interference in the events on February 25, 1990 and August 21, 1991 in the USSR which I mentioned in some meetings.

Certainly, it is highly unlikely that John would appeal with this kind of request on his own initiative, but the fact remains the fact. Later I knew that before Svetlana and I crossed the border of the United States, the American secret services already had my personal file where their Soviet colleagues reflected everything they could dig up about me. They could get the information about me only from what

I said in public or among people who were near me then, so a great deal remained beyond their knowledge. However, even this information reflected in my dossier looked quite suspicious to the Americans: but what if I was a "canard"? I knew that I was not, but they did not and it was the first verification of my status through John.

Now I consider it necessary to shed some light on the reason why such a critical situation arose in Los Angeles. I knew much later that these disturbances were provoked by the American secret services themselves. The purpose of provocation was to get rid of several people who hindered their dirty plans, including within their services, without giving themselves away and there was nothing better for this than the organization of mass disturbances.

They began when four white policemen who were accused of beating up a black person, were acquitted. The situation with the black "hero" Rodney King was completely absurd verging on complete idiocy. The policemen chased the car which rushed at a speed of more than 100 miles per hour (160 kilometres per hour) all over Los Angeles. According to USA law if a person exceeds a speed of 100 miles per hour, he or she would be put into prison for two weeks and have his driving license taken away for a considerable period of time. In the case of an infringer not obeying the police demand to stop and then playing cat-and-mouse, the punishment is considerably more jail time than two weeks. Rodney King did not stop when the policemen demanded and, moreover, he ran away from them on the night streets of Los Angeles for a long time. Then he suddenly stopped and got out from the car, which is forbidden by law until a policeman asks one to do so, and besides that, attacked a policewoman, which resulted in the policemen using their batons (according to the law they had the right to do so). It is true that they were slightly over-diligent, but it was quite understandable. By the way, if it had been a white man instead of black Rodney King, he would be treated the same way or even more harshly. Moreover Rodney King was in a state of narcotic intoxication!

The most interesting detail in all this is that after long persecution by the police, Rodney King stopped his car on a perfectly illuminated street and at **exactly the place** where at 2 o'clock in the morning there was a person who "accidentally" appeared behind the nearest bushes with his video camera ready to film the whole scene of King's arrest and squabble with the police! I personally do not believe in this kind of "fortuity"! I've had several video cameras, but I did not use them every day, therefore their batteries ran down gradually and I always had to charge them before using. Moreover, video cameras are usually inside the house and even on seeing something interesting

through the window one needs time to grasp the camera, run out of one's home and settle in the bushes to film what is going on! In King's case everything happened within a few minutes, which is not enough for a casual witness to film. So, what we have is: a "casual" witness already located in the bushes with his camera ready for work exactly in the place where Rodney King stopped his car and this "casual" event took place **at two o'clock in the morning**! I have listed so many details of this situation in order to show its **unnaturalness**! Certainly, it was staged from the very beginning.

Well, the districts where black inhabitants of Los Angeles lived flared up (in direct and figurative sense) after the verdict of "not guilty." The Latin-American districts followed them and all this spread to other cities, including San Francisco! The US government sent altogether 23,000 soldiers from different military branches to Los Angeles. Although 15 rebels were killed, hundreds were injured and more than 12,000 were arrested, the disturbances did not stop! This was the situation at 18.30 of May 1, 1992.

The next day, on May 2, 1992, John called and thanked me for the help. He said that already at 20.00 of May 1 everything calmed down and on May 2 the federal forces entered rebelling districts and nobody showed serious resistance to them! Everything stopped sharply and unexpectedly, as if with the wave of a magic wand. Oddly enough, the disturbances stopped simultaneously in all towns as if someone had flicked a switch, although they began in other places at least a day after they had begun in Los Angeles. The chance of such an event is equal to zero. John and those behind him understood that it was me who flicked this "switch" and did it in response to their request. It was not my own initiative about which nobody knew anything. So, after this event American special services understood that certain information in my file was true. Their interest toward me did not then disappear, but as expected, considerably grew. They began to observe my every action very attentively; so much for "freedom" in America. By the way, it was another person's experience which showed it to me in all its "glory" for the first time.

Soon after our arrival to the USA I met the brother of a person who I knew in Moscow. He lived in San Francisco from 1975. During one of our conversations we touched on the matter of freedom in America and he told me the following story. He had a friend who worked as a private detective and one day my acquaintance began to talk with him about democratic freedom. Telling nothing, the guy asked for his driving license. He loaded the data into his computer and showed all the information that the police and the FBI had about him! My

acquaintance was shocked when he saw so much information about him and details of his life about which he had forgotten or, as secret agents joke, did not even know. He saw who visited him and when, with which women he had intimate relationships, etc, including information about his life in the USSR. The information about him was gathered when he was already a citizen of this country and when the "great" war on international "terrorism" had not yet begun! So, it seems to me that the interest in my person, as well as Svetlana, was considerable.

Meanwhile, life took its course. I worked with my patients and did not think about special services, but about my own plans for the future.

Some quite interesting events happened at the end of April and the beginning of May, 1992. A person who worked for an ecological company visited one of my meetings where I told about the ozone hole, Chernobyl catastrophe, water contamination in Archangelsk region and my actions regarding all this, he called George and asked him to arrange my meeting with the owner of his company who was a real Hindu who wore a turban all the time. He spoke English with a quite funny accent. Later I knew that almost all Hindus speak this way. I told him about my work and its results. He showed great interest and asked whether I could cleanse soil from contamination. I said that I could answer affirmatively only about what I had done before, as for some other things I could speak presumably until I got solid facts, however I saw no reasons why it should fail. I just needed to carry out some experiments to give a 100% guarantee.

His enthusiasm grew even greater and he began to draw a picture of what "great" deeds could be done if all that I said was true, and said that he was ready to sign a contract with me. I saw no reason to turn down his offer. The next day his assistant called and asked whether I could show my abilities before signing the contract. He asked me to use my methods and analyze a certain area in order to detect any contamination. I considered this approach quite reasonable and agreed. Svetlana, George and I went to the indicated address at the appointed time. We were forwarded to a large meeting room, offered the traditional "tea-coffee-water?" and asked to wait a little. In a while several persons who we had never seen before, accompanied by the Hindu-owner's assistant, came into the room. We were all introduced to each other and the conversation began.

To do the work I just needed some aerial photos of the territory and informed the assistant about this beforehand. They laid a copy of a photo without any denotations and names on the table, gave me a pencil and asked to define the location of the contamination on it. I thought that I could take the copy home and explore it in a tranquil

atmosphere, but they politely refused and asked me to conduct the analysis right there, before their eyes.

I was a little worried, because this was the first time I had carried out such an experiment and I did not want to fail. I would prefer to check the results several times before reporting them. Unfortunately, they did not allow me to do that and I had **only one attempt** to do everything correctly! So, I had to think over the strategy and tactic on the spot. I decided that I would draw the contours on the photograph marking the places of contamination in descending order. I concentrated on the task, shutting myself away from any possible distractions, took the pencil and began to draw contamination contours.

But before I did it, I reconstructed a volumetric hologram of the area via the copy of the photo and attuned to the search for toxins. The diminished surface of our planet appeared before me on the table and I began to pass my hand over the hologram. So, my hand was enormous in comparison with the diminished copy of the reality. Exactly due to this effect my brain was able to process the information gathered from a pretty large area which would be absolutely impossible if I was in the place. It is as good as rising up and looking at the Earth from above, but even this comparison does not give a complete picture of the advantage of a hologram recreated from an aerial photograph.

So, I did all this and quickly began to draw lines showing the decrease in the concentration of contamination. Ten or fifteen minutes passed and the copy of the aerial photo was covered by the gradients of contamination of the area. I did not know then that it had been already explored with the object of defining the spots of contamination. When those who had done the work saw what I did, they were very strongly, to put it mildly, surprised. Amazed, the head of the laboratory Irene Fanelli confirmed that I showed all areas of contamination, which they had found as well as the contamination degree gradient, in other words the level of contamination on its moving awayfrom the centre! I also specified how underground waters distribute toxins from the centres of contamination and drew the contours with the density of contamination of **1 to 5 toxic molecules per million normal ones**! In other words, I was able to single out one toxic molecule in million non-toxic ones! The first question which Irene Fanelli asked me was: "How you can do it?" (See the interview with her on my web-site). I marked tens of this kind of area on the copy of the aerial photo, so this could not be just a "casual coincidence."

In principle an aerial or satellite photo allows, at least me, to scan and influence vast areas of the surface which is impossible to do using any other method. Actually these pictures are the imprints of reality

and carry all the information about this particular area. One just has to be able to reconstruct this reality via the photo as a volumetric hologram on a small scale which gives considerable advantages in the process of working with it.

Owing to this method, the limitations related to the fact that a man, for example me, is just a little particle of the reality with which he should work, disappear. We should understand that in order to draw the information on a map, it is necessary to be able to get and process the information from different points which can be metres, tens of metres or kilometres away from each other. It is **impossible** to do this being right on the spot! The satellite or aerial photograph makes it possible: it is enough to make a hologram, scan the photo and you can get the information from an enormous territory **simultaneously**, process it immediately and draw the necessary conclusions! There is one more important thing: these photographs are material and people can see and touch them and therefore allow me to give undeniable proof that what I do is real!

I spent several minutes doing the work which using traditional methods requires a lot of time, the efforts of very many people and millions of dollars! Firstly, they drill the soil according to the established procedure and gather the samples which go to the laboratory where their chemical composition is carefully studied. Then the data are analyzed and necessary conclusions are made which are drawn on aerial photographs like the one I was given. It appeared that only the last stage is required if working according to my method!

Irene Fanelli could not calm down and continued to ask how I had done it: how I could distinguish a "bad" molecule from a "good" one just using a copy of the aerial photo, and how it was possible to distinguish anything at all and with such exactness! Because the contours I drew reflected very accurately the gradient of the contamination and not just on the surface. She could not understand how I could see something at all and distinguish one from another! In short, unexpectedly for everyone I demonstrated the "impossible" which they had considered to be the ravings of a madman before our meeting! That was exactly what they expected, as at the beginning of the meeting they said that they came at the insistence of their employer, but they were very polite and attentive. Probably, they expected to see a madman and prepared themselves for the meeting accordingly. I found it quite amusing to observe how they changed when they saw the results of my job. Something similar always happened when I had to prove something: an indulgently-pitiful or poorly hidden irritation before my work changed into shock and amazement.

This test should have been followed by the signing of a contract for the cleansing of a certain area from contamination. Evidently "our" Hindu also did not expect such a result from the test and did not want to believe that it was true. Probably he experienced the same shock as others and **disbelieved the purity of the test**. He found his own explanation of my results: I had somehow got information about the contamination and learned by heart the picture of the distribution of toxins. He was not perplexed by the fact that it was his people who came to the meeting and whom I had never seen before and had given me the copy of an aerial-photo with no signs and inscriptions.

Oddly enough, he was satisfied with this complete absurdity, but could not accept what I did! His assistant called me in a couple of days and asked whether I could carry out the test once again. I understood why he reacted like this and when I heard where the test would take place I knew that I was not mistaken in my suppositions. The next test should be carried out on the territory of a military air-base which was located near San Francisco, on the outskirts of Tiburon town. It was called Hamilton military airbase. It is highly likely that "our" Hindu hoped very much that the second test would inevitably be an ignominious failure!

He obviously counted on the fact that I could not get information from the military base under any circumstances and he would succeed in exposing my "hoax"! These were his suppositions, but unfortunately for him they were not justified. Together with his representative we came to the indicated place at the appointed time. A colonel met us and we were let into the air-base and I was allowed to have my video camera with me, because I wished to film the whole test. I think that such free access onto the military base for foreigners such as Svetlana and I, showed that the representative of "our" Hindu was not the only one who was going to observe the test. The colonel guided us to a room where he gave me real aerial photos of the territory of the military base and a red pencil and ... everything repeated once again. The only difference to the first test was that the colonel offered me one picture after another and I drew the contamination lines on them. Again, everything was absolutely accurate, but it was not this that staggered the colonel.

I was so concentrated on the work that I did not pay attention to the fact that he gave me different photos which contained common "pieces" of territory but were of different scale! So, the colonel was shocked most of all by the fact that I showed the same contaminations **on different pictures the same way** according to the scale of the photos! The representative of "our" Hindu filmed the test on my video camera,

because George translated my dialogue with the colonel. Although the "representative" was a poor camera-man, nevertheless, my work and the colonel's reaction to it were filmed quite satisfactorily in order to understand everything.

The second test on the military base should have removed all doubts about me that "our" Hindu had; he could no longer assume that I somehow could have "bought" his people and "used" this information to "deceive" him. His representative called me again and thanked me on behalf of his owner that I showed my abilities for the second time and ... asked me to cleanse a certain territory from the contamination and in the case of success the contract would be signed!

I calmly listened to the next "genius" suggestion and said that this would not do. At first they said that I should pass through **one test** in order to sign the contract. I fulfilled this condition with maximal cogency so that any doubts that I indeed can do similar things, disappeared. He could not accept the fact that I really can do as I said. Therefore I agreed to the second test fully understanding that my work and its results were quite complicated to accept for an unprepared person. And they promised to sign the contract if I passed **this test too**. When the second test fully confirmed my abilities, they changed the conditions of the agreement again! I said that this kind of thing was **unacceptable** for me and if he was indeed interested in our collaboration, we should meet and discuss the current situation.

This time I suggested meeting at our place and we agreed upon a time. Svetlana prepared a lavish table according to Russian traditions and our guest came at the appointed time. However, they invited a third person without notifying us in advance. As it turned out later, he was an Israeli extrasensory individual called, if I am not mistaken, Zak. We chatted about different things and gradually reached the subject for the sake of which we had gathered here. "Our" Hindu opened the discussion by saying that everybody was able to do what I had demonstrated in the tests (most likely he took the Israeli "psychic" as a confirmation of his "rightness") and now I should cleanse the area, which he would indicate, of contamination and then we would sign a contract for sure.

I answered that as far as I knew only Uri Geller did something vaguely similar. He flew over a district under exploration on an airplane and marked places on a map where he thought there was oil. His accuracy was **only fifty percent**! This means that only five out of ten boreholes would contain oil, which is good because according to the general approach one, or a maximum of two, mining holes out of ten give a positive result. I also said that Uri Geller looked for deposits of

oil or vast oil "lakes", and his accuracy was only fifty percent! As for me, using a copy of a map, I found a splinter of an oil molecule among a million other molecules with an accuracy of **one hundred percent**! This is tantamount to him searching for enormous "haystacks" with an accuracy of fifty percent, while I found a fragment of a "needle" in a "haystack" to one hundred-per-cent exactness! So, I would not recommend saying that everybody can do **this**. Neither the Hindu nor his "support group" had any reason to object to my comment, whereupon he took me aside and offered me three hundred thousand dollars. Most likely he considered that this sum would cause a joyful trembling in me as a former citizen of the Soviet Union for whom such a sum would be like a bomb-blast, but this did not happen.

Although I did not have three hundred thousand dollars then, I said no. I said that we would discuss the amount for my work when he showed me his contract for soil cleansing. He said: "... yes of course, certainly... " and I have never seen him since. The fact was that I knew the sum of the contract for which he offered me three hundred thousand dollars. Some time before this meeting his representative asked me whether their company would be able to get the contract for **150 million dollars**. So, he offered me to pay **three hundred thousand** when the work cost **one hundred fifty million**!

Soon after this meeting I met with the representatives of George Lucas's company and during our conversation I touched on the subject of the soil cleansing and the results of my co-operation with this Hindu. One of the persons present at the meeting said that he knew him as a good businessman. I answered that he was strongly mistaken in his estimation of this gentleman as a businessman. I said that from my point of view, he was a very bad businessman and here was why.

He was going to bury (in the most direct and figurative sense) **140 million dollars** (at very best) from the 150 million dollars which he would get to fulfill the cleansing! Thus, the profit would be **no more than ten million**. Moreover, the cleansing is carried out by substituting a contaminated soil with a clean one and the first is taken out to another place and buried. In reality, there was no cleansing at all—the problem is carried from one place to another and that is all. It is just a harmful illusion of cleansing. However, my method of cleansing **does not require** any transportation and burying of anything! The toxins "just" disappear from soil and necessary matters are synthesized instead, including a certain type of soil. Harmful matters disappear and useful ones appear! As for the financial matter, if I carried out the work for this contract, the charges would not be more than **ten million dollars**!

At that, the lion's share of these charges were the laboratory tests which should be made several times during my work (and only for my first contract) and in the future—only before and after the work. Thus, in the case of my participation the profit would be at least **one hundred forty million dollars**. Feel the difference: ten million, maximum, in one case and one hundred forty million in the other! No cleansing, but a simple reburying in one case (in other words a deception) and a real cleansing from contamination in the other, when toxic matters are decomposed and new and useful ones are created! It seems to me that the difference is enormous.

So, if "our" Hindu had paid **seventy million dollars** for my work, he would have got a profit of **seventy million** which is **seven times greater** than his "traditional" method which, besides, is a self-deceit. That was why I called this Hindu a bad businessman—he was not able to do elemental arithmetic operations and lost at least **sixty million dollars** because of his avidity! And this concerned just one contract, but he could have had many contracts for the cleansing of many areas and on any depth, because the scale of the work did not matter for me, and the profit could be much bigger! And even if my share was 80-90% of the value of the contract, "our" Hindu's profit would be fantastic, much more than he could gain in the whole of his life using the "traditional" method! When I explained this to them, they had to agree with me.

This and many other cases from my American life showed me that most Americans had a very primitive concept of business based just on the possibility to steal, deceive or save money and deny themselves everything!

Here was how my first contact with American business circles ended. The famous American grip appeared to be the manifestation of avidity and narrow-mindedness which besides is based on deception and robbing of others, in other words—on crime! The American "grip" appeared in reality to be the grip of social parasites!

Chapter 5.

My first American school

In April and May of 1992 there were many other events in our life, both ordinary and not so ordinary. I continued to receive my patients in the office almost every day. People I had helped gave my telephone number to others who, in turn passed it on to others, etc. It was not just Californians who attended my sessions; people also came from other states including the East Coast despite the fact that I never placed any advertising either in newspapers and magazines or on radio and TV. People found out about me and the results of my work by word of mouth. So, our life was bubbling with intense work. Then I received patients on Saturdays too, but after a while stopped doing this, because usually there were no more than one or two persons and this broke the rhythm of the whole day, therefore I moved their visits to other weekdays which were filled out with work to the max.

When we moved to our new "base" I had to learn to execute some necessary actions about which we, citizens of the Soviet Union, had no idea whatsoever. I mean all this bank paraphernalia: accounts, cheque books and paper work related to filling cheques and paying bills via banks. So, being armed with a crib of English numerals every month I sat down at the table and began to write out cheques. Certainly I saw to it that the amount of money in my account was enough to pay them.

I was told one amusing case. An immigrant got a cheque book for the first time in his life and began to write cheques without having enough money in his account and was very surprised when people got his cheques back unpaid and began to raise claims. He thought that if a bank gave him a cheque book, it should pay all his cheques! Poor lad had no idea either about bank penalties for cheques without funds or about lawsuits from persons or organizations which received this kind of cheque. He was also unaware that he could go to prison for this and spend anything from several years to his whole life there. Luckily for him, he was spared because of his total ignorance—the fact that he had never dealt with cheque books saved him, but if the officials had not been so understanding, or if he had repeated this one more time,

the consequences would have been catastrophic for him. Well, this was a reality of life which everyone faces in America, whether being born in this country and therefore having everything at your finger-tips, or having come here for permanent or temporary residence. By the way, cheque books are not widely used in modern Russia even now.

From the very beginning of my "banking matters" I acquired the habit of making a copy of every cheque I wrote. I had a fax machine in my office and on writing a cheque, made a copy on it and attached the copy to the bill which I paid. This helped me a lot when I had to fill out my first tax declaration the next year. If I had not run my home book-keeping so meticulously from the very beginning, I would have paid much more tax... but about that later; meanwhile, every month I chose a day to sit down and write out cheques. To tell the truth, the couple of hours I spent on this were the most boring in my life and this work did not evoke any joy in my soul. Well, one has to do what one has to do. So, I practiced English writing out cheques and reached a certain "perfection" in it, but this was all regarding my "writing" career in English, despite my pretty fluent speaking and understanding colloquial English (as I was told), and reading and understanding English texts. Such an amusing warp appeared in my learning of English. Well, I again begin to run a few steps forward.

The number of people with whom I met, spoke and healed grew; more and more people asked me whether I was going to carry out any seminars in San Francisco. Then I sincerely hoped that if I gave people some understanding and the instruments for development, they would wake up at once and their soul would strive after light without fail. Just several months had passed since I carried out two long-term seminars in Archangelsk and a short one in Moscow just before my departure to the USA, and the eyes and faces of people who felt the new understanding I tried to give them in their innermost hearts were still vivid in my memory. I believed then that people would never renounce what they had experienced the same way as I would never renounce it. I thought that on touching something real, something very different from simple vegetation at the level of biological life, with something that truly fills the soul with spiritual meaning, people would never sell or exchange **it** not even for all the tea in China; because this is tantamount to betraying that part of yourself which distinguishes man from animal or selling one's soul to your personal Mephistopheles.

Certainly, I was and still am a dreamer (although a more careful one) which tries to see only good in people. That does not mean that I was blind. I just hoped and believed that almost everyone had some light within, although in the bud, and he just needed some help to

see it in himself in order to convert this small spark into a powerful flame which would drive darkness out of a person for good. I always considered and still do that a person cannot be deprived of the right to make a correct choice. I always said that if ninety nine persons did harm to you, it **does not mean** that the hundredth will do the same. Maybe he will, but while there is no action he should not be labelled as evil-doer!

Even if a person just thinks of doing something nasty, there is a possibility that he will change his mind at the last moment and act according to his **consciousness.** A person should not be labelled for intention but only for his or her action! However, even in this case, the circumstances should be obligatorily taken into account. It does not mean that a person should be forgiven meanness, treachery and so on. Not at all! One should be prepared for people to perform this kind of act or acts, and do one's best to make them impossible, but in no way should the "verdict" be brought in beforehand, only on the basis that a person **can** act like this, even if such an idea flashed through the person's mind. Nobody ever can deprive a person of **the right to choose.** Certainly, other people can choose for a person, but despite this, it is **he** who accepts the choice, and the words that he was forced **to do so** cannot be an excuse! It is not a matter of whom or what forces a person to do something, but who carries out the action!

It does not remove the responsibility from theperson giving the order, but the performer is responsible for his actions. One way or another, any person has the right to choose and nobody has the right to deprive him of it. I truly believe this and, therefore, never project my negative experience with one person onto another. However, over the years I came to the conclusion that not everyone **deserves the chance** which he gets on undergoing my brain transformation. A person **should prove with his actions** to be worthy of this chance so that I can see whether he or she is ready or not for having new qualities and abilities. This has nothing to do with "playing God", because I have every reason not to believe in God but, which is more important, because I am **responsible** for the consequences of my actions. If I give new qualities and abilities to a person and he or she puts them to evil ends for the sake of profit, ambition or any other reason—this is also my responsibility, because it was exactly me who gave them the instruments for this!

Certainly, when I noticed the first signs of similar warps I took safety measures, which consisted of the following: if a person who has got new qualities and abilities from me should just think of anything that may cause harm, this negative program will be immediately neu-

tralized. If this or similar programs appear again, it will show that negative programs are not accidental in this person or he acts without thinking or being under the will of somebody else. The situation where a person acts due to somebody else's will is not any less dangerous and indicates that the person is not yet ready for having such qualities and abilities. One way or another, everything which I created disappears automatically even without my participation, about which I warn everybody beforehand.

I also let everyone know what I considered acceptable and what I did not and why. So, people received both new qualities and abilities and some kind of a "manual" and, thus, there were no uncertainties in this question. So, if a person continued to act on the side of evil, it showed that he or she acted consciously and counted on my just having "scared" them by saying that everything I created for them would disappear because I wanted to prevent them from acting according their own understanding. For "some" reason very many forgot very quickly that new qualities and abilities appeared only after I had transformed their brain and spirit, that it was not their own achievement and they **had nothing** of the kind before. They preferred this fact to "escape" their attention but should not have done this. It is highly likely that they thought if they already have and use **it**, **it** cannot disappear. I was always surprised by the poverty of thought of people who considered that they were the slyest and cleverest and that they knew "better" about everything, even those things about which they did not have the least idea!

But then I still had no right to draw hasty conclusions, because I had insufficient facts to affirm with total certainty—I just began to make the qualitative changes in the human brain and spirit. However, I applied my precautionary measures right after the first case. It does not matter what those "wise men" thought and counted on: some offchance, or the fact that I did not know what I was talking about, or they just preferred to forget where they got their abilities from. What really mattered was the fact that, unfortunately, they changed something really valuable to some illusive tinsel.

But in 1992 I had little experience regarding people who came through my brain transformation, and I believed that all people should long for light, not evil! I still believe in it but having observed my American students for fourteen years after they had gone through my school, I saw that many people are **not ready**. Well, let me tell everything step by step.

In May, 1992 everything indicated that it was time to organize my school in the USA. A lot of people constantly asked me when I would

teach them according to my method. I thought why not, at the same time perfectly understanding that this kind of school would not bring me a lot of money. Nevertheless, I thought that people needed awakening and the only way to do this was to take action. My school could be one of these actions—people would acquire new qualities and abilities which they did not naturally have, which also would serve as an irrefutable proof of my system of knowledge.

Therefore, I needed a good interpreter for the school, because there would be a lot of Russian words which George had simply never heard and, therefore, could possibly translate incorrectly. So, I asked him to find me a professional interpreter which he did. He later told me that he went to a Russian bookstore in San Francisco and asked employees whether they knew a good translator. They gave him the name and telephone number of one. I called the man. His name was Roman Borinkov. In the USSR he taught English in an Institute of higher education in Leningrad (now St. Petersburg), had a lot of students and even translated a book from English into Russian. He had a translator's certificate and he was ... unemployed. On the face of it, it was the best choice. Roman shared with me that he had a paid lesson only once a week in one of the rich suburbs of San Francisco, Palo Alto. It took him more than two hours, making several changes of transport, in order to get there and all this for the sake of one lesson! Therefore, when I offered him the job of translating at my meetings and, possibly, my lectures he was unspeakably happy. I paid two hundred dollars for the translation of a two or three hour meeting, and he was glad to have a pretty regular income. In fact, I became his principle employer which was quite convenient for him. Roman had a wonderful British pronunciation which sounded like music to me. I listened to his beautiful English speech and thought ... what perfect English some people can speak!

One way or another, there were already fifteen or sixteen persons who wished to attend my school and I agreed to organize it. Several persons even came from other states, and some, inhabitants of San Francisco, did not come for some reason. Some paid me purely symbolic money, some promised to pay me in the "soonest possible" time which up until now did not come and several persons attended my school free of charge, because they just could not pay. George, Marsha and Vera Ivanovna also became my students. They asked my permission to attend my school without payment, because Harry Orbelian would never give them money for this purpose. This man was very avid, even in regard to his nearest and dearest, and I decided to allow them to attend the lectures for free.

I have not written about it to show how good I was but because for some reason many people thought that I made a fortune on the Orbelians' money, which is not true—nobody of this family paid me either for my treatment or for my school. Much later Harry Orbelian was diagnosed with cancer with metastases in the bones. He came to me on this occasion just once, obviously expecting that I would offer my help to him for free. By this time our relations were very strained. In fact, whenever I asked for help from him, he required payment for his services and raised quite a good round sum, despite the fact that I saved his wife's life (more than once), made his son and his grandchildren healthy, and delivered his eldest son's wife from cancer also, and all at no cost to him, but he required me to pay him for any favour, which I did. Therefore I had no wish whatsoever to work with him for free. I informed his representatives that I would work with him only if he paid me what I considered necessary. He refused and appealed to official medicine and less than a year later his soul abandoned his body. His avidity had no limits and his nearest suffered for it, so I thought in June, 1992 when I started my first American school.

I used our enormous living room for conducting my lectures, all the students found enough room for them to be comfortable and there was still a lot of space. I began at seven o'clock in the evening and finished at ten, five days a week except for Saturdays and Sundays. So it perfectly suited those who worked in the day-time, as I did, because I received patients from the morning till four o'clock. I had a small break before the school because people began to gather from 6.30 in the evening. I had time to have a bite and to go down to the nearest grocery store and buy some biscuits and cookies, water and soft drinks so that people could eat and drink during a ten-minute break. Svetlana and I did not want the listeners at my lectures suffering from thirst or hunger. We put all this on a table for everybody's use. I spent no more than forty or fifty dollars a day on this. It will be clear a bit later why I write all this.

Among my listeners there was an American architect, a descendant of Spanish immigrants and, as he said, a direct descendant of Castile kings! So, when he the came to my lectures, he sat next to the table and... began to shovel up drinks and cookies. I tell this not because I begrudged him what he ate — I bought new refreshments every day, but because one day the descendant of Castile kings came to Svetlana and me during a break to thank us. We were surprised, but our surprise became even greater when he explained the reason for his gratitude. He thanked us not for my lectures but for the **free refreshments** which

he liked very much! He told us with deep emotion on his face that he had eaten so sweetly in his far away childhood and now he again felt like a happy child!

Such a frank confession verging on child's naivety, not to say more, strongly astounded us. The biscuits and drinks which the man ate and drank during the whole evening could not have cost more than ten dollars. So, this means that he lacked ten dollars a day **maximum** to feel like a happy child again! It would be understandable if he did not have ten dollars, but he had them. However, the money was in his bank account and he did not want this sum to decrease by ten dollars every day. So, my lectures allowed him not to spend this money and he gladly "felt like a happy child."

Someone may think that he thought that the refreshments were included into the price of my lectures and he considered that he had paid for everything, but, firstly, he said that he had not eaten so sweetly since his childhood; this means that before he appeared at my lectures he had not spent money on sweetmeats. Secondly, it was Svetlana who had the idea to organize free refreshments, which I fully approved. So, it was our own initiative and desire to make the lectures as comfortable as possible for my listeners. And, third, the descendant of Castile kings did not pay me for my school. So, his reason was simply avidity, so typical for Americans. While Svetlana and I were unpleasantly surprised at his words, other Americans perceived them as quite normal!

This mentality is very characteristic of most Americans—to deny themselves everything for the sake of having several dollars more in their bank accounts! In fact, this accumulation mania sometimes becomes a total absurdity. Here is an example. In San Francisco the price for petrol was several cents higher than outsideof the city. So, many Americans went to refuel their cars there to "save" a dollar or two but they did not think that they spent more than an hour of their time to get there and come back which they could have spent resting or with their children and nearest and dearest. Instead, they got into the car and went to fill up the tank. The idea of the car wearing out much quicker because of the extra mileage and that they spent the money they wanted to save on the trip there and back somehow did not come into their heads. There are a lot of examples like this. However, it is a "higher philosophy" for many Americans to think this way, and "saving" the difference of several cents in the price is quite understandable to them. Well, let me come back to my lectures.

Usually I began my lectures explaining how our planet was formed out of seven primary matters. I drew it all schematically on large pieces of paper in order that everyone could see it well. I asked my listeners

to pay as much attention to this information as they could, because if they did not understand the nature of the planet's origin, they could not understand the nature of the origin of life, its evolution, appearance of reason and a lot of other things! Regrettably, as happened before, people could not understand why they needed to go deeply in such uninteresting "nonsense" when they came to become "magicians"!

My lecture went as follows. I pronounced a phrase and waited until Roman translated it into English. Everything seemed to be quite perfect—the man speaks excellent English... but people asked me elementary things again and again. I found it very strange, despite the fact that I did not have any illusions regarding the educational level of most Americans and understood that my information was new and very unusual for general perception. Undoubtedly, all this took place, but... as it turned out later the principal reason for the lack of understanding was an incorrect translation. Yes, correct words were pronounced in correct English but they **did not convey correctly the sense** of what I was talking about.

I was not naive and asked several people about the quality of the translation, for example Vera Ivanovna Orbelian who was among the listeners at my school, and my good friend who I invited to the lectures, and they said that everything was just perfect. So, for some time I did not understand the reason why the listeners asked me to repeat one and the same material so often, especially when people who spoke both languages quite well approved the work of my interpreter.

Only later did the reason for this problem become clear to me. It happened during one of my meetings with some scientists among which there was a famous French ufologist whose last name I do not remember and a professor of Stanford, Peter Sturrock. As it turned out later he and other scientists on Laurence Rockefeller's instructions studied the subject of authenticity of information regarding alien visits on Earth. My patient who later became my student, Dr. Richard A. Blasband, organized this meeting. So, the meeting went on in the usual way—me pronouncing a Russian phrase and Roman translating it into English—when I suddenly realized that I understood that Roman was translating my **ideas** incorrectly! My brain translated his words back into Russian and the sense of what was said in English differed from the sense of my Russian phrase.

On understanding this, I stopped him and said: "... wait, Roman, I said so and so, and you translated it to so and so... " and asked him to translate clearly, without any distortion of my words. Most likely, a moment came when, on listening time after time to the translation of what I was talking about, I began to understand the sense of the

English translation! I could not say everything correctly in English yet, but I already fully understood what was being said, at least the sense of it, and my brain "translated" the sense of what was said into Russian! From that day on I began to catch the distortions of the sense in translation quite clearly. It was only then I knew the principal reason why the students of my first American school asked me to clarify again and again what I had already explained. The main reason was that Roman understood quite poorly, or more precisely he did not understand at all, what he translated, and therefore, he translated everything word for word, which is unacceptable in a full-fledged translation.

My "consultants" did not notice serious defects during such a translation because they heard what I said in Russian first and then a translation. English was the second language for them and they could not detect incomprehensibilities, as people born in another linguistic environment did. I got additional proof of this when Roman translated my book into English, but it will happen later, and meanwhile I was glad that people listened to my words with great interest. My lectures were not just theoretical. Every day I dedicated the last hour to practical exercises. I worked with the whole group at the very end of a lecture and also with everyone individually. There were several interesting people among the students of the first American school and I would like to tell about some of them.

There was one woman called Mona, Mona from Arizona as we joked. She was pretty well known in America among local healers and even published a couple of books. She lived in the well-known, to all the USA, small Arizona town of Sedona. This town has a reputation of being the Mecca for American healers and ufologists and many of them live there permanently. So, Mona from Arizona exclaimed every now and then: "And where do you know that from, and where did you get it from?" This lasted for some time and after her next exclamation I asked her through Roman: "What do you mean, asking where I know this from?"

Her answer surprised me a lot. It appeared that she had several guardian angels or "spiritual" guides which when she asked them about something always answered that she was not yet ready for their "revelations" and she had not grown up enough to access the "sacral knowledge"! She was utterly surprised when already at my first lectures I gave the answers to many of the questions which her "spiritual teachers" refused to answer for the reasons mentioned above. Mona's sensitiveness was very good and when the time to transform her brain and spirit came, it happened in several minutes.

She began to see and hear with her brain quite well and during one

of our practical exercises she was eager to see her "guardian angels," because she only heard them and even then not all the time. I explained what she had to do and how so that she could see them not only when they wanted but also whenever she wanted. She did everything and was extremely happy to see them! I asked her to check whether these were her "spiritual guides"? When she answered positively, I asked her whether she wished to see their "true face." My question surprised her and she began to assure me that she saw what they really were!

When I took off the camouflage from these parasitic spirits and she saw their real being, she fell into a state of shock. She was stunned by what she saw instead of her "spiritual guides" and stopped attending lectures for several days. I asked her friend where Mona was and why she stopped coming. The friend told me that Mona was terribly depressed after what she had seen. I asked Mona's friend to persuade her to break out of her depression and come to classes. I also said that Mona should be very happy that she freed herself from the "claws" of these "great teachers," and now nobody would lead her on! The next day Mona came and asked me to protect her from this kind of thing in the future. I explained how to use correctly a scanning structure which I especially created for this kind of situation and after that she did not fail to attend any of my lectures.

An unexpected event, however, of another nature, happened to Mona's friend. It was her birthday on one of the lecture-days. Svetlana and I thought that it would be right to congratulate her after class. We could not think of anything better than to present her with a large bouquet of flowers. On the day of her birthday I congratulated her on behalf of everyone, took the bouquet out of the place where it was previously hidden and handed it to her. Svetlana and I were surprised when she burst into tears and said that the last time anyone presented her with flowers was her husband twenty years ago when she gave birth to their son. This kind of American "custom" made us experience almost the same shock which Mona experienced when she saw the real image of her "spiritual guides". We grew up in a quite different culture and could not understand them and were unable to become accustomed to their "traditions" right to the end of our stay in the USA. We just did not react to them so strongly over the course of time, despite the fact that we felt the differences pretty strongly all the time and had no desire to join their "culture."

The first school-seminar in America lasted four weeks, three hours a day, five days a week. I carried out such a prolonged school-seminar for the first time. One of the reasons was the necessity to translate the lectures from one language to another. There was also another

reason. When I had carried out my school-seminars in Archangelsk, it became very clear to me that people needed more time to "digest" fundamentally new material. However, as the future showed, forty days were not enough either for the human consciousness to change radically, even if everything was given in a ready form and a person should just "swallow" it, but it turned out that the process of "swallowing" was not so easy too. I will draw these conclusions later, after years of observing my students in my seminars, but in June and July of 1992 I carried out my first school for American students. There was a woman called Sheela among them. She was a blue eyed and golden-red haired Sabra, a Jew born in Israel, and a graduate of a rabbi school, in other words she was a Judaic "elite." In one of my lectures I touched upon religions and, certainly,—Judaism and its variation—Christianity. I also expressed my opinion regarding Moses as a messiah of the God.

During a break she came to me and asked why I had such negative attitude to Moses? After the break I decided to pay more attention to this subject and my answer to her question was pretty simple. I said that if one opened the Old Testament or the Torah and read what Moses did and how he did it after he became a God's messiah, he or she would reveal one "strange" feature of his activity. According to these books all his acts carried only death and destruction, nothing else! He killed even those who agreed to come with him but did not want to submit to him and his "laws" which he brought from Mount Sinai after his unforgettable meeting with a talking bush. He killed these people blaming them for worshipping the Golden Calf. Here I drew the attention of the listeners to the facts that if he *indeed* destroyed the servants of the Golden Calf without a trace, why do the surviving Israelites continue to serve the Golden Calf until now? Also I raised the subject of Christianity, saying that **Christianity** and the concept, for the sake of which the person who was called **Christ** sacrificed his life, **have nothing in common**!

My statements caused quite a stormy reaction in my listeners, but they were surprised even more when I said that I could prove it using the text of the New Testament! They were very intrigued. I began with the words which are written in the Gospel of Matthew, which directly indicate who Jesus Christ came to: "...***I was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel***..."[1] The phrase speaks for itself—everything that the person called Jesus Christ carried, in fact, concerned **only the Israelites**!

This single fact clearly shows that even if a religion with his name

[1] New Testament, Matthew Chapter 15, verse 24.

appeared the way we were told, it was meant **only for Israelites**! Oddly enough, the **Israelites** imposed this religion on the **Goyim**, in other words **non-Israelites**! And they continued to practice **Judaism**, against which the person called Jesus Christ (by the way, Christos in Modern Greek means Messiah and is not a name) fought. Here is what Jesus **said about the God of the Israelites**:

42. Jesus said to them, 'If God were your Father, you would love me, for I came from God and now I am here. I did not come on my own, but he sent me.

43. Why do you not understand what I say? It is because you cannot accept my word.

44. You are from your father, the devil, and you choose to do your father's desires. He was a murderer from the beginning and does not stand in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he lies, he speaks according to his own nature, for he is a liar and the father of lies.

45. but, because I tell the truth, you do not believe me.[2]

When I told them this, people were very surprised. I continued to explain to my listeners that the person called Jesus Christ knew the Torah perfectly and unmasked Judaism and its servants as servants of Dark Forces about which the lines from John's Gospel eloquently spoke! They clearly show that he understood perfectly who the God Jehovah was! I gradually brought my listeners to the understanding that Jesus Christ came to save ... ***the lost sheep of the house of Israel*** ... because they became the "God" Jehovah's first victims about which the New Testament speaks openly! According to **all Gospels**, Jesus Christ unmasked the man-hating essence of Judaism and the God Jehovah! ....

Step by step I led the listeners to the understanding of what Jesus Christ had brought to people, based on the information which was given in the New Testament. I brought to their attention that what I was talking about was openly written in it, although little remained there of Jesus Christ's real words! But even this distorted information was enough to draw a conclusion similar to mine, if one read attentively and could remove the zombie-programs superimposed on the New Testament. I told them how I suggested that my listeners in the USSR re-read the New Testament and then bring the books to me to remove the encoding programs. I described people's utter surprise when they read the same book again after I just passed my hand over it without even opening the book, and understood it differently. They looked at

[2] New Testament, John Chapter 8, verses 42-45.

it as though they saw it for the first time in their life—they were astonished by the striking change in their understanding after my, kind of insignificant, action. Not all American students believed me, and I suggested they do the same—read the New Testament and then to give their books to me to remove the encoding programs... and the effect was the same as in the USSR.

Later on, when I continued to comment on the New and Old Testaments, the expressions on the faces of my American students spoke for themselves. Based on the text of the New Testament I proved to them that Judas could not betray Jesus Christ for "*thirty pieces of silver*" because two thousand years ago silver coins were not used in the Middle East! I said that even according to modern false history silver coins were not used on the territory of the Roman Empire, which in fact had never existed: there was absolutely another empire in its place, the monetary units of which were **talans**—gold bars of a certain weight! Silver coins appeared in circulation only at the beginning of the Middle Ages.

In other words, the time of the events described in the New Testament is false. Someone needed to make the events look a thousand years older! This fact alone speaks about the wickedness of those who wrote these "Gospels" and about those who approved their "verity." In fact the Christian ecumenical councils "approved" only **four** Gospels from almost **thirty**! I asked my listeners why there was no Gospel written by Jesus Christ himself? He was a very well-educated man and freely read the Torah in the Old Hebrew language which the majority of the Israelites did not know then! But Jesus Christ **was not a Jew**! One can find a plenty of facts which can confirm this in the very text of the New Testament and one of which is Jesus Christ's own words when he said that he had been sent ***only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel***...! If he had been a Jew, he would have been one of those lost sheep which he came to save.

As long as I explained all this, the surprise in the eyes of my American students grew more and more, which in its turn surprised me. I totally understood the lack of knowledge of such details of my Russian students when I told them about the same things, because "scientific atheism" was an official "religion" in the USSR then, and people could not possibly study the Bible either in schools, colleges or in higher educational establishments. But in the West, in the USA in particular, Christianity was the dominating religion: Catholicism, Protestantism, Lutheran, Mormon and a great number of other smaller Christian sects were the norm for this country. The majority of people attended church on Sundays and regularly heard the sermons of the priests who spoke

about Jesus Christ as the Saviour. Almost all had read the New Testament, but nobody paid any attention to the numerous absurd things both in the New and Old Testaments.

The lapsus of "*thirty pieces of silver*" is not the only absurdity of the New Testament which is concerned with Judas. According to the text Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus Christ to the Judaic guards with his kiss. Everybody knows this fact very well. But for some reason nobody pays attention to a detail concerning the apostle Peter (Simon).

According to the New Testament, during the Last Supper Jesus Christ spoke about his near death, following resurrection and his betrayal by others. Everyone pays attention to Judas's question: "Surely not I, Rabbi?" But nobody takes notice of his words that all will betray him, and when Peter began to swear loyalty, Jesus Christ said the following:

32. but after I am raised up, I will go ahead of you to Galilee."

33. Peter said to him, "Though all become deserters because of you, I will never desert you.

34. Jesus said to him, "Truly I tell you, this very night, before the cock crows, you will deny me three times."

35. Peter said to him, "Even though I must die with you, I will not deny you." And so said all the disciples.[3]

These seemingly very well known words are well worthy of our close attention. The military guard of the Judaic supreme priest arrested Jesus Christ late at night when the dark veil already covered the earth. He was arrested in the gardens near Jerusalem (another point worthy of attention), a place which the New Testament calls Gethsemane. When I brought my listeners to this moment, nobody could understand why I was talking about it for so long. The Bible says very clearly that Jesus Christ foresaw that Peter would deny him three times which happened. So what other things except for Peter's renunciation could be hidden here? Here they are.

It was already night when Jesus Christ was arrested. The first cocks crow at sunrise, so Peter has only six or eight hours of night-time to betray Jesus Christ three times. It is dark on the streets at night even nowadays, although we have our streets illuminated, but then, in the time of the described events, be it a thousand years ago or, even more so, two thousand years ago, the streets were pitch dark, especially in the south. It fact it does not matter where these events happened—in the Middle East or in Constantinople—Troya—Tsargrad—Jerusalem—the

[3] New Testament, Matthew Chapter 26, verses 32-35.

nights were pitch-dark everywhere! Someone may ask—what do dark south nights have to do with all this?

The city streets were extremely poorly illuminated both in so-called Dark Ages and Middle Ages. Any passer-by could fall a prey to robbers and killers which acted under the cover of darkness with impunity, which means that the streets were mostly deserted at night. If there was anyone who dared to step into the night street, it would be noble and rich people accompanied by numerous armed guards or very poor people who would not raise any interest in any robber. In other words, there would be a very small number of people in the streets of Jerusalem on the night of Jesus Christ's arrest. And what we read in the New Testament—in the dark south night all scarce passers-by **identify Peter** at once!

58. But Peter was following him at a distance, as far as the courtyard of the high priest; and going inside, he sat with the guards in order to see how this would end.

. . . . . .

69. Now Peter was sitting outside in the courtyard. A servant-girl came to him and said, 'You also were with Jesus the Galilean.'

70. But he denied it before all of them, saying, 'I do not know what you are talking about.'

71. When he went out to the porch, another servant-girl saw him, and she said to the bystanders, 'This man was with Jesus of Nazareth.'- Again he denied it with an oath, 'I do not know the man.'

72. After a little while the bystanders came up and said to Peter, 'Certainly you are also one of them, for your accent betrays you.'

73. Then he began to curse, and he swore an oath, 'I do not know the man!' At that moment the cock crowed.

74. Then Peter remembered what Jesus had said: 'before the cock crows, you will deny me three times.' And he went out and wept bitterly.

. . . . . [4]

It follows from this fragment that Peter was recognized by one maid, then by another and also by other people. It turns out that almost everyone knew Peter by sight, but it was not him who performed all the "miraculous" deeds, argued with Pharisees etc, but nevertheless, he appeared to be so extremely famous that everyone recognized him even

[4] New Testament, Matthew Chapter 26, verses 58, 69-74.

at night! But at the same time nobody knew who Jesus Christ was and ... only Judas's kiss directed the guards of the Judaic supreme priest to Jesus Christ! This is a serious contradiction but nobody pays any attention to it.

Also, we clearly see from the abovementioned extract that the Judaic Sanhedrin (council) carried out the trial after mid-night, in the synagogue, which determines the nature of Judaism as the Moon cult and shows the fact that Judaic priests have maximal force at night which speaks for itself! There is another thing—Judaic priests sentenced Jesus Christ to death which in fact was a sacrifice of Israelites to their God Jehovah in complete accordance with the Torah:

1. *You must* ***diligently observe*** *everything that I command you;* ***do not add to it*** *or* ***take anything from it***.

2. *If* ***prophets*** *or those who* ***divine by dreams*** *appear among you and promise you* ***omens*** *or* ***portents***,

3. *And* ***the omens*** *or* ***the portents declared by them take place***, *and they say, 'Let us follow other gods whom you have not known and let us serve them',*

4. *You must not heed the words of those prophets or those who divine by dreams; for* ***the Lord your God is testing you, to know whether you indeed love the Lord your God*** *with all your heart and soul.*

5. *The Lord your God you shall follow, him alone you shall fear, his commandments you shall keep, his voice you shall obey, him you shall serve, and to him you shall hold fast.*

6. *But those* ***prophets*** *or those who* ***divine by dreams*** *shall be* ***put to death for having spoken treason against the Lord your God*** *—who brought you out of the land of Egypt and redeemed you from the house of slavery—* ***to turn you from the way in which the Lord your God commanded you to walk***. *So* ***you shall purge the evil from your midst***.[5]

The Judaic priests sentenced Jesus Christ to death as a sacrifice on the Judaic holiday of Passover as the Torah orders! Moreover, this sacrifice to the God of Jehovah was the most valuable one for Israelites, because according to the Torah he was a prophet who wanted to turn the Israelites from the way which Jehovah commanded them to walk!..

When I unfolded this picture before my listeners, they were shocked by how this simple and clear explanation destroyed the fog of lies around Jesus Christ and it became clear that the Judaic priests killed him, completely following the commandments of the Torah, for his in-

[5] The Pentateuch and Haftorahs. The book of R'e XIII, 1-6, p. 1163-1165.

tention to lead Jehovah's first victims — the lost sheep of the house of Israel—out of his "herd"! Jesus Christ aimed to save them, but Jehovah's faithful servants, Judaic priests from the Levites—his direct descendants whom he set over all Israelites, prevented him. Dark Forces used their servants and killed the person who could release the Israelites from **slavery**!

I also explained to my listeners that everything described in the New Testament did not take place in the Middle East but happened in the town which most people knew as Constantinople! It was Israelites who consciously created a mess with the name of the city and here is why. In those times Jerusalem was not the name of some particular city. Just as the city where the ruler of the country is in residence is called a **capital**, in antiquity the place where the supreme priest of any religion was based was called **jerusalem**. Therefore, always there were several jerusalems according to the number of supreme priests. Sometimes the ruler of a country and the supreme priest had their quarters in one and the same city which in this case had two names: the capital as a secular name and jerusalem as a spiritual name. Certainly, the capital of the state had its other (geographic) name, because the main residence of the ruler could change location and then a new city would become the capital.

The proof that the Jerusalem of the New Testament is Constantinople can be found in the text:

45. From noon on, darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon.

46. And about three o'clock Jesus cried with a loud voice, 'Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?' that is, 'My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?'

47. When some of the bystanders heard it, they said, 'This man is calling for Elijah.'

48. At once one of them ran and got a sponge, filled it with sour wine, put it on a stick, and gave it to him to drink.

49. But the others said, 'Wait; let us see whether Elijah will come to save him.'

50. Then Jesus cried again with a loud voice and breathed his last.

51. At that moment the curtain of the temple was torn in two, from top to bottom. The earth shook, and the rocks were split.[6]

This extract clearly shows that when Jesus Christ was crucified,

[6] New Testament, Matthew Chapter 27, verses 45-51.

a **total solar eclipse** took place. The time is specified very accurately—***From noon on . . . until three in the afternoon***, which does not mean that the total eclipse lasted three hours at this very point but happened within a period of three hours ***over the whole land***. When Jesus Christ breathed his last, the powerful earthquake happened: ... ***The earth shook***. The writers of the New Testament and their censorship were quite ignorant people and did not understand that this kind of indication would allow other people to find the place and calculate the time of the event. The total sun eclipse and the earthquake which happened at one and the same time made it unique and easily determined.

Unfortunately I did not have precise proof of my words when I carried out my first and even second American schools. It happened much later when I found solid confirmation in the book of Russian scientists G. Nosovsky and A. Fomenko "The new chronology of Russia, England and Rome" where the authors show that the total sun eclipse **could not possibly have happened** in 33 A.D. in the place of modern Jerusalem! Obviously, the authors of the New Testament thought that the total sun eclipse and earthquake which happened during Jesus Christ's death on the cross would strengthen the religious trembling in the followers because these natural events would emphasize the "divine" essence of the event. However, they made a crucial mistake due to their ignorance: they did not know how to calculate the time and place of eclipses, so they left in the New Testament information which unmasks their fake! The point is that according to various chronicles and mathematical calculations the total sun eclipse with the following earthquake was in Constantinople on February 16, 1086! So, the time and the place of Jesus Christ's crucifixion are firmly "tied" to Constantinople and the 11^{th} century A.D. Although total eclipses are very rare phenomenon, they take place more or less regularly and are visible in different places on our planet. However, the natural phenomenon when a total sun eclipse is accompanied by a powerful earthquake is unique and the great number of total eclipses stops being an argument.

There are a lot of similar "slips of the pen" in the New Testament. Let us take Jesus Christ's last words. The New Testament saved several authentic words . . . ***Eli, Eli*** . . . which are interpreted in the New Testament as ... ***My God, my God*** ... Oddly enough the next verse reveals that people who stood around the place of crucifixion heard his words and began to say: . . . ***This man is calling for Elijah.*** This should mean that Elijah is the name of the God. But if he addressed God by name, he should have pronounced one of the names of the Judaic God then, for example, Jehovah! But the name **Eli** had **nothing**

in common with the name **Jehovah**! So, even if Jesus Christ appealed to a God, obviously it was not the God of Israelites, Jehovah! But according to the Old and New Testaments the name of the God of Christians is exactly Jehovah! Isn't it strange that Jesus Christ came to save ***the lost sheep of the house of Israel*** from the God Jehovah's claws which he called the **devil** and calls him before his death?! Jesus Christ says very clearly that **he was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel**! Who sent him then? Was it the God Jehovah? If so, why did he call him the devil? And why did he call Eli instead of Jehovah?

The answer to this question is simple: the God Jehovah was not the one who sent Jesus Christ. Somebody else, whose name was Eli, sent him to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and has nothing in common with the God Jehovah! In this case the complete absurdity of the situation disappears without a trace. There is one more thing. Could Jesus Christ fight very actively against Judaism as a religion of the lost sheep of the house of Israel in order to create almost the same religion which was not intended for the Israelites, as it logically should follow from his mission, but for goyim? In fact he came to save exactly the Israelites, not the goyim!

Before I continued the explanation I asked my listeners: "Who can tell me **a principle difference between Judaism and Christianity**? It has to be a fundamental one, not the differences in rituals." I was surprised that none of my listeners was able to say anything perspicuous. Then I continued my explanation and paid attention to one, really important, difference between Judaism and Christianity. The followers of Judaism acknowledge Moses as the Messiah and are waiting for a new one to come. They sacrificed Jesus Christ to their God as a lying prophet! The followers of Christianity acknowledge both Moses and Jesus Christ as Messiahs and expect the second advent of the latter!

Thus, the principle difference between these two religions is an **acknowledgement or denial** of Jesus Christ as the God's Messiah. When I drew such an obvious conclusion, all my listeners were close to a state of shock! I continued my explanation and asked them another question. Could such a person as Jesus Christ fight with Judaism just for the sake of creating a new religion in which the only difference was his acknowledgement as the Messiah of the God, moreover, the God which he called the devil and aimed to free the Jews from his slavery?

An insoluble contradiction occurs, especially if we take into account that both the Israelites and Christians have one and the same God—Jehovah, because the basis for these religions is one and the same

"sacred" book—the Torah, which was slightly reduced for Christians, or in other words, was adapted for goyim and is called the Old Testament! They removed from the Torah the most obvious texts which showed the real essence of the Judaic religion as a religion of social parasites but the God remained the same—devil, as Jesus Christ called him! If we assume for a second that Jesus Christos had wanted to create a new religion, it seems to me that the God of this religion would have never been the God Jehovah! And if he created such a religion, it would have been only for the Israelites! However, Christianity was created exactly for the Goyim, not for the Jews.

My words had the effect of an exploded bomb! Nobody expected such a turn! I was always surprised by people's blindness. In fact everything I told about and commented on was written in the Old and New Testaments. Many, if not all, read these books and heard the priests' sermons but nobody "switched on"their own brains in order to comprehend what they read and heard. The level of robotization to which the social parasites lowered the goyim, all non-Judaic people, is really amazing!

I could not pass over Pontius Pilate in silence. Unfortunately, I did not have the material evidences undermining Christianity in far away 1992 which I have now. Nevertheless, I drew the attention of my listeners to the text of the New Testament:

11. Now Jesus stood before the governor; and the governor asked him, 'Are you the King of the Jews?' Jesus said, 'You say so.'

12. But when he was accused by the chief priests and elders, he did not answer.

13. Then Pilate said to him, 'Do you not hear how many accusations they make against you?'

14. But he gave him no answer, not even to a single charge, so that the governor was greatly amazed. Barabbas or Jesus?

15. Now at the festival the governor was accustomed to release a prisoner for the crowd, anyone whom they wanted.

16. At that time they had a notorious prisoner, called Jesus Barabbas.

17. So after they had gathered, Pilate said to them, 'Whom do you want me to release for you, Jesus Barabbas or Jesus who is called the Messiah?'

18. For he realized that it was out of jealousy that they had handed him over.

19. While he was sitting on the judgement seat, his wife sent word to him, 'Have nothing to do with that innocent man,

for today I have suffered a great deal because of a dream about him.'

20. ***Now the chief priests and the elders persuaded the crowds to ask for Barabbas and to have Jesus killed.***

21. ***The governor again said to them, 'Which of the two do you want me to release for you?' And they said, 'Barabbas.'***

22. ***Pilate said to them, 'Then what should I do with Jesus who is called the Messiah?' All of them said, 'Let him be crucified!'***

23. ***Then he asked, 'Why, what evil has he done?' But they shouted all the more, 'Let him be crucified!'***

24. ***So when Pilate saw that he could do nothing, but rather that a riot was beginning, he took some water and washed his hands before the crowd, saying, 'I am innocent of this man's blood; see to it yourselves.'***

25. ***Then the people as a whole answered, 'His blood be on us and on our children!'***

26. ***So he released Barabbas for them; and after flogging Jesus, he handed him over to be crucified.***[7]

There are a lot of interesting moments in this extract. For some reason everybody automaticallyreferredtoPontius Pilate as the Roman prefect (procurator) in Judaea. The problem is that there was no Roman Empire in the 1st century A.D. in general or its dominion in the Middle East in particular. There are numerous proofs of this beginning with the fact of how insolently modern "historians" fabricated the History of Ancient Rome! There is no doubt that the city of Rome existed in ancient time, but there **was no *the* Roman Empire** then! In order to be convinced of the truth of this statement we can look at the real map of Ancient Europe which *Abraham Ortelius* (1527-1598),a world-known and acknowledged cartographer of the Middle Ages, created in 1595 (Рис. 5, 122).

The fact that modern historians acknowledge and highly esteem him will not allow them to question him, which is very important for unmasking falsifiers. So, this is the map of **Ancient Europe** which *Abraham Ortelius* created in 1595, which means that it was Europe, at least, a thousand years before the creation of the map. In other words, the map shows us the state of Europe no later than the 6th century A.D. So, what can we see there? There is **no either Western or Eastern Roman Empire**! But according to modern "history"

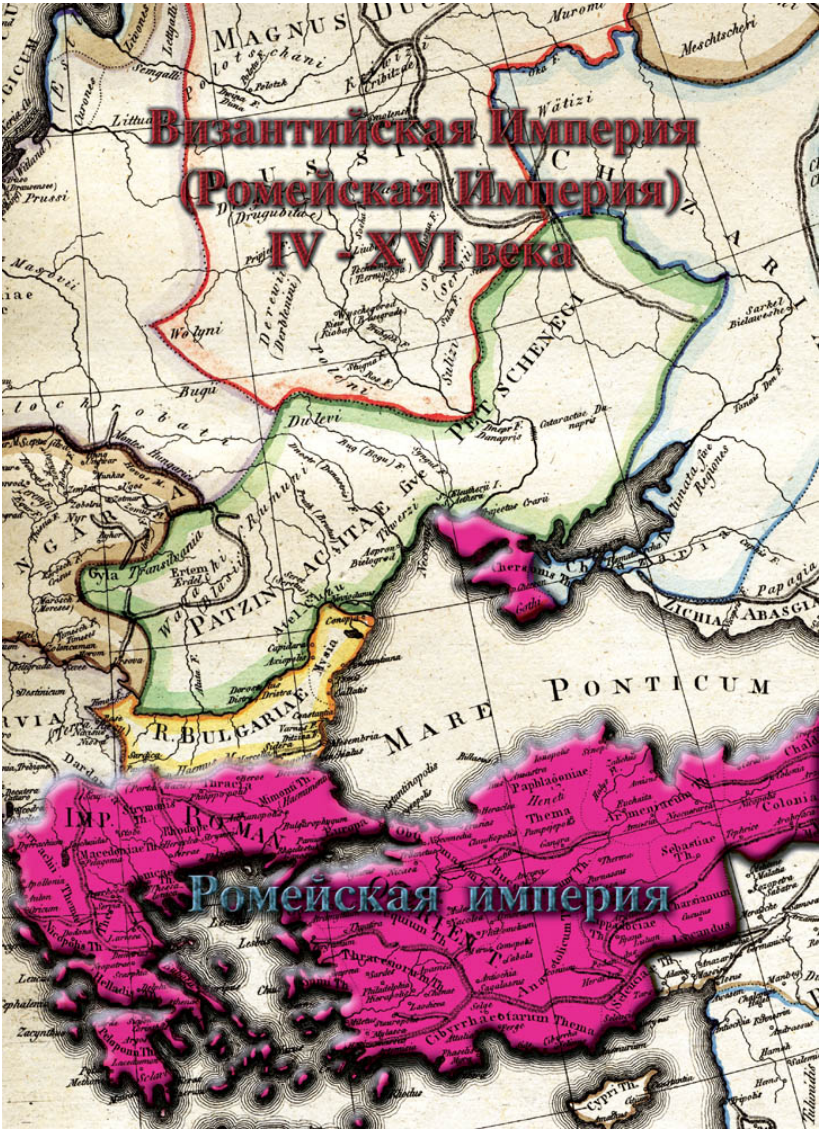
[7] New Testament, Matthew Chapter 27, verses 11-26.


Античная Европа
EVROPAM, SIVE CEL.
TICAM VETEREM,
OCEANVS
Occidens.

they must be there! This map is not the only one. No matter how much the creators of "history" tried to destroy all real evidence of the past, they failed, although they tried very hard. By "they" I mean social parasites from the power of which Jesus Christ wanted to liberate Israelites! There is no Roman Empire on the map of Ancient Europe, but its greater part is occupied by the Slavonic-Aryan Empire which will be called Great Tartary in the next millennium. In ancient times the Slavonic-Aryan Empire occupied almost all Europe. *Britannica* (Great Britain), *Hispania* (Spain and Portugal) and *Gallia* (France and Italy) broke away from the united Empire of White Race shortly before the 6th century, however the dynasty of Merovingians continued to govern in them for some time, but this is the story of another day. The map of the 9th century does show the Roman Empire, another country that broke from the Slavonic-Aryan Empire (Рис. 5, 124 — Byzantine (Roman) Empire 4-16 century)...

Regrettably, I did not have the authentic maps of that time which I now have, that when I told about "biblical" times to my American students, would have given more weight and significance to my words. I would have based my talks not only on the texts of the New and Old Testaments and on logic but also on irrefutable proofs which put everything in its proper place. So, I give them now when I write about the time of my lectures on this subject.

As we can see on **real maps**, the Roman or Byzantine Empire appeared from 4 to 6th centuries A.D. It is not so important now when it appeared exactly—this is the subject of another story. Here I would like to give some very much unexpected, for most people, information. There were no Jews in the Roman or Byzantine Empire then. At this time they were in the Persian Empire! The modern version of the Bible tells about the **Babylonian captivity**, although captivity, Babylonian or otherwise **did not happen** in reality. Israelites had been unable to penetrate the Persian Empire for quite a long time and found a pretty curious method. They could get onto the territory of the Persian Empire only as **slaves**, so, the "fathers" of Judaic people "**sold**" **them into slavery** and thus achieved their ends. It became clear very soon why they longed to get to this country so badly that they came there as voluntary slaves, more precisely, obedient sheep which later Jesus Christ would come to save: the same sheep which obediently executed the will of Judaic high priests and became slaves! Israelites prepared the second and final blow to the Persian Empire created and developed by the Slavs-Aryans. I would like to remind readers that the first blow is thoroughly described in the Old Testament in the book of Esther, which I analyzed in *Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors*


Византийская Империя
(Ромейская Империя)
IV - XVI века
Ромейская империя
MAGNUS
PONTICUM
MARE
PATZINACITAE
R. BULGARIAE
IMP. ROMAN.
Paphlagoniae
Thema
Armeniaci
Colonia
Sebastiae
Cyprus Th.

Vol. 1.

As a result of the first socialist revolution in the Persian Empire in the middle of the 6th century A.D., better known as the Vizier Mazdak's rising, the rich Israelite-anti-Mazdakis took the riches amassed by robbery in the Persian Empire and fled to the Roman Empire from the "Persian" revolution which was organized and conducted by their, still poor, fellow tribesmen from the Simeon tribe. Thus, the Israelites **appear in the Roman Empire for the first time only in the middle of the 6th century A.D.** This is so because the Roman or Byzantine Empire was born shortly before. Moreover, if we take into account that according to the Old Testament the Israelites inflicted the blow to the Persian Empire for the first time in the 6th century B.C. and then abandoned the Middle East, we can figure out that they did not live on the lands of the "Roman" Empire long before 6th century A.D. In fact they could not do it because the greater part of the "Roman" Empire before this date was a part of the Slavonic-Aryan Empire, on the lands of which the Israelites had no desire to appear for various reasons!

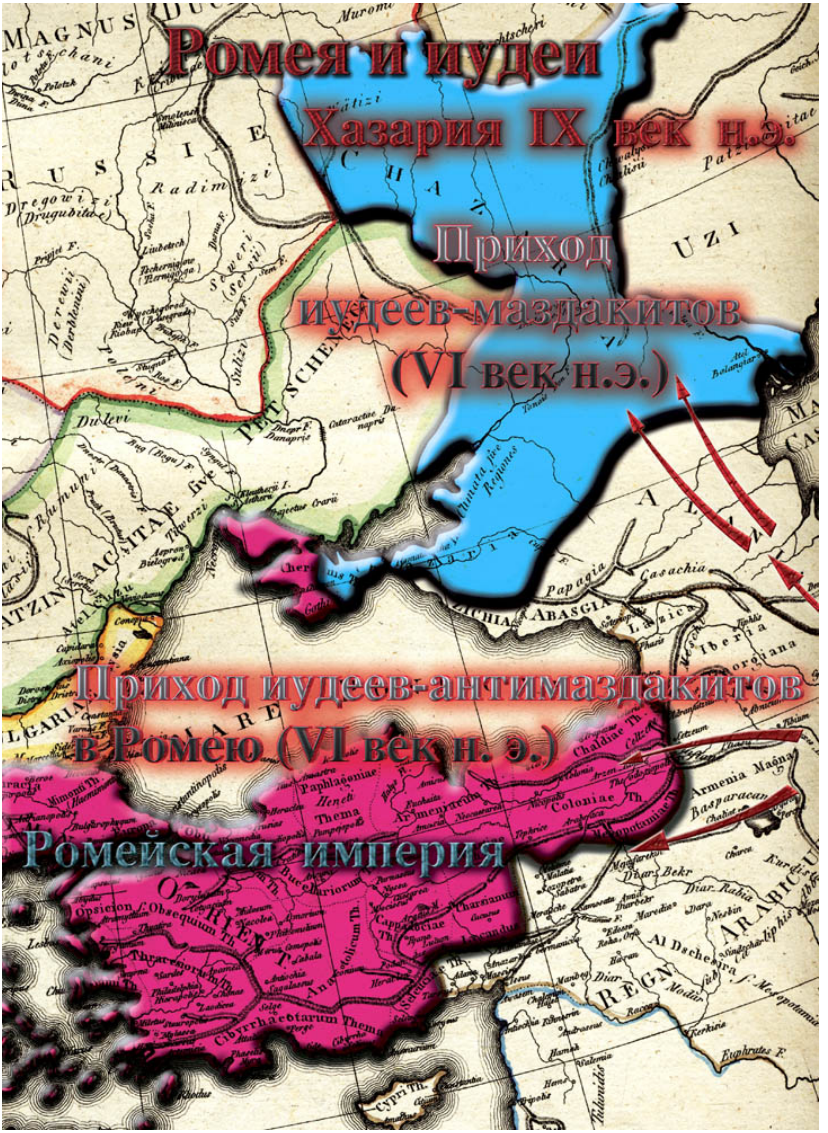
So, at the beginning of the 6th century A.D. the Israelite-anti-Mazdakis sought refuge from the "Persian" revolution in the lands of the Roman Empire, which was granted.

In 491 A.D. poor Israelite-Mazdakis led by the exilarch Mar Zutra carried out the first socialist revolution under slogans of freedom, equality and brotherhood, during which they expropriated all riches from the Persian nobility destroying it physically as "the enemy of people" and soon the Israelite-anti-Mazdakis with all the riches abandoned the "blessed" land of freedom and equality! Their brother-Mazdakis did not expropriate anything for "some" reason.

The rest of Israelite-Mazdakis abandoned the Persian Empire with yet greater riches in 529 A.D., before it became too "hot" there: the prince *Khosrau* (Khosrow or Chosroes) dethroned his father *Kavadh* and this was manipulated by the Israelite-"revolutionaries" through Vizier *Mazdak*. For a little more than twenty years Israelite-Mazdakis carried the "light" of equality and brotherhood to "stupid" Persians and all people which lived then in the Persian Empire. They carried it so "zealously" that the Empire was inundated with blood of both the Persian aristocracy and poor Persians which asked "stupid" questions like when they would get their share of equality and fraternity. How dared they to ask about such insignificant things when it was a matter of the "radiant" future of the "whole" of humanity!

So, Israelite-Mazdakis had been robbing the Persian Empire for twenty years and then appeared in Khazaria as "refugees" (Рис. 5,

126). I will not describe what they did there. It is not important now. I just wanted to describe a little the situation with the Roman Empire of that time and here is why.



Israelite-anti-Mazdakis appeared on the lands of this empire only

at **the end of the 6th—beginning of the 7th century A.D.** The Empire on lands of which the biblical events were "performed" was born only in **the 4th century A.D.** (320 year A.D.) and due to this fact no Israelites could possibly be on its lands till then! Moreover, they did not stay long in Roman (Byzantine) Empire and here is why:

"... *Meanwhile, Byzantium waged a desperate war with the Arabs. The Jews, finding refuge in Byzantium, must have helped the Byzantines, but their help was pretty strange. They secretly agreed with the Arabs and* ***opened city-gates at night*** *and let in the Arabic warriors who killed all the* ***men*** *and* ***women*** *and the* ***children were sold*** *into slavery. The Jews,* ***buying slaves cheaply, resold*** *them with* ***considerable benefit****. The Greeks could not like this kind of thing, but not wanting to acquire additional enemies, they asked the Jews to leave their country. This was how the second group of Jews, the Byzantine one, appeared in Khazarian lands*".[8]

The Roman emperor Flavius Heraclius did not want to risk and punish the Israelites for their "gratitude" and just asked them, more precisely their descendants, to abandon the bounds of his Empire which they did. It happened in the middle of the 7th century A.D. and they left precisely for Khazaria where their "bitterest enemies", Israelite-anti-Mazdakis, had already taken power, using a different method than that which they used in the Persian Empire (Рис. 5, 128). Thus, in the middle of the 7th century A.D. "irreconcilable" enemies reunited in Khazaria and created the world's first **parasitic state—Khazar Khaganate**! So, some of the Israelites lived on territory of the Roman (Byzantine) Empire slightly more than a hundred years and left it for more than **three hundred years**. They would return there only at the end of the 10th century A.D., not because Israelites decided to drop the idea of creating a supra-national parasitic system on the base of Khazar Khaganate. Not at all! They abandoned their cherished brainchild because the Russian prince Svetoslav completely destroyed this first Judaic parasitic state in 964 A.D.!

Thus, Israelites came to the Roman (Byzantine) Empire at the end of the 10th century A.D. (Рис. 5, 129). Afterwards they began to spread from there all over Europe using their trading posts as their bases created in the times of the Judaic Khazar Khaganate.

As we can see from the map of the Roman (Byzantine) Empire **the Middle East**, where **Judea** was according to the biblical text, **did**

[8] L.N. Gumilev *From Rus to Russia*, Chapter 2, The Slavs and their enemies, p.48; Moscow "Institute DI DIC", 1997, ISBN 5-87583-007-7.


Ромея и иудеи
Хазария IX век н.э.
Приход
иудеев-антимаздакитов
(VII век н.э.)
Ромейская империя
MARE PONTICUM
R. BULGARIAE
PATZINACITAE
IMP. ROMAN.


Ромея и иудеи
Хазария X век н.э.
Исход иудеев в Ромею
конец X века
Ромейская империя
PONTICUM MARE
R. BULGARIAE
PATZINACITAE
RUSSIA
IMP. ROMAN

not belong to this Empire! Therefore, the biblical events **could not take place there**! Besides, according to the text of the New Testament mentioned above, Pontius Pilate was **a governor of the Roman Empire**! He was the governor or the ruler of the Empire, not a prefect (procurator) of the Great Rome, because in fact the city of Rome was not among cities located on the lands of Roman (Byzantine) Empire!

Thus, in the real past the Israelites lived on the lands of Roman Empire twice. First time the Judaic community lived there from the end of the 5th century A.D. to the middle of the 7th century A.D. For the second time Israelites came to the lands of this Empire at the end of the 10th century A.D. and did not abandon it till its end in 1453 A.D., at least some of the Israelites.

Now it remains for us to determine when Jesus Christ was crucified to execute the sentence of Judaic supreme priests who condemned him to be sacrificed, as a **lying prophet,** to the God of Jehovah at the Judaic holiday of Passover! This event could not happen during the first stay of Israelites on the lands of the Roman Empire, because **there was no total sun eclipse** from the end of the 5^{th} century A.D. to the middle of the 7^{th} century A.D., let alone, total sun eclipse and earthquake happening **at the same time**!

Thus, it turns out that biblical events could happen **only after Israelites came to Romea (Byzantine) for the second time at the end of the 10^{th} century A.D.**, which means that Jesus Christ's crucifixion could not have happened earlier. And it happened at the end of the 11^{th} century, namely in 1086, in Constantinople where simultaneous total sun eclipse and earthquake were observed.

There is another "nuance" to which almost nobody pays attention. The text of the New Testament clearly and unambiguously says that the guards arrested Jesus Christ late at night and brought him to the **synagogue** where **the Judaic high priests organized his trial after midnight**! It happened precisely after midnight: neither in the morning nor in the day-time, which indicates that **Judaism is a Moon cult, the cult of death**! The unfair trial of Jesus Christ after midnight speaks volumes. It is enough to remember that so-called Satanists carry out their black masses in churches and temples **after midnight**! This coincidence cannot be casual but shows the identity of these Moon cults.

When residing in other countries, Israelites settled near their trading posts around which **they constructed fortified walls**. Their gates were closed at night and nobody was let out or in till the morning.I would like to draw this to your attention: it was they who isolated

themselves from the rest of the people, not vice versa. Later such places would be called Judaic ghettos. It is of interest that Israelites settled apart until the beginning of the 20thcentury A.D. The Judaic community always lived according their own laws in such a city within the city: they had their own court and administration. The only thing that the high priests were obliged do was to get permission for the death penalty of people they sentenced from the ruler of the country. The Roman Empire was not the only country where this kind of order was established, it happened in all countries where Judaic communities lived.

So, coming back to the biblical events, which I analyzed before my listeners in San Francisco in June and July of 1992, I cited again the New Testament, Matthew:

15. Now at the festival the governor was accustomed to release a prisoner for the crowd, anyone whom they wanted.

16. At that time they had a notorious prisoner, called Jesus Barabbas.

17. So after they had gathered, Pilate said to them, 'Whom do you want me to release for you, Jesus Barabbas or Jesus who is called the Messiah?'[9]

What festival is the New Testament talking about? In fact in its Russian version we read the following:

15. At the feast of Paskha the governor had a custom to release a prisoner for the crowd, anyone whom they wanted.

The feast of Paskha is Easter. The word is derived from Hebrew *Pesach* (Passover). So, what kind of Easter (or Paskha) could it be, if the one who is called Jesus Christ and in the honour of whom the holiday of Easter is celebrated, **is not crucified yet**!? Could it be the Judaic holiday of **Pesach**?

Passover (Israeli: **Pesah**, **Pesakh**, Yiddish: **Peysekh**, **Paysakh**) is a Jewish and Samaritan holy day and festival commemorating the Hebrews escape from enslavement in Egypt. Passover begins on the 15th day of the month of Nisan (equivalent to March and April in Gregorian calendar), the first month of the Hebrew calendar's festival year according to the Hebrew Bible.[10]

As we can see from the definition of the holiday of Pesakh, it is a purely **Judaic holiday** which according to Judaic tradition has four names:

[9] New Testament, Matthew Chapter 27, verses 15-17.
[10] Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

חג הפסח

1. *"Khag a-pesakh" is the feast of Pesakh. In the first night of Pesakh the God passed over the houses where the Jews lived, thus sparing them, and killed only the Egyptian first-borns. The word "Pesakh" originated from the Hebrew word "Pasakh" which means to pass over or to skip.* (Shmot, 12:27).

זמן חרותנו

2. *"Zman kheruteynu" means "the time of our freedom". The Jews were the Egyptians' slaves for 210 years, but Moshe-rabbi liberated them from Egypt and led them to the Promised Land. The Exodus and the physical freedom marked the birth of the Jewish nation. In seven weeks the Jews also got spiritual freedom, when the God granted them the Torah at Mount Sinai. The connection between these two events which are celebrated in Pesakh (the symbol of physical freedom) and Shavuot (the symbol of spiritual freedom) is carried out by means of counting the Omer.* (see Vaikra 23:5).

חג המצות

3. *"Khag a-matzoh" is the holiday of the Matza. The Jews must eat the Matza during Pesakh, especially in the night of Seder. Matza reminds about the fact how rapidly our ancestors left Egypt; it symbolizes freedom.*

חג האביב

4. *"Khag a-aviv"is a spring holiday. Pesakh is the holiday of spring and the awakening of nature, when the fruit trees blossom and wheat ripens. People gather barley then and on the second day of Pesakh they bring the first sheaf (omer) to the Temple.*[11]

So, as is absolutely clear from the above, Pesakh is a purely **Judaic holiday**now and, even more so, in so-called biblical times. But what does verse 15 chapter 27, Matthew mean then?

According to the modern version of history Pontius Pilatewas **a Roman prefect in the quite recently conquered Judaea**. But the holiday of Pesakh was a **purely Judaic holiday**and due to this Pontius Pilatecould not have any custom connected with this holiday. Besides, the New Testament says that Pontius Pilatewas the governor, not the prefect and they are two quite different posts.

As for the governor's custom to release a prisoner, I can say the following. Each people created its customs and traditions for ages and

[11] www.istok.ru

some times for millennia. Verse 15 says clearly that Pontius Pilate, the governor, was accustomed, in other words *he*hada custom, which means this custom was of his own people, not a Judaic one. Then a logical question arises: the custom of what feast did Pontius Pilateobserve? We have just seen that it had nothing to do with the Judaic Pesakh. Could it be the Christian Easter?

Easter is a Christian holiday in honour of Jesus Christ's resurrection. But when Pontius Pilatewanted to save Jesus Christ from the death penalty there could not be any custom to free one a condemned person in Easter, because the latter appeared after Jesus Christ's death! It sounds absurd that Pontius Pilatetries to rescue Christ from death according to the custom on the occasion of his own resurrection, doesn't it? All absurdity of this situation will disappear if we remember that **the cult of Dionysus** dominated on the territory of the Roman (Byzantine) Empire in biblical times, or the Greek religion as it was often called. It was exactly the Greek religion, not Christianity, which *kniaz* Vladimir forcedly imposed on the lands of Kievan Rus in 988 A.D., which is quite logical—the person who will be called Jesus Christ was not born yet! However, the cult of Dionysius was just the next modification of the cult of Osiris which was fully formed in Egypt in the 12^{th} century B.C.

It had different names in different countries and empires just as the name of the son of the God who dies for the sins of the whole of humanity and promises a heavenly life to the followers after their death, but the essence remains always the same. This cult in Asia Minor was called the cult of *Attis*, in Syria—the cult of *Adonis*, on the lands of Romea—the cult of *Dionysius*, etc. They all were a mirror reflection of the cult of Osiris. It is of interest that if we bring the dates of their birth to our calendar, we can see that in all these cults the god was born on one and the same day — on December, 25! This is not a casual coincidence. This date has a special significance in the cult of Osiris of different modification where they changed only the name of the born god and added some local features. The point is that the night from December 21 to December 22 is the longest night in the year, and the day is the shortest. It is the time of winter solstice, when a new Sun is engendered.

On December 21 the ancient Slavs-Aryans had the winter's first day:

" ... In concordance with natural rhythms they celebrated Koliada's birthday, the hypostasis of the main Slavonic god, Dazdbog, which symbolizes the Sun. The Slavs celebrated Sviatky, the god's birthday and the beginning of a new year, during 21 days which were full of

fun, revelry, delicious meals and magic rituals — all this helped to pass the dark and cold winter. They prepared kolivo or sochivo, a course made of wheat grains, sometimes rice or lentils seasoned with poppy-seeds, honey, nuts and raisins, and socheviks, sweet patties with cottage cheese and jam. The houses were decorated with dolls of the god Veles, a Slavonic prototype of modern Grandfather Frost (Santa Claus), and Snow Maiden. People rolled burning wheels in the streets and made bonfires in order to help the newly-born winter sun. Young people went from house to house and sang ceremonial songs wishing happiness and prosperity (carols) and getting food as a reward. . . "[12]

For millennia people celebrated a god's birthday on December 25: it was Osiris in Ancient Egypt, Dionysius in Ancient Greece, Mithras (Sanscr. Mitra), the Invincible Sun, in the Indo-Iranian world etc. In fact those who created the cult of Osiris in Ancient Egypt used the "cuckoo principle," which means the following. A cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds which hatch them with their eggs and later bring up because the nurturing instinct switches on and they do not distinguish their nestlings from the stranger. Gradually the cuckoo pushes other nestlings out of the nest and they die, and the poor parents continue to feed the cuckoo. This is an example of natural parasitism in the world of the birds. The "cuckoo principle" is also used in human social life and is an ousting of the essence of some traditions from people's consciousness by others so that new traditions are superimposed on old ones without the substitution being noticed. For example, the Slavonic-Aryans Koliada's birthday, a manifestation of Dazdbog (another name Svarog) which personified the Sun and the sun cult, the cult of life, was changed into a "cuckoo egg" of the Moon cult of Osiris's birthday, the cult of death!

Owing to this trick, people do not notice what "cuckoo" they bring up and feed. This kind of substitution of Vedic holidays into the holidays of the Moon cult is a social parasites' very subtle move which allows them to narcotize people's genetic memory, because the holidays did not change their outward appearance, but the essence of what is celebrated did! It was exactly the "cuckoo principle" which allowed social parasites to impose successfully and pretty quickly the religion of death — the cult of Osiris and its following modifications, the most "fruitful" of which appeared to be Christianity. It is one of the brightest examples of how social parasites **successfully** used this **social weapon**!

So, let us return to biblical time and answer the question about the custom observed byPontius Pilate. It was the feast in honour of Diony-

[12] http://www.countrysideliving.net/cal_dec.html

sius's resurrection on the third day after his death when the ruler of the Roman (Byzantine) Empire, in our case Pontius Pilate, granted life and freedom to a condemned man which people would choose. Pontius Pilate thought that people to whom Jesus Christ did so much good saving their lives when healing them would undoubtedly choose him but to his surprise they chose a killer, Barabbas! Pontius Pilate did not and actually could not know, that he observed the action of a psi-weapon which the Judaic high priests applied in order to make people choose Barabbas! They continued to psi-influence masses till Jesus Christ was crucified, only then did they stop doing it, which is clearly reflected in the New Testament: while people were under influence, they jeered at him, spit on him and beat him but when he breathed his last, everyone "suddenly" and at the same time understood what an irreparable tragedy had happened before their eyes.

I would like to pay attention to how some artists depicted Pontius Pilateand Jesus Christ on their canvases. One of the well known painters of Renaissance, Titian, painted Pontius Pilate in his famous picture "Ecce Homo" (1535) with a beard dressed very like a Russian boyar with typical Slavonic appearance (Рис. 5, 136). Could it be done accidentally? I think that people of the 16th century knew much better how their ancestors looked than the authors of modern "history." Titian's friend *Marquis Frederico Gonzaga*, Duke of Mantua, asked him to paint this picture, which became the first one in his series "Ecce Homo." So, it turns out that there were no white tunics and sandals in the Roman Empire as ancient "Roman" patricians are depicted now. But according to a modern legend, not a chronicle, Pontius Pilatewas a "Roman" patrician!

There is another thing. The famous "Roman" sword for "some" reason looks exactly like a **Scythian sword**, which is another "casual" coincidence. In fact Scythian burial mounds are found from China to Europe inclusive, where archaeologists find "Roman" swords and according to modern "history" many of these burial places are much older than the Roman Empire! Unlike other people, Ruses-Scythians used horses for military operations and a quite short Scythian sword was a very comfortable weapon to fight with on horseback, as a longer sword could easily injure a warrior's own horse.

I could tear off the cover of lies from the true past of Midgard-earth's civilization endlessly. However, I would like to pay attention to just another moment concerning Jesus Christ.

It is related to the Crusades. In the modern version of "history" the First Crusade took place when Pope Urban II launched a call in 1095. There are some "oddities" in all this which surprise me a lot—if Jesus



Ecce Homo. Тициан. 1535 год

Christ, whose real name was Radomir (*Rus.* "the joy of the world"), was crucified in 33 A.D. why did nobody call for the punishment of his killers for 1062 years? They needed almost eleven centuries to feel an insuperable desire to retake the Holy Sepulchre and punish his killers, albeit they had turned into ash long ago just as had their descendants! However, if we take into account that Jesus Christ was crucified in Constantinople-Jerusalem on February 16, 1086 A.D., then this ridiculousness will disappear.

And if we take into account that as a result of the First Crusade Constantinople-Jerusalem was seized on July 15, 1099 and the Jerusalem Kingdom was created, everything falls into place. According to the modern interpretation of history, the knights' forces were gathered in Constantinople to inflict their decisive blow and the Emperor of Constantinople, Alexios I Komnenos, received the leaders of the crusaders in his capital when they were encamped within the town and around it before they left to perform the feat of arms. Oddly enough, there are no original documents which would confirm this interpretation:

"... Although the Byzantine ruler asked the Europeans for help to defend Constantinople, numerous troops approaching his capital from all sides made him fear. Remembering about outrages of Peter the Hermit's army, the Emperor prepared to meet Godfrey of Bouillon beforehand. Masterfully hiding his hostility, he obsequiously fawned upon the crusaders, presented gifts to them and assured them of his devotion to the Pope and the French king.. "[13]

This was a modern interpretation of those events.

Remembering about outrages of Peter the Hermit's army... for some reason the fact that that this army was the **first echelon** of the **first Crusade** is not mentioned, nor is the fact that that the Byzantines destroyed it, the army which allegedly went to help them, almost to the last man! Moreover, according to modern "history," in the 11th century Catholics and their leader, the Pope, considered the east branch of Christianity heretical and even pagan and treated the east Christians accordingly. The Byzantine Patriarch was the head of the Byzantine Church, and the Emperor Alexios I Komnenos **could not assure them of his devotion to the Pope and even more so, to the French king**! In the first case he would be immediately overturned by his own people and be anathematized by the Constantinople patriarch. In the second case the Emperor of an enormous empire could

[13] *A Short Hostory of the Crusades*, Grizak E.N.

not assure a king of his devotion, because it would be impermissible humiliation for the Empire!

Besides, only **vassals** assure their **suzerain** of their devotion and the **French king was not a suzerain of the Byzantine Emperor**, because the fact that the Roman (Byzantine) Empire was a part of the French kingdom has never been mentioned!

Quite different information is mentioned in the original documents of those times, not in the comments to the comments of the comments of those who allegedly had the original documents in their hands and even read them!

If we turn to the real documents, we can find there a lot of interesting and unexpected things!

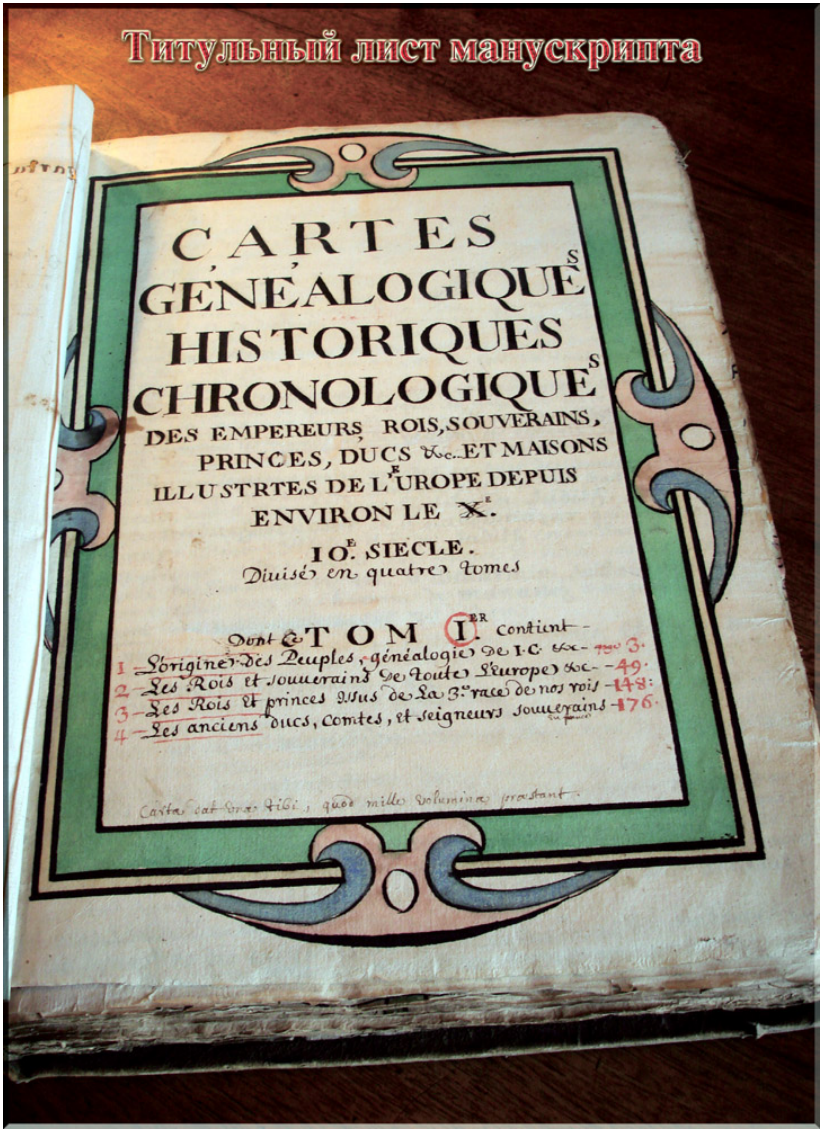
For example, a unique manuscript on genealogy in four volumes (Рис. 5, 139 and Рис. 5, 140) has the fullest information about all emperors, royal and aristocratic families of Europe (and not only Europe) from ancient times to the end of the 17th century A.D. inclusive. This is the only copy of the most complete manuscript on genealogy which contains not only all ruling dynasties of Europe, Asia and North Africa but also information about the countries, their capitals, etc. (Рис. 5, 141). We can see quite interesting information when we open it in the section devoted to Jerusalem. The first thing which catches the eye is the coats of arms of rulings houses of Jerusalem (Рис. 5, 142). There are not many of them, but it is also of interest that there is not a single coat of arms among them which would belong to the royal houses of Judaea where according to modern concepts the city of Jerusalem was located! But an even more interesting thing waits for us on the next page of the manuscript (Рис. 5, 143): **Constantine the Great was the first king of Jerusalem in 320 A.D.!** It was the emperor Constantine I (306-337 A.D.) who is known in the modern version of "history" as the Emperor of the Byzantine Empire!

According to the modern version of history the Emperor Constantine the Great made Christianity the state religion in the Byzantine (Roman) Empire. In 325 A.D. he convoked the First Universal Ecumenical Council where "saint" fathers worked out the first seven creeds of faith. In 330 A.D. he carried the capital to the city of Byzantium which got his name and the city became the capital of the Empire since then.

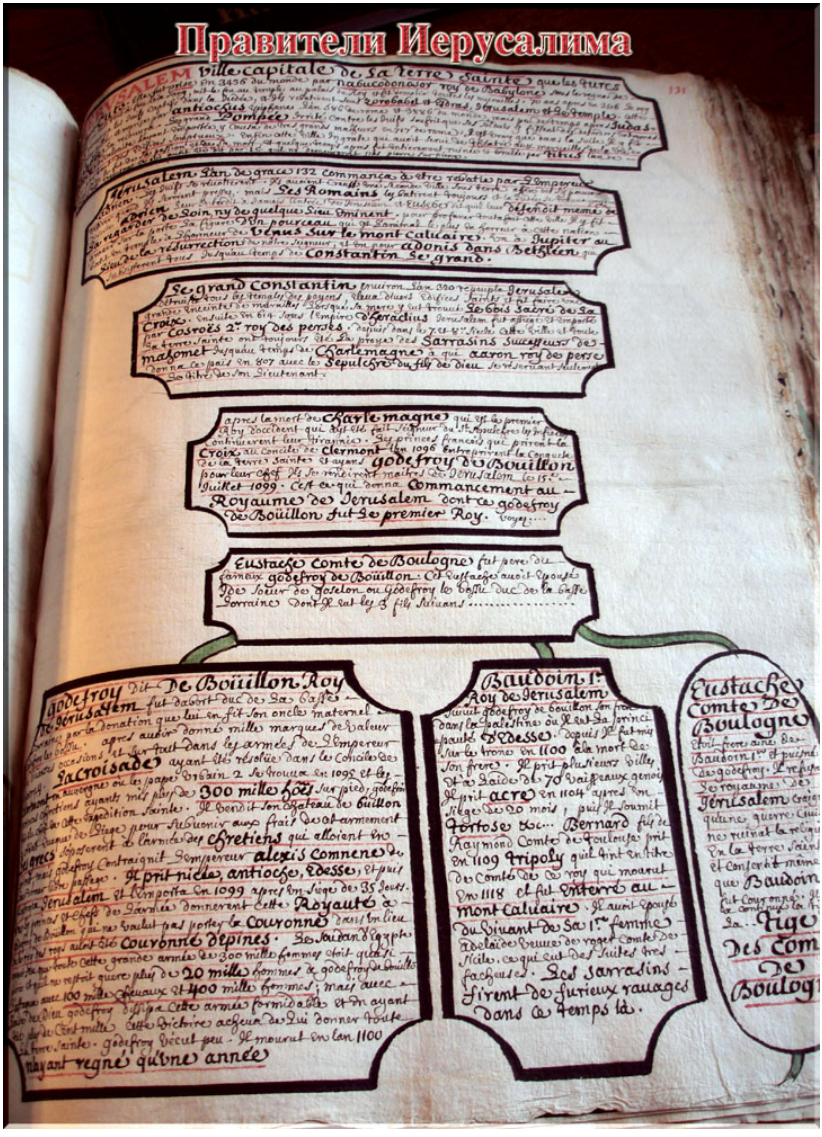
So, here is what we have according to the official "history." The Emperor Constantine the Great declared Christianity the state religion in the city of Byzantium and the supreme priest came to live in it, which means that the city of Byzantium became an official religious center of the Empire even before the First Universal Ecumenical Council but

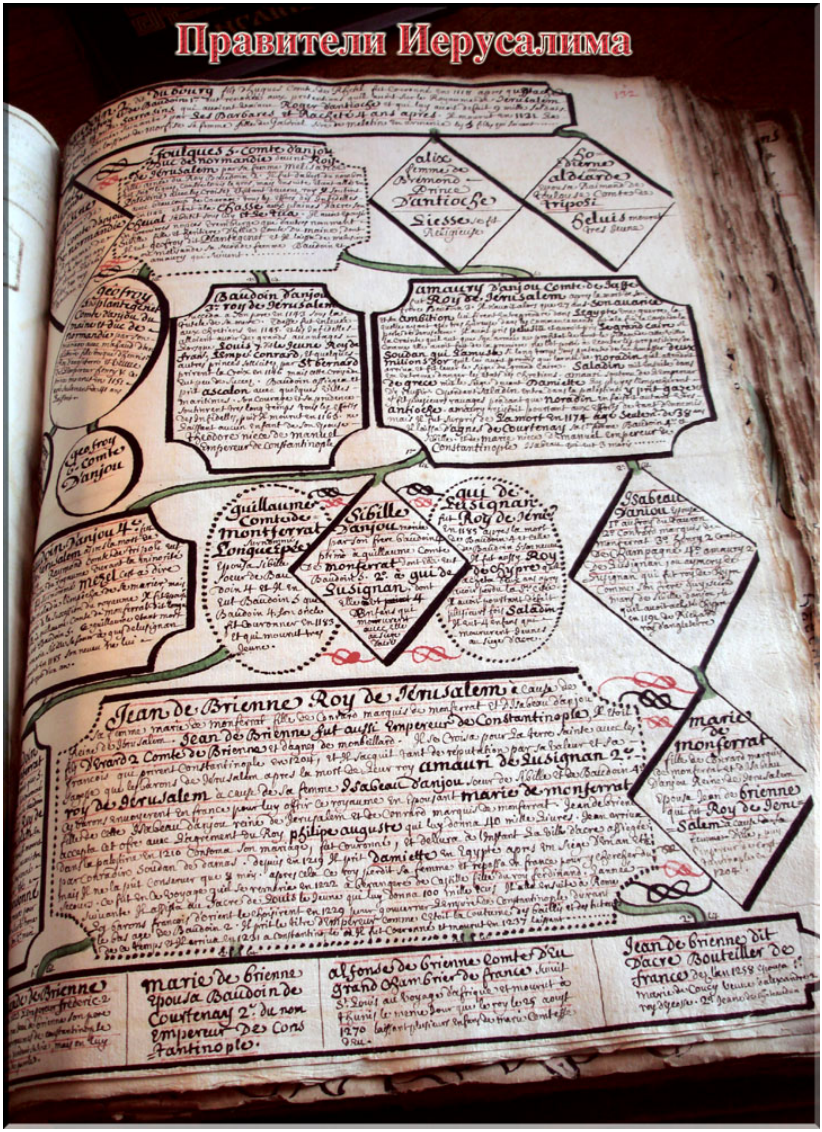

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Divisés en quatre Tomes
Dont le TOM I.ER contient -
1 L'origine des Peuples, généalogie de I.C. &c. - 3.
2 Les Rois et souverains de toute L'europe &c. - 49.
3 Les Rois et princes issus de La 3.me race de nos rois - 148.
4 Les anciens ducs, comtes, et seigneurs souverains - 176.
Carta cat sine tibi, quæ mille volumina præstant


Иерусалим и гербы правящих династий
IERVSALEM
IERUSALEM.


Правители Иерусалима
Jerusalem ville capitale de sa Terre Sainte
Jerusalem
Godefroy de Bouillon Roy de Jerusalem
Baudoin 1er Roy de Jerusalem
Eustache Comte de Boulogne


Правители Иерусалима

from the moment of the announcement of the new state religion, which in fact was the cult of Dionysius, not Christianity, which differ little from each other in their essence! The main difference is the name of a god, while the "skeleton" is the same which allows social parasites to manipulate the past events so easily—they just needed to enter the name of Jesus Christ instead of Dionysius and everything was in "perfect order."

Isn't it interesting? In 320 A.D. Constantine proclaimed "Christianity" the state religion in the city of Byzantium and from this moment he becomes **the first king of Jerusalem**! I repeat, Constantine announced the state religion in **the city of Byzantium**. However, he was not declared the first king of **Byzantium** but of **Jerusalem**! Isn't it odd? But the oddity will disappear at once if we do not use a stereotype which exists now and was imposed by social parasites that Jerusalem is a name of the city. The name of the city where this event happened was Byzantium, which means that the word "Jerusalem" is **not** the name of the city, but the place where the supreme priest of the state religion is located. The point is that in olden times a state could have **two capitals**: **one capital** would represent the **secular power**, and **another capital** would be a center of the **spiritual power**! In order to distinguish which capital represents which power, the capital of the spiritual power was called **Jerusalem**.

So, Constantine I became the king of Jerusalem in 320 A.D. and only in 323 A.D. after he won over his co-ruler Maxentius became the Roman Emperor. So then he had two titles—the king of Jerusalem and the Emperor of Byzantine. Only in 330 A.D. the already Emperor Constantine I transfers the capital of the Empire to the city of Byzantium which shortly after began to be called Constantinople, the city of Constantine. It was precisely then when the city of Byzantium-Constantinople became the secular capital and Jerusalem, the spiritual capital, simultaneously. Therefore Constantinople was also Jerusalem! It is appropriate to mention that far from every Emperor of Byzantine became also the king of Jerusalem. Let us again have a look at the manuscript and find out who else is mentioned as the king of Jerusalem. Surprised, we get to know that the *Duke Godfrey of Bouillon* acquired this title in 1099 A.D., when the crusaders seized Jerusalem (Рис. 5, 144)!

However, the modern interpretation of "history" calls him the first king of Jerusalem for "some" reason which is not true, because it was Constantine the Great who became the first king of Jerusalem in 320 A.D., as follows from the manuscript, and "his" Jerusalem was in the place of the city of Byzantium-Constantinople. Could it be that an er-

ror has crept into the manuscript of the 17th century? It appears that it could not. The manuscript tells that that *Jean de Brienne* was the king of Jerusalem from 1210 to 1221 A.D. and modern "history" tells exactly the same! So, here the manuscript totally coincides with the generally accepted official version (Рис. 5, 144)! But the manuscript also calls *Jean de Brienne* the Emperor of Constantinople! Well, modern history passes over this fact in absolute silence. Although it does mention about the seizure of Constantinople but asserts that it happened only in April, 1204 A.D. during the next Crusade.

There is a strange thing in all this. According to the official version, Jerusalem surrendered on October 2, 1187 A.D. after the sultan Saladin's short-termed siege which happened shortly after the next king of Jerusalem *Baudoin IV* died. We also know from the official version that the crusaders took Constantinople in 1204 A.D and *Jean de Brienne* became the king of Jerusalem. It is of interest that according to the manuscript, all kings of Jerusalem for "some" reason are very closely connected with Constantinople, including *Baudoin IV.* Although they did not always become emperors of Constantinople, as did, for example, Constantine the Great, Duke *Godfrey of Bouillon* or *Jean de Brienne...*

This period of the past is very interesting, but let me leave its complete clarification for a corresponding book. Meanwhile I will come back to my life in the USA at the end of June, 1992 when I conducted my first school-seminar in San Francisco. However, before I do that I cannot help drawing your attention to another important fact of Jesus Christ's life which concerns his wife—Maria Magdalena. I would like to do it for one reason—there are legends related to the only woman from Jesus Christ's nearest circle that remained faithful to him both after his crucifixion and resurrection:

" ... According to another version, a Latin one, in order to elude pursuit Maria Magdalena together with Lazarus and her sister Martha reached the south of France, Provence, by sea. The travellers put ashore between Marseilles and Nimes. Maria settled in the "grotto of solitude" among rocky steep cliffs not far from the settlement of Sainte-Baume (Holy Odour) which got this name in honour of the fragrant oil with which Maria Magdalena oiled Christ's feet. Here she preached His teachings and died in 63 A.D. She was buried in the St-Maximin Abbey which is located about thirty miles from Marseilles... "[14]

This is what according to the official version of history happened to

[14] http://www.historylost.ru/articles/history/12-marija-magdalina-khranitelnica-graalja.html/

Mary Magdalene after Jesus Christ's crucifixion and resurrection, which makes a reader marvel a lot. I will begin with the city of Marseilles:

"... The city is situated in the Lyon bay. It is the largest port of France near the Rona's mouth with which Marseillesis connected via a channel. In the 3rd and 2nd centuries B.C. the city which the Greeks called Massalia was exposed to the attacks of the Celts and Ligures. Therefore in 123 B.C.the city considered entering into an alliance with Rome. The Senate took advantage of the situation and began the territorial expansion to Provence and then to Gallia... "

As obvious from the above extract, the city which was at the place of modern Marseilles was called Massalia in biblical times! Here is some more information about the past of the city of Marseilles:

"... During the war of Caesar with Pompey the Great Massalia was destroyed by Caesar's troops whereupon it fell into decay. The Dukes of Provence brought the city to life in the 10th century. The Crusades played a crucial role in the growth trade value of Marseilles which became an important transit port. In 1481 the city together with Provence joined France... "

As follows from the extract, Caesar's army destroyed the ancient city of Massalia (according to the official version of modern "history"the civil war between Caesar and Pompey was in 49-45 B.C.), whereupon it fell into decay. This city was revived only in the 10th centurydue to the Dukes of Provence and ever since has been called **Marseilles**! Isn't it impressive—the city called Marseillesappeared in the **10th century**A.D. and Mary Magdalene, according to the official legend, **put ashore between Marseilles and Nimes** eluding pursuit in **33 A.D.**? But this is not all! As follows from the history of **Marseilles**, both the city and Provence became part of France **only in 1481**A.D. But this is not all either! There **was no France** in the 1st century A.D. but there **was Gallia**(Рис. 5, 122)

Let us continue to analyze this historical "masterpiece":

"... Here she preached His teachings and died in 63 A.D. She was buried in St-Maximin Abbey which is located about thirty miles from Marseilles.. "

As we have just seen the city called Marseilles appeared in the historical arena only in the 10th century A.D. And a St-Maximin Abbey in the 1st century A.D. could not appear thirty miles even from the city of Massalia, Marseilles's ancient predecessor, because abbeys appeared **only after the church split into Western and Eastern**, even according to the officially accepted version of "history."

On **June 16, 1054** (Julian calendar) the papal ambassador in Constantinople cardinal Humbert put a bull with **anathema** of the Byzan-

tine Patriarch and his followers on the altar of the St. Sofia cathedral. In eight days the Patriarch of Constantinople called the council which in return excommunicated papal legates and all those who supported them. They were anathematized because they acknowledged that the Holy Spirit could come from the god-son. We should bear in mind that the religion existed but it was not called Christianity. Besides, according to the official "version" of Christianity, the Emperor Constantine the Great made "Christianity" the state religion in the Roman Empire only in **320 A.D.**, before it, the first "Christians" went underground and were severely pursued by the authorities. And the modern history told us that Mary Magdalene was buried in St-Maximin Abbey in **63 A.D.**! In fact abbeys were and are the official structural units of the Catholic Church, as dominating and state religion.

There is another fact. The legends about Mary Magdalene say the following:

"... There was a legend which existed on the south coast of France for many centuries that Mary Magdalene brought the Grail to Marseilles together with her sister Martha, her brother Lazarus and Dionysius the Areopagite. Local habitants honoured Mary Magdalene as Jesus' close and true friend, a woman-myrrh-bearer, the first one who saw Christ after resurrection. They considered her a founder of true Christianity and the "mother of the Grail" which as an old legend told, she hid in the cave till her death... "

We have everything clear with the city of Marseilles. Now let us pay attention to a very interesting fact that the inhabitants of the south of France (Note—France, not Gallia which existed in the 1st century A.D.) considered Mary Magdalene **Jesus Christ's wife and a founder of true Christianity and the "mother of the Grail"**. The point is that according to the legends and Jesus Christ's manuscripts Mary Magdalene was **his wife and the mother of his two children—a daughter and a son**! If we take into account that the legends say that the Grail is a bowl with Jesus Christ's blood then the phrase that Maria Magdalene is the mother of the Grail becomes clear. In fact **Jesus Christ's children are his blood, his living continuation**! Then the mother of the Grail is **the mother of Jesus Christ's children**! As for the foundation of true Christianity by Mary Magdalene and what happened then, the legends and official "history" report the following:

"...In 1209-1229 the Roman church undertook the Crusade against Albigeois of South France. In its aspiration to subordinate to its power both bodies and souls, the Roman church could not tolerate, that a free and brilliant culture which did not acknowledged the power of Rome existed in the south of France, in Provence and Languedoc. These wars

left ash and dust. The flourishing land of Provence was totally destroyed and the population exterminated with awful cruelty. The martyrdom of the Cathar communities, their heroic resistance to Rome and self-sacrifice in the name of freedom and Spirit were not in vain.

The war against the Albigeois lasted for twenty years. The castle of Montsepor[15] *where according to legends the Holy Grail was kept became their last refuge. The castle and the land belonged to Esclarmonde de Foix*[16]*, a real historical person. She was a noble lady and initiated having high holy orders, who headed the resistance to the end. The legend calls her a keeper of the Grail; her name is surrounded by legend, Otto Rahn retold one of which in his book "The Crusade against the Grail" basing it on the words of a shepherd-highlander. The Holy Grail isn't depicted there as a bowl which Mary Magdalene kept but as a jewel which fell out of Lucifer's crown when the Fallen Angel was thrown from the sky to earth.*

When the walls of Montsepor still stood, the Cathars guarded the Holy Grail. But Montsepor was in danger. Lucifer's army was already near its walls. They needed the Grail in order to return it to the crown of their ruler. Esclarmonde, the keeper of the Grail, threw the precious relict into the entrails of a mountain. The mountain closed up again and thus the Grail was saved. When the devils entered the castle, they understood that they were too late. In anger they burned all Pure ones (Cathars), near the rocks on which the castle stood, on the field of fires. Esclarmonde was the only one who did not die. On hiding the Grail, she walked on the top of the mountain, turned into a white pigeon and flew to the mountains.

The crusaders did not find either the Cathars' treasures or the Holy Grail. It is highly likely that they are still in Languedoc now. Some tracks, including the discoveries of the 19th century, lead to Rennes le Chateau where the Holy Grail was especially honoured"[17]*.*

Interesting, isn't it? Here is how an article in Wikipedia interprets these events:

"The Albigeois Crusade or Cathar Crusade (1209—1229) was a 20-year military campaign initiated by the Roman Catholic Church to eliminate the Cathar heresy in Languedoc. When Innocent III's diplomatic attempts to roll back Catharism met with little success and after the papal legate Pierre de Castelnau was murdered (allegedly by an agent serving the Cathar count of Toulouse), Innocent III declared a crusade

[15] The correct name of the castle is Montsegur.

[16] The castle belonged to *Esclarmonde de Perelha,* Esclarmonde de Foix's niece, because the latter was already dead.

[17] The journal "Technology to youth" №12, 2005.

against Languedoc, offering the lands of the schismatics to any French nobleman willing to take up arms. The violence led to France's acquisition of lands with closer cultural and linguistic ties to Catalonia (see Occitan). An estimated 200,000 to 1,000,000 people were massacred during the crusade.

The Albigensian Crusade also had a role in the creation and institutionalization of both the Dominican Order and the Medieval Inquisition... "

The time of the Crusade against the Cathar movement draws attention again. If Mary Magdalene created true Christianity in Provence and Languedoc in the 1st century A.D., it is very strange that Pope Innocent III waged war against her followers only in the 13th century A.D. declaring them heretics! Everything turns out to be very strange: the first Crusade, the purpose of which was to liberate the Holy Sepulchre took place in 1095-1099 A.D. and was terminated by the seizing of Jerusalem-Constantinople. They waited for almost eleven centuries to punish Christ's killers and then decided to punish the "heretics", Mary Magdalene's followers, but only after twelve centuries! Roman Popes had seemingly strange logic, but this oddity disappears at once, if we pay attention to the fact that **the Cathars considered themselves pure**, and called the crusaders sent by Innocent III **Lucifer's army** or **the servants of the devil**!

So, if we take into account that Jesus Christ was crucified in Jerusalem-Constantinople in 1086, then all oddities in the legend about Mary Magdalene will disappear, because then France existed as a country, just as did the city of Marseille as a city, etc. The oddities will disappear not only in the legend about Mary Magdalene but in everything abovementioned. Although I did not give all the arguments, what was given is more than enough to unmask the official version of "history"! The person who is called Jesus Christ called the God Jehovah the **devil** which is evident even from the New Testament. He called the chosen people of this God the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Before Radomir (Jesus Christ), a transmitter of Vedic traditions, appeared in the historical arena, **the cult of Dionysius** which had been leading then in Europe from the times of Constantine the Great totally **discredited** itself!

Jesus Christ shook the whole of Europe with his deeds and the fathers of the Greek religion (as it was called in the 10th century A.D.) and the Judaic high priests behind them decided that Jesus Christ would be an excellent candidate for the role of the new messiah. They "bustled" a little and presented the "new" religion covered by the light and pure name of the man who devoted all his life to fighting social

parasites which used Judaism in all its varieties to enslave people and the first victims of which were Israelites—the sheep of the house of Israel!

So, very quickly so-called Greek religion turned into Christianity. It happened at the beginning of the 12th century A.D. And here a problem arose, a huge one! In the south of France there was a real Jesus Christ's teaching kept and saved from lies by his loving wife, the mother of his children—Mary Magdalene. The true situation was known not only in the higher stratum of the society of that time but also by ordinary people. The teaching spread quicker and quicker. What did Pope Innocent III do? He sent the crusader army **against Jesus Christ's true teaching**!

Albigeois'resistance lasted for twenty years, but the forces were not equal and the last defender fell. The crusaders which the Cathars called the devil's army destroyed **one million people**! Just imagine this humanitarian catastrophe: a million inhabitants were totally exterminated, which for the 13thcentury A.D. was an unbelievable number, in two provinces of southern France, whereupon the provinces of Provence and Languedoc turned into deserts and were repopulated later. It is of interest how the Cathars were called by their enemies. The Cathars' main city was the city of Albiand the Cathars were non-Israelite, in other words they were the **goyim**from **Albi**! Israelites called all other people goyim. The confluence of these two words gave the name under which these people are known in history—**Albigeois**[18]!

I think that there is no need to explain who gave such a name to these people and why they all were massacred without any exception, even children, women and old people—everything was done according to Jehovah's commandments in complete accordance with the Torah! It becomes very clear why the Cathars called the crusaders the army of the **devil—Lucifer**! Few know that **Lucifer**is another name for the God of Israelites. Not many know that the name **Lucifer**is translated from Latin as **bearing light**. In order to understand what "light"this god bears and to whom, it is enough to read several lines from the **Torah—Pentateuch**:

. . . . . .

1. For, behold, **the darkness** shall cover **the earth**, and **gross**

[18] The word *Albigeois* derives from Latin *Albigenses* : Albi+gens +es. The latter is a Latin ending for plural. The word *gens* means "clan, race, nation, people, tribe", including belonging to a distinct nation or ethnicity, the derivative of which is the term Gentile which refers to non-Israelite tribes or nations in English translations of the Bible, and serves as the Latin translation of the Hebrew word *[5D2?][5D5?][5D9?]* (***goy***). (*E.L.*)

darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

2. And the Gentiles shall come to **thy light**, and kings to **the brightness of thy rising**.

. . . . . .

This extract shows clearly what "light" the God Jehovah brings and to whom and why this "God" has another name yet—**bearing light** or **Lucifer** which straightly follows from the Torah!

Certainly, I did not have everything at hand in 1992, but I now supplement my words with real facts and documents, which I think will help readers to get a more complete picture of the tragedy which was played out around the life and death of the person who brought joy to the world (Radomir—literal translation from Russian "the joy of the world") mostly known under the name of Jesus Christ...

All my excursions into the past of our civilization concerning the essence and nature of religions caused real shock in my listeners. To finish the story which created a lot of havoc in my lectures, I would like to put the last "touch" from our reality. My student Sheela who was a Palestinian Jew came to me after all this and asked what should she do with everything that she knew? Before I answered her I gave her a home task.

It was quite simple (if we take into account that she had come through my brain transformation, because she had wonderful initial conditions). I asked her to look through her several last lives. This task surprised her but not much. It is likely that nothing could shock her in my school yet and she promised to do it. The next morning she came in dumbfounded! Her first question was about the meaning of what she had seen. She told me that she was an Eskimo in one of her incarnations, and a black woman in another one, and she was a Russian in her penultimate life!

Being still in a stupor, she tried to reproduce the name which she had read on her Russian grave: ".... Nicolai ... I could not read fully the name on the grave, many letters are unclear for me and the name is strange... Viach..."—she tried to pronounce a Russian name difficult to pronounce for any foreigner. So, I did not wait till the end of her "suffering" and finished "Viacheslav"—"Yes, yes ... this was exactly the name! " she exclaimed with joy. When we found out these details I asked her: "Tell me, please, who you are: a Jew, an Eskimo, a black woman or a Russian?" A body with certain genetics is clothing

[19] *The Pentateuch and Haftorahs*. The book of Dvarim, Yeshayagu LX, 2-3, p. 1286, "Mosty cultury", 2004, ISBN 5-93273-047-1.

for our spirit (soul). Certainly, the "clothes" are important, but most important is who wears this bodily clothing!

It is important who you are and what you do in these "clothes" and all the rest is secondary.

Chapter 6.

Some words about meditation

I would say that my first school-seminar in San Francisco appeared to be successful: I made many of my listeners hear, see and experience, to put it mildly, some unusual things. As I wrote before, for one or another reason, a good few of my listeners did not pay for the school despite the fact that I did not just give lectures, but raised their level of evolutional development too. These are not mere words as some sceptics or people who have gone through "spiritual" schools, that promised to raise their evolutional potential, may say. It is highly likely that one or another "guru" offered them different techniques of meditation to reach enlightenment and spiritual development. I have touched on meditation several times in this book: nevertheless, I would like to draw your attention to one of the important details which I have not analyzed yet.

When a person does any type of meditation, he or she opens up and the question is: to what?

Usually different "spiritual" teachers talk about streams of some space "energy" or Earth's "vital force" or about the two things together. Well, frankly speaking, those "gurus" have a very vague idea about "space" or any other "energies" despite their very confident words. The point is that energy is only a property of matter and cannot exist without the latter, like the speed of a car cannot exist without the car. Speed can be high or low, depending on the engine power, but it does not exist on its own, independent of the car. It is only a unit, accepted to measure the motion of a car in the space it occupies. The same can be said of energy. It is also a **speed, but the speed of the matter's qualitative change**.

Matter passes from one qualitative state into another and changes in the process, as happens, for example, with burning. The more strongly the initial state of matter differs from its final state, the greater the gradient of properties and qualities between the two states. Man learned to use these qualitative gradients and made them work usefully for him and for his own convenience introduced certain measuring units. There is nothing bad in it but we should remember that **energy** is a

conventional unit introduced by man.

There is one more thing: we can speak about energy only in the case of irreversible processes. Let me clarify a little what they are. For example, when material objects like logs, coal, petrol, etc. burn, plasma, with positive and negative ions, is formed. On burning completely, ash and soot remain and it does not matter how hard you may try, they will never become logs, coal, etc again, even if they burn partially. Precisely these processes are called irreversible and man learned to use them to his peaceful (and not very peaceful) ends.

Coming back to meditation...

The streams of matter going through man in the process of meditation are **invisible** to the majority of people; they can just feel it, at very best. In fact this matter, invisible to the ordinary eye and modern devices, acquired the name "dark matter" and forms 90% of the matter of the Universe. I call it primary matter because **the qualitative composition** of this "dark matter" is **anisotropic** (heterogeneous). Those who wish to learn more about the concept of primary matters can read my book "The Last Appeal to Mankind".

I "piled up" all this in order to make readers understand that in the process of any meditation the streams of matter or the streams of primary matters which have different characteristics and qualities and different qualitative composition and proportional correlation, flow through the human body. I would like to repeat the streams of primary matters of different qualitative composition and proportion flow through man in the process of any kind of meditation! This is very important in order to understand what happens with man when he or she meditates.

Here is what happens...

The streams of "dark matter" or primary matters begin to flow through man and 70 to 90% of these **do not agree qualitatively with the human physical body and the structures of the spirit**. This could mean only one thing: if a person meditates intensively and for a long time, all his or her structures appear to become blocked with a slag-like waste product and destroyed to a greater or lesser degree. So, instead of an evolutional jump during meditation a person gets quite the contrary thing — the loss of his or her evolutional potential earned in previous lives.

Someone may ask, why does the "energy" of the Universe result in "slag" in the body and evolutional losses?

The answer is rather simple. Primary matters or the "dark matter" are neither bad nor good; any matter just "is". The matter of the Universe can be **compatible or incompatible with living matter**.

If the streams of matter qualitatively harmonize with the structure of living matter, then everything is all right. But if they do not, then "slag-forming" in the living matter takes place.

Living matter can be seriously harmed and even destroyed also in the case of its complete qualitative harmony with the streams of Universal matter, if their power is too large. For example, the human nervous system works by means of weak ionic currents: the concentration of sodium and potassium ions changes along the myelin shell of axons (neuron endings) as a result of irritation of the nerve-ending receptors. Weak currents also control the functioning of the heart. However, if millions of volts go through the human body, it will simply burn. A thunderbolt is an evident confirmation of this. Therefore, if the power of the primary matter streams exceeds the carrying capacity of living matter, it is gradually destroyed and on reaching a certain critical level dies.

Certainly, different people have different qualities and, therefore, one and the same meditation can cause significant damage in one person and less in another, but the essence does not change — it is a harmful thing. Then a question arises: why there are so many different "gurus" all over the world who promise "spiritual" growth to people through meditation? A lot of people fell for these lies! Regrettably, the level of brain-washing is so high that almost nobody thinks over an obvious thing: if we increase the power of the current in a black and white TV set, it will not produce a colour display! The TV set will burn out, at very best or set fire to everything around it, at worst.

Hundreds of millions of people all over the world meditate using different methods, and if we take into account that a prayer is a variety of meditation too, then the number of such people will be several billions! People have been meditating for years, even centuries, but, did they get what they had been promised — spiritual growth, paradise, etc.? They got nothing of the kind!

In fact, the "great" Eastern teachers appear to be light-fingered! This is not a slander or malicious "sputtering" because of envy — which is how blind fanatics of the "Great" Eastern teachings will immediately label my words. I have to disappoint them — they are wrong. Here is why. Much later, in 2006, fate brought me together with a woman who had the title of Mahatma. One of my students was acquainted with her and one day, while chatting she mentioned my name and my ability to transform the human brain and create dramatically new abilities. The woman-Mahatma showed a great interest in this and asked my student to give me her telephone number and requested that I call her, which I did.

I had never spoken to a Mahatma before, but I had heard and read a lot about people with this highest spiritual title of India, and was curious as to who they were and fate granted me a chance to get to know one of them. I do not mention the name of this woman, although it is well-known all over the world. The point is not in her name, but in what is behind all this!

She was interested above all in the brain transformation and the resulting abilities and qualities! She asked me to carry out it with her, but I neither refused nor accepted and began to converse with her. I asked her whether she could answer to my question: where did Hindus get their knowledge from? Without any hesitation she said that seven White Teachers who came from the North, from behind the Himalayas, brought it to them. I knew it, but I wanted to know what the Mahatmas knew and said on this occasion, because they belong to the highest spiritual caste in India and there is nobody higher than they. I was surprised that she answered my question immediately, without any hesitation, and her answer was truthful.

Then I asked her the next question: would a person who perfectly understood quantum physics explain it to small children? A sane person won't do it, because it is useless and the matter is not in children themselves: they are not dumb or anything of the kind. They just need to grow up and graduate to secondary school, and the most talented ones should enter higher educational establishments and only there, on their third or fourth year, will they study a course of quantum physics. At least this how it was when I went to school and university. She agreed with my position. Then I said if she agreed with such a position, she would agree that the **seven Great White teachers gave only the "alphabet" and basic "grammar" of knowledge to Hindu "children"**! She agreed with that too. After that I asked her: "Then why do the Hindus spread the knowledge which was brought to them, claiming it to be theirs, whilst in addition considerably distorting it?" She did not answer this question and changed the course of the discussion.

In fact she could not give any answer, or rather if she had given an honest answer, then everything to which she devoted her life would have acquired a very specific shade incompatible with any concept of high spirituality; however, if she had lied, what high spirituality we could talk about then? Thus both her honest and lying answer would have cast a heavy shadow on the Eastern teachers' "high spirituality"! I did not insist on getting an answer — everything was clear for me even without it. I just did not know that people who have the title of Mahatma know all this and, nevertheless, calmly continue to play the

oracle as Great Spiritual Teachers of the East!

It appears that, not only the Mahatmas, but also any person who would enter the Vedic University in India knows that too. They know and all the same they continue to say that they are the transmitters of India's high spiritual knowledge! They keep silent and continue to **lie** to trustful people, mainly of the White Race, the descendants of which forgot the grandeur of their truly Great Ancestors: social parasites did their best to sink the glorious history of the White Race into oblivion. All Western civilization kneels in devout trembling before "Great" Eastern Teachers who lie to them and besides which, **know** that they lie!

Can they be really called Great Spiritual Teachers that bear light and high spirituality? Because of their lies I think they **cannot**!

Moreover, on getting some basic elements from the people of the White Race, the people of Dravidia (Ancient India), the Hindus' distant ancestors, considerably and consciously distorted them and introduced a lot of their "understanding" of "quantum physics". And now these elements of Vedic knowledge are actively imposed upon the descendants of those who gave these elements to the ancient Hindus, and those same descendants have been forced to forget the Vedic culture and knowledge of their ancestors for millennia!

It is of interest that social parasites actively help modern "gurus" to carry the "light" of ancient knowledge to those whose full-fledged Vedic knowledge has been destroyed for centuries together with all its transmitters!

Social parasites put all possible mass media at the disposal of modern "spiritual" teachers: TV, radio, newspapers and magazines, the Internet — everything is flooded with the methods of different eastern "gurus"; millions of books of different "spiritual" trends are published. Social parasites take great pains to create and cultivate the enthusiasm for eastern "spiritual" teachings at all levels of society.

Do you think that social parasites have begun to care about people? Do you think that they have changed all of a sudden?

Not at all! When propagandizing eastern "gurus", they do everything in order that true Vedic knowledge should never be restored to life in the people of the White Race, and the mass media which they control do everything to discredit even the idea of the White Race's Vedic knowledge. When they fail in doing this, they try either to put their own man at the head of any group of people who study or propagandize the true Vedic knowledge, or they use bribery, blackmail, threats and other similar methods in order to force people who have begun to bring the Vedic knowledge to other people to do it in such

a way that everything can be discredited or distorted! Often they use both methods simultaneously.

So, social parasites widely support the "great" Eastern teachers at all levels, and pursue those people of the White Race who try to revive the true Vedic concepts, using all possible methods and means! This state of affairs suggests certain ideas and conclusions, doesn't it? Everything is clear for any independently thinking person.

The same situation can be observed in science. In order to hide truth that the Russian language is a basis of all languages of the people of the White race (and not only), the linguistic "scientists" entered the concept of Indo-European languages. Then it turns out that all modern languages of the White Race originated from Sanskrit, in other words, they came from Ancient India, just as all the tribes of the White Race came from there!

This is a complete absurdity, which nobody wants to notice, but the people who do notice are declared mad, dabblers or pseudo-scientists! But there is no evidence that tribes of the White Race lived on the territory of India. Archaeological excavations find no signs of their mass residence there. People for whom Sanskrit was a native language have never lived in India in the past and do not live there now! Even a thousand years ago only the Indian elite, the caste of Brahmans, had access to Sanskrit in India and people of other castes got the chance to study it only in the twentieth century, but all the time Sanskrit was a **dead language** in India!

These "scientific" theories were invented in order to hide the fact that Sanskrit got to Ancient India during two Aryan conquests. The first conquest began in 2817 according to Slavonic-Aryan chronology (2692 B.C.) from Belovodie (Western Siberia). They returned home in 2893 (2616 B.C.). The Khan Uman (the Supreme Priest of the Goddess Tara's Light cult) was appointed a spiritual adviser to the king of forest people (the Dravidians) during the second conquest of Dravidia by Slavs-Aryans in 3503 (2 006 B.C.). Exactly after the Second conquest some Aryans remained on Dravidian lands and it was exactly their descendants which formed the caste of the Brahmans (priests) and Kshatriyas (warriors).

The Aryan warriors had kept the purity of the race for a thousand years, but then they had to mix with the local population in order to avoid degeneration. The mixing was of limited character because of the rigid caste system which they had created. That is why in modern India only the representatives of these castes have a very light skin, almost white, and sometimes blue or green eyes. People from these two castes (primarily, from the caste of the Brahmans) study and know Sanskrit

which is... **Russian**, although frozen in time for several thousand years!

There never was an exodus of any "Indo-Europeans" from Ancient India (Dravidia)! Social parasites distorted everything. It was the descendants (children and grandchildren) of the Slavs-Aryans, who had gone to Ancient India for the First Aryan conquest, who returned to their Motherland in Belovodie (Western Siberia) in **seventy six years**. The Second Aryan conquest resulted in some of the Slavs-Aryans staying in Dravidia after they had banished the priestesses of Kali-Ma from its territory, and their greater part did not return home; they went to the west and south-west from Ancient India and settled in Mesopotamia subduing local tribes and created several new Slavonic-Aryan states the best known of which was the Persian Empire.

Social parasites use exactly this fact in order to ground their fairy-tale about Indo-European languages and tribes which have gone from Ancient India. This done in order to lead away from the truth: all of the White Race languages were based on the **languages of the Slavs-Aryans**[1]! The social parasites do their best to prevent this information from being widely known!

Regrettably, they are not the only ones. When the "great" Vedic teachers arrive in Russia, they are surprised on hearing Russian language, especially its northern dialect. They say they are delighted to hear the **living Sanskrit**, thus, confirming that **Russian is Sanskrit**, but after the Eastern "sages" experience unspeakable pleasure from the sounds of the living Sanskrit, they forget about it very quickly and continue to tell about "their" Great Vedic Culture and "their" ancient pra-language — **Sanskrit** to the whole World!

No matter how one may see it, what I mentioned cannot be inherent in transmitters of Light! Unconscious lie based on ignorance is a misunderstanding, but **conscious lie is a crime**! So, there is a question: who do they serve and to whose "mill" do these "great" Eastern teachers bring grist and where do they lead millions of blind people which believe them?

There is another aspect of this...

The "great" teachers promise "unbelievable" abilities to their followers. So, what are those "unbelievable" abilities? They are the following: the astral body of a person can exit the physical one; a person can per-

[1] There were four kinds of writing of the Great Race: *Da'Aryan Trags*, which were a base for the letters of the Aegean civilization and hieroglyphs of Egypt, Mesopotamia, China, Korea and Japan; *Kh'Aryan Runes* were used in Sanskrit; *Sviatorussian Images* served as a base for the alphabets of European countries and *Russenian Molvitsa* served for the Etruscan and Phoenician alphabet. (*E.L.*)

form so called astral travels and, if lucky "enough", a person can achieve the state of **Nirvana** or **Absolute** and merge with it experiencing an unbelievable "ecstasy". Nevertheless, none of the "great" teachers explains what Nirvana is in general and the state of Nirvana in particular, and what happens with a person when he finds himself in it. Nobody explains anything except for talking about immersion into ecstasy.

When I hear or read about it, I remember the results of an experiment with rats. An electrode was implanted into the center of pleasure of an animal and connected to an electrical circuit. A special plate served as an interruption of the circuit. On pressing it, a rat experienced pleasure. A quick-witted rat began to press the plate and continued doing it without a break until fell down dead! The only "comfort" for the rat was the fact that it died in a state of pleasure. Here are what analogies come to mind when I hear or read about higher "spiritual" achievements. So, hurry, hurry to "perfection" — there you will find physical and spiritual death, but a "sweet" one!

As for astral travels and exiting a physical body, it is at kindergarten level, not higher abilities at all! But even they are not achieved by every follower. In reality the use of these contemplative astral trips is equal to zero. At the same time the methods offered to the followers of these "teachings" are extremely dangerous and in the end result in the destruction of the human spirit! This is what the seekers for spiritual perfection get instead of spiritual growth!

Meanwhile hundreds of millions of people all over the world meditate using different methods given by one or another "great guru" and everyone waits for enlightenment and spiritual growth which do not come! People turn into butterflies which fly toward light and instead of getting what was promised, they gradually burn themselves in the false light which the "gurus" offer them, because in the process of meditation they give the only valuable thing they have — their **vital force** — to the parasitic systems which are behind those "gurus". People give exactly that which they need to grow spiritually and without which any spiritual growth and even simple creative work is **impossible**!

This kind of cynicism of the "great gurus" looks like malicious insults toward blind people who search for spirituality and enlightenment! The "Great mother" of Sahaja-yoga, Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi (Nirmala Srivastava), declares openly to her followers that if a person feels a chill along the spine during the meditation in her honour, he or she is saved: all the problems and illnesses disappear and the person does not need to do anything anymore, etc.

This is not a "slander" on the "great" woman, but what **she writes** in her autobiographic book *Meta Modern Era*, which Nadezda Yakovlevna

Anshukova sent to me in San Francisco at the beginning of 2006. She and other people would like to know my opinion concerning both the book and Sahaja yoga in general. I can get a clear idea of something by the scanning and following analysis of the information, but I prefer to make an appraisal of someone or something based on the information which comes from the person directly, as the opinion of other people both positive and negative reflect their own opinion and not the opinion and understanding of the person about whom they talk or write. Therefore Shri Matadji Nirmala Devi's book *Meta Modern Era* is an ideal source to have an idea about her and her teaching, because it is her autobiography. The judgments and concepts given in the book are not distorted by other persons, but reflect the position of the author and her own conclusions.

When I began to read this book, the fact that the author completely lacked for understanding of what she is writing about surprised me. I had an impression that the book was written by a quite illiterate person at the level of a house-keeper. A house-keeper can be a very well-educated woman, but the book was written precisely **at the level of a house-keeper**. There would be nothing bad in that, if she had not suggested her understanding of "spirituality" and self-realization. I was amazed how she described the "awakening" of her Kundalini. She vividly described a sunset in the Indian Ocean and how she saw that an orange-red ball of energy moved from the coccyx along her vertebral column and exploded in her head! This episode served for her as a foundation to declare to the whole world that she reached her **self-realization and higher understanding** and, what is the most interesting, that now she can teach others to do the same!

When I read these revelations, I could not help being surprised: the person who wrote them does not **understand (even at the elementary level) what happened to her**, despite the fact that she was born and educated in India, in a family belonging to the caste of maharajas and **must** know such elementary things, but she does not!

In order that everyone can understand my surprise, I will give some explanations. The red colour indicates that a person is in a state of stress and on the verge of psychical exhaustion. The orange colour is an indicator of sexual energy, in this case of its excessive accumulation. I hope that there is no need to comment what this means. And the story about the red-orange ball of energy that lifted along her vertebral column and blazed with flame in her head speaks volumes, at least to me. I will refrain from giving a detailed explanation of what happened to her and what it means in reality out of respect to her as a woman, but I would like to say some words about what the release of the energy

from Kundalini means in reality according to the concepts of higher Indian yogis.

They use the "Kundalini awakening" to drive their spirits out of the physical body which they call astral exiting. The correctly controlled release of the Kundalini energy simply knocks the spirit out of the human body and one has to be sure to protect the human brain structure, which is responsible for returning the spirit back into the body, from destruction in the process. Therefore the first "Kundalini awakening" is usually guided by an experienced teacher who in the case of necessity controls the release of the energy and sends it in the necessary direction.

Even those precautionary measures sometimes are unable to control everything and the spirit knocked out from the physical body **cannot return into the body and the person falls into coma or dies on the spot**. One way or another, the Kundalini energy release is only an instrument used to exit the physical body, but the phenomenon itself **does not mean spiritual perfection**! When the energy of Kundalini is released into the head, a person experiences euphoria and ecstasy, because the structures of the brain are forced to open on other levels of reality in the process of the artificial and forcible exit from the physical body, and the human brain is satiated by the streams from these levels. However, this in no way is related to spiritual evolving and, even more so, to spiritual perfection! It is a mere mechanism or a method which is used to knock the spirit out of the body.

If the euphoria which a person experiences when the spirit is knocked out of the physical body is considered a **manifestation of "higher" spirituality**, then all **drug addicts** are "**highly spiritual" people**, because they experience the same euphoria when taking drugs. The result is the same, only the methods are different! Besides there are a number of other ways of exiting the body which are not as barbarous and dangerous as releasing the vital force from the Kundalini!

So, the phenomenon which happened to our house-keeper, by the way, she calls herself so, is just a spontaneous release of her vital force which resulted in her head blazing with flame when the orange—red ball hit her brain, as she describes it. One of the principal reasons for this was the very strong and long-lasting nervous stress which she experienced then. So, she misinterpreted what happened to her as a result of this spontaneous release of energy which has nothing to do with spiritual perfection whatsoever. The Kundalini energy release **can in no way be interpreted as getting spiritual perfection**! Moreover, it **does not result in the self-realization** of any person, as this "Great mother" declares, neither her followers who feel the "chill" nor herself inclusive! Any self-realization happens through conscious

actions when a person totally understands the responsibility for his every action.

I was also surprised by her passive position of non-interference, examples of which she gives in the book. Can a person who has reached spiritual perfection really say this?! She describes a quite ugly situation she witnessed in a local London train, if I am not mistaken. But most of all I was shocked by the hypocrisy found in the book. Shri Matadji Nirmala Devi describes her indignation relating to gurus who take money for their teaching and affirms that a sahaja-yogi does not take money, but on the contrary, makes gifts in order to make another person happy. She describes a soulful example: a sahaja-yogi came to a shop with his friend who saw an object which he liked very much. The sahaja-yogi did not have enough money and asked a shop assistant to reserve it for him until he gathered the necessary sum. Later he came back to the shop, bought it and presented to his friend who was extremely happy about it.

Here we observe a subtle "hint" for a follower of Sahaja-yoga: he or she should aim to bring joy to his neighbour via gifts. And who is the nearest and dearest for a sahaja-yogi? Certainly, the "Great mother" is, because any meeting of the followers begins with singing an hour-long laudation for the "mother" the result of which is tens of castles and palaces all over the world, hundreds of expensive cars, jewelry, a lot of other valuable gifts and, certainly, "tons" of money which her followers generously put into obligingly placed urns for donations.

It is of interest that neither she nor her helpers in this "sacred" business pay taxes, but those who present gifts do. For example, in the USA the cost of gifts is not excluded from taxes. More precisely, when a person has paid all the taxes, he or she has the right to present only ten thousand dollars per year to one person free of tax. This is in the case of a cash gift, but if a person buys something, only fifty dollars can be written off independent of the value of the gift, which means that a person spends money both for the gift to the "Great mother" and **fifty five percent** of its cost goes to the state. Imagine what the expenses would be for a person which presents a quite expensive gift, for example, a palace. Well, according to Sahaja-yoga he should be unspeakably glad, because he made his beloved "mom" happy with his gift!

I can go on telling about other "highly spiritual" revelations written in this book, but I will mention just another one in order to put a big "full stop" on the SY matter. She writes that the power in the world should pass into the hands of sahaja-yogis, because they are already self-realized and have fallen out of the wheel of reincarnation! However,

before saying this, she convinced the reader at some length that when a sahaja-yogi gets his self-realization, he should do nothing, and if he does, his actions will be neutralized, because he is free of karma, which means he **must do nothing**! She insists that any action a person performs is "working off" his karma, but she does not explain what karma is and some pages later she says that only sahaja-yogis should rule the world!

Isn't it an unexpected turn? In order to rule the world one should carry out an enormous amount of actions every day and be responsible for them. However, this contradiction does not perplex, which is quite understandable — it is a matter of **power over the world**! "Free" from karma sahaja-yogis can rule the world, despite her statement that a self-realized sahaja-yogi should not do anything at all, including her! But she travels all over the world, carries out meetings, meets people, gives advice, even chooses fiancées and fiancés for her followers and receives continuous praise and takes **gifts** which she readily uses, especially if it is a castle or a palace.

This is not a slander on a "wonderful" person, but her own ideas which she reflected upon in her book. I am just surprised that many people who read this book do not see obvious things. The fact that **does not** surprise me is why social parasites so actively advertise and eulogize her all over the world. This one thing should be a warning for all her followers, because social parasites pitilessly destroy everything and everyone, which can do any harm to them.

There is another moment which is not related directly to the subject which I discuss. In her book Shri Matadji Nirmala Devi cites some verses of an Ancient Indian poet and laments that few could enjoy the beauty of these verses even in those times, more than a thousand years ago, because the author wrote the verses in **Sanskrit**. In other words in **Russian**! This means that **there were no people who could speak Sanskrit** on the territory of Ancient India a thousand years ago and could not be, because these people never lived in Ancient India, but lived in Great Asia [asia], now known as Russia! Only the descendants of those who stayed in India after the Second Aryan conquest saved it in memory of their Ancestor Ruses.

Thus, Nadezda Yakovlevna Anshukova's question brought me to a book which showed that there is a distorted world view and **ignorance** behind the "Great" Eastern teachers' masks. It is of interest that it is they who reveal their **ignorance** in their biographies. A self-exposure of the "great" gurus' ignorance is the best method for unmasking them. Although some Eastern teachers indeed tried to find the truth and light, the basis on which they relied was initially distorted. Unfortu-

nately for them, it could not be otherwise, because when little children do not want to "grow out of their short pants" and instead of this, begin to retell "quantum physics" at their level, bringing their own "understanding" then nothing good comes out of it.

So, people, don't be in a hurry to kiss the ground "Great" Eastern teachers walk on: you would do better to look deeper into yourselves and wake up your sleeping genetic memory and you will then understand that you have been searching in the wrong place! You will remember and understand that it was your ancestors who gave some grains of truth to ancient Hindus, Chinese, Egyptians, Maya, Aztecs and Inca which preserved and distorted them with time so that they lost the initial sparks of light, saving only an external shell. When you understand it, don't kneel and sing hour-long praises of a **housekeeper** because she considered that she reached **spiritual perfection** only because the red-orange ball of vital force **exploded** in her head!..

But why do people kneel, why do they eulogize the "Great mother" for hours?

One of the principal reasons for this is that she **promises** people **freedom from illnesses, financial problems, etc**, for which they just need **to eulogize her and feel the chill**! If a person feels a "chill" along the spine, all his problems should **disappear**, but they **don't**! And the person begins to eulogize the "Great mother" more zealously, "presents" her his last penny, tries to feel the "**correct chill**", but the problems remain, more precisely, they became aggravated and increase in number, because they disappear when a person actively fights them, instead of waiting for their miraculous evaporation.

I remember an old cartoon film. An ordinary Soviet schoolboy got into a fairy-tale and met two lads able to grant him any request. The boy asked for cakes, ice-cream, sweets, etc., made himself comfortable on the grass, anticipating the sweet feast. The lads materialized everything he ordered and ... ate everything themselves. Amazed, the boy asked: "Are you eating them for me too?" "Sure", — they answered.

So, in what do the SY followers differ from the cartoon film protagonist? In nothing! The "Great mother" and her nearest circle sweetly eat for them, and they just wait for what was promised to them to happen. They wait and wait and wish very much for it to happen, but it doesn't. Regrettably, they don't understand that mere wishing is not enough! One needs to act and solve the problems with labour and sweat and actively **struggle with injustice**!

Regrettably, social parasites achieved a lot on our planet using their social weapon. They created and propagated various religions among people based on the Judaic one, which eliminated the strong people,

in other words the transmitters of alpha-genetics, of each nation and imposed passivity on the rest by saying that a human being should accept slave status without a murmur and then God will grant them paradisiacal life after death!

In the end the social parasitic weapon has done its nasty business: today many people have become its victim-transmitters. It has resulted in the appearance of social illnesses which bear "social complications" of different degrees and with different levels of consequences, one of which is **social and individual passivity**! It was inculcated into people that they should not do anything by themselves, but only wait for grace from above, be it God or something else, and they accepted this position! They accepted **to be ready just to take grace in a ready form**! It does not matter what grace: paradisiacal life or self-realization. What really matters is that people readily agree that someone or something will do it for them and they just need to be patient and humbly receive the **"gift"**!

And people eulogize their God for hours vowing their slavish devotion and obedience in order to get "**eternal" life in paradise** in reward, although only after death; or they praise the next "Great Guru" in order to get self-realization through a "chill" along the spine! So, very many people acquired some parasitic features. I would say that parasites infected people with parasitism, because they had been convinced that someone or something is obliged to give them everything: look, they thought, we've been good and did everything that you required from us and now give us what you have promised! They don't know that they should wait for the promised ... sometimes till death in order to get, for example, into paradise, but they won't come back and tell about it. In fact Christianity saw to it that even a thought about it would be blasphemous: the concept of reincarnation which was reflected in the theologian Joann Ital's works was condemned in 1082 at the Ecumenical Council. He and his teaching were anathematized.

I have written about Christianity earlier and proved that the person called Jesus Christ (the real name is Radomir) was crucified in Constantinople (Jerusalem) on February 16, 1086. I would like to remind readers that the direct meaning of his name in Russian is "the joy of the world" or "bearing joy to the world": the word **joy, in** Russian *radost* (initially — *radast*) means **given by Ra** or **the light of Ra**. It is not accidentally that the servants of so-called Greek religion — the cult of Dionysius — in 1082 A.D. totally excluded reincarnation from their doctrine almost at the same time that Radomir tried to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel. It is also no accident that Pope Innocent III organized the so-called Albigeois Crusades in

1209-1229 directed against his teaching which had reincarnation as one of the basic concepts and which Mary Magdalena continued to teach in the south of France after his death. For twenty years the crusaders were exterminating all the followers of Radomir-Christ's true teaching including babies.

Some question arise: why did the next Ecumenical Council anathematize the concept of reincarnation only in 1082? Why did not it do this before?

There are several reasons for this. First and the principal one is that the cults of Osiris-Dionysius were imposed on people who had the Vedic world-view and for whom the phenomenon of reincarnation was natural and absolutely clear. Social parasites which stood behind these cults had not the slightest chance of substituting the Sun cult based on the Vedic world view sharply into the cult of the dead — the Moon cult. Therefore they gradually forced "unnecessary" concepts which hindered the creation of an ideal social weapon out of the Vedic world view. Second, the end of the 11^{th} century is the time of Radomir-Christ's active actions and therefore high priests hurried to prevent the split in their ranks because the remains of Vedic consepts in the cult of Dionysius could work at the genetic level of the followers and trigger their coming back to the full-fledged Vedic world-view which Radomir spread. When they succeeded in neutralizing Radomir, they waited for a hundred years until all the witnesses of the real events died out and brought down fire and sword on his followers. Even at the beginning of the 13^{th} century many cardinals **did not want to go against his true teaching**!

Why was reincarnation dangerous for high priests?

It would seem that it is all the same whether reincarnation exists in reality or does not, but this is only on the face of it. In fact the concept of reincarnation is mortally dangerous for so-called Christianity! The point is that the main Christian doctrine is based on the concept that man must accept everything that the God prepared for him either as a punishment for sins or as a test of strength of faith. If man accepts all of this **with total humility**, then he will get **eternal life in paradise** after his death.

The main condition for getting to paradise is to accept resignedly whatever tests or punishments the God would send. You should endure a slave life, humiliations and insults, humbly look at how your last possessions are taken away, how your nearest and dearest ones are humiliated, how your wife and daughters are violated... all this is either a punishment for your sins or a test of your "faith" in God! According to Christianity, if a person is healthy, happy and rich, this

means that God left him and does not love him, and if a person is sick, poor and unhappy, then the God endowed him with His love!

The main thing which is suggested to a person is that he must accept everything and thank the Almighty for his "love" and only then he will get a free pass to paradise, to eternal life!

In the case of reincarnation existing in reality, this lure will not work! A person will ask "inconvenient" questions. For example, who will he be in the next life, if he endures all sufferings and tests in this one, and why he should endure them, if he is incarnated again and, thus, should suffer and be tormented again? He may also ask what will become of those who tortured him and made him suffer. Does suffering in this life mean that the next time he will be born rich and happy? And so on and so forth.

People may ask these and a lot of other "wrong" questions, if they know that the souls of the dead will incarnate again, and the majority of them continue to suffer in new incarnations like they suffered in the past, and this will continue until social parasites can lull them by promising that which will never happen in order that the foolish goyim remain slaves and provide them with a comfortable life and are happy expecting death beyond which is the promised happy deliverance! The mere fact that Christianity promises eternal paradisiacal life to man after death indicates that it is a **Moon cult — the cult of death**!

Those who do not consider this prospect to be attractive are offered another kind of happiness and welfare. For example, Sahaja-yoga: you just have to eulogize the "Great mother" and feel a chill and all problems, illnesses, adversities will disappear by themselves and the followers will get everything! They just should not forget to pray and eulogize the "mom" and she will give you self-realization and release from "the wheel of karma". They also should not forget to empty their pockets from the already unnecessary money which they do not need anymore, but the "Great mother" does need to build the next palace. And, certainly, they should not forget to please themselves presenting the next expensive gift to her and then the complete self-realization is guaranteed 100%!

So, people go to church, carry there their last money and slavishly ask the God to save and heal them and to grant them eternal life in paradise. Unfortunately for them, they do not read the "sacred books" which say that all **the goiym are doomed to be slaves**, and the riches of their countries, as well as their personal riches belong to the "chosen" ones, because **the light of the God is a light only for them and is a darkness and chaos for the rest of the people**!

The same way, the blind fanatics do not read such books as *Meta*

Modern Era where also everything is written openly. They do not want to see that illnesses disappear nowhere, problems become bigger, money does not begin to pour from the sky, etc. Well, I am mistaken — there are some people for whom money does fall from the sky incessantly ... for the "Great mother", her helpers and this kind of "guru".

Do people forget the fairy-tale about Pinocchio who was persuaded to plant his five gold coins in the Field of Miracles, outside the city of Catchfools, which will grow into a tree with a thousand gold coins? It seems that everyone knows this fairy-tale, but when people are offered the same thing, although "served" in a slightly different "wrapper", they hurry to the indicated Field of Miracles and gladly plant their "gold coins"! Regrettably, they sincerely *believe* that a lot of other "gold coins" will grow on the tree of knowledge which will open all secrets of the Universe to them and they will not have to work hard in order to reach enlightenment by knowledge, fight with injustice and with self and squeeze a slave from within drop by drop, because they believe that a jinni will come and grant any wish!

The free-gratis-and-for-nothing infection penetrated very deeply into the human brain and people are ready to strain their forces to the minimum, and mostly this strain is spent pleading on the knees for the God to make them happy, but nobody asks what did he do to deserve what he is asking for? Besides, one can pray and plead with the God for water in the desert, but it won't appear. However, if a person uses his knowledge and digs a well in the correct place, he will find water even in the desert, thereby saving himself and many other people from death.

Man himself will be able to solve the problems and help others, using his labour and will-power and fight against injustice. There is no other way to do this! There is a Russian saying: "Will is for the free, and paradise is for the saved"! Many use it without penetrating into its essence, which is quite significant. A free person is an owner and creator of his fate, and a slave should humbly wait for death to get into paradise. It is of interest that those who promise paradisiacal life after death to others, prefer to live a paradisiacal life here, on "sinful" Earth! Isn't that a strange "contradiction"?

Few succeeded in avoiding the "complications" of social illness today. There is an impression that the "bacilli" of parasitism are everywhere: in the air, water and earth! I witnessed the reality of this observing my students, both in the USSR and in America. A person comes to you and says that he has dreamed of finding knowledge and abilities all his life, and on getting them, he will be ready to serve the whole of humanity! Certainly, not all say exactly these words, but the essence

is the same. So, I begin to reconstruct his brain, evolve his spirit for many millions of years forward, give new abilities and qualities, explain thoroughly how, when, and why he should use them correctly, explain the responsibility for every action and all the rules for actions and finally say that now he needs to act.

But almost nobody starts working with people, which they should to acquire necessary experience; they all want to work with the Universe at once! Why should they exert themselves if they already have everything? However, I warn in the very beginning: what I created for them will not function until they acquire the necessary experience and understanding.

And if something is done wrong, it won't work and will disappear, being repeated several times. I also say to all that in order to work effectively in Space, it is necessary to begin with some smaller things, because the principles of action are the same; it is the **scale** that is different! So, on learning to act correctly, for example, when healing an ulcer, one acquires the experience which will be necessary to work at the level of the Universe too, because:

First, one should learn **to get** reliable information.

Second, one should learn **to process** it **correctly**.

Third, one should learn **to draw conclusions correctly**.

Fourth, one should learn to choose **properties and qualities** necessary for the solution of a particular problem **correctly**.

Fifth, one should ensure a **stable result**.

So, working with duodenal or stomach ulcer, a person can work out an effective feed-back of his activity pretty quickly and effectively, because in most cases chronic ulcer disappears without a trace in two weeks. When a person has mastered and worked out all basic elements on ulcer or similar relatively small pathologies, he or she can proceed to do more complicated illnesses, gradually gaining the experience in controlling the streams of primary matters, in getting the real information, its correct processing etc. Only when the person achieves a certain level of mastery, can he or she gradually be occupied with the solution of more serious tasks on larger scales. At that, the person should bring his mastery and understanding to a fundamentally newer level all the time, without which it is impossible to go forward.

Regrettably, people tend to project their habitual concepts onto dramatically new conditions, which always surprised me. Even fiction writers do this. For example, I read about Sviatogor's sword, the blade of which was able to transform space, folding and unfolding. It is a wonderful example of how a person extends purely earthly concepts to fundamentally new phenomena. Science-fiction writers and other

people who have certain natural abilities begin to project their earthly understanding, when they somehow can break through to another level of reality and create there "magic swords", laser pistols and any other type of "space weapon" which later wanders from one book to another and from one medium or clairvoyant to another.

They project their erroneous views that there are only light creatures on other, higher, levels and begin to receive "sacral" information from the "higher reason" and fuss over it like a child over a new toy, without understanding that it does not cost a penny! The "higher reason" uses their ignorance, pouring them misinformation mixing it with some drabs of true information about real earthly events and laughs at naive "greenhorns".

Eastern "teachings" influenced many people interested in esotericism so that they began to have absolute understanding. It is "accepted" to consider that higher earthly levels are inhabited by "highly spiritual" creatures, because if any reasonable creature has seven completed bodies, it achieves the higher level of development — it enters in the state of Nirvana and merges with the Absolute which means that all the rest which "sit" slightly lower are all exclusively highly spiritual creatures, which mercilessly use this mistake to their own profit!

This happens because the "great" Hindu take the completion of a zero (planetary) level of development as the final point only because they misunderstood the very basic knowledge which the White Teachers gave them and approached a certain point in their development and could not go further. They declared this point in their own limited understanding, to be the acme of spiritual development, and the people of the White Race who have lost their genetic memory and the knowledge of their ancestors hang on every word of these "great" teachers open mouthed without understanding that they are the transmitters of true abilities at a genetic level which the "great" Eastern teachers could not even dream of!

Sadness and indignation fill one's soul on seeing such blind worship of everything strange, especially if it came from the "Great" East. I feel pity for such people, their efforts and lives spent for nothing, but most of all I am sorry for their fanatic blindness and unwillingness to listen the voice of reason! They do it because they were promised solutions to all their problems and manna from heaven.

How many times did the official church declare a doomsday, which did not come and so they moved it to another day? However, few began to think: if the acknowledged "prophets" declared Doomsday on behalf of God and it did not happen, then either the prophets are a sham or that which declares himself to be the God cheats the prophets and all

those who listen to him.

Well, the majority of people does not think like this and continues to trust priests and "great" gurus, although they never get what is promised, especially the believers who far from all get to paradise after death, but they cannot come back and tell others about it. So, they go to confession, repent of their sins and the priests "forgive" the sins on behalf of Christ, and the sinners bring gifts, expensive or not so expensive, to the church and nobody asks the question:

Who gave them **the right to grant absolution on behalf of Christ**?

And if they did, they would get an evasive answer that they are His servants and that He atoned for all the sins of all humans with His sacrifice till the end of the world! Well, if He did this, then He did not need any gifts from sinners, which means that it is a priest who want these gifts and who appropriated the right to speak in His name, and if they indeed believed in Him, they would be afraid to take such a sin upon their souls, but they are not afraid and grant absolution to criminals, the hands of which are covered with human blood and which made fortunes on human suffering! But these people occupy honorary places in churches, because they donate some pitiful crumbs from their ill-gotten gains to the church: and priests of the highest grades bless them for their "great" feats — the robbery of the country and people which live in it! And the bigger the sum such "believers" gave them, the more they are eulogized in churches!

The priests also will say that the most important is **to confess to a sin**, that man is born initially sinful and that the most important thing for a believer is to confess, even if he or she did not do anything sinful, their thoughts can be sinful. If a person says that he is not sinful, then he is seized with pride, because he does not want to confess to his sins!

In other words, sin as much and as frequently as possible; most important — do not forget to confess your sins for which Jesus Christ paid with His life in advance. Sin and confess, but do not forget to donate to the "sainted" church and the more the better!

Various eastern "gurus" promise almost the same; they use different words, but the essence remains the same! One could somehow find some excuses for this, if people got what they were promised, but the fact that a person has donated some money to a church or to a "guru" cannot eliminate his real sins independent of how much he has paid.

So, all priests and "great" gurus work for the dark side, for the devil, because instead of protecting a person from wrong and criminal acts which one lot calls a sin and others bad karma, they only push him to perform it, saying that it is not the **sin** itself that is so terrible, but

non-repentance! The most important is repentance, because it wipes away **all sins**! They cunningly accustom people to the notion that any sin can be wiped off easily through mere confession! .....

Chapter 7.

Summer zigzags of fate

So, my first school-seminar in San Francisco was over, the listeners from other states returned to their homes and I went back to my usual way of life. On having my evenings free again, I could continue to do what was interesting for me personally. Although the first school did not bring me the money I had expected, it was my first experience of working according to my system with bearers of another language and culture, which showed that the qualitative changes which I invented did not depend on whether a person understood what I did or not.

It can not be related to autosuggestion either, because people did not understand a single word I said. They listened to the translation of my words, but my interpreter did not possess either hypnosis or any other verbal method of suggestion, and besides, I did not comment on many of my actions, but only asked through the interpreter about their result. So, I got practical confirmation that the qualitative transformation of the human brain and spirit was an absolutely real process and did not depend on what language a person spoke and thought, but on qualitative changes.

In July we found out that the immigration lawyers which we hired and "advisers" on how to fill out the documents correctly for getting a working visa failed to achieve anything. Then George asked an employee of the San Francisco City council what immigration lawyer she could recommend. I found her answer quite interesting: "I have no right to advise you of anyone, but if I were you, I would appeal to Daniel Bloom!"

This was how we met the immigration lawyer who indeed appeared to be a very good specialist. His style of working differed too, because he took one payment for the whole case, which advantageously distinguished him from the way many other lawyers who took an hourly pay worked and did nothing to get a positive result. We gave him all the necessary documents; he corrected the errors of previous "workers" and sent our documents to necessary official institutions.

Meanwhile, my school-seminar had an unexpected sequel: the descendant of Castile kings asked me for a personal meeting to which he

brought another person called Joe Cuzimano. They offered to be mediators between me and the American football star Joe Montana who was out of job because of seriously injuring a hand and arm more than two years ago (1992). He got through several unsuccessful operations with no result whatsoever. The problem was a torn tendon which fastened a biceps of the right arm to the bone in the area of the elbow. The doctors drilled the bone and "threaded" the tendon through the tiny hole making "a knot"! Naturally, as soon as the hand began to work with loads, even the slightest ones, "the knot" came undone.

So, they explained the situation with Joe Montana to me and offered their mediation firmly defining their own interest in this business, and until the agreement specifying their shares which they would get from my contract with Joe Montana was made and signed, they refused to organize a meeting with this legend of American football. I did not show any interest in football[1], especially not in American football. More precisely, I did not know what the latter was, and when I got to know a little I was surprised by its name, because from my point of view this aggressive game did not looked like football at all.

I played football when I was a boy with my mates on the street and at school in physical training lessons. Also, my father was a zealous fan, thus, I was unwillingly informed about almost everything that happened in a game, because every scored or skipped goal was accompanied by father's stormy display of emotions and his screaming "G-O-A-L" which one could not fail to hear! So, I was a "passive" football fan.

Well, I knew what football was quite well and was very surprised that an aggressive American game is called football too, because the feet did not play the first role in it. I was also surprised that in America, real, classical football is called soccer whereas a mixture of rugby and the ancient Native American game, Maya, (a prototype of modern basket-ball), is called American football. It is highly likely that many readers know what American football is, but it was *Terra Incognita* for us: several huge guys rush about the field in modern panoply with a ball in their hands, which is not round, but a tapered at both ends ovoid and their principal aim is to run to the line without dropping it; another team tries everything, even slamming into their rivals with their bodies in a ruck to prevent it. A key player is the person who throws the ball and the quicker and farther he does it, the bigger the chance the team has to get victorious points. However, very often the key player does not even get a chance to make a throw and is buried under

[1] Soccer in Russia is called football.

the bodies of the opposing players. This was exactly what happened to Joe Montana: during a game he found himself at the bottom of the human pile where his arm was seriously damaged. Several operations over two years could not do anything for him.

So, on knowing about my abilities, these "cool" businessmen got the idea of earning some money from the American football legend's return to the "ranks".

We signed the mediation agreement and Joe Cuzimano finally organized the meeting with Joe Montana's representatives. It is of interest that the descendant of Castile kings defended his financial interests very actively in the process of getting the agreement signed, completely forgetting that he did not pay me a penny for the seminar. It is quite possible that he intended to do this using the money which he would get according to the agreement. Who knows? ... His "biographers" keep silent and do not reveal his "great secret"...

All this fuss about signing the contract and my obligations in relation to them without even a preliminary talk with the person who would *probably* wish to use my service and *probably* pay me for it, reminded me of an anecdote about famous Soviet cartoon film protagonists. One tells the other: "Listen, let me carry the suitcases and you can carry me". I warned my mediators that I was not going to waste my time on him if he was not ready to pay me a million dollars for my work. Both mediators gladly supported my position, and here we were: George and me driving to the meeting with Joe Montana's father and his business partner, the mediators on the side of the football legend.

Our meeting with them was arranged in the spirit of a film about the mob. Joe Montana's representatives made an appointment in a recreation area at the crossing point of two freeways and we began to discuss the matter. The sum of one million dollars did not produce any negative emotions in Joe Montana's representatives; they just put out a feeler whether I would agree to discount some of it if Joe (Montana) would agree to give an interview with me or he would solve my immigration difficulties, because, as they said, he felt quite at home in the White House and was on a good footing with the President. I did not turn down this offer at once, saying that we should discuss beforehand the exact sum which they wished to strike off, and left the right to refuse or accept to my own discretion. In addition they emphasized that I should come to Joe's home explaining about his unwillingness to attract the mass media's attention to this fact. They also offered to pay me after I had returned normal function to Joe's hand being completely sure that I indeed could do that.

Then I did not have medical confirmations of my work in America,

and the Americans did not accept the results I had achieved in the USSR as proof, despite the fact that I had enough medical certificates given by doctors before and after my healing.

The Americans did not believe the Soviet X-ray photography, ultrasound and other medical tests. They trusted only in American X-ray photography, ultrasound and medical tests, which means that **they trusted only in medical certificates written by American doctors**. So, I had to take this into account. I agreed to these terms and asked Joe Cuzimano to formalize them in writing.

After settling all the "precautionary" measures, George and I could at last go to our first meeting with Joe Montana. He lived in a privileged area which was situated in a suburb of San Francisco surrounded by forest, lakes and incredibly pure air and protected from the fogs of the Pacific Ocean and, therefore, enjoying sunny weather almost the whole year round. It is of interest that the fogs divide the city of San Francisco into two parts — one where they always are and the other where they are completely absent.

You cannot help noticing the sharp division when you drive from the part of the city lit with sunny rays into the fog which sometimes is so thick that it is impossible to see a meter ahead even with the high beam headlights on! However, if you go twenty or thirty miles away from the coastline, you will find yourself in a semi-desert which gradually turns into absolute desert where there is plenty of sun, but an awful scarcity of water. Thus, the paradisiacal climate and the land raging with life was squeezed between the foggy strip of the shore and the semi-desert or between a very thin piece of land with plenty of moisture and the rest of California with almost complete absence of the latter. You can observe this impenetrable foggy strip from the aeroplane as you fly in.

So, Joe Montana's villa was exactly within this intermediate green and sunlit paradisiacal strip and was where George and I came one July day. George was a driver, a guide and an interpreter. He easily found the necessary street and house in the small elite town called Redwood City. There was a pretty large one-storied house at the back of the estate built in so-called Mediterranean style which was surrounded by well-groomed lawns and flowerbeds. I met the owner of the house, his wife Jennifer and his two children and began the healing session. When I began to work with him his right arm was almost useless — it functioned at only 5 to 10% of the norm. Most of the nerves showed no vital spark, so, he almost did not feel it. In short, this was a case at the stage of an extreme degree of neglect.

I conducted the session; we were served tea, chatted a little and left for home. As I wrote before, neither the name of Joe Montana

nor American football meant anything to me, but the expression on George's face told me that this man was very well known to him, born in America, and he was unspeakably glad to have occasion to meet him, moreover, in his own residence!

I was curious, but no more than that and, besides, Joe Montana behaved quite normally, without any, let's say, "Star peculiarities" which in my opinion was worthy of respect. From this day on George and I drove on highway 408 to the small town of Redwood City three times a week — Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Usually Svetlana and I always went everywhere together, but in that situation she had to stay at home. We considered it improper for her to come with us and did not wish to ask for permission. So, Svetlana stayed at home with Lany which was a talking Amazona. The story of his appearance in our house is quite funny. It happened in spring. We came home and saw a budgerigar at our door. He fearlessly jumped in my hands, we took him inside and began to think what we should do next. We called George and asked him to take us to a pet-shop. George picked us up, we came to the shop and pretty quickly found a partner for our budgerigar, we also bought a cage, food and ... something unforeseen happened.

In the shop I saw a young, but already pretty big green parrot. I asked a young shop-assistant whether I could caress it. He said that the bird was still young and did not allow anyone but him to approach, because he fed him. Besides, despite his age, his bill is very strong and if he pecked anybody with it ... well, it would be quite painful. I decided to take a risk and ... imagine the fellow's surprise when the parrot-nestling joyfully jumped on my hand and began to stretch out his neck so that I could scratch it. When the guy wanted to put him back into his cage, he began to bite his hands and hide on my shoulders, running from one to another and clicking his indeed impressive bill.

In short, he did not want to return to the cage and, as they say in such cases, he chose an owner for himself. So, we bought him too, the guy said that he could not sell him to us, because he was still small and needed special food. But I made up my mind and we took the parrot the same day together with his special food. I also paid for special observational visits to our house during a week. The same thing happened to Svetlana — she was chosen by another parrot, a girl, not as huge as Amazona, but from this part of the world too. So, we finally came home with three additional lodgers instead of just the one as company for that which had already joined us. The "problem" was solved very quickly; we decided to present the budgerigars to George's sons. So, I hope that the twin brothers were glad to get such a gift.

So, when George and I went to Joe Montana's place, Svetlana stayed

at home with Lany and spoke with him, which resulted in his speaking copying Svetlana's voice so that it was impossible to distinguish them, which had its funny consequences. Lany's cage was in my office and was always open. He sat either on a special branch over the cage or on my shoulder which was his favourite place.

The rooms in the apartment were located along a pretty narrow corridor, on one end was my office and on the other a large kitchen neighbouring a dining-room. So, very often when I was heading from the office to the kitchen, I heard Svetlana calling me: "Kolia!" On hearing her voice I found her and asked: "What?" Surprised, she asked me: "What ... "what"?". Then I was surprised and asked why she called me? I think the "picture" is clear. It was especially unusual for us for the first time, because we never could suppose a bird could copy the human voice with such exactness.

After the first Lany's joke I always had to ask Svetlana whether it was she who called me, nevertheless, I fell for his "bait" some more times. But this was not all. When I called my parents, Lany often sat on my shoulder and added his "remarks" from time to time. My mom asked me whether Svetlana was with me and each time I answered negatively, but nobody believed me and considered that Svetlana did not want to talk to them and took it very badly. My saying that Svetlana was not in the room did not persuade anyone — they too could not imagine that a bird can copy the human voice so faultlessly. This situation continued until we sent a video tape where both Svetlana and Lany spoke which clarified everything.

Very often Lany walked about the cage and with a wise air repeating: "Lany is go-o-o-d, Lany is go-o-o-d" in Svetlana's voice. This bird was not only an amazing imitator of her voice but also very clever. He noticed that I greeted each new visitor and when the person left I said goodbye. Very soon, Lany began to do the same: every time when a new person entered, he said "Hello" and when he or she abandoned my office, he said "Bye-Bye". At the same time he did it at exactly the necessary moment and never repeated any words just for the sake of speaking. All his phrases made sense and were very appropriate. So, here was the parrot I chose, or more precisely — which chose me.

The parrot which Svetlana chose could not speak. Nevertheless, Arny, the name which Svetlana gave to her, was also quite unusual. She freely flew around the apartment and, on detecting the slightest danger to her hostess she turned into a living arrow and began to peck the possible threat with her small, but very sharp bill, making the "enemy" run. Her bites were very painful and everyone who dared to approach Svetlana got under her watchful eye, including me! She

reacted especially strongly to falseness, and when a woman who was insincere and hated Svetlana in her heart of hearts came to visit us several times, she immediately threw herself into attack mode. Here is what true friends and defenders appeared in our house...

In order not to return again and again to Joe Montana's healing, I will run a few steps forward, leaving other events behind. It is the only way to render the whole of the event and create a complete picture of it, which is easy to do when the event has already happened.

I worked with my patients in the morning and in the day-time, beginning with the phone work from 10 to 11 in the morning, and from 11 till 2 or 4 I worked with people in my office. I organized my schedule every day so that I did not have long breaks between my patients. Thus, every fifteen minutes I had a new patient. It was very convenient both for me and them; because each of them knew that I would receive him at the appointed time. Patients did not have to wait expectantly for hours, as frequently happened in medical offices which would set a time at 9 and receive a person no earlier than 10 or 11 o'clock, at very best!

I always respected the time of others and required the same behaviour toward me. If someone had any questions which required additional time, I either planned additional time for him or put the person at the end of my daily list in order not to cut the talk short because the next patient was waiting. Thus, I succeeded in organizing my job so that everything went without a hitch; at worst, a person had to wait 5 to 15 minutes. This was the way I worked for the whole time of my stay in the USA — almost fifteen years. On finishing my work with people in the office, I went to Joe Montana on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, conducted the session and in three hours returned home, where I told Svetlana about how it was, we had supper and then we did our main work in Big Space! We worked there almost every day, because our real life happened exactly **there** and all the rest was just an inevitable fuss. Certainly, we perfectly understood that other people would consider all this strange, at the very least, but it was not of great importance for us. We were not going to shout about the unbelievable situations and phenomena we saw there. We did not need to. In fact, we did what we did, because we needed it, not to get somebody's approval.

Our travels in different civilizations, galaxies and Universes were for most people beyond their comprehension and abilities. Perfectly realizing this, we did not expect even mere understanding. This was not arrogance or something of the kind, not at all. We saw that other people found it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to understand what was happening. It was not their fault. A born blind person cannot be blamed for his inability to see the colours of the world, but

in order for this person to understand what we were talking about, it was necessary to make him "see", without which any attempt to explain anything was senseless. Most people were able to accept my healing without understanding how it worked, because they got some personal benefit from it — liberation from the illnesses with which official medicine was unable to do anything. Our work in Space was quite another matter: nobody could check, "touch" and feel anything at all.

At the same time most people considered the very fact of their health problems disappearance more than sufficient and were not interested in *how* they had disappeared.

The same way they do not wish to know how a TV set, computer and other devices work. They are satisfied with pressing the button and the idea that few understand and know how it works does not bother anyone. This is the "corner-stone" of the consumer civilization created by social parasites. It is true that there is no need for everybody to understand everything down to the minutest detail, and in fact the overwhelming majority is unable to do this, because knowledge, talents, will, desire and lots of time should be applied for this. And most people do not wish to spend their time on such "unnecessary" things, and even if they did, not everyone can understand the operation principle of a TV set or a computer, not to mention phenomena outside the limits of the ordinary material world.

I also clearly understood that in either the USSR or the USA those in power did not need people able to think independently and wake up from mental and spiritual sleep! They needed slaves which can be given a substitute under the guise of spirituality and "*panem et circenses*" — some bread and lots of circuses which would prevent a person from thinking about the life he lives: they accustom people to "don't think, others will think for you!" I always thought independently, since my childhood, and consider that **any person has the inalienable right to do so**!

I also came to the conclusion that if I want to do something regarding the future of humanity, I should do it by myself without waiting for any "manna from heaven", especially when I heard people who declared publicly that they cared so much for the future of humanity and saw what they did in reality, for instance, when I tried to interest them in the publishing of my book. The events which happened later in my life always confirmed this conclusion.

Before I continue to tell about my life in America, I would like to clarify some moments about my work via phone, because many people have very vague understanding, if any, of what it is. Many consider

that a telephone plays a key part in the process of distant work and the influence goes through a telephone set! Well, I have to disappoint those who have this kind of opinion: nothing goes through the telephone wires: either healing or "energy". The telephone is just a means of communication between me and my patient. I should know that my patient is ready for a session and is tuned to my influence, because, if a person drives a car or does something of the kind and I influence at this time and the load is not optimum exactly for **this** person, at **this** time of the day, for **this** place, etc, then a lot of unexpected and unpleasant events can happen, including tragic ones. An overload can result in dizziness, loss of orientation and consciousness and even a state of coma with all the effluent consequences. Therefore, I need a direct connection with my patient during my work and the telephone is an ideal tool for this. It is just a communication facility, no more than that!

Before influencing, including by phone, first and foremost I ask my patient what has happened to him (her) and how after the last session. Then **I scan the person** before each influence to know his state at the moment of my work. Only then do I come to the next phase of the work which is an analysis of the information received during scanning. Then, based on the analysis, I create the operating tactic for this very moment and carry it out. After that the patient observes the changes and reports to me about them, which gives me the information about the way my program works, and if necessary, I introduce some corrections which allow me to take into account individual features of the person and his illnesses.

There is another moment regarding my work via phone which I would like to mention. When I ask my patient how he (she) felt after my last session, I scan the person, process the information, analyze the reaction of the person and create a program of work for this very moment. Then I come to the phase of actual influence which lasts a couple of minutes, whereupon I ask the person to sit or lie down for a half an hour.

During these 30 minutes the healing process is very intensive and then continues right till the next session, although with less intensity. I create a complete program for the whole period (from session to session), compress it in time, "let it go" and then the program unfolds in real time. In other words, a two or three minute session is equal to a thirty minute full-fledged session! I write the word "time" for the ease of understanding of my readers, because in reality it is not time that is compressed and unfolded, but the speed of material processes. The load which inevitably occurs in the process of the compression falls entirely

on me, while everything that has to take place in the patient's body happens with harmonious and optimal speed for the real processes of the particular person.

This kind of "trick" allowed me to help the maximal number of people in minimal time. When I introduce a healing program, my physical body undergoes huge loads during the sharp acceleration of the processes, which usually is accompanied by a quick jump of blood pressure and its sharpreturning to normal. It is difficult for me to give any example to compare, because I do not know anybody else who does the same thing. It is highly likely that the loads are bigger than those that a person endures launching into Space. However, I say it purely theoretically, because I have never got to Space in the usual way, but I flew in an aeroplane. So, the loads which passengers experience when the plane falls into air-pockets or takes off and lands are tiny in comparison with the state during my work.

But the most tiresome in all this is that I must come from one state to another during my phone work every two or three minutes: here and there, here and there, here and there and thus twenty or thirty times without a break. It is easier for me to work with something large — I do all the necessary preparation to solve the problem, enter into the necessary state, do the job and go back into the initial state.

So, it is much harder to work with man than to work with some global problem. But it was my work with people which made my work with global objects possible in the future and trained me to endure any load, although sometimes after such training, I felt like a cockroach squashed by a road-roller.

Nevertheless, constantly putting myself under loads and super-loads, I managed to produce some kind of "immunity" to them and to temper myself, using will power to force me do whatever was necessary without paying any attention to terrible overstrain. However, exactly due to this kind of "training" I succeeded in getting the ability to complete any job, to endure almost any load for as long as necessary **to accomplish any task I started**! Well, we must take into account that it is impossible to foresee all possible situations even in the case of ideal developmental work on the task, especially when doing it for the first time and there is nobody to prompt anything else to you.

This "training" was especially useful when I had to repulse the attacks of my enemies, which never play according to the laws of knighthood, but strike with one aim — to destroy.

At that I try not to give any sign of what takes place in reality and many people consider that it is so simple: you smile and wave your arm and a problem is solved! Well, this is the kind of character I have — I

cannot show others that something is difficult for me or I am mortally tired. For me it is tantamount to the loss of honour and dignity; I did not "whimper" even in my childhood. People see only the outward appearance of what is going on and they cannot even imagine what is happening in reality...

The remote influence that I dovia telephone can also be compared to a video record which is transmitted at a very high speed and is scrolled at normal speed when it reaches an addressee. This exactly how it works in the case of remote influence: the scanning, analysis and creation of a healing program, then its accelerated realization and "delivery" to a patient happens in a two-minute time-period. The "package" unfolds during the next thirty minutes as soon as the patient gets it. This invention allowed me to carry out full-fledged healing sessions with fifteen or twenty people per hour when working via phone.

Thus, one hour of my work is equal to **eight or ten ordinary work hours**! This also concerns the loads I sustain: my hourly load corresponded to eight or ten hours of ordinary work, and this was just the beginning of my working day, because after an hour of remote work I began to receive patients in the office every fifteen minutes during several hours. Due to such intensity I succeeded in both helping a large number of people and having time for other business, especially for the work in other dimensions, which were the product of my "sick imagination" for most people only because they knew nothing about them and could not "touch" them with their hands. Nevertheless, Svetlana and I did not attach much importance to what other people thought on this occasion; we did not do that work to get somebody's approval, but what our heart, mind and conscience prompted us to do! The most important thing for us was to do the job, not some kind of self-advertising.

So, the reason why our principal work in Space remained unknown to the world was that we were not in a hurry to report it to anybody. Moreover, a lot of concepts, phenomena and processes were absolutely unknown to the people of our planet and our role in all this would be especially incomprehensible for most people, because social parasites have imposed a perverted understanding about the abilities of mind, primarily, through the spreading of different pseudo-teachings, as in the past and especially in the present day, which allegedly lead man to spiritual development. If we add to this picture of global deception, the independent actions of a great number of psychics, mediums, healers, channellers etc, not belonging to any teaching, like they think, the situation becomes even gloomier. The most disappointing thing in the existent situation is that many of them **indeed** have some natural abilities which many call super- or paranormal.

But almost always they are at the rudimentary level and almost no bearer intends to study, comprehend and evolve them, not to mention create something new! Also this kind of person considers without thinking twice that they establish "connections" with higher forces, "angels" and "highly developed civilizations", believing a priori that there are only "light" levels above our physically dense world and that only "light" creatures live there!

And last but not least: these people project the **concepts of the physical world** onto these levels, even without assuming that other levels of reality have **their own natural laws**, which **dramatically differ** from the laws of the material world! But almost all psychics and mediums do not even think about it and react to what happens on these levels the same way as they do in the physically dense world which is a serious error! In order for man to act and even analyze what is going on at other levels of the planet, he should both know what really happens there and understand the natural laws which are inherent in these levels plus have a certain level of consciousness. Unfortunately, the overwhelming majority of people who have some natural so-called paranormal abilities, not to mention those who do not have them at all, do not **understand that**. This is a real problem! Because most people with these qualities become easy prey for parasites of every "stripe"...

So we did not try to share our ideas and deeds with people around us. Certainly, we did give some information to some people, but only within the limits of their perception. In other words, we gave only that information which could be perceived adequately. Usually I had no problem distinguishing the level of a person's adequate perception, because I constantly perceived the reaction of a person to my words at the telepathic level. As soon as I felt that a deficit of trust appeared, I did not go further in my explanations until there was a complete understanding. Moreover, everybody has his own limit of perception, even in the case of correct understanding, which should not be transgressed sharply; otherwise it can result in a serious psychological trauma. A person should be prepared for all this gradually and without any "revolutions" which never lead to anything good. A qualitative gap in anything is always fraught with negative consequences which sooner or later appear.

Well, almost every day we submerged in another world which was quite real for us! Certainly someone may ask why I am sure that Svetlana and I do not belong to those who I have just described. The question is fair enough and the first thing that comes in mind to answer it is that everything we experienced could not be "borrowed" from any science-fiction book, even the "coolest" one, and did not resemble,

even approximately, what happened at the physical level of the planet. It was **impossible to invent** what had happened with and around us! The information which the overwhelming majority of mediums, psychics and clairvoyants get during their contacts is based on their educational and conceptual level and is in total accordance with laws of the physical world, that being the only one known to them. So it is enough to read or hear what these people receive during similar contacts and the "extraterrestrial" nature of this kind of information will be absolutely clear. Sometimes I marvel at how well parasites which "sit" at different earthly levels learned to fool people!

So, neither Svetlana, nor I ever got any information from "guardian angels", "aliens" or any other creatures of Midgard-earth's planetary level. As I have already written before, I always treat any event with maximum caution and I never draw any conclusion until I get the confirmation of its authenticity or objectivity. Often I got the information under the attack of parasites which always tried to destroy me with maximum "enthusiasm" because I represent a constant danger for them, unmasking their actions and helping people to get rid of their control and not only that...

I honestly can say it was precisely their ruthless attacks aimed at my elimination that allowed me to advance with enormous speed, because thus the parasites exposed my weak points or evolutional "blank spots" by inflicting their blow in exactly these places, the existence of which was completely unknown to me. Like I said before, I did not like that at all — I am not a masochist, but it was exactly then, during their attempts at my elimination, when I got the possibility to create something new, sometimes fundamentally new, only because those who tried to destroy me unwillingly compelled me both to "sort" things out with them and to reach fundamentally new levels of development.

To tell the truth, I succeeded in surviving due to the following quick and precise actions: I scanned the new qualities with which I was attacked and I, therefore, lacked; analyzed them, created dramatically new qualities and bodies of my spirit on the basis of the scanning analysis and neutralized the exterminating action itself and those behind it. By this I mean not just simple performers but also those who gave the orders. That was tantamount to the neutralization of a bomb when the countdown has already begun and one must guess the multidigital code within several seconds, or at best — several minutes. Pretty often I had to deactivate several "bombs" with different parameters simultaneously. A minor error or impermissible delay could be mortal in the direct sense of the word.

So, this kind of accelerated evolution had one drawback: if you did

not have time to find a solution, you lost. Moreover, you do not just lose, but at the very best are killed or at worst — you are captured and converted into a blind weapon of your enemies which will destroy everything that is dear to you and for the sake of which you lived and fought, using your qualities and abilities. So, that is more terrible than death! These are not just idle words, but truth, because more than once I liberated Light Hierarchs who were captured by social parasites of different hierarchical levels and were under parasitic control for a shorter or longer period of time. I felt their profound grief and inexpressible anguish of mind when they regained the possibility to control themselves. It was especially hard to live like that for those who preserved their consciousness and perfectly understood what parasites did via them and were unable to do anything about it at all. So, **this** is the most terrible thing one can ever imagine, more terrible than death and tortures! As a matter of fact, the concepts usual for the physically dense world cannot work in this kind of situation.

Well, the fact that parasites of different levels tried to eliminate me physically more than once indicates that they failed to deceive me, and usually if they do this they attempt to take control or simply kill.

Like it happened at the beginning of February, 1991 when I turned down the offer of the rank of colonel-general after my intervention in the events related to the Chernobyl nuclear power plant in September, 1987. Most likely they thought it was an extremely generous offer for a senior lieutenant — this was the rank which I had when I left the Soviet army in 1986, having served the obligatory two years — for the one "trifling" condition they asked: sometimes I must do everything they ordered and the rest of the time I could do everything I felt like and enjoy "the green light" in any of my projects. Certainly, I refused, perfectly knowing what reaction would follow my answer which should **only be** a positive one, because **a negative answer meant the signing of the death sentence** with my own hands. Did I understand that then? Certainly, **I did**, but I did not have another answer for them. I also understood perfectly why those who asked me to "collaborate" had **only two options**, neither of which suited me for clear reasons.

Being not sure whether I could neutralize the consequences of my negative answer to "collaboration" I, nevertheless, said "no". At this moment they did not try to eliminate me physically and purposefully with the help of special services. So, I just **surmised** that the protective systems which I had created **could** block life-threatening actions, but... one thing is to suppose and another is to have solid confirmation for the supposition. They are two absolutely different things and when I said "no" to the "attractive" offer, I did not know for certain whether

my safety measures would work. So, I had to verify their effectiveness on the battle field, in the direct sense of the word.

And the first verification of my protective system happened three days after the "no" day. I wrote about that in vol.1. It happened when they blew up the left front wheel of my car planning that I would drive out into the opposite traffic's lane with all the effluent consequences that might have followed. I also wrote about the huge heavy truck "Ural" which "all of a sudden" drove from the middle of the military column and rushed toward my car, and about a purposely damaged fuel pump which resulted in a petrol fountain next to the sparking engine, when I had to drive almost **seventy kilometres** with this "fountain" and **should have been burnt alive** several times, **but was not,** and about brake fluid which was drained off and at a certain moment the brakes **failed to operate**. Someone may pay attention to the fact that all the attempts were related to my car.

The reason for choosing "technical" methods for my elimination was my blocking of all the actions of person-performers, none of whom **could even begin to execute the task**! Therefore, the main "stress" was laid on technical devices which I used counting on my influence on them not being as effective as it is on people. Their expectations did not lack certain ground, but failed too, because I had already had the experience of rapid reacting to unexpected and unknown actions toward me, which could be extremely useful in the case of material technical devices. Nevertheless, I had to verify that right on the "battlefield", serious specialists were occupied with my elimination and did their job with all possible responsibility.

I was lucky, if I may say so, that the earthly special services were not the first which tried to eliminate me, but it was the space special services, so to speak, which undertook the first serious attempt when I accidentally found and destroyed the first parasitic system on December 19, 1987. I already wrote about it, but I would like to mention it now for one reason: it was the first time (at least, of which I could be aware) when some external forces, the existence of which was completely unknown to me, tried to destroy me, using their favourite method of inflicting the blow on "white spots" or in other words on evolutional gaps. When I realized that, I had to "stir" my brains very quickly to create the qualities and bodies of the spirit which I lacked in order to neutralize their action for my elimination.

However, I went a little further and created a lot of other things together with necessary qualities and bodies, which allowed me to take "care" of the performers and those who gave the order along the whole hierarchical chain. After this case I had to solve this kind of task very

often, sometimes several tasks at one and the same time. Therefore I had already had quite a rich experience in neutralization of the elimination programs which came in very handy when the Soviet special services began to try to destroy me. It is of interest that soon it proved very useful in America too, but I will tell about it in due course...

Exactly the fact that parasites of different levels tried to eliminate me after I had undertaken some active steps indicates that nobody pulls the wool over my eyes, as unfortunately, happens with most mediums and channellers. In fact, neither Svetlana nor I relate to any of these categories. The point is that most mediums, channellers and psychics get the information from those who make contact with them, in other words, from someone else. Oddly enough, the information from "higher dimensions" completely depends on the educational and conceptual level of the person they contact and widely uses earthly concepts, names of star systems etc. Nevertheless, no channeller or psychic asks his or her "informants" where they know the earthly names and concepts from. There are several reasons for this which is related to those who give "information" and those who receive it.

On one hand, this state of affairs is related to perception inertness and on the other... But before I come to "another hand", I would like to clarify a little what I mean by "perception inertness". To do this, I will return back to my school years. In the fifth year we studied the history of the Ancient World: "Ancient Egypt", "Ancient Greece", "Roman Empire" etc. So, in order to demonstrate the highest cultural level of the ancient "Greeks", our textbook contained a photo of a marble sculpture of a young girl wearing a tunic and holding a small book under her right arm! We did not know much in the fifth class, but only a blind man could not appreciate the beauty of the marble girl: her blameless form and grace, her regular and very beautiful face with purely European features; in short, it was a wonderful creation of human hands!

Everybody looked at the picture in the textbook and nobody had any questions on this occasion. Certainly we were children and therefore knew very little, but our history teacher also did not question it and not only our teacher who, by the way, loved her job very much, but also all teachers of history all over the Soviet Union, senior lecturers and professors in teacher's training colleges and Universities and "historians" who wrote the textbooks both for future history teachers and for secondary schools. The behaviour of children is quite understandable, which cannot be said about that of grown ups.

Much later, when I finished school and then University and I read a lot of books on history, genetics, anthropology etc., I understood this "oddity" and was indignant at such grandiose falsification and insolent

lies which were carefully thought out! It is of interest that one could find the exposure of these lies, piece by piece, in school textbooks on history, but these pieces of truth were scattered all over the textbooks for different years and genetics and anthropology almost was not studied at school. As a result of that, the fifth-year schoolboys looked at the wonderful "ancient Greek" statue with a little book in her hands and **were not surprised** at all!

And what is that at which people should be surprised? — may someone ask. A marble girl holds a small book in her hand. What is the problem? Who has not seen small books, as well as medium-sized or large one, with hard or soft cover? Everybody has seen them, even kindergarten-age children! A book in the hands is a normal and usual picture for us.

Yeah, "normal" and "usual", if it were not for some "minor" discrepancies.

First, paper was invented in Spain in the 11^{th} century AD and before this time **there were no paper books**! The books were usually made of the skin of animals which was especially treated and converted into sheets called **parchment**. These books cost an enormous amount of money, were very rare and weighed **tens** and sometimes **hundreds of kilos** and were of very impressive size. So, a girl could not gracefully hold such a book, even theoretically! And if she could, then, taking into account their real size and weight in the actual ancient time, then we should acknowledge that the girl obviously descended from the **Titans**, but according to the ancient "Greek" mythology Zeus defeated them and sent them to **Tartarus**! So, the ancient "Greek" architects could not sculpture a girl-Titan in marble!

Second, the girl holds an obviously **printed** book! A sculptor masterly showed the hard cover of the small-sized book with evenly cut pages. One can imagine that a fragile, graceful and romantic girl holds a book of verse. For the sake of information: book-printing in Europe did not appear earlier than the 15^{th} or 16^{th} century. Moreover, it did not happen in Greece. Therefore, the marble statue which was placed in the textbook about the history of the Ancient World was **not** created **earlier than the 15^{th} century AD**!

Third, the marble girl's anthropological type belongs to the Caucasian (Europoid or White) race, while the population of modern Greece is attributed to the Mediterranean sub race a characteristic of which is a significant admixture of the Negroid race, because it appeared as a result of the mixture of the Europoid and Negroid races in the area of their direct contact over a long period of time. However, according to modern "history", Negroid tribes have never conquered so-called

"Ancient" Greece and "ancient" Greeks have never subjugated the black continent, Africa. So then, how did the Mediterranean sub race appear?

In fact, the first time the territory of modern Greece was subdued by the representatives of another sub racial type was only when the Turks conquered the Roman Empire in 1453 AD! Besides, some of the so-called Turks belonged to the Semitic sub race and their majority was representative of the Europoid race, mainly, of Slavonic tribes which practiced Islam. Also, Plato clearly shows in his *Dialogues*that the territory of modern Greece was populated by **the Hellenes**which he attributes to the descendants of **thePelasgians**, ancient Slavs, which in turn descended from the Ants, the creators of legendary Antlan (Atlantis)! You can read Plato's *Dialogues*or, if you lack time to look for information in seventeen hundreds pages of small printed text, you can turn to my book *Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors*Vol. 2, Chapter 1.5.

Here were those "minor" discrepancies which came to light in the process of analysis of the "ancient Greek" marble statue which seemed to us so normal and usual, which is hardly surprising, because this is indeed an ordinary picture for modern man and human consciousness skips it easily, but should have seen it. Parasites use this feature of human psyche to fool the masses. In fact, they invented a lot of this kind of games with mass consciousness based on the perception of usual things at the subconscious level. The analysis of the situation with the marble statue makes fully clear why school children pay no attention to the essence of the phenomenon — they just do not have enough knowledge which can tear the veil of commonplace phenomena from their eyes.

However, this veil hides the truth from the grown-ups, professionals in their field too! This happens, primarily, because after they graduate from secondary school where the veil of ordinariness served as a thick smoke-screen hiding the truth, future professionals beginvery narrow specialization: they study a very short interval of the past of a particular country or just a certain period of human history and never have the complete picture!

Social parasites used that method long and insolently, even without trying to "make things add up" more or less plausibly, being absolutely sure that their zombie-generators would prevent anybody from seeing the global deception and falsification! Good knowledge of psychology and the action of their psi-field zombie-generators provided them with **firm confidence in their impunity**. They rested on their "laurels" and, thus, made a fatal error. Life is strong, even a weak sprout pushes to the Sun through the concrete, even more so, does Mind! And it

does not matter that it was Mind, the potential of which was forcedly suppressed in sleepers by means of meanness and deception: sooner or later Mind will find the way to be free from narcotized sleep and then nothing will be able to detain and limit its development! The time has come! Social parasites have been deprived of their marked "trumps" and now this is evident to a greater and greater number of people which they deprecatingly considered a **biomass**!

The parasites of other levels of reality use similar tactic: channellers, psychics and clairvoyants are palmed off with normal and usual, for them, information which they **want** to hear and at their level of knowledge and concepts. Unlike them, nobody gives any information to Svetlana and me, we get it by ourselves, after which we scan it using several different methods simultaneously in order not to miss anything and create a full-fledged, real picture from it. The greater the number of active informational channels, the more complete picture of reality unfolds after the information is processed. This was a brief sketch to explain the methods of our work with information and their difference from other methods, so that you can draw your own conclusions about where is the truth.

Again I was carried away with philosophizing "a little" and it is time to come back to the summer events of 1992.

I worked with Joe Montana regularly three times a week. Substantial progress was noted already in a month. The treatment lasted to the end of December, 1992. Joe's hand became stronger with every week. In the last days of December the Super Bowl final play was expected. By that time Joe Montana could throw the ball with his right arm farther than ever in his life! So, when a couple of days remained before the final game, I came to carry out the next healing session and after the work inquired about the way he would prefer to pay for my work, whether he wanted to give our joint interview and how much he would think to discount from the lump sum of the contract or did he simply want to pay the whole sum? Joe said that he would like to put this talk off till the final game for the Super Bowl would be over. We agreed on the day and time and I went home.

It was drizzling on the day of the final, but nobody was going to cancel the game. It was the first and last time in my life that I watched the final game on a TV set. Svetlana and I were interested in how Joe's hand would work during the game. It did just perfectly. Joe Montana brought victory to his team and San Francisco won the Super Bowl! We were glad, because my work made the victory possible.

On the day of our meeting with Joe Montana, George and I went downtown for some business and he suggested going right there when

we finished, but I insisted on our driving home. I wanted to listen to my answering machine in case Joe had left some message concerning our visit. I was sure that the meeting would not happen that day. So, I wanted to check it out in order to save us from a useless trip. George could not understand my whim, but he drove me to the house. We came to my office and I listened to all messages... nothing from Joe Montana.

George said: "See. He did not leave any message to put off the meeting! Joe is a cool fellow and if something changed, he would surely warn us". It was true, if he could not meet us at the appointed time for one or another reason he always called and changed either the time or day of the meeting. This is how it was over more than four months of my work with him. I apologized to George for a big detour and we went to Joe Montana's. We came a little bit earlier and waited in order to be at the house exactly at the appointed time. George pushed the button, reported about our arrival ... and was unspeakably surprised when a housemaid said that there was nobody home!

So, we had to return home getting nothing for our pains. George did a lot of guess-work on this occasion, he tried to find an excuse for the conduct of the national "hero": maybe he could not call and postpone the time of our meeting, may be he called when we on the road and etc. We came home and I listened to all the messages on the answering machine. There was nothing from Joe Montana. He did not call the next day, and in two days, and in three... he never called again!

I asked George to call Joe Cuzimano, tell him about the situation and demand he find out what was the matter. Joe Cuzimano was extremely surprised and said that Joe Montana was a decent fellow. When his father went on tick, he came and personally paid his debts, and in this case these were his personal engagements and he undoubtedly would meet them... Here was the image which the mass media created for the national "hero". Joe Cuzimano succeeded in meeting Joe Montana in his house in the presence of the whole family, including his mother and father, who knew about my work and our agreement. When Joe Cuzimano asked when Joe Montana was going to pay, he was much more surprised by the answer than I was. Joe Montana said that he did not want to hear anything about me and was not going to pay me anything! A lot of specialists worked with him and I had nothing to do with his hand returning to normal.

Confused by what had happened, Joe Cuzimano told me all of it. Then I asked him to tell Joe Montana the following: I will not return his hand to the state it was in before my work. Not at all! In order he could not say that I did a poor job. I decided to punish him in another

way. If he was an avid and dishonourable person, then the strongest punishment for him would the loss of money. He will lose much more than he owed to me! Also, he will loose the status of the best American football player. I will make Steve Young play much better and become the new star of American football and everybody will forget about Joe Montana! This was the punishment I prepared for him and asked Joe Cuzimano to deliver it to the addressee, which he did. Certainly, when all this happened Joe Montana was at the peak of his glory and he considered my words funny, but... as they say who laughs last laughs longest!

Steve Young was a reserve player and was always in Joe Montana's shadow. He began to play on a regular basis in the team after the trauma of the latter and had played already for two years, which held Joe Montana in a state of strong irritation that turned into hatred. He saw in Steve Young a person which intrigued against him and impatiently waited when Joe Montana would free the place for him. There was some truth in this, but Steve Young spent his best years in his shadow. However, he did not show outstanding results over these two years. So, Joe Montana seemed to have nothing to fear. But it was only on the face of it!

Joe Montana changed the team, signing a 200 million dollars contract (which automatically made Steve Young a basic player in the San Francisco team). Joe Montana, having a healthy hand, did not show good results and the contract was annulled, which meant the complete crash of his career and the loss of the cherished 200 million dollars. In addition, Joe Montana lost about 100 million in "advertising" dollars.

The national "hero" was forgotten very quickly. He was still seen in the advertising of sports goods in TV shops for some time, but soon disappeared from there too. Steve Young won the Super Bowl for San Francisco in 1995 and became the new star of American football, and the mass media shouted that he surpassed Joe Montana! Thus I fulfilled all the clauses of the punishment which Joe Montana found very funny in January, 1993. After I helped Steve Young to become a star, I did not see a reason to continue to support him any longer and he did not show any further significant results.

So, Joe Montana got the most effective punishment — he lost enormous sums of money, and this is the most adequate punishment for meanness and avidity. To lose money is the most terrible thing for an avid person, much worse than the loss of hand, leg and even life! He was punished with oblivion for his pride and scornful attitude toward people. It is an example of an adequate answer or punishment; although this kind does not come at once, it is the only correct one. I

think that Joe Montana remembered my words, and if he did not, this is not important. He got an adequate punishment for his meanness.

So, this is how the story of Joe Montana's healing which began in July, 1992 ended. Unfortunately, it did not turn out as it should, but the bright side is that I succeeded in solving the problem for which the American health care system could do nothing. I repaired a seriously damaged arm which had worked only at 5% of the norm during two years after the accident and revived its nervous system. I consider it a good result, independent of how Joe Montana behaved. Certainly, if he had met his obligations and the mass media had known about the result, it would have been a lot better... or maybe not. It always happens in life: you lose one thing and win another.

During the summer of 1992 I was engaged in my ordinary routine, which would not seem ordinary to other people: I worked with my patients; then Svetlana and I worked in other Worlds. Sometimes I met people who became my future patients and those who were interested in my knowledge. I dedicated my free time to computer games which from a modern point of view were pretty primitive, but in 1992 they seemed like something unbelievable. Play stations allowed us to play on a big TV screen which strengthened the effect of the game and we bought a TV set with the biggest screen possible and enjoyed playing games and watching films, especially science-fiction ones, which allowed us to advance in English very quickly. I subscribed to cable television which also was a new and unusual service for us. We could choose what we wanted to watch from a hundred TV channels and some of them showed only films all day long without any advertising. We also could order the newest films right via the remote control for $3.50 a film.

All this was new and surprising for us, especially if we compare that to what was in the USSR before our departure. In short, we continued to discover our own America, so far only from one side, but very soon we knew its back side and the tinsel bright surface polish gradually began to dim...

Chapter 8.

The American offensive has begun

Time flies by very quickly when your day is busy from the moment you open your eyes to the moment you close them, and one fine day we noticed that autumn had come. The Californian autumn differs little from the summer. The only distinction is in the temperature lowering: the suffocating heat recedes finally to return and hold sway over the region the next year with renewed force. However, the summer tries to resist as much as it can and at the beginning of October Indian summer comes and brings the hottest summer days. So, one can distinguish the seasons in California mainly by looking at the calendar.

We could call September an ordinary month, if it were not for two events: a tragic one and a good one. Although, their comparison is hardly appropriate.

On the twentieth of September I got notification from the Immigration service about granting a working visa. I was given H1 and Svetlana got H4 as my wife. It did not give her the right to work, but allowed living on the territory of the USA legally. My first working visa was for one year. Later it has to be prolonged for two more years, and then — for three more. According to the American immigration laws the duration of a working visa can be no more than six years, whereupon a foreign worker must leave the country.

On getting the visa, George, Svetlana and I went to the office of so-called Social Security to get a SSN (Social Security Number). As our English was "lame" (especially mine, in both "legs"), George filled in all the necessary forms. So, it was out of the question that we could misunderstand and write something wrongly. George was born and grew up in the USA and, therefore, he could not misunderstand one or another question on the application forms. We handed them to a clerk, paid the tax for the registration, got the receipt and found out when we would get the cards. Although the SSN is not mentioned in the Constitution or other legislative acts as an obligatory "must have" document, nevertheless, it is required in all institutions: you cannot get fixed up in a job, open a bank account, get a driving license or bank credit, etc without it. So, one must get it, especially not being

a citizen of the country. On getting the working visa, we got official status without which we could not stay there legally, because my visa B1 had already expired. So, this was a good event.

The tragic one happened several days later; on September 25, 1992 Svetlana's father died in Lithuania. He had a weak heart and had survived three heart attacks, but his state was gradually improving since I had begun to work with him. It seemed that nothing bad could happen, but... on September 25 his heart stopped. More precisely, it was "helped" to stop. It was done for one reason — to make Svetlana suffer. She loved her father, her best friend, very much. They had common interests and an affinity of souls rarely found among people. He was called Vasiliy Vasilievich Seriogin, however his real name was Vasiliy Obolenskiy; he was the only son of the Duke Nickolai Obolenskiy and the duchess Elena Larina.

Svetlana's father was born in the town of Kurgan where his parents were exiled and eliminated by the "just" power after the revolution of 1917. His life was an incredible existence; that of a strong and extraordinarily talented person to whose lot fell a very severe fate having lost his parents in the first months of his life. So, our enemies to which Svetlana and I had done numerous and noticeable bad turns inflicted a mortal blow on his weak heart, which was not a casual event regarding his family.

It began more than two hundred years ago when one of Svetlana's ancestors of French lineage was organized an honoured and sumptuous funeral, but before this his heart was removed and buried separately from the body. Moreover, the heart was cut out with the use of a black magic ritual, but everything was presented as a manifestation of highest "respect" and "honour" to the dead person for high achievements in his life-time! This person was a direct descendant of Ruses-Merovingians who ruled Western Europe in the first millennium A.D. More precisely, he was a descendant of those few Merovingians who succeeded in avoiding the massacre which the "thankful" Gauls inflicted upon them in VII-IX centuries, being set against them by social parasites. There was no France then; it was Gallia which social parasites had "bitten off" from the united Slavonic-Aryan Empire in the 2nd and 3d century A.D., just as they did with Spain and Britain. There was Gallia in the place of modern France, which together with Italy formed a single state ruled by Ruses-Merovingians called "francs" by the Gauls, which meant "free", but this is the story of another day...

So, one of Svetlana's ancestors of the French lineage of the Ruses was Prince Emanuel De Rohan who was the father of Svetlana's distant great, great ... grandmother (through the line of her grandmother,

the Duchess Elena Larina). Even his last name indicates directly his connection with the Slavonic-Aryan Empire, because the name Rohan is a gradual distortion of the title of RA Khan, when written in Latin, although initially it was written like it was pronounced—Rakhan or Ra Khan. Ra Khan (or the Khan of Ra) is the military title of a battle magician which the highest initiated members of the caste of the Ruses had, unlike the title of khan which was given to war-lords who did not have any magic or paranormal abilities. The same way, the dynasty of Merovingians was created by the highest initiated from the caste of the Ruses and their Russian name "We are Ra in Inglia" transformed into Merovingians over the course of time. This all can be confirmed by real documents which were either carefully concealed or destroyed in the West, but they failed to destroy everything!

It turned out that the past of our families is very closely related to the past of the Slavonic-Aryan Empire, although we found that out only relatively recently, which cannot change the essence of the fact: the families of our ancestors were closely connected with the past of the Ruses, the Russian people.

And now it is time to come back to Prince Emanuel de Rogan's fate. As I mentioned already, his heart was cut out after his death, allegedly, as an expression of innermost gratitude for his great deeds and buried separately from the rest of the body. Few know that a church ritual of such a high "respect" to a dead person is in reality a ritual of black magic, Voodoo. Exactly after this ritual all the transmitters of the genetics of the buried person will have a weak heart, as though the heart was cut out not from a distant ancestor or a relative, but from the descendants! The black magic of this ritual negatively influenced anybody who would carry even traces of the genetics of a person buried with similar "honours". So, in addition to hereditary illnesses, one can also "inherit" magic damages made via genetics. However, few understand that and everything is explained solely by hereditary illnesses. It is possible to eliminate such an "hereditary" illness only by destroying the consequences of this black magic from the very beginning; then the problem will disappear and future generations will not have this kind of "illness". I had done it for Svetlana, but I had not enough time to complete the healing for her father.

His death became a hard blow and test for her. Although Svetlana could freely talk to her father's spirit and I helped him to get through the adaptation difficulties of the transition and fulfilled his wish to see the Universe and to get to another planet, it, nevertheless, was a poor consolation for Svetlana, because it was unnatural and premature. But the heaviest thing for Svetlana began at night, when she closed her eyes.

Our "friends" which prepared this "gift" showed a detailed picture of the body of her dead father in the earth to her and whispered that he was cold, lying in the cold earth and his body had began to decompose and worms were eating his flesh! They hoped that Svetlana's psyche would not stand this kind of attack and break after seeing those "colourful" pictures. This continued every night for several weeks. Despite the unbearable pain that followed the loss of her father, Svetlana found forces to squeeze the delusion imposed on her out of her consciousness.

In reply, she told these "friends" that it was her father's dead body that was in the coffin and it should decompose and the worms should eat it as it was buried in the earth, but his spirit continued to live and one day he would be incarnated in a new body on another planet, the planet of his dreams, and she was happy that his dream would finally come true. Even if he was dead, more precisely, his physical body was dead; he could do what few succeeded in doing in our Midgard-earth, especially in the latest millennia: he was able to see the Universe, other planets and civilizations!

Svetlana's strength of mind and will forced the enemies to retreat, although it was not an easy victory. One, our star friend called Vion, helped her in this hard time: he took her spirit with him and showed her the beauty of the Universe and talked to her, granting a respite from our enemies' iron grip and a sip of "fresh air", so that she could have a little night rest from the constantly sent "pictures" of her father's decomposing body.

So, the death of Svetlana's father was an instrument of pressure on her and an attempt to break her and prevent her from acting against the parasitic system, but despite the pain from the loss, the enemies obtained the opposite — Svetlana began to help me yet more actively in the just matter of fighting against parasites wherever they were. Although then our main activity was out of the bounds of our planet, nevertheless, parasites inflicted their blows on us on our planet too, eliminating our dearest people, because they could not reach us directly. These are the methods which social parasites of all levels use...

October and November flew by full of ordinary work. Somebody may wonder: how the returning of health to people can be ordinary work, a routine? It can, when you do the same work day after day. It does not mean that I did not feel the pain of every patient and was not glad when a person got his health back as a result of my work. I was glad then and am glad now each time when I give somebody a second chance or, quite often, a second life and I always hoped and do so now that he or she will use it for the good of other people, but all this, nevertheless, does not prevent my work from being routine.

When you have solved a task for the first time and understood that "two plus two is four", the wings grow from your back and your soul is filled with joy that you succeeded in doing this! However, if you have to repeat that "two plus two is four", despite this statement being correct, it does not have the "freshness" of the first discovery and becomes an ordinary event and a routine being pronounced thousands of times. The same happens with healing: when you find a problem in a human organism and a method to release a person from it for the first time, you experience joy because you succeeded in finding a correct solution, but when you solve the same task again and again and again, the joy of novelty is replaced by the routine ordinariness. Everybody considers his own health problem to be a problem of an almost Universal scale, and is unspeakably glad when it is solved. I am also glad that I could help a person, but I already cannot find here the novelty of creation, search for solution, development of strategy and tactics — all this which makes a human soul fly, at least, mine.

Certainly, different people may have different manifestations of one and the same health problem, because everyone has different genetics and spirit and, therefore, the course of the illness may differ, because each combination of genetics and spirit is unique. This uniqueness is manifested in a person's perception of my influence and, also, which organs and systems are damaged and which are not. But for all this, an ulcer, for instance, remains an ulcer which always appears at the lower internal wall of the stomach, at least I have never seen it anywhere else. Actually, it cannot be otherwise, as an ulcer appears when for one or another reason the stomach starts producing gastric juices whilst being empty, and the juices accumulated in the lower part of the stomach start "digesting" the mucous membrane which is precisely the organ that produces the juices.

The gastric juices corrode the mucous membrane up to the muscles of the stomach, and if the process is not stopped, the juices will "digest" the muscles of the stomach walls and a so-called perforated ulcer appears: the gastric juices and the content of the stomach get into the abdominal cavity with all the effluent consequences. These are briefly given possible variants of the course of an ulcer. So, despite people's different genetics, spirits, dynamics of the illness and individual features, my work on returning health to a person is not notable for a great variety.

When a person has a perforated ulcer, the first thing I do after defining its location is to stop the internal bleeding by blocking the damaged blood vessels by means of growing an insulating "partition" from the connective tissue inside a damaged vessel. The internal bleeding stops,

but it is still not a complete solution of the problem. It is just a creation of a temporary patch! Then I begin to work on the renewal of the damaged tissues, growing new ones layer by layer, beginning with the most internal damaged layers. The cells of the stomach muscles are the first to be restored. For this I totally split the damaged cells and create healthy, full-fledged ones instead.

Thus, the gastric ulcer is healed layer by layer: muscular tissues come first and then the mucous membrane of the stomach. When the process is over, the gastric ulcer disappears completely, as if it never was, which is confirmed by medical check-ups. But this is still not all: it is necessary to get rid of the reason for its origin, which is a wandering nerve stimulating the mucous membrane of the stomach wrongly. The stomach must produce gastric juices proportionally to the volume of the food and its qualitative composition. A number of the organism's systems participate in this process, beginning with taste receptors in the mouth which allow us not only to taste the food, but also send a signal to a certain area of the cortex about the kind of organic matters about to enter the stomach: proteins, fats or carbohydrates. While the food moves along the gullet, the brain already gives the command as to what type of gastric juice and in what volume the stomach should produce it in order to digest the food properly to the wandering nerve through the reticular structure (*formatio reticularis*) and through the spinal cord.

Again, this is a very brief description of the digestive process. I have not described the way the signals go (along what nerves, how and in what sequence), because it can be interesting only for specialists. I mentioned the complex nature of the digestive process in order that readers can realize that often modern medicine does not understand what takes place in the human body and, if it does, it cannot change anything, but only does purely mechanical actions. So, the signal from the brain through the reticular structure reaches the wandering nerve which stimulates the excess of gastric juices which, in its turn, results in the ulcer.

So, in order to prevent its appearance in the future, it is necessary to find the area in the nervous stimulation of the stomach where the failure of the system is observed as a result of which the wandering nerve is overexcited. When the initial reason is found, it is necessary to restore the working balance of the sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous system, reticular structure and the brain. By the way, modern medicine has no idea whatsoever how this system can be repaired. I gave an example of the gastric ulcer in order to show that despite some individual features, the essence of the work remains the same and,

therefore, when the essence of the problem is totally clear, the actions acquire a routine character. Certainly, sometimes some principally new things may appear even in the case of the gastric ulcer, but it happens less and less over the course of time.

Working in Space is quite another thing! If you can solve the tasks which appear on your way correctly, you go to the next level where everything is absolutely different and this means that everything which worked perfectly before does not work in these absolutely different conditions and each time you have to create new methods of working within constantly changing scales and terms, which does not allow submerging into routine work. Besides, I succeeded in solving a space routine problem at the beginning of my space Odyssey, which saved me from "drowning" in it and helped to keep my creative freedom. So, my daily work with patients was compensated by the diversity of my Space work.

This was how my days passed in the autumn of 1992. I would like to mention just one meeting. One September day I was invited to give a lecture to a group of people which called themselves "the warriors of light". I called Roman Borinkov who translated my first school-seminar; George and his wife Marsha joined me too; and we all went to a small suburb of San Francisco, where the group gathered in a pretty large house. I gave a lecture about the abilities of man and conducted a demonstration. After that everyone divided into small groups and began polite conversation, as they understood it. There was a lot of talk about "spirituality", socializing with "spirits" and their "dictations". Well, that which "spirits" transmitted to them did not reach even the level of the kind of open information accessible to anyone! The level of information which "spirits" gave was some kind of a medley of desultory information at primary school or even kindergarten level, which caused bewilderment, if we take into account the fact that it was not children who repeated it. Later I understood the reason for such a state of affairs. Education in the USA can be called education at a great stretch. It is difficult to find such ignorance even in the remotest Russian provinces, and I was surprised at the myth about the "quality" of American education being so wide-spread in the world! It is nothing but propaganda which America has imposed on the whole world in order to create an image of leadership, but this is also the story of another day...

So, it appeared, "the warriors of light" periodically gathered together and discussed what great deeds they would do for the whole of humanity when they got a lot of money via a special financial program,

like the one which Mavrodi[1] created in Russia! Oddly enough, those "great" deeds were the purchase of chic houses, expensive cars and all that kind of thing for themselves. Indeed, they had a very peculiar understanding of the concept of warriors of light. It was very like the one which the "builders of communism" had. They said that people would live in communism where everybody could have everything according to their needs and give according to their abilities. The most surprising thing is that the higher party "elite" did **live in communism**: they had everything they needed, but "forgot" to give anything in return! So much for the "great" deeds of the "warriors of light", but unlike the Communist party "elite", they never got millions for their invested thousands. They were simply cheated by the gathering of their money whilst they were made to believe that they would get millions in exchange.

So, financial pyramids did not appear exclusively in post-soviet Russia where people knew nothing about financial machinations, but also in the USA, where people should have learnt from the experience of their ancestors. Although the American writer O.Henry described a variant of financial machination in his *The Gentle Grafter*, it seems that nobody learnt anything. One of the reasons for this is that very few Americans have ever read anything by this writer, rather than precisely this story.

Someone may have the impression that, possibly, just O.Henry and his books "fell" out of the Americans' sight. Not at all! The school program lacks a number of other American writers. Ten years ago they withdrew Mark Twain's *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, which depicted the reality of that time, for calling a black person "nigger" instead of Afro-American according to modern rules of "political correctness"! Such are the "subtleties" of American life. As turned out during my talks with the Americans, the name of Jack London was known more or less well in San Francisco, and not because of his works, but because his hut on the shore of the bay in Oakland was preserved from the "gold fever" time. However, very few read his works, not to mention foreign writers! As for Russian writers, they heard something about Leo Tolstoy and Feodor Dostoevsky, mainly from TV programs which occasionally mentioned their names. Certainly, there is a very thin layer of Americans who read considerably more than the overwhelming majority, but their knowledge of literature, even that within the scope of the Russian school program of the times of the USSR, also

[1] Sergey Mavrodi was a founder of a financial pyramid in Russia called MMM which ruined millions (from 10 to 15) of investors in early 1990s. (E.L.)

leaves much to be desired. Besides, the Russians at that time read once or twice as much as that required by the school program. It was not just schoolboys, students and intellectuals who read a lot, workers and peasants did it too. This how it was in the time of my youth and I am sincerely sorry that the love of books and reading is gradually dying in modern Russia, and schoolboys and students become more like their American coevals with every passing year.

This was how we met the "warriors of light". To tell the truth, neither Svetlana, nor I were especially delighted by it. Certainly, there is nothing wrong in having a good house or driving a good car, but all this has nothing to do with the fight for justice! Moreover, the "warriors of light" were not interested in justice at all, for which one needs to fight and often sacrifice personal well-being, but only in their own prosperity. The true warriors of light do not act perceiving their selfish interests, but justice in general, often aiming to establish justice for others!

All the rest is either simple verbiage or the frank lies of social parasites which aim to create a verbal camouflage in order to mislead others. Exactly social parasites yell about caring for the whole of humanity, about the necessity to "democratize" society, etc. In fact, democracy, more precisely pseudo-democracy, is the best protection for them which allows a social parasite to easily avoid responsibility for his parasitic actions, as a decision taken collectively implies the absence of personal responsibility. Well, you cannot punish all! At best, they will find somebody to blame whom they can easily sacrifice, pin all accusations upon him and then will grant him another important state post. And that will be all!

Pseudo-democracy is an ideal means of avoiding responsibility, cheating people and hiding their parasitic essence. When the responsibility for actions is laid on all, it is a sure sign of social parasites' activity, which invented elections every four years in order to camouflage their aims better: those who promised a lot to their electors leave their posts without fulfilling a thing and new ones who promise almost the same change places with them. The first explain their insolvency by the lack of time. Besides, social parasites often proclaim their "saving" plans, for the execution of which the country needs fifteen or twenty years, in case they get elected for a second term, and thus, do not need to answer why they have not kept their promises! Isn't it a cunning trick for avoiding responsibility: the time of execution of what was promised has come, but there is nobody to ask for the results, because those who gave the promises are already long ago "out of business"? So, democracy or, more correctly, pseudo-democracy is an adroit instrument that

social parasites invented to fool the masses.

Coming back to my story; by the end of November we had not received official papers from the social security, as we were promised. We felt somewhat anxious and I asked George to call the office and find out when our social security cards would come. George entrusted the manager of the building where we lived in, Judy Sanders, with this task and she found out that our applications did not exist, which left George and me at a loss! That could happen, if Svetlana and I had messed something up, but it was George who wrote the statements for us and he knew perfectly that he had filled in everything correctly. Besides, I saved the receipt which served as undeniable evidence that we did fill in the application forms. One way or another, we had to make the same applications for the second time which this time did not disappear anywhere and in two weeks we got our social security cards. This event opened our "pleasant" mutual relations saga with the USA official authorities. Certainly, then we thought that it was a mere misunderstanding: workers of Chinese origin entangled something and our papers were lost in the depths of the offices. To our regret, these were only the "florets" of what we had to face in the future.

Meanwhile Christmas and New Year were on the threshold. At the end of November the shops, streets, gardens, public areas and homes were wonderfully decorated and there were billions of multi-coloured shimmering bulbs in the evening and everybody tried to decorate his place better than others which was really beautiful. Certainly, Svetlana and I did not see anything like this in the USSR and we looked at shop-windows which were decorated with special care with great interest. However, we still could not get accustomed to Christmas being celebrated more widely and solemnly than the New Year and almost everyone got rid of their Christmas trees right after Christmas, and almost nobody kept them until the New Year.

One day on going to buy some New Year adornments in the nearest Macy's we were impressed by the immense variety of them. Half the shop was filled with Christmas trees: hundreds of artificial trees of different colours from ordinary green to extravagant silver and gold. As a matter of habit, we decided to buy a natural tree. The New-Year tree markets in the streets of San Francisco looked just like in the USSR, only they were better decorated and the trees were as pretty as they come. We went to buy a tree with George. He chose a tree for his family and I did for mine. The matter of buying decorations was in Svetlana's hands while I played the role of "porter". For some time we turned into children: there were so many decorations and they were so beautiful that we were dazzled looking at so many shining things!

Last time I decorated a New-year tree was in 1987. After that I had to lead a "nomad's life" moving from one rented apartment to another, and frankly speaking, New-Year trees and decorations were not my priority then. So, the New Year, 1993, was upon us and Svetlana and I remembered our childhood. My family never starved, but did not have especial excesses in anything, be it food, clothes or anything else. Therefore, we, children, perceived such holidays like the New Year, Birthdays, 1st and 9th of May, 7th of November as very notable events. Then, the New Year and Birthdays were indeed holidays for heart and soul, at least for me, introducing joy and a certain magic into ordinary life, the 1st of May and the 7th of November we awaited, mainly, because of additional vacations and a festive meal. The Victory day, 9th of May, occupied a special place in our family in the train of holidays of the Soviet epoch. My family lost in this war three nearest relatives: my mother's father and two her uncles. In fact, all the men of her family died in the war. My father's father was an aristocrat repressed by the Soviet power and he was not called up to the army because of his age — he was more than 50 then. It's a pity but I still know nothing about other relatives from my father's line.

On the 9th of May we always remembered the members of our family and all the Soviet citizens who did not return from the war[2] and gave their lives for the freedom of our Motherland. We asked our mother and father to share their impressions about the war, because they had to live through the German occupation. My mother engraved in her memory forever her father kissing his twin daughters and walking to the gate near which there was a GAZ car waiting for him. He remained in the memory of a little girl a young and very attractive fellow in military uniform destined to leave his house forever, although, nobody knew that then. Then they were nearly shot as the family of an officer, but most likely Fate had other plans for them: my mother's granddad and her mother with three little children were driven out of their own home and placed in its basement where they spend the whole time of the occupation. Also my mother told us how they were all scared when a German soldier came down to the basement and on seeing two small frightened children, gave them a bar of chocolate which they had never tried before (my mother's younger sister was born in January, 1942).

My father told us the following. When the Germans occupied Kislovodsk, his native town, the elders of the Karachai came to the German authorities with a request-suggestion: if the Germans allowed

[2] World War II (1939-1945). In Russia it is called the Great Patriotic War. The Germans attacked it on June, 1941 and the Russians fought for freedom four long years till May, 1945. Over 30 million Russians were killed. (*E.L.*)

them to proclaim the city of Kislovodsk their capital, they were ready to cut out all Russians as a gesture of gratitude! The Germans turned down the request. So, some people did not feel a special "love" for the Russians then too. My parents told us about the hard situation with food both during the years of the occupation and after the war. My mum told us how they gleaned and brought the corn home to get some flour using hand millstones and bake small cakes. They ate everything edible they could find in the nearest forest...

We children always waited for holidays because they differed from everyday routine bringing us a real festive mood. In Soviet times there was always a huge deficiency of good food: very often families bought different delicacies at "black markets" paying speculative prices or stood in kilometric queues and saved them for exactly these holidays in order to "put their best foot forward" when guests would come! All these yummy things were gathered for months and then were proudly put on a festive table. So we, kids, always saw them every time we opened the refrigerator and patiently waited for holidays to taste them at last.

All the above said concerned only the ordinary people. The Soviet "elite" which was formed by butchers, directors of shops and warehouses and, certainly, the higher party echelons did not have any of these kinds of problems whatsoever! So, most people who have lived in Soviet times, even shortly, will understand my childhood feelings.

It is of interest that I saw the attitude toward guests which was usual in the USSR and remained in modern Russia, neither in Germany nor in the USA. When in 1990 I visited Germany I was staggered by another fact of typical burgher life in addition to those which I have mentioned before. If some relatives unexpectedly appear at dinnertime, a housewife, even if she is a daughter of the surprise guests, will never invite them to the table! The comments on this situation stunned me almost the same way as the fact itself! The essence was as follows: "... we did not count on them being here and there is enough food only for us. If they come without warning, let them be hungry"!

This kind of behaviour is impossible for Russians, and not only for them, I think. In fact, our mentality differs dramatically from the mentality of people from some other countries and America was not an exception. When the Americans, even from very rich families, invite people to their place, they try to minimize the cost maximally and never offer the tastiest things to the guests, saving them for themselves. Usually, having a reception or party, the Americans organize something like a buffet — some tables with tiny sandwiches and drinks — so much for food for guests. Almost all American evening-parties and guest receptions are like this. They differ only in what these tiny sandwiches

are made of: the richer the American, the more expensive the filling, but if this is caviar or salmon, the size of the sandwiches will be less. In fact, many rich people do not even do this, because they consider it to be an unnecessary extravagance and throwing their money about. One way or another, it is not accepted in America to offer the best you have for guests. The only exception to this rule is Thanksgiving Day when an obligatory turkey is put on the festive table, but this is a family holiday when the members of one family gather at the table, in other words this holiday is not for strangers.

Again I have digressed from the subject, but it looks like I cannot do without these "lyrical digressions" to transmit my internal state and explain why I made this step or took that decision. So, like it or not, I again go back to my childhood...

My birthday was a holiday which of all the holidays I anticipated the most. It was solely my day and I always guessed what gifts I would get. It fact, any gift was dear to my heart independent of the price, and very often I kept a gift carefully in memory of the person who presented it to me. Although, this feature manifested most brightly in my childhood, I still have the habit of keeping gifts, especially if they are from the dearest people. I would like to repeat once again, the price of a gift was not important to me. I remember when my granny Marfusha presented me with a beautiful tooth-care set. It was a tin decorated with painted Firebirds and heroes of Russian fairy-tales where there was tooth-powder in a colourful small box, a bar of soap in colourful wrapping, a toothbrush etc. So, I did not touch anything for several months, because everything was very beautiful and I did not want to spoil this beauty: I took the box, admired the amazing Russian fairy-tale pictures and put everything back in place. It was only much later that I decided to use it, when keeping it any longer could affect its quality and render it unserviceable. However, I kept the colourful tin for a long time. So, the price of a gift did not matter to me then (and now), I always had my own scale of values according to my internal resonance.

Another holiday, which I adored most of all, was New Year, which brought New-year trees and gifts from Grandfather Frost and Snow Maiden. Although I began to understand that the latter were not real pretty early on, nevertheless, I created my own fairy-tale world and everything became real at once! I was very glad, if I could get the New-Year presents, a small colourful paper bag with sweets and fruits, twice. I enjoyed such good fortune when I was in primary school when gifts were given to younger pupils at the school New-Year celebration and in the New-year celebration for children at my father's work. The

most thrilling was to find mandarins in the bag. I always adored them and therefore was happy if they were in the bag, especially when they were ripe. I was less happy finding oranges there, I liked them too, but I liked the taste of mandarins more.

Sometimes I exchanged sweets and fruits with my sister and brother: I gave them what they liked most of all, and they gave me what I liked. We did it more often with my junior sister. She always gave me her mandarins instead of candies or apples which she liked very much. Most likely she did that to make me happy, but then I was totally sure that she indeed liked apples more than mandarins.

She behaved the way my mum did: when allotting a boiled chicken to all the members of the family, she left for herself just the chicken bottom and skeleton. Chicken legs were almost always set aside for my father's lunch time at his work and the rest was divided between us all. Someone had a wing, someone white chicken meat, but she always took the chicken bottom with bones for herself. I wondered then why my mum always took it and was completely sure that she very much liked exactly this part of the chicken and could not understand what was so delicious there. When I grew up I asked her whether she indeed liked this part or she said that so we could quietly eat our piece of chicken.

Maybe somebody will consider this very naive, but it was the way it was. I was sure that if my mother said that she liked it then it was really so. Besides, she did it very convincingly, showing us all how delicious it was. So, I had this kind of naive trustfulness of people's words from my childhood, because I never said anything insincerely. I always told the truth, what I think and feel and thought that everybody did the same. Certainly, my mum told us a little lie, but it was not a lie for which she should be condemned. She wanted to give all the best to us and take for herself what was left.

She did her best to hide her self-sacrifice and made us all believe that it was pure truth, including my father. For a long time he also had been sure that my mum loved chicken bottom more than everything else, until one day she explained to him why she did that and he scourged himself for being "tricked" so easily. How masterfully my mum led us all astray. Obviously it had something to do with her natural paranormal skills which she used without saying a word to anyone. She also kept silent about them at her work in a children's hospital, and who knows how many children she saved, returning life and health to them.

Well, on remembering my childhood, I am surprised at how differently I looked at the world, even time passed differently. I adored cartoon films then and always did my best not to miss them. As far as I remember, Soviet television broadcasted cartoon films twice a day

at 5.00 and at 8.00 o'clock in the evening and while playing with my mates on the street, I popped in home several times in order to ask my mum what time it was. On hearing my mum's "it is still early", I thought impatiently of when five o'clock would finally come! The time in my childhood hung heavy and every day seemed to be infinitely long, which means that I expected my fairy-tale holiday of my childhood, the New Year, also for an awfully long time!

There always was a New-year tree in our house and we all decorated it together. My father always tried to bring a beautiful one, but did not always succeed in that. And then he turned it unattractive side to the wall and did his best to hide all the defects, but all the same it was a fairy tree for us. When my parents bought a string of lights for the New-Year tree for the first time, we children would sit for hours and look at such beauty, especially in the darkness. We also decorated our tree with candies and walnuts, which my father gathered in the nut woods near Kislovodsk, wrapping them in silver or gold foil. My father was a hunter and explored all the outskirts of the town. Often he went to hunt in the mountains and returned home with prey. Several times he succeeded in hunting a wild boar and then we all had a feast: the grown ups smoked the boar's meat which tasted incredibly delicious! As I have already written, we lived in Kislovodsk till I was six, and in 1967 my father got the flat in Mineralnye Vody and we moved there.

So, the New Year table always groaned with home-made preserved delicacies and all types of pickled vegetables stored in the cellar. In the autumn my grandmother Marfusha made pickled tomatoes, cucumbers and cabbage in oak barrels using her recipes, and everything always was incredibly delicious. We kids were eager to observe the whole process from the moment of getting out empty oak barrels which got special treatment before pickling and the process itself. The pickling of cabbage was the most interesting of all. The cabbage should be strong and was bought after the first frosts. Enormous snow-white cabbage heads were chopped manually on special boards reminiscent of wash boards provided with parallel rows of knives with small gaps between them. So, an enormous head of cabbage was cut in two and was "washed" along the board.

As a result of the "washing" the thickness of the chopped cabbage was the same. Mixed with chopped carrot, it was laid into the barrels, thoroughly rammed and sprinkled with salt. Black peppercorns and the leaves of cherry and currant were added there too. Sometimes halves of heads of cabbage and apples were placed in the barrels and covered with the chopped mixture. Everything was thoroughly rammed again and when an oak barrel was full, an oak lid and a heavy load were put

on the top. The cabbage-carrot juice appeared almost immediately and the process of the pickling began. When ready, it was incredibly tasty and everyone ate it heartily. There were also a lot of marinades in the cellar stored in three-litre glass jars which also were very delicious. Sometimes my grandma pickled water-melons and then we had this delicacy on our New Year table.

The New Year was not just gluttony for us. We never starved, but it was the day when we could eat something delicious that we did not have every day. Nevertheless, it was not food that was the main event for us on New Year's night. We were eager to watch a special New-Year TV program called "Ogoniok" which was broadcasted the whole night till the morning (the Soviet Central Television stopped telecasting at 12 o'clock p.m. — *E.L.*). In the sixties it was indeed very interesting and I remember how I tried with all my might not to fall asleep before 12.00 pm. and failed most of the time. If I did my parents woke me up, but after the Kremlin chimes struck 12 times I did not hang on long and fell asleep again and felt hugely disappointed in the morning because I could not watch the New Year TV program to the end.

When I grew up a little and sleep could not win over me without my wish, "Ogoniok" turned into the most boring thing I ever saw. Instead of a festive concert we were shown the heroes of the socialist labour force: milkmaids, shepherds, combine operators, cosmonauts, engineers sitting at tables in a "festive" atmosphere and a presenter cheerfully told the whole country: "*... and at this table we can see the hero of socialist labour who has milked .... cows in one shift and got a record yield!..*" I had nothing against the record milk yields and all that kind of thing, but I could not understand what all that had to do with the New Year celebration. I remembered those interesting and merry New-year programs several years ago and was upset that I fell asleep without watching them to the end, but it was already too late to cry over spilt milk. Well, "our dear" communist party stole the magical New Year holiday even from the children!

So, on the eve of December 24[3], 1992 Svetlana and I decorated our first American New-year tree, and laid a festive table. Svetlana did her best and everything was extraordinarily delicious and our guests, Marsha and George, were obviously delighted. Besides, they tried many dishes for the first time, especially Marsha. Most Americans get rid of the New Year trees right after Christmas, and almost nobody celebrates the New Year likewise. However, we were not Americans, and left ours till January 13, when Russians celebrate the Old New Year, the concept

[3] In Russia the Christmas is celebrated on January 6. (*E.L.*)

of which is difficult to explain to non-Russians.

So we felt as though we continued to live in Russia, which is quite understandable — our Motherland was always with us wherever we were. Naturally, we missed it and we missed the Russian spirit which was impossible to find in America despite the Soviet Diaspora in San Francisco. And this was hardly surprising, because most immigrants from the USSR were Jews (more precisely, Israelites) which all of a sudden became "Russians" in America and which had completely "adjusted" themselves to the American way of life with all the effluent consequences. The representatives of the true Russian immigration — from the first wave after the "Russian" revolution of 1917 and the second wave after the World War II — either had died out or were also turned into "real" Americans. The children of many of them did not know even a few words in Russian. Even more so, it was useless to try to find the Russian spirit in the so-called third wave of immigration, because there were almost no Russians among them. They were, mainly, Jews which left the Soviet Union to go to Israel which for "some" reason appeared to be the United States of America!

Svetlana and I observed a very odd phenomenon: all the Soviet Israelites somehow became the "Russians" which they utterly despised in the USSR. I will come back to that a bit later, while now I will continue our New Year celebration story. Svetlana and I celebrated the New Year of 1993 alone together; George and Marsha dropped in at our place in the evening, and then we began to await the arrival of the New Year which appeared to be full of different and numerous surprises, both pleasant and not so pleasant. We began to celebrate the holiday already in the day-time calling our nearest and dearest and friends in Russia and Lithuania wishing them a happy new year. And when the New Year night came to California, we began to receive congratulations from Russia and Lithuania in return. Thus, for the first time we congratulated and got congratulations on the New Year over the course of twelve hours!

The calmness which reigned in America on the New Year was really odd for us, at least, what we saw in California. Almost nobody celebrated this holiday, except for immigrants from the USSR. The only thing that was done to celebrate the New Year in California was fireworks at midnight and people, mainly young, gathered in the places where they were well visible and went home afterwards. There were no festive programs on TV whatsoever. Christmas, on the contrary, was the most widely and uproariously celebrated holiday in the USA with gifts, festive dinners and festive TV programs. In short, the merry celebrations which happened at New Year in the USSR and then Russia

happened at Christmas in the USA.

It is also of interest that in the USA the period of universal good will to all lasted only during Christmas: all give presents to each other, try to be attentive and to behave humanly, warmly and in a friendly way, while the rest of the year the "beloved neighbour" is considered just as a potential possibility for profit. Certainly, not all are like this in America, but personal interests are in first place for the overwhelming majority. I saw a great number of confirmations of that and the famous American phrase "Nothing personal, just business" is a widely used motto and an instrument for action. So, at Christmas people allow themselves to be human beings for one day and the rest of the year they are not, but, nevertheless, they feel themselves to be very good people and are proud of what they do this day.

They are proud that they give some food to hungry people and unnecessary, to them, warm clothes to those who need it and all this kind of thing, but do not think or, maybe, try not to think that, for example, hungry children want to eat on the other 364 days of the year too. This psychological trick allows people to lull their conscience, in the case when they have it. No pangs of conscience whatsoever! A person can calmly bring children to beggary and then treat them to a free dinner at Christmas and tell everyone about this being awfully proud. Pity, but this is the kind of mentality most Americans have: being a truly alive person just for one day a year...

By the way, according to the Julian calendar, the New Year began to be celebrated in the lands of Moscow Tartary (this was how the Moscow duchy was called) on the night of December 31 to January 1 only after Peter I (1672-1725) introduced this calendar in his state in 7208 (according to one of the Slavonic-Aryan calendars). Before that, the Slavonic-Aryan New Year began on March 22 (but was celebrated on March, 1), which is not accidental because it is the day of the vernal equinox! Moreover, on changing the Slavonic-Aryan calendar from Julian, Peter I also changed the Slavonic names of the months into the West-European ones, evidently not knowing that the word December, when translated into Russian, meant the **tenth month**, not the twelfth, which also means that the New Year began in March in Western Europe too!

So, in addition to introducing the Julian calendar and, thus, stealing thousands of years of glorious past from the Slavs-Aryans, Peter I did another nasty thing. He shifted the beginning of the New Year in accordance with the rules of the Moon Cult. It is of interest that previously the New Year was celebrated on the 1st of March even according to the Julian calendar. Otherwise, its creators would not have given

numerical names to some of the months counting from the beginning of the New Year (the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth (September, October, November, December)). So, whatever one may say, our ancestors appeared to celebrate the New Year on March 1, if we talk in terms of the modern calendar. People said farewell to winter and welcomed spring and this was accompanied by Shrovetide at the beginning of March which was exactly the beginning of a new year.

Despite that all acknowledge that Shrovetide came from "pagan" times, the Christian church did its best to give a Christian shade to this holiday too. Although it is a 100% Vedic holiday dedicated to the Sun and even the pancakes which are an essential part of the festive week represent the Sun and the triumph of life. The contradiction between Christianity and the Vedic culture of our ancestors can be seen even more sharply if we pay attention to the fact that the first is guided and arranges all the holidays according to the Moon calendar, and the latter — according to the Sun calendar which our ancestors used. So, the fact that Peter I moved the celebration of the New Year to January 1 shows explicitly whose interests he defended. Also, the separation in time between the New Year and Shrovetide served as an instrument for making people gradually forget the true essence of these folk holidays thereby enslaving the free spirit of the Russian people more rapidly!...

In addition to the festive table and congratulations of our families and friends, Svetlana and I celebrated the New Year of 1993 working in Space. Most people find it difficult to understand how one can travel in Space without moving in it. This is hardly surprising, because social parasites did their best to prevent this idea occurring to anybody, perfectly knowing that the similar thing is real and possible. Instead they spread other false ideas in order to rule the masses, using the methods they said were impossible and unreal! This dirty trick allows them to do their dirty business with absolute impunity. A Russian science fiction author, Ivan Yefremov, showed this type of thing in his book "The bull's time" describing an island which the inhabitants of a planet cannot see, but the people who came from the Earth saw it perfectly. The invisible island is a symbol of the mass consciousness manipulation which parasitic forces successfully use.

The idea of **astral travel**,when the human spirit leaves the physical body and moves within the limits of the planetary levels, as the only thing that a human being can do has been very successfully imposed on people through different "spiritual" teachings. In fact, even the term "astral travels" is incorrect, especially when the "teachers" begin to talk about travels with one's "astral body", which is absurd in itself, because the astral body (the third material body of the spirit) cannot travel by

itself, because it is only a part of the single whole which we call a soul or a spirit.

A human spirit can have one, two, three, four and etc. bodies which all together form that which is called a human spirit or soul. The more spiritually evolved a person is, the greater number of bodies forms his spirit. However, it does not matter how many bodies a spirit has — one or one hundred — the spirit exits the body with all its bodies; they can never "run" in different places. The spirit leaves the physical body with all its bodies at one and the same time without any splitting ever! The distortion came from the Hindu teachers which got from the Ruses, the white teachers from North, the initial concepts of the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas. Later they consciously distorted everything, and the fables about the astral travels of Hindu-yogis appeared and were widely spread around the world!

Recently I have come across an article "The Vedic orthodoxy as a system of the world view and a basis of Slavonic spirituality" by V.A. Rybnikov, where the author gives a quite interesting interpretation of a word, which directly indicates the connection between the Israelites and their ancient Motherland — Dravidia (now India). Probably, many may think I am talking about some secret word. Not at all, the word is quite widely known all over the word, and the word is ... ***yogi!***So, what is the fuss about?

Many people know already that the higher Hindu yogis do "astral" travels, but if we read this word from right to left (like the Israelites do), we will get the word ***goy***.

We know that now the Israelites call all non-Jews *the Goyim*. But let us remember some more facts. First, according to Slavonic-Aryan Vedas, our far away ancestors smashed the armies of the followers of Kali-Ma's (Black Mother) Moon cult during the Second Aryan Conquest of Dravidia. Second, the ancestors of modern Israelites called the people of the White Race *the Goyim* too. Third, it was exactly the Goy-Ruses who brought the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas to Dravidia-India, and therefore, the Dravidian and Naga people and the ancestors of the Israelites called the White Teachers *the Goyim*! With only one difference: Kali-Ma's followers deported from Dravidia-India to the Country of Artificial Mountains (Ancient Egypt) still read this word from right to left — **goy**, but the tribes of the Dravidian and Naga people which remained in Dravidia-India after the Conquest changed the direction of reading and began to read from left to right,and the word **goy**turned into **yogi**! So, even the analysis of the origin of one well-known word ***yogi***indicates where the Motherland of the Israelites was and when they left it! .....

And now it is time to come back to the phenomenon itself. I have already explained under different points of view that my method of working in Space has nothing in common either with astral travels or with the exit of the spirit from the body. It is a system which I created myself and which has nothing to do either with Eastern teachings or with any occult systems expounded even in the most secret books. And the matter is not that I consider myself better and higher than anybody else, but my system fundamentally differs from the rest: it has not originated as a result of "debugging" some already known one!

It happened that I succeeded in creating my own system and I cannot see the reason why this fact touches so many people on the raw. More correctly, I do see a reason, but I am sorry that envy blinds people so much. The method I have invented does not require a dividing of the consciousness into greater or lesser pieces, exiting the spirit from the physical body or something like that. By chance or not, I succeeded in finding a fundamentally new method of functioning of human consciousness! Due to totally clear reasons I will not describe its essence, not because I have nothing to say on this occasion, but because I do not want to prompt a correct direction to social parasites even by chance. I just say that when I brought my system to a certain level, the first and last being which observed my actions, Terriy, asked me whether I understood what I had just created.

On getting a positive answer, he said that my discovery had a space importance. It happened in 1987. Since then I have evolved my system substantially and until now it worked without a hitch. So, the system I created is purely my system indeed: I did not steal it from for anybody, "debug" any system existent before or get it either from aliens, "higher forces" or from "universal reason". This is true! Is there any crime in this? It appears that very many accept very negatively the fact that it was me, a man, who created the system, which is really surprising. I have the impression that they would be happy, if I declare myself God, superman, a conductor of higher forces etc, but they are filled with indignation and denial because I firmly declare that I am **NOT**a God and **NOT**a superman, but just a human being who succeeded in de-riddling some secrets of Nature.

However, I feel myself neither worse nor better about the fact that many people feel strong irritation about exactly that. The matter is not in my indifference toward people, but in my clear realizing that social parasites always had and will have lackeys which are ready to fulfill any order of their owners for a piece of bread. Although some of them were broken by hook or by crook, and I pity them, I will never justify treachery and meanness whatever reasons preceded the deeds! I

can understand a broken person, but I cannot justify him. This is my position and my beliefs, no matter whether someone likes it or not.

So, the system I have created allows operating having at one's disposal all levels of consciousnesssimultaneously and at the same time complete consciousness of the physical body, when another physical body (or bodies) which are the continuation of my physical body (me) on our Midgard-earth can be created at almost any point in Space. Thus, the condition for almost unlimited possibilities for operating in Space appears. Any limitation may appear only if my brain stops "stirring" when solving one or another problem which, I hope, will never happen. Again, I understand perfectly that most readers will have a whirlwind of doubts on reading even these pretty common words.

I do understand this kind of reaction. It seems that it is better not to write about this listening to ordinary common sense, but then I would have to tell lies which would suitable for all and facilitate my task. This way is unacceptable for me. I am totally certain that there never can be a lie in the name of high purpose, because this is a trick of social parasites. There cannot be a "suitable" lie whatever high aim it justifies! Therefore, when I consider some facts of my biography complicated for an unprepared person to perceive, I either do not write about them at all or put full stops instead of words in order to preserve the integrity of the narration. It is highly likely that some day these words will appear, but this day has not come yet...

So, we spent the New Year festive night working in Space which in addition to our work on the Earth was and is the most important matter in our lives. However, the further we went into the Big Universe, the more frequently we had to go back to purely earth business. The fate of a little planet at the outskirts of our galaxy appeared to be tightly interlaced with the fate of the Universe in the most unbelievable way! I do not say this basing it on the philosophical concept that each atom influences the fate of the Universe, not at all. Not every atom, planet and even Galaxy, indeed far from it, influences the fate of a nearby atom, planet and Galaxy, not to mention the Big Universe. Nevertheless, due to some seemingly unbelievable circumstances our Midgard-earth appeared in the very centre of events upon which the fate of the Big Universe depends!

In order to calm the most zealously indignant I can say that this inconceivable moment is not connected with my personality whatsoever, so they fail to "catch" me on the desire for self-exaltation. I do not need it at all. Those who know who and what I am know and I am not going to prove anything to anyone. I do not need this too, no matter how hard parasites try to adjust me to their concepts. However, that

does not mean that I will allow anybody to pour out streams of lies for no reason but their own fear, because of their impotence to change and stop anything! ....

In January, 1993 I departed from San Francisco to New York. However, the final point of my journey was a small town in the state of New Jersey. I agreed with Dan Hartman to visit him at his place. He became my patient in the end of April, 1992 when he arrived in San Francisco after he had learnt about me via another patient. He appeared to be a very nice person without any hint of a star "illness", despite the fact of his being a well-known person in the world of music: he was a singer, songwriter and a record producer. He appeared pretty sensitive to my influence and some time later decided to take my sessions. He stayed in San Francisco for about a month; whereupon he went back home and I continued to work with him distantly.

I signed a contract with him stipulating payment in three stages. Dan sent me the first payment. We agreed that he should pay the second part on my arrival. So, I went to New York for ten days in order to carry out another set of sessions with him. He met me at JFK and took me to a small town near New York where he had a large house in the forest. Being a hospitable host, he showed me round his house and his record studio equipped with the latest of that time. The studio was his pride and I felt that the pride came from his soul and not from his desire to show how "cool" he was, although it cost a pretty round sum then — a quarter of a million...

Staying with Dan, I had to do only one thing — to carry out an every day healing session with him and I was free for the rest of the time. So, I went for an outing to explore the environs and to find a grocery store, which did not appear an easy task, because the homes of this small town were scattered among the forest very wide apart. On rambling through the woods for some time, I did find a small grocery store and bought what I needed. Dan was a hospitable person, but it was not my habit to rummage in stranger's refrigerators and take anything I want. Besides, our gustatory habits differed and I did not consider it tactful to require Dan buying me what I wanted. I would rather buy what I wanted myself without laying it on my host's shoulders. When I solved all my "household" problems I was ready to do the work which occupied the greater part of my time. The point is that my work with Dan lasted no more than half an hour a day. The rest of the time I tried not to disturb him and he did the same. Certainly, we "intersected" in the kitchen, but the rest of the time I was in my room and wrote my first book, more precisely, I finished writing it. To do this I brought with me a block of sheets of paper and a special stencil with lines in

bold type, which I put under the sheet.

When we arrived in the USA I already had the first three chapters of the book and about two dozen illustrations. I continued to write it and make illustrations in the summer of 1992. Initially I drew the illustrations on paper using crayons. The fact that it was possible to find the crayons of any colours and shades in America was extremely helpful. I decided to bring them to a single style in order to make the understanding of the text for readers as easy as possible. In order to make this work easy I drew the basic elements separately and then just added the necessary details to render the image I wanted. Therefore, to make the work faster, I also bought a light copying device, which was a wooden box of a meter and a half long and ten centimetres high with the upper side made of a matt plastic. Inside there were bulbs, the light from which was evenly distributed and dispersed by the thick milky-matt plastic. A basic picture drawn beforehand is laid on the surface of the device under a blank sheet of paper and is easily copied onto the latter. All the rest was drawn afterwards. I made basic pictures for the figures of man and woman and a human cell which allowed me to save a lot of time when creating a great number of pictures.

So, in the midsummer I returned to the book and wrote three more chapters and made more than a hundred illustrations. At the same time Svetlana began to print my scrawls. In order to understand my handwriting one has to have enormous patience and the outstanding talent of a graphologist. Some times even I have to find out what I have written when I have had to write down an idea in a hurry and do not always succeed in doing this quickly. So, Svetlana doughtily started this thankless task, that is, to type my manuscript. For this I bought a good typewriter with a screen which allowed the whole page to be perfectly visible, and what was the most important, in a small shop I found a typewriter with Russian letters!

One way or another when I arrived at Dan Hartman's, I had a firm desire to finish writing the manuscript of my first book. Then I did not even think that I would write other books, moreover, to be a writer, and that someone would like my scribble. Before this all my "literary heritage" consisted in writing correspondence and congratulatory post cards to my relatives and friends and even this was torture for me! I had to write wishes on a small space of a post card which required from me a lot of pains, because nothing occurred to me except commonplaces: I wish ... health ... happiness and wealth. My soul protested against writing one and the same things just changing the names. It was a real torment! And my attempts to somehow vary the congratulations did not result in anything good which increased the internal protest even

more.

I have almost the same feeling now when I am asked to sign my books and write some lines. I can not squeeze into a couple of lines anything better than a bunch of banalities and my soul protests. Even if I thought of something new, the joy did not last long, because when you write new for the second, third etc. times, the new thing turns into banality. I was not rapturous about writing letters in my student years either; I wrote them, mainly, to my parents and suffered for the same reasons — I wrote almost the same thing every time: I am alive and healthy, attend lectures and pass exams. As soon as I could call, I stopped writing letters and post cards, because the living voice of a dear person is much more pleasant to hear, than to read what he or she wrote or anything written oneself. So my "literary heritage" never caused any special delight in me and I could not even imagine that I would write books.

I began to write my first book because a vital necessity arose. Due to what I did and do, especially after carrying out series of my seminars, hundreds, if not thousands of meetings both with individuals and groups of people made me think about expounding of some of the material in a book. Especially after a number of cases, when the material I gave in my seminars was later expounded in a quite distorted way. So, a book would serve as a source of unaltered information and also give me a chance to stop repeating one and the same thing thousands of times! Nevertheless, I considered the necessity to write a book as an inevitable burden. So, having ten days and only one patient, I decided to take advantage of the free time in order to finish the manuscript of my book. Frankly speaking, it was always important for me to set a certain aim for myself, if I did not do it; I was totally won over by laziness.

The position "all right, I'll do it tomorrow" allowed me always to find a reason for postponing the matter for the eternal "tomorrow". Being aware of this *peccadillo*, when I wanted to be over and done with something quickly, I just set myself a plain task. This was what exactly happened in the case of writing the book. I said to myself that I must finish the manuscript during the ten day period, and I made it. Everything I wanted to render in my first book I brought to a logical end. Over the ten days I wrote six chapters of the book and roughly drew the basic ideas of more pictures. When writing the book, I had to limit the given information because I prefer to base it on material which I can prove to other people. Also, I set myself the task of describing the whole system, more precisely, its "skeleton", instead of spreading it out in a number of little streams of interesting questions and, thus,

"sinking" a reader in a quagmire of information. So, the manuscript was completed before my coming back to San Francisco!

One day Dan asked me to go to his doctor's New York office. He went through the necessary tests which showed progress which greatly pleased him. I talked to the doctor who appeared to be a very open person to what I did. We discussed the problems of Dan's illness and parted on friendly terms.

While I was absent, one important event, which I knew about but could not postpone my trip to Dan, happened. Svetlana's son, Robert, or Robka as we called him then, came to San Francisco in the beginning of January, 1993. He was fourteen then and his young life entered the period of juvenile "jungles". The American embassy did not give Svetlana's mother a visa fearing she would not return to Lithuania. Therefore, she had to find a friend who would agree to bring Robka to San Francisco, although her destination was on the East coast, in Boston, if I am not mistaken, but the offer to pay her round-trip ticket was met with enthusiasm and... here we go, Svetlana calls me and tells me with joy in her voice that Robert has come at last and now she can stop worrying.

The only unpleasant thing was that Robert's bag which contained objects of a high sentimental value for Svetlana, related to her father, was lost in the German airport when Robert changed flights. She was very upset. She had already lost the only video cassette with her father that I recorded when we visited her family in Lithuania in August, 1991 and which later was stolen from our Moscow flat. And it happened again — the memorable things of her father disappeared. When I attuned to the situation, I did not see that the ill-fated bag was lost at the plane changing. I told Svetlana to ask George to call me.

When George called I asked him to go to San Francisco airport again and to fetch the bag. He tried to explain me that it was useless, because it was he who met the woman with Robert and they had no bag with them, and the search for it gave no result. He tried to convince me that there was no use to go there again, and that the bag just disappeared, because this kind of thing happens pretty often, especially, if it was not a direct flight. I inquired whether he still had a baggage-receipt for this bag, and asked him to do me a favour and to go to the airport once again and get to the lost and found department. He did this yielding to my insistence.

Imagine his surprise when he found the bag among the lost luggage, about which he reported to me immediately still being in a state of utter surprise. He was one hundred-percent sure that it was just a caprice on my part and even had a strong desire to prove me wrong. My scanning

of the situation did not let me down this time too, despite everyone being sure of the contrary and openly telling me that. Svetlana could easily scan the situation herself, but her emotions impeded her doing it then. A strong desire almost always violates the balance, and it is impossible to get exact information. Instead of attuning to the true information, a person bathed in emotions, both positive and negative, risks getting false information: either his or her own projection of the situation or a projection "helpfully" created and palmed by someone else.

It is a rule: one should not allow any emotional fluctuations during any work on other levels. It does not mean that a person should turn into an insensible stuffed dummy. Not at all! The matter is that for getting a high quality scanning one should be maximally concentrated on the objectand beshut to anything else in the world. Only then it is possible to get reliable information about the scanned object. Any emotion, even the most positive one, knocks the person out of the state of concentration; the release of the vital force happens and the upper bodies of the human spirit are automatically blocked and the enormous bulk of the information is lost. Moreover, it is exactly the highest levels which give the main information about an object or subject.

So, any work on other levels of reality, not only scanning, requires a complete control over emotions. Besides, at some level of evolving, emotions can be dangerous for people and even nature. A powerful release of emotions can knock people down and cause natural cataclysms like earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods etc. Therefore, everybody who has reached a certain level of development should have a corresponding level of responsibility and the latter should be in the prime position, despite emotional reaction being absolutely morally defensible.

Moreover, despite the right to have proper and adequate emotional reactions, a person should assign primary importance to the responsibility for the consequences of his fully legitimate emotion! So, the control over emotions is a vital necessity. The higher the level of a person's evolving, the higher the level of responsibility and not only for his deeds but also for his emotions. One should know that the release of emotions disarms an evolved light man and deprives him of the possibility of applying his high evolutional abilities. Therefore, social parasites of all levels, including space ones, try to knock the opponent out of the state of internal equilibrium before they attack, thus blocking the use of his abilities from levels inaccessible to them, and therefore, dangerous for them. So, their insolence and provocative behaviour is not only the essence of their being, but also a very effective weapon which they use very skillfully.

Sometimes it is very difficult to keep the internal harmony and calmness, but it is a necessity. Otherwise, defeat as a result of the emotional blocking of the abilities attributed to high evolutional levelsis highly likely. The only way out from such a dead-end situation is the creation of a dynamic emotional system when the appearance of emotions and the following change in the emotional state results in the whole human evolutional system harmoniously changing. In this case the blocking of higher levels of the spirit does not occur and all the abilities of the higher levels are active. The so-called "fishing float" effect is observed when all bodies of the human spirit are harmoniously satiated with the streams of primary matters and the release of emotions does not result in the blocking of higher levels.

It is a very important moment, because then **there is no evolutional blocking**of the abilities, which are the manifestation of high evolutional levels, even when a brightly expressed emotional reaction is provoked by parasites. However, this kind of "fishing float" system does not mean that a person who possesses it has the right to splash out his emotions uncontrollably all over the sides. The powerful release of emotions may have deplorable consequences anyway. The "fishing float" harmonizing system is a safety system in case for one or another reason the emotional release happens. In other words, strict self-control is always necessary! ...

Robert's arrival in San Francisco in my absence was in a way an optimal variant. Svetlana could dedicate all her time solely to her son and Robert had some time for adaptation to a different way of life in my absence. I was not his father and it was not easy for him to get accustomed to a new situation. After all, he saw me for only a couple of days and did not have time to get used to me. It's a pity that we could not take him with us when we visited Lithuania. He should go to school and we had to move from one apartment to another, and we could not enroll him in any school without Moscow registration. In addition, the hunt and the sabotage from the side of the special services which entered the active phase from the end of January, 1991, meant that Robert could not be with us without him getting in their sight with all the consequences that might follow. So, Robert could join us only in America and only after I had got a working visa.

Ten days on the East coast passed pretty quickly. I finished the manuscript of the first book and was ready to begin working on its design. On the last day of my stay Dan paid me the next sum according to our agreement and drove me to the airport. We bade a warm farewell to each other and I flew to San Francisco.

Before I come to the next page of my life, I would like to finish the

story about Dan Hartman. He was very content with my job and called me for several months after my departure. But when the time came and he should decide whether he wanted to continue my treatment, he made the decision to stop it, because he was promised a quick cure for considerably less money. The offered system of healing was not authorized in the USA. Therefore, he went to Ukraine where he took a "wonder-working" healing session. After the "treatment" he returned home in a critical condition, but felt it inconvenient to ask for my help after everything that had happened and died in a little while. As I mentioned already, he should either pay me for four months of my work or give up my services. He chose the second variant wishing to save money. He trusted in unreliable information that he would be helped in Ukraine and it would be cheaper.

It is highly likely that he was a victim of the American mentality, the essence of which is to pay less whenever possible, especially, if the information is presented in a beautiful "cover", the content of which can be known only after the "candy" is bought. Dan's "candy" appeared to be a sham, but it promised rapid recovery and less money spent. It's a pity that I could not finish his healing; he showed very good progress. I never tell a patient that they will be healthy very quickly and one hundred-per-cent, even if I have already had lots of positive results in the healing of his health problems; especially when the problems are serious and it is impossible to solve them very quickly, no matter how strongly one wishes. I always tell my patients that I will do my best and if there are no surprises, I hope that everything will be all right, even if I am a hundred percent sure of a positive result and I have vast experience in solving this kind of problem. Only when the job is done do I talk about it as about an accomplished fact, but while everything is in progress I consider it wrong to give promises which I have not fulfilled yet.

This is my approach based on my responsibility for what I do, and while an event has not happened yet, I do not consider it right to speak about it as if it already had. I was always exasperated when people who were able to do little and never delivered any person from a particular illness, declare to everybody that they will quickly and easily solve **any**health problem! But what surprises me most of all is people who swallow these lies and do not even ask for any proofs!

Usually, when a healer which allegedly saved many people from dreadful diseases is asked for just one proof of his words or any data on a person "rescued", for some reason a "wonder-worker" starts mentioning confidentiality and the absence of authority to talk about it. I think that the situation is very clear, at least it is for me, and I hope for

those who read these lines.

Chapter 9.

The birth of my first book and other adventures

I came back to San Francisco full of eagerness to transform the manuscript into a fully fledged book. Everything was ready for that including money. However, on my return a little surprise awaited me ... very good on the one hand, but on the other.... Well, the matter was that in order to make the book a reality I had to organize a mini-publishing house in my office which would require an investment of almost one hundred thousand dollars. I had already reserved fifty thousand for this project and before I went to the East coast I told Svetlana that in a case of special necessity she could use it. I meant if something happened to me or there was any other extra-emergency, because money for everyday necessities for the time of my absence was reserved apart.

Svetlana's understanding of extra-emergency, unexpectedly for me, appeared to be quite different from mine. She did not spend the money on herself, as one may think; not at all! When she saw one or another item in a shop, she thought those we had left in our Motherland would need it. She imagined my nieces and nephews' happiness when wearing such wonderful clothes the like of which we were deprived in our childhood. She thought about my parents, my sister and brother and my sister's husband and my brother's wife who would feel the warmth of our care about them. Each time she imagined it, she felt that this was the "special necessity" I meant.By the time I came back, she had a number of "emergency" cases which materialized into three huge cardboard boxes full of gifts: one was destined for my parents, the second — for my brother's family and the third — for my sister's family. When she showed me them I clearly realized that man and woman had a fundamentally different concept of "emergency or special necessity". Moreover, my "profound" almost "genius level" "philosophical" conclusion had a very real material manifestation which could be seen with one's own eyes and touched by one's own hands.

The result of the psychological difference between man and woman

staggered me and I expressed my opinion on this occasion to Svetlana in full measure. When she heard my words her surprise was even greater than mine when I saw the boxes, but the words were said and it was too late to make allowances for man and woman's distinct differences in mentality. Svetlana did not understand why I criticized her for good deeds and I could not understand how it was possible to interpret the concept of "emergency" that way! I understand now that my indignation was unexpected for her. She did everything from the bottom of her heart and for the good of other people; and my words of bewilderment and protest deeply hurt her. Men and women see the world with quite different eyes; otherwise, the world would be terribly boring. Moreover, the beauty and harmony of Nature is exactly in the distinction in perception despite this kind of material manifestation.

One way or another, the boxes were sent to the addressees and, I hope, brought a lot of joy especially to the children. When later on we got a video cassette with happy children's faces, I got another confirmation that both so called female and male logic are correct. They do complement each other if being harmoniously balanced. It is important (and pretty difficult) to find the "golden mean" which is not static but constantly changes from one situation to another. Besides, on going back to my childhood and remembering how we children were happy about any new clothes, I must say that the way woman thinks is absolutely right. When I was a child, I had to wear my older brother's outgrown clothes; I was really happy when I was bought new things, because I did not always like my brother's clothes, but I had no choice. I understood perfectly that I had to wear his clothes not because our parents loved me less than him but because they lacked the money to buy new things for both of us and what he had already grown out of was right for me. I understood that with my child's mind, even being a kid of 4 or 5 years old, and felt no offence, although deep in my soul I wanted very much to have new things. So, I never made a scene in shops demanding my mom buy me this or that toy or clothes. Although, my child's heart soared in delight when I saw a toy robot, a car, pencils and especially aquarium fishes which I loved and would observe for hours. When I remember these moments of my life, I feel indignation at how many children were deprived of ordinary, often necessary, things in their childhood, because their parents were unable to buy them! I feel a strong desire to do something so that this will never be repeated with today's children which, I realize, is impossible while social parasites, which can be called human beings only relatively, because they have nothing human but just a human shell, reign in the world.

Later, in my teens I overtook my older brother both in height and

the size of my feet, and it was he who had to wear things after me, which he did not like at all having become used to getting new things. So, my child thoughts about why I had to wear my older brother's clothes proved to be true and I never gloated over him having to wear my things like he did due to his lack of understanding. Sometimes children can be very cruel which does not happen because they truly are but because they do not understand many things and because we all had to squeeze our way through evolutional jungles in our childhood.

So, although there is only one truth it is always many-sided, and we should take all its multiple sides into account if we aim to avoid a mistake. Often people say that everybody has his or her own truth. They are right and wrong at one and the same time. The truth is always one, but people see only one side of it and should try to see as many sides as possible before drawing any conclusion, even more so, before blaming anybody. Unfortunately, most people do not understand that, and those who do understand are unable either to see other sides or get over their emotions and being offended.

On the other hand one should be able to see the core of truth within all those numerous sides without being distracted by the sparkle of every single facet as it appears upon the "raw diamond" of truth and turns it into a true diamond. The many new sides make the truth sparkle brighter and brighter and the strong sparkling light dispels the darkness of lies! I wanted my first book to be this kind of "raw diamond" with the help of which I could open people's eyes to what was going on around them. In this book I tried to give people the core of the truth which was so carefully hidden from them for centuries. This was the reason why the book was my main priority then. However, it is impossible to provide all sides of the truth in one place at one and the same time, and I had to choose the most important ones; those, without which, all other sides would turn into just an illusion.

All injustice both toward children and grown-ups springs from the distorted system which social parasites have imposed upon millions of people, including children, sparing none, to achieve their nasty aims! They shed the blood of others with ease, whilst considering they were supermen, but when the time came for them to die, all their "superiority" disappeared at once and they turned into a pitiful likeness of human beings.

It is great when even one child is happy, but one should aim to make all children happy, which requires total self-sacrifice, refusing a lot of things, including the personal happiness to have children, who, undoubtedly, a man could make happy, but only if he gives up fighting for a happy and cloudless childhood for the rest. Because, if a per-

son chooses to fight, his own children become the most wanted target and an instrument of pressure from the side of social parasites which would undoubtedly use the life of a child for blackmailing without any moral scruples. Therefore, Svetlana and I made a decision not to have children, although we dearly love them and they always return our affection. We made this choice consciously, totally devoting ourselves to serving others and we do not require any gratitude for that — we acted as our conscience prompted us. Although it was a heavy decision but the only possible one and we got more than sufficient proofs of that in the future, both from our own experience and our friends-comrades-in-arms who had children...

When I returned to San Francisco I continued my usual rhythm of life: worked with people by phone, received patients and did other usual, for me, things with one new and keen interest — the world of computers. As soon as I had some free time, Svetlana, George and I went to computer shops and spent hours browsing there. George became our guide. I had never had a computer before, because in the USSR even the worst computer cost 70 000 roubles. Naturally, a humble engineer with a monthly salary of 120 roubles could not possibly afford it. Although, in July, 1988 I left the institute I had worked in and earned considerably more than 120 roubles, I still could not buy a computer.

So, in January, 1993 I chose my first computer. After a long (a couple of days) reflection I preferred a Mackintosh although everybody tried hard to convince me to buy an alternative PC. The "Apple" computers somehow resounded with me while others left my heart indifferent. After a brief internal hesitation I bought an *Apple Macintosh Quadra 950*, despite its being the most expensive one. It cost about five thousands dollars and had a 500 MB internal hard disk which then was the absolute limit for computers. In addition I bought another 500 MB internal hard disk for four and a half thousand dollars and, thus, my computer got a 1 GB internal hard disk which was a dream for any computer userthen! The processor had a "mad" frequency of 33 MHz and 8 MB RAM. I also bought a special microchip to increase the frequency to 66 MHz and an additional RAM and got 16 MB RAM. Thus, I got the then most powerful personal computer which everybody admired.

I give so many details in order to demonstrate that today the simplest computer is several times more powerful and quicker than the best computer was then. Nevertheless, I was unspeakably glad that I could "assemble" such cool "apparatus". I also bought a 21" monitor for two and a half thousand and the software: *QuarkXPress*, *PageMaker*,

Adobe Illustrator, *Adobe Photoshop-2*, *Painter, Microsoft Word* and some other publisher programs with a price of each within a thousand dollars; one cost a little less, another a little more... in short, I spent ten thousand dollars for the software. But this was not all. I consulted an acquaintance of an acquaintance, a person of Turkish origin, who knew about computers quite well, and bought a black and white laser printer for four and a half thousand and a colour wax ink printer *Tektronic*for ten thousand and another colour printer which used the CMYK mode, the name of which I forget, for fourteen thousand an additional external 500 MB *Optical driver* for five thousand, a scanner for one and a half thousand and a lot of other computer trifles.

Young people who missed the "Bronze Computer Age" might want to know that in 1993 no personal computer (even the best one) on the market had an internal DVD or CD. The information was recorded on so-called *floppy disks* and a special magnetic tape which could store 10 MB maximum. Later 2 MB disks appeared. So, young people can now imagine the Bronze Computer Age, but then, in 1993, it was the highest technical achievement!

Also I bought an *Apple Power Book,* a laptop for Svetlana, so that she could type the text of my book, which, despite the price of five thousand dollars, was considerably less powerful than my *Apple Macintosh Quadra 950*. As is totally clear from the above, almost all my savings evaporated and a mini-publishing house appeared in our apartment, the best and most advanced one at that time!

By the way, I thought that computers had been invented in America and Japan. I was wrong. Like many other discoveries and innovations, the computer was invented by a Soviet Russian scientist Sokolov, if I am not mistaken. However, few know about it, just as about the fact that a lot of discoveries and inventions created in Russia, appeared in the West, in most cases illegally! The scheme was very simple: "the fifth column" worked in the Patent Bureau of the USSR and passed the information about new discoveries and inventions to the West where all necessary documents were quickly prepared and processed, while in the USSR the workers in the Patent Bureau bided their time sending one or another "specifying" question to an author or authors. When their western "colleagues" completed their unfair business, they said to an inventor that, unfortunately, the same invention was just patented abroad several days ago ... So, sorry folks!

When the "fifth column" in the Patent Bureau failed to rush through this kind of operation, other officials of the fifth column doomed an inventor who tried to apply his creation in industry for the good of the people and the country to endless bureaucratic obstacles. On beating

the air for ten years, preventing an inventor from seeing his creation at work, parasites introduced an invention fully legally without paying a cent either to the author or to the country; or driving an author into a corner, they bought the copyrightfor peanuts and earned billions and some times trillions of dollars! This kind of thing happens in modern Russia too with a small difference, though: it is not just inventions that stream to the West, but also the inventors themselves who became intellectual slaves there. Certainly, they enjoy decent living conditions, but they get just crumbs from what their creations make in reality. This is neither a fable of mine, nor a blind laudation of everything Russian and Slavonic, more precisely Slavonic-Aryan, as the representatives of the fifth column will immediately hurry up to declare. This is the truth, no matter whether someone likes it or not! According to the UK's National Academy for the humanities and social sciences, which is hard to suspect of being Slavophil, **80 percent of the world's discoveries and inventions, are made by Slavs!**

Certainly, it is a very specialised subject which calls for the most rapt attention and should be widely covered in the Russian mass media, at the very least, but... the fifth column has found itself a soft spot there and has been diligently spreading insolent lies about Russians and other native people of Russia labelling them ***dull, lazy, un-enterprising, unable to create something worthwhile***, etc. Undoubtedly, there are many of this kind of individual among Russians, but the greater part of them is creative, active, intelligent and quick-witted.

The very fact that Russians, as a nation-building people, succeeded in performing the almost impossible — in the last century they three times revived the country from the smoking ruins, from zero: after the World War I of 1914, the fratricidal Civil War (1917-1923) waged by the Bolshevists and the incredibly devastating and bloody the World War II (1941-1945) — speaks for itself. Not a single people in the World have ever performed anything like this! Moreover, that did not happen exclusively in the 20^{th} century. A crop failure or a war punished Russia each two or three years during the whole of its existence! Nevertheless, Russian and other native people of Russia, independent of how it was called in different epochs, found strength and courage for both overcoming all dreadful adversities and preserving the best human qualities — kindness, sympathy and generosity.

It is of interest that the government of other countries treats their people quite differently. For example, quite recently the Spanish mass media, TV in particular, informed their audience that Spaniards are a nation of geniuses. The grounds for giving such a high estimation were

their alleged invention of chupa-chups and a mop! I shall not call into question these assertions, although lollipops in the form of cockerels on a wooden stick have existed in Russia since time immemorial, but if Spaniards are seriously declared to be a nation of geniuses, what should the Russian mass media say about Russians and other native people of Russia then? But they say quite contrary things! In addition to the destruction of national consciousness, the fifth column actively destroys agriculture, industry and culture in Russia. By the way, they did not begin to do that after the fall of Soviet power and the Soviet Union ceased to exist, as their "press attachés" intend to convince us, but from the first days of Soviet power and even before — since the dynasty of the Romanovs came to power[1]!

Before I continue to describe the events of my life, I would like to touch upon another matter. Which people should be considered natives of a country? In my opinion (and there are grounds for it), a native people of Russia should be considered those which always lived on Russian land together with the Russian people in peace and friendship, or came and lived without leaving Russia for no less than five hundred years, again in peace and friendship with Russian people. Why do I emphasize "in peace and friendship"? A people or a tribe which came to Russian lands and tried either to destroy or enslave the Russian people, were always defeated and banished, no matter how long it took. That was before and will be always! Even taking into account the fact that social parasites, using cunning and meanness, succeeded in taking power in Russia by means of the social weapons they had created: Christianity at first and later a more subtle one — communism, it is a temporary phenomenon and the Russian people, as well as other native people of Russia, will be liberated from these social illnesses, acquiring immunity to them. This process is already going at full speed and cannot be stopped no matter how hard social parasites may try! .....

The modern "history" which children study at school is the brightest confirmation of the twisting and perverting of everything that concerns anything truly Russian. It starts the history of Russia from the time of the forming of *Kievan Rus* when the "wild" Slavs, allegedly, had just got out from their lairs and invited Ruyrik, a Varangian, allegedly a Swede, to govern them! Naturally, the "historians" somehow "forgot" to mention that there were no Swedes then and Ruyrik was a Slav from the tribe of western *Veneti*. He was a son of the Russian prince from the western Merovingians who governed the Buyan Island in the Baltic

[1] Since 1613 (*E.L.*)

Sea, the name of which is known now only in its German variant as Rügen. By the way, the Baltic Sea was called the Russian Sea on all maps of that time; that gives some food for thought, doesn't it? So, Ruyrik was a Rus, a professional warrior of the highest caste called the Varangians!

Modern "history" eulogizes only those princes, kings and emperors which destroyed everything Russian: culture, traditions, people and language! Prince Vladimir the "Saint" who'd be better called the "Bloody" because he destroyed over 70 percent[2] of the population of *Kievan Rus* in the process of violent Christianisation in the 10th century, nevertheless, is presented as saint and hero: besides, he was neither Prince Svetoslav's son, nor a Rus. He was not even a Slav! He was an Israelite and a protégé of social parasites.

Ivan IV the Terrible[3] (1530-1584) who protected Russian traditions and interests and punished many betrayers and traitors is blamed for putting to death from 15 to 25 thousands persons[4] and therefore called the Bloody! At the same time, the "Emperor" Peter I was proclaimed the "rescuer of the Russian land" and the "greatest of all rulers" while he destroyed everything Russian and eliminated **two million Russian people**! I think there is no need to go on as it is perfectly clear who wrote the modern history of Russia and why.

Well, let me now come back to the events of my life.

One fine January evening I sat in the arm-chair in front of my computer and, with joy in my heart, began to work on the book. The first thing I did was scanning of the crayon illustrations. I wanted them to be of high quality when printed and therefore chose the resolution of 300 dpi. So, the scanner was warmed up, a picture was placed inside... scanning ... a couple of minutes passed and finally a digital picture appeared on my wonderful monitor. But when I had a look at it my joy grew dim. A graphic image quite decent looking on paper looked highly unattractive on the computer screen. The smallest graphite scales of different colours became visible at such resolution and gave a dirty look to the picture.

This fact distressed but did not surprise me. I remembered my visit last year to a computer company where I inquired how my illustrations

[2] 3 millions were left out of 12 (*E.L.*)

[3] It is a wrong translation. The epithet "Grozny" which is widely translated "Terrible" is associated with might, power and strictness, rather than horror or cruelty. English "stern" or "strict" convey the meaning more correctly. (*E.L.*)

[4] During the 37 years of his rule. For the sake of comparison: the number of the killed during just several weeks on St. Bartholomew's Day massacre in France of 1572 is estimated from 5 000 to 30 000. (*E.L.*)

could be digitalized. An employee told me then that the "dirt" could be cleaned. Therefore, when I saw that on the screen of my computer I was not disappointed for long. Being absolutely sure that I knew what to do with all this I started erasing the "dirt". The image-free space of the picture gave no problem; only the border of the image itself became uneven and looked quite ugly no matter how hard I tried to avoid that effect. In addition, all the "dirt" on the image itself remained and my attempts to get rid of it made the things even worse. The point is that when I erased the graphite scales from the image, the program also removed all half-tints which were crucial for making the image look soft and three-dimensional. The image was no good for anything after these modifications. I spent the whole evening desperately trying to make something decent of it but in the end left it and went to sleep totally convinced that it was all useless and that I would have to draw all the illustrations on the computer anew. This idea calmed me and I fell asleep in order to start drawing on my computer tomorrow.

As I said before, I had only a manuscript of the book, some of which was printed on a typewriter by Svetlana. However, in order to make a computer version of the book I had to have the text digitalized too. Certainly, I could type the text myself but I also needed to make the illustrations. Besides, I never typed either on a computer or even on a typewriter. More precisely, I could type but just with one finger and thus to type the whole book would take an eternity. Therefore, when Svetlana offered her help in that business I breathed a huge sigh of relief, because it seemed to me then that I would never learn to type either on a typewriter or a computer. So, I bought the second computer, an *Apple Power Book* laptop exactly for this purpose. But when I brought it home and explained why I had done it to Svetlana, she became panic-stricken. She began to convince me that she would be never able to approach a computer, because she always had problems with technical devices, more precisely it was they which did not want to be her "friends" despite her attempts. Besides, the keyboard had just English letters and she could not print the Russian text using them. It was hard to find a counter-argument to that but I found the way out and ordered Russian fonts for Mackintosh. So, Svetlana did not enjoy her "freedom" for very long. The Russian fonts came by mail and I installed them into both computers. I also got Russian letters which could be stuck over the English ones on the keyboard which I did on Svetlana's computer.

Thus, Svetlana had no choice but to establish "diplomatic relations" with the computer and she succeeded in that very quickly despite her strong prejudice in regard to any kind of technical devices and she soon

became a very advanced computer user. As they say, the devil is not as black as he is painted! Svetlana was in raptures over the computer. In the beginning she often came to me at the office with delight on her face and said: "You cannot imagine what a pleasure it is to type on the computer! Before, if I made a mistake at the end of the sheet, I had to reprint the whole page! And now it is enough to correct just this word!" "The computer is a miracle" — she exclaimed the next time — "I can move the text up and down and add anything I like into the already typed text as much as I wish!"

So, the problem with the digitalizing of the manuscript was solved once and for all. By the way later I did have to master typing. Only I had none of those Russian letters to stick on over English ones. Therefore I had to learn which Russian letter was "hidden" behind what English one and to type a Russian text pressing the English letter-keys. Since then I type all my books precisely this way and do that pretty quickly although I use only my left hand, because my right holds the mouse — I acquired this habit from the very beginning.

Well, the second day of my mastery of the computer came. I finished my evening healing sessions and again plunged into computer matters. In January, 1993 I still could not read English and all instructions and descriptions of the computer programs were in English! Therefore I had to learn how to use them using the method of "poking" which means that I clicked on one or another option of a program and saw what happened on the display.

When I tried all the publishing programs I had bought, I found the *Adobe Photoshop* most suitable for my aims. So, I began to draw. It was exactly drawing, not some kind of a graphic design. I must say that I draw pretty well using a pencil and brush and have even done some oil painting but when I tried to reproduce that which I easily did on paper or canvas on the computer I was totally disappointed! No matter how hard I tried, I could not draw anything on the screen either with a brush or pencil. I tried this way, that way, every way but the result was the same — nothing worthwhile. All my painting skills were useless on the computer! I did not know how they taught people to work with a computer and was in despair in the evening of the second day. I began to think that I had just wasted my money on the computer system and computer drawing was simply impossible. With these sad thoughts I went to sleep without knowing what I would do with all that. But as they say, the best advice is found on the pillow; I knew that from my own experience. In the evening of the third day I sat before the monitor and began to reflect. If my old drawing skills are of no use for the computer, then I must develop new ones by myself, because there

was nobody to ask and I could not read English then, but even if I could, it would hardly be helpful. So, I opened the *Adobe Photoshop* and began to think of a way of drawing anything on the screen.

By the way, I also bought a *Turbo mouse* which was a pretty large ball sitting in a special nest. The least motion of this ball made the mouse change its position on the screen very quickly. This allowed high sensitiveness and exactness of actions which was a very important factor for my computer work.

So, having the best things money could buy for computer graphics, I could not do anything with it, not even draw the simplest thing! I tried all the possibilities for drawing, which the *Adobe Photoshop* gave for its users, once again and saw that I was unable to draw anything on the screen with either pencil or brush. And when my despair reached the climax I decided to change the way of drawing. If ordinary methods do not work, it is necessary to create new ones! This decision gave me hope. I chose several tools to use in my new method of drawing: an air brush, a lasso, a line, finger and began to master. I had no idea about the way other graphic designers worked and, therefore, I created my own method. Maybe I invented a bicycle; but all that mattered to me was my ability to draw anything I wanted on the screen. So, I decided to master my method of drawing as the solution of a complex problem. I always solved intricate problems better than simple ones. Besides, when the first is solved, the latter appeared to be solved automatically.

Therefore I began to teach myself my method by creating the cover of my book. I already had its image in my mind: an enormous human eye with Midgard-earth instead of the iris on a background of stars and star nebulas drops a bloody tear. At first I thought to place our planet only in the place of the pupil of the eye, but in the process of creation I decided that it would be better if our planet occupied the whole of the iris of the star eye. That was the basic graphic idea through which I wanted to convey the main idea of my book.

The right side of the cover was ready in several days and exactly this first trial work became the cover of my book which later I published myself. I just put my name and the title on it when I finished the computer design of the whole book. The creation of the cover allowed me to master the drawing computer method which I had invented. And the more I plunged into it, the greater delight I felt acquiring ever newer abilities which it opened before me like, for example, the possibility of creating and combining such colours as would be impossible using crayons and paints, when quite often the mixture of paints resulted in some awful colour instead of the desired one, because of the chemical reaction of the matters of the paints. This problem does not exist when

working with computer paints. The air brush tool allowed spraying the necessary colour with the thinnest density possible which gave unbelievable opportunities for the creation of both illustrations for the book and digital pictures.

I found the opportunities and advantages which the computer placed at my disposal irreplaceable and worthy of admiration. The insufficient capacity of the RAM and hard disk were the only limitations which prevented creation of what I intended, despite my computer having 1 GB which was the top for personal computers of that time. For the sake of comparison: later on any illustration I made took up more than 1 GB. But that will be in the future and in 1993 I was forced to submit to the limited computer resources and "cut wings" to various projects I had in my mind no matter how great they were. The *Adobe Photoshop* was very weak then too. It was the second edition which I bought in January, 1993 and it allowed one to do little. So, in order to make my ideas reality I had to exercise my ingenuity and squeeze from the program all it could give. I did get what I had planned but I spent a lot of time on it.

So, in three days I thoroughly mastered *Adobe Photoshop* and began to draw the computer illustrations. However, my pencil drawings were of benefit to me too: when I created them I thought over their composition and visual patterns, although somewhat schematized, which conveyed the qualitative structure both of our planet and living matter. Therefore I had just to reproduce all that once again on the screen which I successfully did.

At the same time I decided to make up the book and chose the *QuarkXPress* for that which appeared to be a correct decision. Svetlana had already copied some of the text to the floppy discs and I introduced it into my computer. It was explained how to make a *Master Page* and start the automatic pagination and thus I began to make up my first book. I wrote a preface and decided to give the title "The Last Appeal to Mankind" which was not casual. I have already written about the unusual way which the document "The third appeal to mankind" got into my hands. It contained a message: if earthly humanity refused to agree to the conditions of handing over the knowledge which the authors of the Appeal had offered and failed to give the answer during the next **fifty years** from the moment of its receiving (1929), then earthly humanity would have to solve its future problems alone. The term of this some kind of ultimatum expired in 1979; and no answer was forwarded ever.

Therefore, there was nothing to expect from those who had sent the Appeal. However, they were right saying that the existent system

of "scientific" concepts were wrong in 1929. Moreover, it was also no good in 1993 when I began to arrange my book. That was my personal opinion and I understood perfectly that if it was based only on my personal opinion, people would not listen to what I said. Therefore, I decided to place the text of the Appeal, which also points out the falseness of modern scientific concepts, at the beginning of the book.

I have to disappoint some of my readers — my book is not written either on behalf of the Galactic Union of Civilizations or on the basis of information from other civilizations! The book reflects my own understanding of natural phenomena which I had got by carefully studying Nature. This understanding is confirmed by real practical results, including on the global scale, which gives me the right to insist that it reflects real processes. Neither angels, nor aliens whispered this understanding to me; I did not connect myself to an "informational field" the conception of which is an absolute nonsense. Whether someone likes it or not, I have got the knowledge which I expound in the book independently in the process of analysis and comprehension of the experimental and practical information of the work which I had conducted, creating new structures and qualities and making new bodies of my spirit which allowed me to study natural phenomena on almost any scale at fundamentally new levels of reality inaccessible to other people.

By the way, I noticed a very strange tendency in people's way of thinking: anything from the outside is head and shoulders better than what we have at home. There was a blind worship of everything Western in the Romanov's Russia, as well as in the USSR. Before people worshiped angels, now — aliens! It is considered that if aliens are more advanced technically than modern Midgard's civilization, it automatically means that the inhabitants of our planet are more primitive and cannot create anything worthwhile. Such a blind worshiping of everything strange has been imposed on humans by social parasites for millennia through the religions they created. But quite recently reasoning humanoid creatures arrived precisely on our Midgard-earth from distant stars and even other galaxies in order to reach higher stages of evolutional development.

It was no accident that space social parasites tried to take Midgard-earth for hundreds of thousands of years. They wanted precisely to take it, not to destroy which they could easily do, as they did with many planets, which, by the way, had considerably higher development than the civilization which we had 13 thousand years ago, let alone that which we have now! So, I would like to say again: the content of my first and all the following books is the result of my own comprehension.

I felt enormously relieved when I succeeded in learning how to create computer illustrations and put a shoulder to the wheel zealously. Svetlana gave me portions of the text on floppy discs; I introduced it into my computer and then transported it into the *QuarkXPress* and made some corrections and additions to the initial text. Also I had to make some additional illustrations when I had the feeling that an additional illustration should be in this or that part of the text, I made it at once.

Thus, I gradually changed the initial style of the whole book: the visual pattern of illustrations harmoniously interlaced with the text which in my opinion should help a reader to understand what I wanted to convey. I dedicated my whole free time to the book. Every day I acquired more and more experience working with the *Adobe Photoshop* and made tens of illustrations and there was no end of them. I continued to create them in the course of making-up the book. As I created all the illustrations I did not need to pay anyone for them.

An hour of a computer graphics designer cost no less than 250 dollars then, which means that if somebody else had made the illustrations for my book, I would had have to pay anything from several tens of thousands to several hundreds of thousands for one illustration depending on its complication. In addition I would have to give long explanations to a designer as to what and how he should depict it on one or another illustration which was quite a problem because nobody could see them as I did, which was totally understandable. Besides, each colour and half-tint on each illustration carries a certain meaning. Even a small alteration could change the meaning of the image sometimes to the contrary! Therefore, only I was able to do this work and anyway I did not have hundreds of thousands of dollars or maybe even millions, to pay for this work. So, my decision to master publishing was the only way out of this situation.

There is one more thing. I did not use any automatic methods for creating images. This kind of computer graphics differs greatly from what man can make. One can see the difference easily. Certainly, I did create some basic images so as not to need to re-draw them each time I began a new illustration, which was an enormous advantage over a picture made by conventional methods. Over time I made a collection of basic images which I used in a new illustration adding only that which was necessary in order to convey a necessary visual image and information by means of the picture. So, computer drawing appeared to be more difficult than a conventional one, but that which was created once could be used as many times as I wished which saved my time a lot.

I spent only three days on mastering the computer and publishing programs being completely unable to read the manuals for the programs which I acquired. The computer designers studied programs like, for example, *Adobe Photoshop* for five years. I found that out later when some specialists saw my computer graphic works. Nobody could believe that I needed only three days to learn to use these programs without speaking a word of English. It turned out that I had created my own style of making a computer image which dramatically differed from the generally accepted. So the preparation of my book for edition went very at full sail and I was unspeakably gladdened by the fact.

However, some events were much less pleasant. One of which happened somewhere at the end of February or beginning of March, 1993. One sunny day Svetlana went for a walk to the centre of the city which was a stone's throw. Several men in black suits approached her and showed their ID. Whereupon they said she should pass the following message on to me: I was offered to put as many zeros after "1" which I would consider necessary in a contract. They also showed two American passports with our photos and said that they would be a little gift, if I did what I was asked to do, and gave me time for reflection. Svetlana came home and told me every word of this "friendly" chat despite knowing perfectly well how I would answer. My answer was just the one she thought it to be: I refused flatly the "flattering" offer. After that Svetlana and I began to live a "merry" life in America.

Those were the first American "merchants" but not the last ones...

Judging by the offer from the first "merchants" it was the shadow rulers of the world who tried to get hold of us. The offer to write any amount of zeros after "1" in the contract clearly indicated unlimited financial means. Obviously the owners of the "merchants" knew perfectly what I had already done and could do. Therefore they decided to skip the intermediate phases of the purchase they usually used while "working on" the subject they were interested in. It's appalling, but these people are really sure that everything can be bought! Their philosophy is primitive and miserable: "Money can buy everything. What cannot be bought for money, can be bought for big money. What cannot be bought for big money, can be bought for **very** big money!" So, the "merchants" were instructed to go straight to the last stage of the social parasites' famous expression at once and let me name any sum! The fact that the last part of the expression is very rarely found in everyday usage shows that they use this part very rarely which indicates that the "merchants" did not came from some secondary level but from the very "masters of life", because only they have unlimited financial means.

It is highly likely that my negative answer was a complete surprise for them. For some time they and their specialists studied my answer and their scant minds could not find anything better in order to explain my turning down of such an "irresistible" offer than that I needed something more than unlimited sums of money and which was, in their opinion, only one thing — **power**, because it is their power over the whole world that allows them to use unlimited financial resources. Thus, they drew an absurd conclusion, from the point of any normal person whom I consider myself too, that if I renounced money, I was interested in power then, because according to their concepts, only power can interest a person more than money.

Their wretched minds could not produce any other explanation but that. I am sincerely sorry for them and for their crippled world view. Their distorted and sick brains understand the concept of power exclusively as unlimited opportunity for the realization of their own selfish aims; whereas power is the responsibility of those who entrusted this power to this person and the higher the power, the higher the level of responsibility. But what you can expect from social parasites, they perverted all normal concepts, turned them upside down! They turned the service of those in power to people, into the service of people to those in power. Here is their squalor of mind. They are unable either to understand or feel what a person, who does not serve himself but something higher than man, feels! When a person's aspirations are not directed toward him or the realization of his own illusions and ambitions, but at something different, incommensurate with anything social parasites know and understand; then it is possible to reach a state of mind impossible to express with words, as they are so insipid and insignificant in comparison with these emotional states. A normal person does not do that for the sake of gratitude but because he or she cannot do otherwise since his or her understanding and conscience requires that.

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Even if one may assume that all the abovementioned exists only in my head and my mind has completely gone, this should mean only one thing: when a crazy person considers that he is Napoleon, it is useless to offer him the job of street cleaner, because he never accepts anything less than the title of Emperor. Therefore, I would not ever accept the power of the Shadow World Rulers, that being beneath my position which I pictured in my "morbid imagination". So, if those wretched rulers could have used their brain a little, then the stupid

idea about my wish to take their place would not have appeared in their really sick brains! I have never been interested before and I am not interested now in the power which social parasites have, because of one simple fact—I have fought with them during my whole conscious life and destroyed the systems which they created both on Midgard-earth and in Big Space! One way or another, the "merchants" of the shadow rulers got my answer to their "tempting" offer and drew an absolutely wrong conclusion, according to which they began to act after a while. But let me tell everything step by step.

I continued to work over the book in my free time. The creation of digital illustrations occupied the lion's share of the work. Some of them required a lot of time, but every day the work moved up and more and more illustrations passed from being mere ideas into reality. Very often I had to rack my brains looking for the best method of conveying my idea through image and almost always succeeded in that despite the limited potential of the programs. I wish I could have had the *Adobe Photoshop-7* in 1993! Then I would have created illustrations of the same quality as those in *The Anisotropic Universe* or may be I would have not dared to master such a complicated program "blindfolded". But it is also true that when there is no choice, one can do anything, even master any program. In fact the program *Adobe Photoshop-2* was considered complicated in 1993. Well, the work went on until an unforeseen event happened one sunny morning in the beginning of May.

I remembered this morning very well. A door bell woke me up at about 8:30 in the morning. I was up and quickly dressed being annoyed that I was not let sleep half an hour more as I went to bed very late working over illustrations. When I opened the door I saw the elderly man who usually brought our clothes from the laundry. Usually he came after 12 o'clock when I had a break between healing sessions.

That day he unexpectedly arrived in the morning. I took the clean and ironed washing and went for the next lot of dirty clothes. I always gave a 5 or 10 dollar tip to this nice polite elderly person. That day I wanted to do the same thing. I went to my office where I kept my bag in my table drawer. In addition to money and cheque-books the bag also contained all Svetlana's and my documents. There were more than three thousand dollars in it that day. I grabbed ten from the wallet, went down the staircase, where the man waited for me, gave the sack and money to him and on wishing him a good day closed the entrance door. I did not put the bag back into the drawer but left it on the desk.

There was no sense in going back to bed and I went to the shower where I stayed no more than five or ten minutes, whereupon I went to the kitchen for a cup of soluble coffee which I still drank then. It

was considered that morning coffee refreshed. I cannot say anything concerning refreshing, but at least the drowsiness vanished for some time. Usually I made a so called Warsaw-style coffee: you need a tea-spoon of instant coffee, two or three tea-spoons of sugar and mix everything in a cup; then you should add several drops of boiling or hot water and whip the whole mixture into a white froth. After that you pour on boiling water and the coffee is ready. The coffee turned out to be delicious and pretty strong. By the way, I never was an inveterate coffee-lover and mostly drank instant coffee and from December 24, 1996 stopped drinking any kind of coffee for good and advise you to do so too.

My state of health was not the reason for that, as some may think. I never complained about my health, because I have always been physically healthy, as they say in these cases, I was as strong as an ox. I do not say that just for the sake of saying it; the loadings, or better to say super-overloads, which my physical body undergoes as a result of my activity almost every day during the last twenty two years (2009), would smash any other person in a couple of days, at most. But this too is the subject of another story; meanwhile let us return to the morning of the sunny day at the beginning of May, 1993.

On having my coffee, I played a computer game and at 10 o'clock began my healing sessions by phone. The day went on differing in nothing from all other days. From 11 o'clock I received my patients, took a small break and continued the reception. When I finished working with patients, I wanted to have some rest and then to work at the computer. But while my head already felt the welcome embrace of a soft pillow on which I dreamed to spent sixty minutes (at the very least), which I "missed" that day, Svetlana came into my office and began to invite me out for a walk to get some fresh air, etc. She did that almost every day but could not always drag me outside. That day she persuaded me; I changed and began to look for my bag. It was not in the drawer of my desk for fully clear reasons, but it was not on the desk, not in the office and nowhere in the apartment!

Then it became totally clear that it was not the matter of my putting it into who knows where being only half-awake — it was stolen directly from the apartment during those 5 or 10 minutes while I was in the shower. Besides, the door of the apartment was locked and the lock was quite special which no picklock could open. As it turned out later, nobody tried to use any picklock; the thieves had the key. However, they were not ordinary thieves. When it became totally clear what the matter was, I "entered" into the situation and "fished" out some very unpleasant information.

The theft of **all** our documents was conducted by the Russian special services by order of the Shadow World government. I am not sure whether the performers knew whose order they executed, but those at the top knew it beyond all doubt. Having the key, the plan of the apartment and the infra-red supervision device, the "cloak and dagger" workers quickly conducted the operation stealing our documents while I was in the shower.

We found ourselves without any documents in the wink of an eye. We did have copies of all of them but a copy is a copy; real documents are required everywhere. The thieves counted on that we would immediately run to the Russian consulate to restore the stolen documents where two very unpleasant surprises were waiting for us. The first one was that the consulate got the following information: a dangerous criminal had killed Nicolai Levashov in Russia and fled to the USA using his documents where hefabricated the theft of the documents and would try to get new ones with his photo but in the name of Nicolai Levashov. Under this pretext they planned to arrest me as the killer of myself and deport me to Russia together with Svetlana. They also had a spare plan.

We came to the USA from the USSR which at the beginning of 1992 disintegrated. Although the last three years before my departure from the Soviet Union I lived in Moscow, I failed to change my Kharkov apartment for some dwelling in Moscow, which means that I had a Kharkov registration stamped in my internal passport, and Kharkov passed to Ukraine after the USSR fell, although it never was Ukrainian before the Bolshevist *coup d'etat* of 1917.

After the revolution "Russian" revolutionaries (the overwhelming majority of which were Israelites) passed the Kharkov and Donetsk provinces to their "Ukrainian" comrades in order that they could speak on behalf of the interests of the Ukrainian proletariat, because Ukraine had almost no industry then. So, after the Soviet Union fell to pieces the Kharkov region together with a lot of other Russian territories went to Ukraine as a result of Boris Yeltsin's treachery during the felonious Belavezha Accords! Being a native of the city of Kislovodsk (Stavropolsky region, the territory of the former Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic) and having registration in Kharkov, I was required to pass exams on the Ukrainian language in order to get Ukrainian citizenship! As I had the Kharkov registration, I could not be a citizen of new Russia. Thus, I appeared to be a person without any citizenship, Svetlana too for similar reasons.

So, they prepared some traps for us, but I had no wish whatsoever to be entrapped. Someone may ask why neither Svetlana nor I saw and

prevented this event. My answer will be the following. Many people had an impression that information simply knocks on our door and we do nothing but absorb it from the future, especially after I described several cases where I described events for several years ahead and the future happened exactly the way I said; or after I found the lost bag, being on the East coast of America. It is highly likely that someone rubs his hands being awfully pleased that he caught me out in lies or contradiction. Well, I must disappoint these "truth-seekers".

Indeed, if I had aimed to find out whether the theft of the documents awaited me (when and how) everything would have been blocked. But it never occurred to me that anybody would wish to do anything of the kind. I am a creator, not a destroyer. My brain does not work on searching for some "refined" methods of perpetrating large or small dirty tricks. This is not in my nature and my thoughts do not work in this direction, therefore I did not look for this kind of thing in the future. Besides, as I constantly reconstructed myself and continue to do that, my future changed after each alteration. Moreover, due to these and other reasons, my future is closed to me, as well as to others. One of the reasons for this closing is the fact that if I could see my future, I would probably realize only what I saw and would be sure that that was my mission on Midgard-earth. In this case, who knows whether I would see beyond my first horizon of development and if the answer is yes, when I would do that?

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That was only the first message which explained why my future was closed both from me and others who would be interested in looking it through. In other words, I created my own fate! For these reasons and because of my openness to people, it did not occur to me that someone in the free world would elaborate plans for the best way to eliminate me! I attributed the attempts of my elimination by the Soviet special services about which I wrote earlier to the fact that they executed the orders of the parasitic communist government, and sincerely thought that similar things were impossible in the "free" world. How naive and trustful I was then, like, probably, our ancestors were, trustful and naive, more correctly pure like children, who did not lie themselves and thought that others could not lie and make false vows.

Yes, I was naive and trustful which does not mean that I was a complete fool. After the incident, I created a protective structure from this kind of theft but, sure, it could not protect us from what had

already happened. In fact, the protection, as a phenomenon, cannot protect from everything on its own: in order to make it work one has to introduce in it that from which it is designed to protect. It does not have its own reason but the reason of its creator. It will protect only from what he or she programs it to protect, no more, no less. Over time I considerably improved my protective structures, but I will not run ahead...

When I understood who stole our documents and why, I decided not to act the way they thought I would act. First of all I called my bank and informed them about the theft of my cheque-book and credit card. It came in very handy that I had spare cheque-books issued by my bank, so I could write cheques to pay our current expenses, whereupon Svetlana, George and I went to a police-station where we made a written statement concerning the incident with our documents.

That was simple and required little time. All the same I had to think of something regarding documents, without which it was impossible to do anything. Therefore I decided to get an American driving license. George and I went to the San Francisco DMV (Department of Motor Vehicles) and asked what I needed to get one. Just as everywhere, first I had to take a Driver License Written Test. My knowledge of English was still poor and I was very glad when I learned through George that I could do it in Russian. On taking a Driver Handbook in English and Russian I went home to refresh my knowledge of the rules of the road and to learn their difference from the Soviet ones. After a couple of days we went there again and I did the test in Russian. The results usually come in no time and I was very surprised when informed that I failed.

I asked whether I could see them. Obviously, they did not expect that, because, when I saw the results, I noticed that an answer, the correctness of which I was totally sure, was marked as erroneous. I always had a good memory and I perfectly remembered what question was under what number and what my answer was. Therefore, through George I expressed my surprise regarding the fact that they called a right answer wrong. I said that there was the following question there: “if you see a traffic sign of a railway crossing, does that mean that you are approaching a railway crossing?”

I gave an affirmative answer to such a “complicated” question. So, I asked the lady-employee: “if my answer is wrong, what then is the right one?” On getting it clear that they will not get rid of me easily, they asked me to wait a little while they searched for my test to check my words. “A little” turned to be quite “a lot” and eventually the lady appeared again, somewhat confused, and informed us that they “could

not" find my test and that I passed it!

I think there is no need to explain why they were "unable" to find my test. They obviously did not expect that I had a perfect memory, including visual and I would demand explanations. So, I won the first round with the American authorities' sabotage which I understood it to be as soon as they said they could not find my test, but George thought that I over-exaggerated. Soon he saw that I did not lay it on thick enough...

On taking my written test successfully I got the right to three attempts at a driving test. I still did not have my own car and George offered me his, more correctly Marsha's. She had a Volvo-wagon of, if I am not mistaken, 1984. I drove it one time two or three hundreds metres and that was all. My first attempt was unsuccessful — I lacked just several points which my instructor had struck off when I followed his requirement and turned left on an intersection with traffic-lights. The green light was on and I approached the intersection and waited for all the cars that came from the opposite direction to pass. When the last one passed on the first seconds of the red light, almost half mycar was on the intersection. In order not to obstruct the traffic I decided to drive back a little which resulted in the instructor protesting and the loss of the points necessary for a pass, although there was no danger whatsoever to any pedestrian.

The second attempt was unsuccessful too, although I did not see any reason for so few points. When they told me for the third time that I did not pass the test, I decided to ask a lady-inspector what it was that I did wrong. The answer staggered me. My first incorrect action, they said, was that at the beginning of the test I allegedly drove back at an angle. I tried to find out why they drew this conclusion — there were no lines on the ground regarding which an angle could be determined. I asked George who witnessed what was going on about the angle and he answered negatively. The second claim was that I allegedly did not turn my head enough when looking in the driving mirrors. When I asked about how this angle was measured and where the laws and rules of the road described what angle the head should be turned when the driver looks into the mirrors, nobody gave me a clear answer. My third "fault" was that I allegedly spent too much time at the "stop" sign.

According to the rules a driver must fully stop the car at the "stop" sign and not begin driving again until totally sure that the driver (or drivers) who drove to the intersection later has seen his car there. The rules also state that the driver who has arrived at the intersection first should not insist on his right of priority, if that may result in an

accident. In other words, he should not continue to go forward, if he is uncertain whether other drivers have noticed him and stopped their cars. The rules do not specify how many seconds exactly one should stop on the intersection but recommend the driver to take enough time to be sure that he safely can go on driving. By the way, I saw no stop-watch in my instructor's hands.

When George translated my objections, the instructor just turned and went away! Well, I clearly understood the reasons why they failed my test, at least, two last times. There was an order from the "top" to prevent me from getting my driver's license under any pretext which, as you can imagine, did not suit me at all. On understanding the essence of what was going on, I decided to fight against the system on this front too, using the system itself. I dragged George inside the building and through him called the supervisor. A lady came out after a while and asked what the matter was. I declared that discrimination was observed in my case and related my conversation with the last instructor giving my comments based on the rules of the road. Having no grounds for objection, the supervisor granted me another test which was exactly what I had counted on!

I asked George to find a driving instructor for me and when he did, I began to prepare myself for the test taking the matter more seriously despite the fact that I had to scrape up time for it between my other occupations which was not an easy task: in the morning, as usual, I worked with people by phone, then I received patients in the office till 2 or 4 o'clock, whereupon I had a short break and in 6:30 the listeners of my school-seminar began to gather. Some of my break time I devoted to the everyday buying of some refreshing drinks, cookies etc. for my students. The lectures were held till ten o'clock in the evening, people went home at eleven, and after that I continued to work over illustrations for my book. So, the load was complete! However, I managed to find some free time for practical driving with the instructor. I took three or four driving lessons which allowed me to get to know the instructor's car very well. So, one splendid May day, I again took the wheel sitting next to a DMV instructor. I did everything so that nobody had any chance to carp and got 98 points of 100! The result of the test appeared to be higher than I had expected. (I could easily get a driving instructor license, as 85 points were enough for that).

The result of the test gave me the right to have a driving license. I paid the registration fee of about twenty dollars and went through the usual procedure: I was photographed and a thumbprint of my right hand was taken and my signature to enter into the computer. After

that I was given a temporary two-months driving license without a photo and informed that I would receive the permanent one by mail in two, maximum three, weeks. I thought that my "long ordeal" was over now but it appeared that the time to relax and breathe with relief had not come yet. The temporary driving license is given for only two months and only gives the right to drive a car. The absence of the photo does not allow using it as ID.

By the way, at the end of June, 1993 I bought a car — silver Mercedes-Benz 500 SEL. At first I wanted to buy a second-hand car not older than one year in order to avoid paying 30% of the price which a happy proprietor loses as soon as he leaves a car shop. But Svetlana and a friend of mine persuaded me to buy a new car. To tell the truth, I did not resist their persuasions too much. The cost, after all the discounts were done, was 105 thousand dollars plus a 8,5% tax, so it "ate" the greater part of my savings but Svetlana and I were in total agreement over buying exactly this car which loyally served us for years till my return to Russia in 2006. The San Francisco Mercedes-Benz shop did not have a silver car, therefore, a salesman quickly checked up all California car shops and found one in Beverly Hills. Several days were needed to have it in San Francisco, and they asked me to write a cheque for five thousand dollars, just in case, in order to ensure that they were not getting the car in vain. They also suggested getting a cashier's check for the remaining sum, which I did when the car was in San Francisco. So, the day when I was called to come to get the car finally came. Svetlana, George and I went in his car to the shop and, being slightly agitated, I took the wheel of my car. When we arrived home, I offered George a drive of my car which surprised him. George always said that four wheels were always four wheels and it did not matter under what car they were. When he took a ride in my car, I asked him whether he still thought so and he said that now he felt the difference. Soon he bought his own, a high class Mercedes-Benz.

The car released us from complete dependence on George. He always came when we asked him but we tried to do that as little as possible, only in a case of utter necessity and now we could go any place any time and did not distract anybody from his own business which we all have. So, when I finished my work, we took our car and drove, as they say, wherever our fancy took us, which allowed us to get to know the environs of San Francisco pretty well but I will tell about that later, meanwhile let me finish the driving license saga.

Two weeks since I had got the temporary driving license passed and I peeped into my mailbox every day hoping to see it there. I did that for two months with zero result — no driving license whatsoever! The

temporary ones expired in two months and I had nothing else left but to ask George to call to the DMV. He came to our place and called from our phone. When he explained the situation an office worker clicked on his keyboard and informed him that my driving license had returned back to them which he found to be very strange. He said that we could come to them in Sacramento and get the document ourselves. It sounded somewhat encouraging but it was late to drive to Sacramento that day as this small town, the official capital of California, was approximately one hundred miles away from San Francisco. The next day George arrived a bit earlier but before we departed, he called there again and asked where to drive up and who to ask for. Imagine his surprise when he heard that there was no point in our going because they could not find my driving license. After a pretty long conversation the DMV employee promised that they would send a second temporary driving license. Note: not the new permanent one which they were unable to find, but a second temporary one!

In some "mystical" way the second temporal driving license appeared in our mailbox without any problems pretty quickly and for "some" reason did not return back to the DMV. But let the special service rake their brains over this "riddle of the century" and I will go on with the story. Two months passed since I had got the second temporary driving license which, by the way, was the last that they could give according to the law, but the permanent driving license again failed to appear in my mailbox. So, George rang the Department and spoke to the same man and repeated almost the same thing as he said two months ago and heard the same answer — they could not find my permanent driving license, which sounded like a real mockery! However, according to the law they had no right to give me another temporary driving license, so they could do nothing other than send me the permanent driving license with my photo, etc, which this time did appear in our mailbox, although it took half a year instead of two weeks. So, I could finally heave a sigh of relief. My Moscow friends restored our stolen passports, although it took them much more time than my getting my driving license in the USA.

When I told about this bureaucratic "adventure" both to my American and Russian acquaintances, everybody was surprised, especially the Americans, because they never heard of anything like that which indicates that it was all specially prepared. Some readers may ask why the authorities did not undertake something more active toward us instead of singing a slow bureaucratic song. But who said that they limited themselves to only that. These were just the "flowerets" and we did have the "berries" which were considerably worse than the driving

license saga.

In America they try to pretend that they really have laws, human rights, "democracy", etc. but it is just outer tinsel for fooling people. Certainly, the overwhelming majority of Americans has never come to know the reality. The "American dream" is busily and persistently popularized. But when someone becomes "a thorn in the parasites' flesh" they immediately forget about the slogans they invented and switch on the system of sabotage which is a very comfortable weapon because it allows them to keep the outward appearance of the legality of their actions in other people's eyes and that these slogans and laws are sacred for them. As long as a person does what is expected of him or her, social parasites have no need to impose any punishment, but as soon as that person gets onto the "black-list", the whole bureaucratic machine which social parasites have created switches on, working its sabotage.

The story about my driving license was just the first "portent" in a long chain of bureaucratic sabotage which Svetlana and I had to experience in the "freest" country in the world! The lawlessness which we found in the Motherland of "democracy" is difficult to imagine. Certainly, our case was special, but the sabotage began for only one reason: I refused to work for the Shadow World Government. Nothing more! I just disagreed! I did not break any law, cause any harm to anybody, etc. I just expressed my position according to the right to **freedom of choice** which they propagandize so pompously all over the world! In reality the "freedom of choice" in the world of Western "democracy" is a complete illusion and deception! We have learnt that from our own experience so that it became crystal-clear for us that the words about freedom and the advantages of so-called Western civilization is only a lure for slaves which do not realize that they are not free people since long ago but belong to social parasites, lock, stock and barrel!

If a person does not have a slave collar on his neck that does not yet mean that such a person is free. The wrapping changes but the essence remains the same and our life in America allowed us to see the whole of this lie and to realize the degree of enslavement of humanity which social parasites have managed to achieve for the last thousand years and especially for the last century. I will try to clarify in further narration the reasons why my wife and I succeeded in remaining alive in this opposition.

That did not happen because social parasites refused the idea of eliminating us physically, but because they failed in their numerous intentions, although they tried very hard and often I was surprised by the refinement of their mind in matters related to elimination and

destruction! All those "games" began right after my refusal and did not stop till my departure to Russia...

Chapter 10.

Two schools and other adventures

In May, 1993 other events both, anticipated and totally unexpected, happened in addition to those I described in the previous chapter. My second American school-seminar was the anticipated one. There were twenty students and I organized my lectures the same as before: the lectures started at 7 p.m., were held every evening except Saturdays and Sundays and lasted for three hours with two ten minute breaks. Well, everything was just like the first school; however, there were some differences. This time I decided to make the school longer and changed an interpreter. Her name was Nina (regrettably, I do not remember her last name). She was a PhD in biology, a geneticist, if I am not mistaken, and taught in Berkley. I expected that her serious scientific education and her experience in teaching scientific subjects in English would be enough to translate my lectures with maximal precision. My expectations proved to be justified. There were just several moments when I asked her to translate this or that otherwise.

There were several professional doctors and psychologists among my listeners, which meant that information about my first school, had spread. Some students arrived from other states, although I never did any advertising both about my school and the results of my work. As happened before, during my first American school, people were stunned when I restructured their brain and spirit as a result of which they acquired new abilities the existence of which they could hardly believe. So, the second American school-seminar went on as usual in this respect. It was not a change in my way of giving lectures but what took place during them that was the principle difference between the two schools.

Several days of intense study passed and during a lecture, when I turned my back to the listeners to draw the next diagram, I felt something sting me in my back, like a mosquito bite or a pricking of woollen clothes on the naked body. At first I did not pay any special attention to it but within a minute I felt an unbelievable weakness leaning heavily upon me and I had to do my best in order not to fall down on the floor. Giving no sign of that, I carried on with the lecture

whilst at the same time feverishly searching for the reason for such a sudden and unusual weakness.

Fractions of a second were enough to link my state with a "mosquito bite" and to scan the connection between the "bite" with my state; the result was unambiguous — I had got a very strong poison in my back! At that moment I did not have time to make an analysis of who had done it and why, my state sharply worsened and I had to determine what poison was in my body as quickly as possible. I succeeded in doing that in several seconds and immediately began to decompose the poison and neutralize the damage which it had already done.

As I decomposed the poison and eliminated the consequences of its action the severe weakness began to retreat and I soon felt quite well. During those very critical minutes when I fought the poison in my body, I continued to give the lecture and nobody (but Svetlana) noticed that something was wrong with me. My students listened to the translation of my words with huge interest and noticed nothing but some paleness in my face thinking that I was tired or did not get enough sleep. That was what George told me when he knew what had happened in reality. He listened to my story and although his face showed how unbelievable it sounded to him, he, nevertheless, did not rush to the conclusion that I had made all this up or it had just seemed like that to me. He had already had enough confirmations that my words were neither a fantasy nor the ravings of a madman despite the fact that a lot of things sounded exceedingly strange, at the very least.

That evening I got the second needle in my back. Obviously, the shooter thought that he had missed the first time, because I did not fall down dead on the floor, and decided to repeat the "procedure". When I next turned my back to the listeners, I got another "needle". I write "needle" not because the weapon looks like an ordinary needle, although the weapon is also a needle, but somewhat different, but I'll tell about that later and meanwhile I'll come back to the moment when the second "needle" plunged into my back!

This time I did not wait for the weakness to spread all over my body and began to decompose the poison almost at the moment it had got into my organism. Some more seconds, and the poison was neutralized and I, as if nothing had happened, continued to give the lecture. The shooter managed to take me by surprise only the first time when I did not immediately understand what the matter was. The minute or two which I lost almost cost me my life, but, evidently, nature allotted me an iron constitution. But if I had not understood what the matter was, the strength of my body would hardly have resisted another minute of combating the poison!

The high degree of exhaustion which I experienced then was undeniable confirmation of that. I began to feel a very strange languor and something like an enveloping fog appeared in my head. Nevertheless, the "gift" from my "friends" malfunctioned. My pretty extensive experience in the fight for survival in the war against parasites taught me very well how to make decisions and act quickly and efficiently. So, the practical training which my enemies "organized" for me almost every day stood me in good stead! Certainly, I had resolved situations much more serious than a needle-poison but the thing was that most attacks attempting to destroy me were on other levels of reality and the blow to my physical body was something new and unexpected.

This was something unknown to me. I expected that they would try to eliminate me by blowing me up or using fire-arms or cold steel, or car accidents, or poisoning my food or drinks, but I did not expect, or even suppose, the existence of the weapon they used! In fact any harmless object of man's everyday life which causes no suspicion whatsoever could be a weapon — a pen or a cigarette-lighter, for instance. Well, who would think that an ordinary pen could be a deadly weapon: press the button once and it would function like an ordinary pen; press the button twice and a small organic needle saturated with powerful poison would dart out. The needle will be fully dissolved in the victim's body in an hour leaving no trace but a tiny red spot to which nobody will pay any attention.

A person apparently dies of a stroke or heart attack because exactly this is the conclusion a pathologist will draw when examining the body. It is an ideal murder, really, which is executed so that nobody will suspect anything. Well, who has not played with a pen pressing this little button? Many people do that almost automatically. So, it's not hard: one just needs to point "the muzzle" of the pen, as if spontaneously, in the necessary direction, press the button twice and, *Voila!* The job is done. Isn't it an ideal murder?! Yes, it is. But I was not an ideal victim: I got a "bullet-needle" in my back from one of my students, remained alive and did not even give any sign that something was wrong! How could any "normal" executioner explain that? Either the "bullet-needles" got "damp" or "wore out", or he missed, which is extremely difficult taking into account such a short distance and the width of my back.

In fact the person who was my "student" during the school-seminar was not the only "shooter". There were "homeless" which sat on the sidewalks and "casual" people in a queue and "accidental" passers-by. When I shared the information about the first attack with George, he believed and disbelieved my words at the same time. Similar events

sounded to him like some kind of science-fiction but he soon saw for himself. One day we went to a Federal Express office in order to send some video material (interviews with patients and students of my first American school-seminar) to Poland where an hour-long film about my work was being prepared.

To do this I rented a professional TV camera and paid for the work of an operator. Some people were interviewed by John MacManes and some by me. I also created my first healing session for the film at the end of January, 1993. More precisely, Svetlana and I created it together. It happened that a Polish producer of Russian origin, Galina Ochkasova, who worked with Svetlana before, asked that we do something in order to help the audience somehow. So, the idea of a healing session appeared.

In order to convert a mere idea into reality we needed to find a professional video studio. As soon as George found a good digital one, we three came there at the appointed time one January evening, and left it only in the morning, at about seven o'clock. Luckily for me, it was Friday and I did not have to wake up at ten on Saturday to begin the work with my patients. We worked the whole night and the poor studio fellow had to work the whole night too. At first he filmed five minutes of my work in total silence against the green background and then the most interesting part began.

Svetlana and I, mainly through George, told him what and how we would like the background to be and the chap, whose name I, regrettably, do not remember, demonstrated that on the screen. Immediately, comments followed why this or that was not the way we wanted and he changed everything on the spot. The work went on smoothly and swimmingly and our idea acquired material form on the screen right before our eyes. Svetlana's advice was very helpful. She suggested making vanishing hands in some moments and a luminescence around my body which exists in reality but most people are unable to see it.

So, we breathed heavily down the fellow's neck and "tortured" him until we got what we wanted. It is of interest that the editing took place without any music but when we laid the sound on it later, we were staggered by the amazingsynchronization between Jean-Michel Jarre's music and the process on the screen: the motion of my hands and the changes at the background. You can see it for yourself. At first I hired a local composer to create some music for the session. He did but Svetlana and I decided not to use his work. We also decided not to look for another composer and used Jean-Michel Jarre's*Equinoxe* and never regretted it...

So, it was copies of the already filmed video material which I brought

to the FedEx office to send them to Poland for Galina Ochkasova to edit the whole film. George came with me and on spotting the next "shooter" in the guise of a homeless person sitting on the sidewalk, I asked him to fall behind a little and observe. When I passed by the "shooter" he "suddenly" had an irresistible desire to smoke and I got the next "bullet-needle". The result was the same as before — I simply decomposed the poison! Then, when I stood in a queue I asked George to watch the man who joined the queue several persons behind me. This time the "shooter" looked like a middle class gentleman who, on waiting several minutes pointed his "pen" at me and shot the next poisoned needle.

When we went back, George was in the state of shock; these events were beyond his comprehension but, nevertheless, he had no doubts about what really happened around Svetlana and me no matter how unbelievable it was. The hunt was not organized exclusively for me, Svetlana was hunted too. Certainly, after the first attack I created the structures which almost instantly decomposed the poison for her too, which came in very handy. When she went out for a walk alone, the "shooters" were right there. So, she got poisoned needles in her back when she passed by a "peacefully" sitting homeless person on the sidewalk who, on her walking by, always "lit a cigarette". Although Svetlana had all the necessary structures for poison decomposing, the needles were not something that one wished to have as the poisons started acting in the body and the process of their neutralization brought no pleasant feelings either. So, Svetlana "rushed aside" from any homeless for some time after this kind of hunting event was over, especially, if the person started moving.

One day, shortly after the "shooters" began their hunting, Svetlana went to her hairdresser in the shopping mall in the centre of San Francisco. She came a bit early for her appointment and her hairdresser was still busy attending the previous client: therefore, she decided to have some coffee. A café was located in the other part of the building, and in order to get there she had to cross the bridge which linked the two parts. There was a huge glass dome over the whole building which allowed the sun's rays generously to penetrate into any corner of the shopping center. The tables were both on the bridge and inside the café. For some reason that day Svetlana chose a table inside, although she usually sat on the bridge enjoying the spectacular view of the shops and the city.

Svetlana drank her coffee, paid the waiter and went to the bridge heading for the hairdresser's. An elegant grey-haired man dressed in a light-grey suit walked up to her on the bridge and showed his ID. She

was surprised and the first thing she asked him was whether she could call her husband. The stranger kindly smiled at her and said that he had no objections. Svetlana found the nearest telephone and called me. Her voice, although a little anxious, was firm. She told me about what had happened and asked my advice on what to do. I attuned to the man through her and said that she should not be afraid of him and could hear him out.

She calmed down a little and went back to the stranger. The man waited for her right there where she had left him. He asked her what I had said and, on hearing the answer, smiled again and continued the talk. First thing he did was get a key to our apartment from his pocket, thus making her understand that we were not the only ones whom the proprietor of the house had provided with keys to our apartment! The keys had a very compound shape which was extremely difficult to counterfeit. In fact there was no need to counterfeit anything, because the owner, Harry Orbelian (George's father), worked for the special services.

After the stranger demonstrated the keys, he extracted a cigarette-lighter from his pocket and before Svetlana's very eyes; both lit a cigarette and then shot with it into the bridge. A little needle with poison pierced the wooden banister and Svetlana's last weak doubts that all that had been something like a bad dream evaporated without trace. The reality appeared to be quite grim. We truly wished that all that were figments of our imagination or even a benign persecution mania, but, alas! everything was more than real and serious; no joke whatsoever!

The stranger reached for his pocket again and got a pen, and demonstrated the same trick. The next needle with poison pierced the wooden banister and thus put a bold full stop to the question of whether someone had gone mad: so, it seemed that neither Svetlana nor I had, which meant only one thing — our suspicions were fully confirmed — we were being hunted after I had refused to collaborate! Our relatively quiet life was over and the mysterious stranger informed us precisely about this.

Certainly, I know who and WHAT he is, as well as his earthly and sacral names, but for fully clear reasons, I will not reveal the name of the man worthy of every kind of respect who would repeatedly help us in the future and soon became our comrade-in-arms in the fight against social parasites represented on Earth by the Shadow World Government. The stranger had perfectly developed telepathy skills and could do a lot of other things. I knew about that right after Svetlana came home and gave a detailed description of this unusual meeting. When she started

telling about him, I began to scan him through her which he noted immediately and joined the telepathic contact.

I did not expect this kind of skill from a special service agent. Svetlana and I contacted telepathically only the representatives of other civilizations and it was the first time I had met someone on Midgard-earth who could manage telepathy at such a level. Many people declared that they use telepathy, but when it came to a demonstration, everything appeared to be a bluff. It is easy to fool people who do not master telepathy and are unaware of its nature. It is quite another thing, when someone who does, asks them to get down to business: "telepathic persons" find thousands of pretexts to deviate from the direct answer and give no proofs.

But the stranger could undoubtedly transmit and receive information telepathically. In this case, Svetlana became my eyes and ears: I attuned her to the necessary "wave", put in the protection and asked her to process the incoming information while I transmitted mine and carried out the necessary actions. Over time he became our closest friend, but at the very beginning he started testing my abilities. The tests were sometimes quite peculiar. He and I communicated by means of telepathy and through Svetlana who soon became our courier. She met him, wrote down the key information, then brought it to me and I worked with it.

Here is one of these tests of his. One day Svetlana returned from the meeting with information that the so-called Black King had appeared in America. He was the one who decided who would become president of this or that country and when, and any president submitted to him. These were the unflattering comments which I got about this person. I attuned to him and revealed to our Stranger (let me call him this) that I saw nothing black in the Black King. More than once I had to face the servants of the Dark and the Dark themselves and "settle" things with them quite seriously: when the matter concerned life or death, not only mine though.

So, I had a pretty wide experience in the scanning of very "skillful" servants of Dark Forces and their hierarchs, but the result concerning the Black King was the same — he was not an enemy, but a **friend**! The Stranger continued to insist on my more careful checking, but my verdict remained the same. Certainly, the Stranger knew perfectly well that the Black King was not a servant of the Dark, but a person secretly and deeply infiltrated in their system (obviously, the Light drew correct conclusions from their errors in the past) who at a certain moment should start acting and few knew about that. He belonged to the highest aristocratic circles of Europe and I will not mention his

earthly name for obvious reasons. Besides, I used to use his spirit's sacral name — Alis [Alis]— when we communicated with each other. Later on we began to cooperate very closely and conducted a lot of successful operations and made it really hot for parasites until they succeeded in eliminating him physically. Due to hierarchical rules they could neither simply dismiss him from his post, as he occupied a very high position in the earthly hierarchy, nor openly declare that he was an infiltrated agent of the enemy (the Light Forces have always been enemies of the Dark). Regrettably, when Alis proceeded to the active mode of operation, he could not act openly for long and was eliminated by a powerful blow to his weak heart. But that will happen later, then, we started communicating with him at the mental level; due to clear reasons we could not possibly see each other personally.

My heart grieves for our friends, old and newly found who we have lost in this war, unknown to the overwhelming majority of people. This is the war when one side fights for turning the whole of humanity into slaves once and for all, and the other — not only to prevent that from happening but also to return freedom to people, a real one, when people indeed can and must be free, body and soul. Obviously, there is no need to tell that there were not too many of those who belonged to the latter side. However, they fought and died for the sake of those who, most likely, will never know their names. Glory and laurels was not the reason for their heroic fight and untimely death, but **truth** and **justice**!

The methods which either side used in the war differed which does not mean that the Light warriors turned the other cheek to the enemy and humbly watched how parasites do their dirty business! Not at all; they fearlessly and grimly fought this abomination without sparing themselves and sacrificing their life for the sake of a better future for other people who they do not even know! They did not fight for that "better future" about which the communists yelled so loudly and so mendaciously in the 20^{th} century, but for a better future when everyone, without any exception, will be free and live by the rules of justice based on **everyone's responsibility for his or her deeds**!

In order to make what I mean absolutely clear I will give one example.

In 1994 children of different ages (from three year olds to teenagers) which belonged to the most influential families of Europe whose voices played a decisive role in Europe were kidnapped. I think that there is no need to say that the kidnappers were the servants of the Shadow World Government and consequently, those whose children were stolen were not on their side. All the families received an ultimatum: either

they do what they were ordered to do (the consequences of their actions will be the death of millions of people, including millions of children in the future), or all the kidnapped children would be eliminated!

Can you imagine what the parents felt then? Their children — the comfort of their souls — whose happy smiles pleased their hearts, whose merry laughter filled their house with life and joy, their flesh and blood, their happiness, will die, if they do not sign the documents which would bring death to millions of **other children** who were the joy of **strangers** who they never knew and who, probably, without thinking twice, would sign anything to save **their own children** or simply to get some money. But despite their affectionate love for their children these people **did not sign anything**! They were unable to step over millions of **other children** who they never saw but who would die in the future in order to save their own who they knew must die now!

That was not somebody's sick "joke" or a bluff! The kidnapped children were taken to a forest and **burned alive with flame-throwers**! What kind of degenerates could take innocent children, look into little girls and boys' uncomprehending scared pure eyes, burn them with flame-throwers and then observe how the little bodies seized with flame rushed about screaming with horror and pain until they fell lifeless on earth which also began to burn...

That was the story which the Stranger told us one day.

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Certainly, the mass media kept a deathly hush about all this; nobody ever knew what happened and does happen in reality on the fronts of the long war on our planet between Light and Dark forces. Although the war is ruthless, the Warriors of Light never, under any circumstances, would do with their enemies' children anything of the kind. Moreover, something of this nature cannot occur to them even as a response to similar actions that parasites will carry out without hesitation. The Warriors of Light do pitilessly destroy the enemies which fulfill similar loathsome things, but they will never burn them alive!

The Warriors of Light destroy the enemy without using atrocities, torture and mockery even on such dregs of humanity! An enemy must be destroyed, especially if he has lost his human reasoning and appearance, but without using any of these kinds of methods, otherwise a Warrior of Light will sooner or later turn into their degenerative likeness! A death is a death, even the death of an enemy, and the interruption of somebody else's life (and life in general) cannot cause any joy! If the death gives satisfaction to a warrior, his soul is lost for Light!

Any life is precious and if there is a necessity to take it in order to save a lot of other lives, it is just a grievous inevitability! One never should turn into a **beast**, even to stop **another beast**. A human being must never forget that he is a human! ....

So, the Light Forces and Dark Forces have absolutely different methods of fighting and everyone who chooses the way of Light should understand that very clearly!..

Meanwhile, the events which one way or another were related to our activity continued to happen.

At the end of February, 1993 Svetlana met a person who soon became our closest friend. His name was David and he was a prominent businessman. We knew about the latter much later, and in the beginning of our relationship we were surprised that he was a well-bred and highly educated person, a rarity to meet in America. He was born in Europe and belonged to an ancient family. Regrettably, this is all that I can say about him, although I would gladly give more information about this wonderful person, our friend. Due to a "strange" coincidence, he both knew our Stranger very well and perfectly managed telepathy. Also, owing to the fact of whose side he took, his life was full of striking events and parasites constantly hunted him.

We maintained a permanent telepathic connection with many of our comrades-in-arms beyond the limits of our planet, and now we had people on Midgard with whom we could do the same. If such a person does not block this connection, you can catch most of what happens to him or her when you either think of the person intentionally or are free from busy activity. The especially strong signals appear when the person is in a critical situation.

One day I felt a strong danger for David. Luckily, I was not busy with my patients and Svetlana was at home. We immediately communicated with David. It appeared that he was approaching the ladder of an airplane to fly to Japan where he had an important meeting. David answered our telepathic call and was surprised about our anxiety. I began to find out whether something unusual had happened to him lately. He answered negatively, only mentioning that he had an unexpected headache, but that was such a trifle, unworthy of our attention. Besides, his assistant happened to have an aspirin, so we should not worry.

When I heard about the pill, I understood why I received the alarm signal: there was a strong poison in the pill which his assistant so "kindly" offered him! I told him about that. At first, David did not take my words seriously, but I insisted, saying that although he considered my words strange, I asked him not to take the pill for the sake of

my peace of mind and I would take the headache away without any medication. He promised us to fulfill my strange request; we wished him a pleasant flight and said goodbye.

Obviously, he was intrigued with my words. So, he did not take the "aspirin" and, moreover, on his arrival in Tokyo he brought it to a laboratory. The result of the analysis was staggering: the "aspirin" contained the strongest poison which caused death simulating a stroke. His headache before the flight about which very few persons heard and knew was a wonderful cover for a "pure" murder. Any doctor would conclude a cerebral hemorrhage: he had high blood pressure before the flight and the sharp drop in the external pressure during the climbing of the plane would cause the fragile and tender vessels of the brain to burst with a stroke as a result. There was no chance to save his life on board because there was neither appropriate equipment, nor specialists. In fact, nothing could be done during that flight. So, on taking the pill, he was doomed! Besides, it seems to me that an anatomist would have been reluctant to notice any suspicious signs even if he had really noticed them. I am sure about that for "some" reason. But all's well that ends well. David was shocked by all that and when he came back to San Francisco, he prepared a gift certificate in my name for one of his mansions and was very surprised by my refusal to accept it.

We even quarreled a little on this occasion. He began to persuade me that he did not try to pay me off for his life and the gift was from the bottom of his heart without any hidden motive. I thanked him for that, but refused the gift, explaining that I did him a favour not for the sake of a reward and despite all his logical reasons could not accept his gift and if he continued to insist, he, thus, would offend me. I found an argument which he unwillingly accepted. I said that I understood his noble impulse, but could not accept the gift, because I would be very insulted if somebody even hinted that I lined my pockets from the situation. My last argument worked, most likely, because he put himself in my shoes and understood that such a gift for saving his life was indeed offensive to me. I've had my own concept of honour since my childhood which strengthened over the years. If I were rich the same way as he, then, maybe, I could accept this kind of gift, because I could make a similar gift to him. Otherwise, that was an insult for me. Well, we settled the issue in the end and never came back to it to my immense relief...

One day soon after the beginning of the hunt Svetlana came from the meeting with the Stranger and brought the information that David did not return his calls and had stopped making calls. Svetlana and I knew that he was on a business trip in the Middle East then, but

we did not receive an alarm signal and, seemingly, there was no direct danger to his life. However, the Stranger's preoccupation forced us to start looking for him and we found him quickly using our methods.

We found David unconscious in a basement of the palace which belonged to the Arab Sheik he did business with in the Middle East. The building was rectangular with only one entrance-exit and an enormous inner garden which was full of the Sheik's armed guards. Certainly, we could inform the Stranger about David's whereabouts, but we knew that despite our friend's abilities and connections he could do little to help David. Moreover, the official fuss which would inevitably occur in this case was likely to result in David's transportation somewhere else, or his death. We did not like either outcome and, therefore, found another way and tried to carry it out.

The first thing we found out was that David was heavily drugged and unconscious and thrown in a cell of the sheik's basement prison. The guards were so sure that David would not only be unable to escape but even to move that they left the door of the cell open. He was just dragged in like a log and left on the floor. The guards did not search him and left his documents and even the keys of his car in his pockets. It is highly likely that they did not receive any order on this occasion and did not dare to show initiative; obviously, the Sheik was highly reluctant to encourage that. Well, David lay on the floor of the cell unconscious. The first thing I decided to do was to decompose the narcotic matters and bring him to the norm. The process of fast purification from drugs was very painful but I had no choice. After a while David regained consciousness and we could establish a telepathic connection with him. On bringing him out of the narcotic shock, I had to continue working on him, because he felt something like withdrawal symptoms. David felt almost unbearable pain, because the process of cleansing and restoration went on so quickly, but it was completed successfully. So, here he was — completely conscious and able to move independently and the question arose — what should we do next?

Although the door of the cell was unlocked and David himself felt well, the inner yard of the palace was stuffed with the Sheik's armed guards, servants, guests, relatives, etc. Suddenly, the idea flashed through my mind. I remembered my student years: I hurry on my own business along a long university passage and seea person who would certainly stop and chat with me for hours. I have neither desire, nor time for that and there is nowhere to slip away. I wish so much that this person **does not notice me**. I continue walking and expect every second that he will hail me. However, he walks close to me, his eyes slide over my body and ... nothing... he just passes by and does not

notice me! When that happened, I thought that my acquaintance was engrossed in his thoughts and, therefore, did not pay attention to me. But, later on he confessed that he was looking for me precisely that day and went to the place where I was to catch me on my way home.

Nevertheless, I decided to repeat the experiment. Several times I concentrated and wished that my acquaintances would not notice me and ... they did just so. The very first time I did that intuitively, but in other cases I consciously created certain conditions so that people were unable to see me. If the human brain does not receive my image through the eyes, a person will not be able to see me. Therefore, I had to make sure that my image disappears on its way from the bottom of the eye to the optical area of the cerebral cortex. Later I conducted a lot of experiments in order to investigate this process and succeeded in that fully.

When I remembered all that I offered to make David **invisible**! He asked me to specify what I meant by "making him invisible" and I explained the idea. To tell the truth, I never did anything of the kind in a critical situation, even more so, with other people. However, we had no choice because the Sheik's actions unambiguously indicated his intentions: he was not going to let David live. Therefore, I began to act. I created a maximal level of invisibility around David. We wished him good luck and he went out from the cell into the corridor of the basement.

Svetlana and I did not let him out of our sight even for a second and I was prepared to act otherwise, if David was discovered. He walked along the yard calmly, but we saw and felt his tension every time when a guard or a servant passed by. However, nobody noticed him and he crossed the whole yard slowly enough. The same way he passed by the armed guards at the gates and reached his car which was still on the parking lot in front of the palace and its keys were still in the pocket of his elegant haute couture suit. David started the car and left the "hospitable" oasis where the Sheik's palace was located at the highest speed possible.

Nobody saw him during the whole time of his unusual escape, even when he drove out from the palace parking. David reached the air-port without any incident and left the country. Later he confessed that every second he expected that somebody would see him and everything would go wrong. Nobody, even his friends who knew him for ages, wanted to believe in the story of his escape — it sounded so unbelievably miraculous. But it was true and one of his friends, Edward, who expressed his doubts too, could confirm that from his own experience.

One day David asked us to help him to find his friend Edward who

had unexpectedly disappeared without trace. Having his own unusual experience of salvation, he assumed that there was nobody who could help any better than us. He described Edward's appearance and we began to work. Edward was kidnapped by the Sicilian mob and held in a villa. The situation repeated, although with some difference: the room was locked and Edward was not drugged. I forced a guard to open the door of the room, let Edward out and forget about it immediately. I made Edward invisible to other people and he calmly left the place of his incarceration. The villa was in the city and Edward appeared right in the street and quickly mingled with the crowd. So, now Edward had his own experience of liberation from imprisonment and since then never doubted the truth of David's story.

Later Edward also became our friend but a year after his unusual liberation, he was killed. He was one of the first friends to die in the unknown war against parasites. Unfortunately, he was not the last one. To lose friends and comrades-in-arms was always hard for me and when that happened, I always felt guilty: I was still alive and my friend had gone. It is a very grave state of mind, believe me. However, no matter how strongly I wished, I could not protect all. Certainly, a war is always a war, but when the best of the best give their lives, my soul is seized with sadness and grief because such people sacrifice their lives for those who do not give a hang and prefer the philosophy: "This has nothing to do with me"...

The hunt on us continued. I got poisoned needles in my back on a regular basis, as well as Svetlana. The bosses of the "shooters" were completely at a loss and could not understand what was happening and why the needles did not work in our case. That kind of thing had never happened and the needles **always** killed their victims! The needles with different types and doses of poisons which could easily kill an elephant did not produce any effect to a person! Well, to tell the truth, once I had to "puff and blow".

During the next lecture I got the next needle in my back. I began to neutralize the poison like I did before, but ... nothing happened and the weakness in my body grew with the speed of an avalanche. I did not understand the reason and tried hard to find the poison, but failed and again tried and again failed. Certainly, all that lasted a couple of minutes, no more. Usually, I scan within a millionth of a second and, if necessary, quicker. But then I could not find the poison and my state continued to worsen sharply, which clearly indicated that the poison was still in my body. I continued to give the lecture and feverishly searched for the answer to the question: "what is happening to me". "Feverishly searched for an answer" means that I continued to

scan the situation in order to find the poison in my body until I finally got a result! .....

The thing was that the needle itself was a "Trojan horse". It did not contain any **poison**, but had **non-poisonous matters** which on getting into my body reacted with its chemical matters and formed poisons which did their dirty business! Only due to my adjusted system of dynamic scanning and the correct target setting, I succeeded quickly in solving this puzzle, this riddle, which nearly cost me my life. Although I lost several seconds in vain searching for and neutralizing poisons, nevertheless, I quickly changed the target setting: if the poisons which got in my body cannot be detected, then the alien substance caused the appearance of the poisons in my body. So, only when I changed the task for scanning, could I solve the problem successfully and pretty quickly. This example also demonstrates that nothing takes place for no particular reason. In other words, an "informational field", which contains any information whatever your heart desires, does not exist in Nature as some ignorant people try to allege! I could find the solution only when I changed the task for my scanning structures and aimed to find out how the poisons appeared in my body, if those substances which had got in were not poisons.

Only when I started searching in reverse order beginning with the poisons which were killing pretty quickly, could I find the matters which were not poisons themselves but triggered the appearance of poisons made by the body itself! Thus, when I found the primary cause, I could detect and destroy them and everything was solved in seconds. After the incident I created special structures aimed at discovery and neutralization of both, poisons and all existent matters which on their getting in the human body would form poisons. I shared them with Svetlana and all our friends. So, that was how sometimes on the basis of my own experience I had to create structures, which were later added to our common "armoury". This is just one example of how an anti-weapon, without which many more of our comrades-in-arms would die all over our Mother-Earth, appeared.

Obviously, the fact that I survived this time too alarmed the "shooters"' bosses, as well as the methods which I used to solve the problems and Svetlana's important role. All this resulted in the CIA agents moving into the apartment above us. Their increased interest in us was quite understandable, since the poison needles did not "work" (as the CIA thought). They did not understand that the needles did work. Certainly, it did not occur to them that I "just" created structures which could decompose the poison. They could not accept the idea that this kind of thing was at all possible and when they understood that, they

organized a 24-hour stake out: they recorded all our conversations, filmed all our visitors, etc. The directors of the CIA, kaleidoscopically changed, spent hours in this "headquarters", and it seems to me that the reason for such a fluctuation of directors then was their inability to eliminate us physically...

Soon after the incident with Edward, one summer day when my second American school-seminar was already over, David asked us to find his god-daughter. Her name was Elisabeth and in 1993 she was just three years old. She was a daughter of David's closest friends. Almost at once we began to search and found her very quickly in England, in one of the castles which, as transpired later, belonged to the child's aunt. I think there is no need to explain that if we had revealed the place, special permission would have been required to search the castle, especially taking into account to whom it belonged. Besides, our information could not serve as official reason for the search-warrant. Moreover, if the latter could be obtained, I am sure that by the time the police came the girl would have been taken somewhere else!

Therefore, I decided to act immediately using my methods. We quickly found the child in a room of the castle. A guard was near her keeping his eyes glued on her. The girl was a lovely child with wavy chestnut-coloured hair which streamed down her tiny shoulders with an enormous bow in it. She had the charming face of an angel which came down to Earth, large brown eyes and long eyelashes. And this sheer charm was kidnapped!

It is really difficult to understand what kind of heart one must have in order to kidnap children, especially small ones, in order to blackmail their parents. Undoubtedly, there is nothing human left in such people, if anything human at all ever were in them. So, the girl was locked in the room and guarded by a middle-aged man. The method of liberation I used in the case of David and Edward was not suitable, because even if I made her invisible to others, she would be unable to get to her house alone. Therefore, I had to think of something else.

Suddenly I had a strange, on the face of it, idea. What if I can force the guard to take the girl back home! In fact there was nothing else to do and I decided to try. I began to influence the guard's brain to block his readiness to perform the order. He desperately resisted my influence, or he was brain-washed so that he would be unable to be influenced by somebody other than his bosses. One way or another, he stood up to my influence without understanding what was happening to him. I cannot say what he felt; most likely nothing pleasant, but I felt no pity for him. Svetlana was my ears and eyes and continuously informed me what was going on which allowed me to concentrate on

the influence.

I increased my influence until his brain system began to "smoke" and he finally broke: his encoded brain resisted no longer! But during this work we withdrew our attention from the girl, and she... looked at us, eyes wide open with surprise. When we finally paid attention to her, excited, she asked: "And who are you? Are you from stars?" It appeared that the girl had natural paranormal abilities and on getting into the powerful stream of influence directed to the guard-jailer, her clairvoyance and telepathy were manifested in full measure.

Elisabeth saw our spirits, the structures of our brains unfolded during the work, the sparkling multi-coloured crystals of force and the multi-coloured streams of primary matters streaming through the bodies of our spirits, etc. It was undoubtedly a very impressive picture, even more so for a little girl. Nevertheless, Elisabeth took what was going on with all the naturalness in the world: children of her age do not "know" yet what is possible and what is not!

Therefore a pure child accepts everything he sees hears and feels as the reality in which he lives and does not have any fear of what can knock down grown-ups. Elisabeth did not have fear and the whole of her spirit sang and rejoiced with delight. I understood that my stream affected her too and completed the qualitative transformation of her spirit so that this kind of state could not destroy her. Then we explained to her why we came. I ordered the guard to take the girl to her mother and he immediately went to the car. I also asked Elisabeth to follow us. We met nobody on the way to the car and the guard sat in it.

The girl also walked up to the car, stopped and said that she would not go with this bad man again because he took her away from her mama. It was difficult explain to a child that "the bad man" was now under my complete control and would not do anything bad to her. Therefore, we mentally got into the car too and said that if she trusted us then she should get into the car and we would go to her mother at once. She liked the idea and fearlessly occupied the back seat of the car between Svetlana and me. Certainly we were present in the car with our spirits but Elisabeth tried to sit without even brushing against us, because she saw us and we were real and tangible for her. The way home was not too long and soon the car drove up to Elisabeth's ancestral castle and taxied up to the main entrance. Elisabeth opened the door of the car, got out of it and ran to look for her loving mama and found her very soon. Both were extremely overjoyed. But before Elisabeth left the car she begged us to visit her again. We promised and only after that she gladly left the "bad man's" car.

When we were totally sure that the child was in perfect security, I ordered the jailer to go back from whence he came, and we returned to our normal state. Most likely, the man was eliminated after he had returned to his hostess, because nobody would believe his explanation of why he drove the captive back home, even more so because he could not say anything worthwhile and, most likely, his bosses considered him a betrayer who had hankered after money. Frankly speaking, I do not especially care about his fate, because I feel no compassion toward persons like him. A participant in such a low crime deserves no sympathy whatsoever.

It is highly unlikely that that person did not understand that he held locked up a little child, who could not commit any crime, and the fact that kidnapping was a crime. So, if he understood all that and, nevertheless, continued to be the child's jailer, then such a person is a **criminal**, even if he did not kidnap the child himself! Here is my moral position which may be quite unpleasant for someone. Well, they are certainly within their rights to be discomforted. To my mind, a normal person should have done everything to return a kidnapped child to the family despite his losing work and possibly life, but not continue serving this kind of people. **Man** should do that not for the sake of a possible reward but because it is **just** and **correct**! No reason can change that, if a person wants to call himself human! ...

One way or another, Svetlana and I liberated this child and that had a quite unusual sequel.

As was promised, we came to visit Elisabeth. She was very glad to see us and began to twitter about who we were and why we looked so unusual and what all that meant, etc. In short, she asked the usual questions of a child which found something interesting. I finished the restructuring of her brain and spirit and while the process went on she asked me whether I could do the same to her older brother who she told everything and now he wants to see and hear everything she did. The boy also was very sensitive and he acquired the ability to see and hear differently than other people. Elisabeth watched very attentively what I did with her brother which had quite unexpected and funny consequences.

One day the girl contacted us telepathically and being a little confused asked us to save her favourite snow-white cat which she held in her arms. The cat showed no signs of life, though he was not dead. He had neither wounds, nor any injuries which could be the reason for such a state. The thing was that the cat was in **coma**.

Embarrassed, Elisabeth explained why the cat appeared in this state. She observed my actions when I transformed her brother's brain

and had an idea to do the same with the cat's brain in order to communicate with him telepathically afterwards! "My brother and I can see and talk to you telepathically..." — she tried to clarify the situation. "But the cat stopped moving after the transformation and does not even meow!"

"I did everything like you. I entangled nothing" — the toddler tried to justify herself. "I observed your actions very attentively and memorized everything very well, but my cat does not move at all after that" — she continued confusedly and, hardly restraining the tears, which were ready to sprinkle from her large eyes, said in a trembling voice: "Please, return him back to me, I shall never do the same thing anymore-e-e..." Certainly, I brought the cat out of the coma, but the situation was funny and tragic at one and the same time. I explained to her why that which was good for a person, did not suit a kitten and also other animals, and even other people.

In fact, each transformation of the brain and spirit is very individual, despite the fact that there is a general principle. The matter is that every person has his or her personal evolutional gaps, without filling of which it is impossible to carry out evolutional transformation. Certainly, the little girl did not (and actually could not) know anything about that and just memorized the outward manifestation of the process and applied it to the cat. Due to fully clear reasons I did not explain all that in detail to Elisabeth. I just told her how she could communicate telepathically with her cat (as well as with any other animal) without transforming their brain but using her abilities. Later the poppet, proud of herself, showed us the way she and her cat telepathically communicate with each other.

All that suggested to me the idea of creating a mental school for children and Elisabeth and her older brother became the first students. I did not suppose then that over the course of time several thousand children of different ages (from two and three year old kids to teenagers) from all over the world would be my mental students. The ones who were the first students of my mental school are young people now. Like Elisabeth, for example: she is a young woman now of nineteen. She was only three in 1993. Sixteen long years have passed! Time flies strikingly quickly — you feel that it happened just yesterday and then realize that already sixteen years have passed, and the little girl Elisabeth has turned into a beautiful young lady.

The turns of life can be quite unexpected sometimes: I never had planned to create anything of the kind, but the development of events led to the inevitable appearance of the mental school. The "subjects" which children are taught, the knowledge they have already learnt and

the abilities they have already got in my mental school for this period of time are very impressive indeed and the Harry Potter style fairy-tales look quite pathetic in comparison with them. Besides, the school has a remarkable feature: no secret service can track down the children-students and even if it can (which is highly unlikely), the abilities of my mental students, even those who are on their initial levels, are head and shoulders over any secret service experts' most daring flight of fancy.

But above all, the special services are unable to take any of my mental students, let alone to force my guys to do anything which would contradict their inner essence, which is based on enlightenment by knowledge and abilities which no fiction writer could ever hit upon. Mainly, they belong to the generation which was born after 1995 when the spirits which awaited their turn to incarnate were liberated from the earthly karma, about which I will tell later on...

There is another distinguishing feature of my mental school: the students attend lectures whilst they sleep and their spirits are out of their physical bodies. On leaving the physical body any student goes to the class which corresponds to his or her level of abilities and understanding. The teaching lasts the whole night according to the individual program carried out by an individual teacher. ... When the teaching during sleep is completed, the spirit returns back into the physical body and the student clearly remembers everything that happened at the lesson after he wakes up. This happens every night. Moreover, the student's physical body undergoes a restorative influence whilst sleeping and, therefore, he or she feels absolutely rested!

However, when they wake up, they have to go to ordinary school and listen to their teachers there; and one day my students asked me what they should do in the situation when their teachers require them to repeat that which was either an absolute nonsense or naïve misunderstanding! Their hands, better to say brains, itched to immediately explain to their teachers why they were wrong. I had to explain to my students that they should study the material which their teachers required in order to perfectly know the "language of concepts" which the rest of the people spoke and understood. Only in this case, perfectly knowing the other peoples' "language", they would be able to help them to understand the truth! This was the only way to make bridges of understanding between them and others when the necessity for providing help arises.

Certainly, it was not easy for my boys and girls to adapt themselves to the social environment where errors and blind fanaticism, in complete ignorance, dominate. However, they succeeded in pushing their evolutional development very far forward and, despite the fact that

most of them are in the physical bodies of children and teenagers, they are mature spiritually, whilst most adults in their adult physical bodies are in reality small children judging by their spiritual development! This is the paradoxical situation we have now...

So, in the already distant 1993, there were only two students in my school of "magic" — Elisabeth and her older brother Philip. However, when the first lectures began, children swarmed into the mental school. Certainly, nobody led them by the hand to me and asked to enrol. The children who had paranormal abilities from birth or, at least, those who kept complete consciousness in sleep, came to it themselves.

Their spirits came to me and asked permission to attend the school; I examined their physical bodies: if they were flexible enough to undergo necessary transformation, I conducted the latter and they got the possibility to remember everything that happens with them during their sleep in the minutest detail. Only then could a child get into my mental school, however, not all. Everybody passed special tests and in the case of success became a student and joined the "class" that corresponded to their present abilities.

So, in my classes children were not distributed according to their age but to their level of evolutional development. They went to the senior group as soon as their individual development allowed. In other words, there is no fixed time which pupils should obligatorily spend in a class of my mental school; everything depends on their personal progress. In addition to individual lessons, I organized group exercises where I trained my students to work in a team, when every particular situation put forward the leader which could organize the work of the whole group to solve the task better than others. I chose the tasks which allowed almost everyone to try to be a leader and to manifest their abilities maximally.

Moreover, I tried to train them to have the qualities which would allow them to extinguish their personal ambitions and accept the leadership of the person who offered the best solution to the problem. This was necessary to prevent their individual leading qualities (as most of them were natural leaders) impeding the common task's solution, as well as becoming an obstacle to their individual evolution. Often, I gave them tasks (real tasks, not virtual ones) which could be solved **only if they united the necessary** "pieces" which every single member of the working group had **into a single whole**! In order to carry out that, everybody should **estimate correctly the importance of his or her personal contribution to the common cause** and **concentrate exclusively on its solution forgetting about personal ambitions**.

That was the only way to solve the problem. In the case of somebody being unable to estimate the situation correctly and his or her role in the solution of the problem, the test was considered to be failed and the whole group should go through the test again, although slightly changed, where everything should be done anew and with the same condition: the correct estimation of the situation and everyone's personal role in the solution of the task. This was repeated until everybody got rid of the complex of false leader. The development of any person happens only when his activity is not directed on himself but on the external world and when he or she carries personal responsibility for his deeds and acts in the name of Light which is possible only when the activity is directed for the good of his Motherland and others.

It is not important that others do not even know about that. The deed is not done for the sake of gratitude but because necessity calls for that. The main drawback of so-called oriental studies is in their orientation exclusively on the person himself and as a result the person diligently executes all recommendations for years but almost never gets the promised enlightening, which, to tell the truth, cannot come because evolutional acquisitions appear only in the case when the deeds of the person who has chosen the spiritual way are directed at the good of others! All that which is directed at so-called self-perfection is insignificant and negligibly small, both in its scale and loads.

Unlike them, actions directed towards the good of others can achieve a Universal scale, both in tasks and loads. In the process of the solution of one or another task the powerful streams of primary matters flow through the person in action and change him. New qualities and properties cannot appear without proper loads. Certainly, a person should be ready for them and have certain qualities properties and potential, and which is very important, understanding of how the problem should be solved. It is also true that the level of the tasks should correspond to the abilities of the acting person. There is no place for bravado, ambition or self-conceit. This husk evaporates instantly when it comes to real actions, if it does not, the ill-fated seekers for truth and enlightenment come to a bad end, because they do not search for the latter in reality but for their reflection in that! Any manifestation of narcissism dooms a person to the impossibility of obtaining enlightenment and finding the truth! Only those who think more about the job to be done than about themselves do find the truth, which is impossible without complete self-sacrifice and selflessness!

Therefore, these principles are a cornerstone of their education in my mental school and children learn them in practice, because the process of education is held in real conditions through real actions, due

to which, true spiritual fraternity instead of rivalry is formed. At the same time spiritual fraternity does not lead to egalitarianism or blind submission to the leader. The real leader will not force anyone to do anything but will give them reasons, including that of the necessity of actions. People do not follow this kind of leader because of fear but because they understand the necessity to perform one or another action, and their personal responsibility, both for action and inaction. In other words, children are educated in the conditions of true freedom which is based on the responsibility for their activity or inactivity unlike the lying concept of individual freedom which social parasites impose on the world. Individual freedom is not a cult of individualism, so widely propagandized in the West, when treachery, deception, lies and meanness are declared to be virtues!

Michael Milken who is still considered a "great" financier and philanthropist in the USA is a glaring example of that. So, of what does his financial "greatness" consist? Using the avidity of one group of people and the despair and ignorance of another, he created a financial pyramid and swindled all of them without forgetting to hide the stolen billions very well.

He was arrested but they could not find the money and the state ... offered him a deal. The terms were the following: he pays 300 million dollars to the state treasury and gets **only five years in prison** and that was all! He accepted the terms of the deal with the state "justice", paid 300 million dollars from the stolen money to the state and spent five years in a "cell", (which many Russians would gladly have as their apartment), where he ate everything he wanted, including black caviar, comfortably slept, often not alone, enjoyed the sauna and enormous TV set, Internet, etc. The only thing he could not do was leave the place of his "confinement".

The warders rather played the role of body-guards protecting him from the anger of the people he had robbed. On getting 300 million dollars, the state did not refund a single dollar to the deceived investors and he left "prison" in five years and became the famous American philanthropist and could freely spend the stolen billions "legally". So, this is a person who America considers a genius financier and generous philanthropist! This is a person who Western democracy declares a model and does that openly and straightly without obscuring the issue as they usually do in those cases. This single fact bluntly shows the essence of the pseudo-democracy which is **PARASITISM**!!! Exactly this model of state organization is imposed on Russia today and exactly this idiocy is presented as the "highest achievement" of human civilization! However, Russia, "barbarian" and "uncivilized", **does not** declare persons

like Michael Milken geniuses and philanthropists; mass media do not bow and scrape before them in childish delight for their "great" and "charitable" deeds! In Russia nobody so far declared Sergey Mavrodi[1] a national hero as happened in the USA in Michael Milken's case.

Unfortunately, we all find ourselves in this sick, to a lesser or greater degree, social organism from the first days of our lives. A child is very lucky if he is born in a family where conscience and honour are not just beautiful words, but even then few can totally avoid the influence of the perverted social system created by social parasites.

In my mental school children get everything to acquire immunity to that in practice. The basis of their personality which successfully combats the illnesses of the social organism is formed from the beginning. Very quickly they pass through the evolutional jungles and become unreachable by the parasitic influence. There are some more essential features of my mental school. My pupils are formed as creators from the very beginning and the knowledge they get is a living knowledge which means that on absorbing it they get enlightenment and, on using it in practice, breathe life into it through their own experience. Many of them have already been working in Space for a long time solving quite real tasks according to their evolutional level and responsibility...

But in the summer of 1993 I did not imagine that our job on Elisabeth's liberation might have those consequences. As it appeared later a three year old showed up with outstanding personality, boldness and quick wits which are seldom observed in grown-ups. Certainly, sometimes she found herself in quite interesting, almost comic, situations related to her new abilities with the still small child's perception of reality...

Soon after Elisabeth's unusual return home, the "aunt" (who ordered her kidnap) visited her family. On seeing the girl joyful and merry, the "aunt" began to trill hypocritically to Elisabeth that she was awfully happy to see her safe and sound, that she was glad that everything was over so well, etc.

The little girl listened to her for some time and then asked: "*Why do you say one thing and think another*?" The question took the "aunt" by surprise and she, somewhat confused, answered: "*Oh, no, darling, I say what I think*". "*It's not true, not true*, — exclaimed Elisabeth. — *You thought this and this and said this*!" Elisabeth was still unaccustomed to the fact that not everyone managed telepathy and far from everybody said what they thought, but her child's spontaneity knocked

[1] Sergey Mavrodi was a founder of a financial pyramid in Russia called MMM which ruined millions (from 10 to 15) of investors in early 1990s. (*E.L.*)

the "aunt" down, because the child said exactly what she had thought. Certainly, it is hard for a three year old pure child to realize the existence of hypocrisy and Elisabeth's telepathic abilities forced her to know that very early and to confront the reality when thoughts and words coincide very rarely and when hypocrisy and deception prosper in the sick social organism infected by the parasitic "bacillus". Not every grown up understands that let alone children!

So, the youngster bumped into this phenomenon for the first time and like any child reacted to it with all frankness. The "aunt" struggled to get out of a state of shock for some time but finally summoned her strength and mumbling something indistinct, hastily abandoned the castle. Evidently, she was scared to death that Elisabeth would see her secret thoughts and pronounce them aloud before all which, undoubtedly, was the least thing the "aunt" had dreamt of.

Telepathy makes the secret thing obvious. Certainly, one should not read the thoughts of others; everybody has the right to keep his thoughts secret. I explained all this to the three-year old child; however, after all this had already happened, using language clearly understood by a small child, although wise beyond her years. The latter showed up in a very outstanding situation which, unfortunately, became the first one in a long train of similar situations in the future...

Some time later she celebrated her birthday and other kids came to congratulate her on so momentous an event — she became a big girl, as she proudly said to us when we came to wish her a happy birthday: "*I am already FOUR!*" Although these words sounded very amusing coming from the lips of a small child, when she told us what happened on her birthday, the amusement somewhat faded away.

Like for any birthday celebration there was a birthday cake which Elisabeth should cut. So, the solemn moment came, the already "big" girl approached the cake and ... stayed a bit too long before it. All looked at her perplexedly and did not understand why she tarried. Other kids mouths were watering in expectation of a delicious piece of cake but Elisabeth still stood motionless. The couple of minutes passed, everybody stared at her and finally she smiled and said: "I am sorry for taking so long. I was choosing my wish". Such an explanation quieted all and the tension disappeared. Everyone laughed and children gladly began to eat the festive cake. However, in reality, the following happened.

By this time I had already taught her to scan the surrounding area to detect poisons, etc. I explained to Elisabeth that she should concentrate on the colourful structures around her head and make them open like petals of an extraordinarily beautiful flower, and after that she

should think that everything bad was manifested as black points. In this case even a small child can understand and control his structures even without understanding the principle of their action. Elisabeth liked these exercises so much that she scanned everything and everywhere around herself. So, scanning, as usual, her festive cake, she saw a lot of black bad points!

On seeing the poison in the cake, she did not lose her head and kept herself from yelling and crying, which is usually expected from a child of four, and remembered another lesson I had given her about what to do when she saw those black points. Elisabeth activated other qualitative brain structures to decompose them and calmly observed how they disappeared one by one in the cake. All this was done by a child of only **four** years old; thus she saved both her life and the life of all other children who would taste the cake with her!!!

She did that so elegantly that nobody suspected anything! It is amazing how quickly she could estimate the situation and say that she only hesitated so long because she could not choose a wish! I wonder how many adults would be able to do the same in a similar situation. I think not many. Someone may object saying that a child does not understand yet what death is and therefore can react that way, but they just try to lull their conscience by that. Because the simplest analysis will clearly show that a child will not pay attention to the presence of poisons in a cake let alone decompose them by himself.

But Elisabeth did it for the first time in her life and she did not have the chance to consult someone else! Not just once did this little one show the wonders of bravery. I could give a lot of real cases when she demonstrated quick wits and courage. By the age of five she had already learnt what death was! During one of her visits to Paris where she arrived with her mother she met her darling uncle David who also was her godfather.

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At that moment she was glad that she could rescue her uncle David from death and according to her understanding that which she did was the only possible way. But the level of her self-sacrifice, her readiness to sacrifice her life for the sake of others indicated that this little girl has a **real core** which became stronger over the years of studying in the mental school. She gained more and more understanding of what was going on in the Universe and mastered newer abilities which most people consider unbelievable or fairy-tale (and, probably, will do that for a long time). But this child, which over the years grew into a

beautiful young woman, did not lose her remarkable personal qualities but, on the contrary, preserved and consciously developed them. So, now I have peace of mind regarding her and almost all the students of my mental school.

They are impossible to deceive because they can easily scan any information and determine whether it is true or not. They are impossible to intimidate even under the threat of physical elimination! Because, firstly, they are trained very well to protect both themselves and others, having such abilities about which the most advanced fiction writers have not even dreamt. Secondly, they perfectly understand that death is not the end of everything and there are things more serious than the death of the physical body; betrayal of your real essence is the gravest one.

During the whole time of the existence of my mental school only one student chose the Dark side, but he was at the very initial stage of learning. One out of several thousand is a very good result! This confirms the fact that if children are given the correct basis for their evolution from the very beginning, it (evolving) will inevitably lead them to enlightening by knowledge and to Light, to the creative source! So, if the correct world view is formed, the social parasites will not have any ground for their destructive activity.

Over the course of time my mental school enlarged considerably; the children with certain abilities went to it on their own, mainly with their spirits, and after certain tests, transformation of their spirits and physical body became my mental students. Depending on their grounding, everyone got in some kind of class, almost like in an ordinary school, although they moved from one "class" to another depending on the speed with which a child could absorb the knowledge and show in practice via his or her actions that they used it correctly with total responsibility for their actions. Some children could do several "classes" in a year; some had to remain in one "class" as long as they needed to pass the exams correctly.

It is impossible to use either a crib or a prompt in my mental school, because the tests are individual and are never repeated. So, one may learn from the errors of others, but only for the sake of developing skills in analysis, strategy and tactic and the understanding of what one should not do and why, but in the end everyone gets individual tasks, every time different.

This is done to check everybody's degree of understanding, instead of the ability to memorize the errors of someone else with the intention of avoiding them successfully. Certainly, in order to do the latter, time and good memory is required which is indispensable in the process

of evolving, but insufficient! The sufficient condition is a state when a student achieves enlightening by knowledge and **understanding** of why he should act precisely like this instead of otherwise. This is the principle difference between my mental school and others, at least, that I know.

I put a protection on the school, as well as on all my children-students, which has my sign on it. Any creature which understands what this sign means will not dare to attack the school and the students. As for those who do not understand anything, the children of the preparatory group can easily "deal" with them. Also, the system of mental defense will let nobody in who consciously or unconsciously bears a "Trojan horse" within himself. A bearer is not necessarily a protégé of Dark Forces. A child can be very charming and harmless, but, nevertheless, carry within himself a delayed-action mine on other levels of reality.

This was exactly how Asgard[2] Iriyskiy, the capital of Great Asia, which was called afterwards the Russian Empire by its citizens and Great Tartary (Grand Tartary) in the West, was entered.

The capital of the Empire which had existed till 7285 (Slavonic-Aryan chronology) or 1775 A.D. was founded 106 787 years ago (2009) or, according to another Slavonic chronology, in the year of 5028 from the Great Migration[3] from DaArya[4]!

Asgard Iriyskiy was taken by the hordes of the Dzungar, the tribes of which were squeezed out of China. It is quite obvious that the nomads were very skillfully aimed at exactly this city, which for its more than a hundred thousand year history **had been never conquered by anybody**! There was a strong power protection around the whole city through which nobody could pass having aggressive and destructive aims, not one person, let alone the enemy army. There were five circles of protection around Asgard Iriyskiy designed for all levels of aggressiveness. The protection excellently functioned for more than one hundred thousand years until it was deactivated right before the Dzun-

[2] Literally means "the city (gard) of god (as or ace)" (*E.L.*)

[3] The Slavs-Aryans had different systems of chronology, each with its own reference point. According to them 2009 A.D. will be:

7 517 from the day of the signing of the peaceful agreement between the Slavonic-Aryan Empire and Ancient China (Arymia).

13 017 from the Great Cold Snap.

111 815 from the Great Migration from DaArya.

142 999 from the Time of Three Moons.

604 383 from the Time of Three Suns. (*E.L.*)

[4] DaArya was a country situated in the sunk continent in Arctic ocean; in ancient times called as Arctida, Hyperborea, Severia, Arctogea. (*E.L.*)

gar attacked. This happened because one of Asgard's twelve higher *volkhvs* (magus or sorcerer) was this kind of a "Trojan horse" bearer. He did not know about that himself. However, when the moment came, those who installed this "Trojan horse" into him activated it and the powerful defensive field around Asgard was switched off!

It is of interest that the *volkhv*-transmitter had nothing to do with the diversion, and is not guilty of what happened, despite being the involuntary culprit of the catastrophe. And here is why.

Then, all orphans of Great Asia were taken care of and educated by the state. Most children became orphans as a result of enemy raids on settlements and villages on the outskirts of the country. So, there was the next raid on a village, the defenders were all killed and the children were taken prisoner, but luckily for them the Ruses-*vitiazes* (knights) came in time and liberated them. This was exactly what the Higher Black Magicians had counted on; one of them was among the attackers. He put a "Trojan horse" into all captured children on levels about which neither they nor the Higher *Volkvs* of Asgard Iriyskiy knew. Most likely, this was done in many places with the following purpose.

The rescued orphans were forwarded from all parts of the enormous country to the capital, Asgard Iriyskiy. The most able ones, especially who had a gift, were taught some initial knowledge of sorcery, as we would call it today, and became healers with some magic abilities — *veduns* (men) and *vedunias* (women); the most talented ones became ***volkhvs*** and the most brilliant *volkhvs* became the Higher *Volkhvs*. So, one of the "Trojan horse" bearers became one of the twelve Higher *Volkhvs* in Asgard Iriyskiy. Dark Forces needed only to activate the dormant program at the necessary moment and the powerful protection fell before the attacking hordes of Dzungars. The most disappointing thing in this was the fact that **none** of the Higher *Volkhvs* **could** detect the "Trojan horse"! This is what happens when knowledge stops being alive and turns into dogma, no matter for what reason: best inducements or seeming necessity.

The seeming necessity was the following. 13 017 years ago (2009) a planetary catastrophe happened; the surviving people found themselves in the Stone Age and had to think about their physical survival, instead of spending lots of years on learning and achieving enlightenment by knowledge. Therefore, in order to find the way out from this situation, the High Spiritual Leaders invented a system which controlled the streams of primary matters by means of words. Every word which a person with even a spark of a gift pronounced in a certain trance state changed the power of the streams which flowed through him.

The Higher *Volkhvs* knew about that and created for this kind of

people different invocations and prayers, the words of which pronounced in a certain sequence changed the power and composition of streams of matters which flowed through them. As a result, there was no need to understand what streams and how they should be combined in order to obtain the necessary result.

In those hard times this allowed providing all villages and settlements with people who could heal, control the weather, provide a good harvest, etc. They only needed to find people with the spark of a gift and teach them which invocations or prayers should be pronounced on this or that occasion. That worked indeed but at the level of thoughtless reiteration of invocations or prayers, without any understanding of why and how all this happened. Certainly, that was very convenient, but not all which is convenient is correct!

Well, those who invented these invocations and understood the mechanism of their working died. All these invocations and prayers were written down in books and any person with a gift and able to read could carry out a magic influence on natural processes, entering into a state of trance. Over the course of time even the Higher *Volkhvs* stopped comprehending what really was behind the combination of words in invocations or prayers, because after the planetary catastrophe **only *volkhvs*-keepers**, in other words librarians (of very valuable books though), remained. They taught gifted people using these books with invocations or prayers. As a result of this different caste of priests-v*olkhvs* which **did not understand** what actually took place during an invocation, appeared!

There is another thing. As a result of the catastrophe the civilization of Midgard-earth was reduced to the level of the Stone Age and the *volkhvs*-keepers developed themselves so that they could impress the people by these invocations and thus keep them under control protecting them from the corrupting influence of Dark Forces. As a result the future *volkhvs*' development had a warp: they aimed for the eye-catching side of actions instead of their efficiency.

They did this because people "understood" wonders which could fit into in their world view and did not accept actions which did not fit the "Procrustean bed" of their concepts. Undoubtedly, people respected and honoured those who demonstrated the following abilities: teleportation, walking on water, passing through walls, levitation. But when gifted people evolved in this direction and used proper invocations for this, they blocked the possibility of developing true abilities to control space and time. They concentrated on a "circus" which was easily understood by most people, and thus, doomed both themselves and their people to enslavement by Dark Forces in the future! That was

why the Higher *Volkhvs* of Asgard Iriyskiy were unable to detect the "Trojan horse" which the Black Magician fastened to the child. They were **blind** despite all their power and magic abilities but this is the story of another day...

In order to secure my mental school from this kind of thing, I created a special protection around it which prevented the bearer of a "Trojan horse" from getting in there. I got confirmation that this was not a groundless overcautious strategy. One day a little girl called Sarah asked me to let her into my school. The kid almost cried of vexation that other children could pass through and something kept her out. She even guessed why the protective field did not let her in. "*You see* — she said — *I have a black clot in the middle of my chest. Therefore I can not get through the protective field*".

I heard her out and explained to Sarah that while she had this black clot in her chest, she would not be able to attend my mental school. If she wanted to do that, the clot should be extracted from her chest. She gladly agreed saying that she knew that this black clot was very bad and if I delivered her from it she would be very grateful. On getting her permission, I began to deal with this black clot.

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So, getting rid of the bad black clot in the centre of her chest, Sarah could freely go to the mental school...

When I saved Elisabeth, I could not even imagine that my mental school would be the consequence of this event. Unexpectedly for me the liberation of one little girl led to another important event which was my school. Life can be very strange sometimes, at least, mine: I don't think in this direction, but an event happens, and then another one and another one, and the mini-chain of events results in something quite unexpected and important, like what happened in the case of Elisabeth's liberation.

Meanwhile events took their "normal" course. The American and other special services continued to be at a loss as to why the faultless needles had no effect on us. This fact was very interesting for them, because they could not understand why that happened, but mostly this fact scared them...

Chapter 11.

Life goes on

Certainly, poisoned needles plunged into my back and poisoned coffee was not the most pleasant of things which Svetlana and I discovered in America. However, they failed to have any influence upon my decision about offers on "collaboration", the rhythm and way of our life and our actions. No matter how strange it may seem, over the course of time one becomes accustomed to being hunted with the continuous threat of physical elimination. Each refusal to work for one or another organization increased the number of persons interested in my kicking the bucket, but to their great disappointment this never happened; our opposing aims—they tried hard to destroy me, and I, for reasons they could not comprehend, categorically refused to die—became insoluble. Well, as Americans would say, that was their problem.

Soon the apartment above us was occupied by CIA officials who had our place and everything that happened in it shadowed for 24 hours a day. We considered the fuss around us to be an inevitable evil which everyone comes across at some time in his life. Everybody has his own "inevitable evil"; ours was an excessive "love" on the part of special services. I cannot say that I was happy about it. However, I was not especially upset about it. I felt like this not because of my extreme self-confidence and "devil-may-care" attitude, but because I was absolutely sure that my position, which I will not change under any circumstances, left only one choice for the special services, considering their mentality, that being to eliminate Svetlana and me by any means possible.

Odd as it may sound, the deadly hunt to get us became part of our daily routine. Certainly, if it were not for my systems of blocking and neutralization, I would have been dead long ago, as early as in the USSR. However, the experience I gained in fighting against extraterrestrial parasites, which also aimed to destroy me, helped in my opposition at the earthly level. Here I would like to clarify the situation concerning my protective system once again: I do not have any "magic" protection from a Genie out of a lamp to protect me on its own. In order to have efficient and fully working protection I had to create the exact one for every particular case.

Only when I had found the solution to the next problem related to the latest attempt at our elimination, did I create the next program for its neutralization taking into account every possible combination I could think of. At that, the whole process of creating the solution was accompanied by a very **real mortal threat** and everything depended on one thing: whether I could solve the problem or the problem would "solve" me. In order to have the chance of winning the next set, where the prize was my life (and often, not only mine), I had to exercise absolute calmness and be totally focused on the solution to the problem. Any, even the slightest, emotion in this situation became mortally dangerous because emotions knock out concentration and thus deprive one of any possibility of solving the task, the price of which was life. I wrote about it pretty much at length previously when I described the neutralization of poisons injected in my body by poisonedneedles. In most cases I had several seconds, seldom—minutes, to survive. Frankly speaking, I cannot say that walking a razor's edge between life and death was just matter of fact for me, not at all!

Each new attempt on my life was **real** and I never had any illusion as to what would happen if I did not succeed in finding the way to neutralize the next fatal situation as quickly as possible. I am saying this as a matter of information for those who tell me or write to say that it is easy for me to be brave because I have protection from accidents and mortal danger and others do not have it. Yes, others do not have this kind of protection, but mine was created by myself in real battle conditions, when my enemies attempted to eliminate me and later Svetlana and me, by trying to blow up, burn alive, poison, etc. I'll tell about "etc." later when I come to describe how they invented new methods of our physical elimination.

Usually this kind of argument was put forward by those who tried to justify their inaction and sat calmly "twiddling their thumbs". As well as attempts at physical elimination, our "friends" have in the past created, and still do, a great number of other problems, most of which are of a nature that very few can even imagine is at all possible. Not to mention how many frankly insolent lies and downright meanness Svetlana and I have had to withstand until now. It has been more than twenty years since I began to live in a state of permanent fight and readiness to meet the next unknown danger, and not only that. I do not do all this for the sake of getting power, money or anything else, but because the fight against social parasites became the purpose of my life and I could not tolerate injustice since I was a boy. These are not just beautiful words.

Exactly this way of life, when I had to fight almost every day, be-

came a norm for me. I would like to emphasize one more time—I don't fight for personal prosperity, but I fight exactly against social parasites **for the sake of other people**, especially **for the sake of the future of children**, so that they will grow free, like our ancestors, instead of living in the slavery which social parasites have prepared for them! Someone may well consider this too to be just beautiful words, but they are my truth and my way of life, should whosoever like it or not. If I had thought exclusively about my personal benefit I could have had everything I may possibly have wished for long since, because social parasites repeatedly offered me this if I would take their side...

At the end of June, 1993 the opportunity to buy my own car occurred. I felt terribly awkward asking George to give us a lift all the time to one place or another. Despite that he almost never refused, I could not feel otherwise. I have always been a poor suppliant, especially when the matter concerned my needs. Asking for some personal things always seemed self-humiliating to me. There was no problem if the matter concerned the needs of other people—I pressed for justice with a clear conscience, but could not do that for myself. Probably, this is how the genes of ancestors told on me. Whilst being a university student, I managed to get scholarships for others, but never did it for myself and not because I always received the highest one, save the first semester of the first year, but because I have pride! Precisely pride (not arrogance)—for this is how I understand the sense of self-respect. To go begging is not in my nature.

One way or another, I did not wish to depend on George. Although I returned health to his family and some of their relatives, I did not like to ask for anything for myself. So, when some decent money was paid for my work, Svetlana and I decided to buy a car. Certainly, a car is a man's toy; nevertheless Svetlana totally supported the idea. It is highly likely that thus she wanted to please me, but the car did indeed become a necessity for us.

My first car was a silver Mercedes-Benz. I had dreamed of buying precisely this brand. I liked most of all the SEL-class. The new model of this class appeared in 1992 and when I saw it in the street, my eyes involuntarily followed this paragon of engineering. Its proportions resounded with my internal feeling of harmony. Therefore I liked exactly this car, but it cost over a hundred thousand dollars which was a slight impediment for us. I thought about buying a second hand car, perhaps a year or a year and a half old which would have allowed saving a considerable sum of money, as a new car immediately loses a third of its price as soon as it crosses the threshold of the shop. As an option we

also discussed the acquisition of a new "Lexus" of the same class as the Mercedes.

One June day Svetlana and I and our good acquaintance from Moscow went to a San Francisco "Mercedes" Showroom. I did not plan to buy anything. I just wanted to have a look first and then make a decision. But it so happened that we did not go anywhere else. We all liked the car we saw there and decided to buy a new one, but they did not have one finished in metallic silver, the colour which I liked very much. The salesman informed us that there was one in the Beverly Hills Branch and if I wanted to have it, I should decide right then and they would deliver the car to San Francisco. Svetlana and I exchanged glances and I made up my mind. Through our friend we agreed on the price; the salesman said that he could not go lower than $105 thousand and we shook hands on it. The tax which in California is 8.5 % was added to the sum; I wrote a cheque for $5000 and Donovan Henderson, the salesman, said that he would call me when the car arrived which would take two or three days. He also asked me to prepare a Cashier Check for the remaining sum and then I would be able to leave the auto-shop driving my very own Mercedes 500 SEL.

I also had to buy car insurance which in my case appeared to be quite expensive. As I had no experience whatsoever of driving a car in the USA, my insurance was calculated as for a beginner-"dummy" and cost ten thousand dollars. Donovan Henderson called and, having all the necessary papers, Svetlana, George and I rushed to the shop. So, here I was with the keys of a long awaited car in my hands. I think probably any man will understand my feelings. Weapon and horse (including the iron one) have always played a special role in a man's life. It "sits" in us at the genetic level. So, the moment when I first touched the wheel of my new car and drove it out of the showroom finally came. Although it cost a pretty round sum, we got complete freedom of movement, which came in more than handy because of our "neighbours" above—the CIA men who were eager to know everything that happened during my work. It was clear that my work with patients was not the point of their attention. They longed to get information about my other work about which I have already written. Although their devices were able to record only the sound of speech (and then only when I failed to block the unauthorized recordings), but even those crumbs should not have got to them for many reasons. Despite the fact that the lion's share of the work which took place at the mental level remained out of reach and understanding for the eavesdropping fanciers, even those tiny shreds of information which they succeeded in fishing out gave them the chance to undertake some counter-measures.

Before I continue, I would like to explain the recording blocking thing a little. I learned to influence the devices whilst being a student, especially those which used different types of radiation. Until I understood what the matter was, almost all transceiver devices with which I had to deal during my studies at University went mad: they showed anything but what they should have shown, but when I got to the heart of the matter, I learned to control my influence on them, as well as to manage their working mode. In the case of necessity when someone recorded my conversation and I did not want my words to reach "ears" for which they were not intended, just noise appeared on the tape.

Very often I had to speak (and still do it now) in front of people who are at different levels of understanding and evolutional development and I must find a way of conveying the information so that everybody receives what he or she is ready for and even something more, but not too much. It may seem strange, but an excess of new information, even very important and interesting, can be the reason for rejecting it, because the human brain cannot absorb an excessively large amount of new information and if this is the case, to protect itself, it reacts with the rejection reflex! Even if the amount of new information does not reach the critical level, the human brain grasps **just some** of it. Which part of the new information a person is able to accept depends on his level of education and the presence or absence of analytical thinking, etc. That is why I give the maximum amount of new information at my meetings and each person absorbs what he is ready for. Even so I create a special program for the assimilation of new information to prevent "overdosing". Well, an "overdose" may concern not only drugs and alcohol, dangerous for drug addicts and alcoholics, but also new information: a person may well go out of his mind if his brain fails to disconnect itself from the stream of new information. If there are provocateurs or any kind of agents in the room, they usually peacefully fall asleep, and only those who need the information for the common good get it.

However, with all this going on I can erase or block the record on those devices with which I am acquainted. If I do not know the format of recording, I cannot block it. To do so I must first study the unknown principle of recording and only then can I either block the process or erase the information fromthe data medium. In other words, nothing happens of itself. Due to the abovementioned, I have always assumed and still do that "listeners-in" can use unknown to me methods of recording and, therefore, the CIA's close, I would say too close, presence in our vicinity pleased neither Svetlana nor me.

In this respect the car was also a perfect means of avoiding the

obtrusive attention of our "neighbours". Now when I finished working with patients in the office, we took the car and drove wherever our "feet" would carry us. We visited small towns near San Francisco, stopped in recreation areas and beautifulplaces. However, we did not just admire the beauty of the environs during our journeys but also worked. We exchanged telepathic information while driving and when the work required complete concentration, we chose a suitable and open place, stopped there and performed the work.

The situations in which we often found ourselves and the tasks we had to solve were, well, very diverse. And if previously, the main interest, so to speak, of our work was outside our planet, lately more and more actions were related to our planet. It is also of interest that the work with seemingly purely earthly problems caused serious changes in Big Space and vice versa! Many events and phenomena which we had to observe and took part in then would be enough material to write dozens of adventure novels in comparison with which almost all adventure and fantasy plots would fade, at least those which I have read, which is a lot. However, I must admit that I've not read all of them, but I think I've read or been acquainted with the majority of the most popular books of these genres. We did different work on both large and small scale and often had to rescue our comrades-in-arms in different situations and sometimes even to perform operations. I mean medical ones.

One day we started telepathic contact with the Stranger, very much in time as it appeared. He was seriously injured but needed to be all right as quickly as possible, so that nobody would even suspect that he had been injured; and he asked me to "repair" him. There were several bullets in his body and he was bleeding profusely. The first thing to be done was to extract the bullets. I decided to take out one using my influence. I'd never done anything of the kind especially at a distance, and even more so, via telepathic contact. I understood that to extract a bullet from the body of a person without anesthesia was very painful, devilishly painful, I would say. Therefore, I created an anaesthetic influence, but when one does something for the first time it is very difficult to calculate everything correctly. Despite the fact that the Stranger was able to endure almost any load, I felt, even at such a distance, that the process of extracting the bullet was extremely painful for him, although he gave no sign of that. When the first bullet was finally out of his body, I decided that I needed to find another method of extraction. The bullets must leave the body, but practice had shown that mechanical extraction was not the best way. Then I decided to try to decompose it within the body, instead of dragging it out. Pretty

quickly I succeeded in choosing the necessary streams of matters and, increasing the power of my influence, began to decompose the second bullet stuck in the Stranger's body. At a certain moment of influence, the metal became mobile, something like mercury, although it was not melting, and on increasing my influence even more, I finally managed to dematerialize the object which was recently a bullet. I would like to say that an ordinary person **would never endure such loads, but the Stranger was not an ordinary man**! Well, this is the story of another day...

Every time I did this kind of thing, I had the odd feeling that the Stranger was testing me, my speed of decision-making, my resoluteness and my confidence in what I did. He used real situations to study me, my position, my world view, my conviction and that on which it is based. This feeling was reinforced by my conviction that, for example, in the case of bullets, he could easily get rid of them by himself, but he wanted to see how I would solve this kind of unexpectedly emergent task. In fact, almost every day of my life has been a test and challenge; especially since I consciously chose my way.

Often I was unaware that someone observed my actions and that the problems and tasks which appeared on my way were not casual, but organized by someone else, both from the side of the Forces of Light and the Forces of Dark, with a huge difference though: the Light side just observed what I do and how, remaining unnoticed, the Dark tried actively to urge me to be on their side and act for them. They cared not one whit whether I make the decision consciously or unconsciously—they wanted to get hold of me and offered a devilish set of incentives they usually offer—money, power, women, whatever my heart desired, in exchange for my services. They did not require my selling my soul to the devil, as is often described in mystic novels, because they perfectly understood that if I began to use my force in their interests, there would be no necessity for that. So, they carried out their policy of threats and bribery: they repeatedly created (and continue to do so) serious problems, and some times came as "Santa Clauses" with a sack full of "gifts"—just choose any or take all of them and all your problems will disappear **for good**!

My constant refusals stumped the Dark. They could not understand why I declined such "advantageous" offers and chose problems instead. They could not understand one thing: I do not choose problems, but deny and do not accept the way of social parasites—Dark Forces. Their limited and primitive brains could not understand my conduct. According to their logic my conduct was "illogical", but their logic is the logic of a cancer cell which, on turning into a cancer tu-

mour, destroys the organism on which it parasitizes! The same way the logic of earthly social parasites is the logic of a cancer cell too, and they do not understand that if they destroy the social organism they will destroy themselves, just as happens with the cancer tumour! Consequently, they do not understand those who cannot estimate and share their "values". So, the "buyers", on getting my refusal to write any number of zeros in the contract, could not understand what else I wanted...

Pretty often during our work we had to rescue our comrades-in-arms from death, provide for the success of one or another operation, beginning with purely military tasks and finishing with the financial ones. We carried out active operations, and the more actively we worked, the more activity the US special services, of which the CIA was the only one widely known to the public, showed. We got onto the black-lists of several US secret services, among which were the NSA (National Security Agency), the especially secret one with the romantic name "Majestic" and also the lists of services which have numbers instead of names. NASA also "honoured" us with its attention, especially its most secret department—the alien one. We made it hot for all of them (and not only them) and our car became our mobile operative base.

The "tricks" related to the car which the Soviet special services had already tested on me did not work and I also learned to block very easily the attempts to organize car accidents involving other cars. Unexpectedly for them I would change the route and they could not re-organize the operation in such short time and when they began to act on a larger scale bringing in more human and technical resources, which considerably increased the cost of every operation, I applied my influence and people did not execute the order—they simply "forgot" what they were to do.

One way or another Svetlana and I found ourselves in a somewhat strange situation—the Dark did their best to buy or destroy us, while the Light observed how we would manage all this. Someone may ask "Why did the Light behave in this way? " The answer is very simple—a creature which has chosen the light way **must get through all obstacles, difficulties and temptations**. Only when he has passed the tests, it is possible to be absolutely sure that he will not turn off the chosen way, which is a major condition for anyone who goes along the way of Light.

Then, all these tests seemed strange to Svetlana and me, but, well, we could not imagine what ordeals awaited us in the future...

Meanwhile we combined pleasant things with useful ones: explored the nearest environs of San Francisco in our car and thoroughly tickled

the social parasites' nerves. Over the course of time we found several places which became our favourites, most of which were no father than 50 to 75 km from San Francisco. A cape which jutted forth pretty far into the Pacific Ocean became one of these places. We got there taking the US Route 101 to the north of San Francisco, crossing the famous Golden Gate Bridge and going under the bridge to the left. George showed us this place once and now, having our own car, we could go there whenever we wanted.

The road on which we drove after passing under the Golden Gate had one lane in each direction and meandered up the mountains. Then it divided and turned into a pretty narrow one-lane road on the mountain-slope along the bay. So, driving like the wind was impossible there but was compensated for by the extraordinary views. In many places it ran along the edge of the precipice under which the ocean waves broke into billons of drops which bumped with all their might into the cliffs, violently frothing and producing the muffled roar of untamed water. Unfortunately, I rarely admired this beauty as all my attention was concentrated on the winding narrow road. But there were several places when we could stop and calmly admire the rocks, hear the breathing of the ocean and deeply inhale the pure, algae smelling air.

Ten or fifteen minutes more and we stopped on the top of the cape which protruded into the ocean like the prow of a ship. The rocks of the cape were majestic and noble, as were the light-emerald ocean waves which pounced upon the prow of the cape-ship with all their might. This place had a special enchanting beauty at sunset when the rays of the setting luminary created a rainbow in the billions of drops of ocean water, and sometimes it seemed that the sun turned the water drops into diamonds which sparkled and quickly scattered at the foot of the rocks. This picture enchanted us every time we saw it, as every sunset was unique. Also we adored watching the sun setting into the ocean, especially when there were clouds; the variety of colours with which the sun painted the sky, clouds and water are absolutely impossible to imagine! So, we enjoyed being there and at the same time we performed the necessary work.

Once we found a small natural park hidden in a valley surrounded by several small mountains not far from San Francisco where a unique vegetable world protected from the ocean and the heat of the desert, by mountains, was formed. The great number of enormous eucalyptus trees saturated the air with their aroma, numerous mountain streams flowed into the crystal-pure mountain river the banks of which were hidden among huge relict ferns. The plants of different epochs and climatic zones were miraculously mixed up. Certainly, we did not always

have time to visit these places, but when we could, we combined work with pleasure. When we had little time or got free only in the evening, we drove to the Golden Gate Park which was a terrific place to stay too. So, our car was not just a vehicle but some kind of staff-room on wheels where we worked a lot and made it really hot for social parasites.

At the end of August we had a sudden idea to go to Hawaii which had "voluntarily" become the fiftieth state of the USA and therefore we needed neither visas nor permission from the authorities. The only thing we had to do was to make a reservation in a hotel and buy airplane tickets. As we did not yet speak English well, more precisely, did not feel very confident in ourselves, we asked George to go with us. This decision had another positive side the value of which we could appreciate on getting there. At our request George had reserved the hotel and tickets. We were going to Maui, the flora of which was considered to be the richest in the Hawaiian Islands. We chose it because at that time of year the waves were not high there: at the end of August the four of us—Svetlana, Robert, George and I—flew over the Pacific Ocean to the west of California. The flight lasted about six hours, whereupon we landed at the air-port in Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands. But our journey was not over; we changed to a local airline plane and went to Maui. Thirty minutes more and we were there. We and all who got off the plane were greeted by native Hawaiians wearing traditional costumes and putting orchid wreaths (*lei*) around our necks. Of course all this was part of a tourist show; nevertheless, it was very unusual, at least for Svetlana and me and it seems to most American tourists too.

The *leis* were composed of fresh orchids of an amazing variety of types many of which we saw for the first time in our lives and their scent was so unusual and intense that we had the impression of being submerged in a huge cloud of orchid perfume and this was absolutely gorgeous. George got the keys of the rented car and we loaded our things and ourselves into it. At that time I did not have the credit card necessary to rent a car, an indispensable means of exploring the island, especially during so short period of time, and George's help came very in handy. We were lucky enough to rent a quite spacious car so that I could find enough room for my two-metre (6ft 7ins) height. Half an hour more and we were in our rooms provided with a small comfortable kitchen. It was getting dark already, but we all longed to immerse ourselves in the warm and refreshing ocean and eagerly rushed to it.

The water indeed was very pleasant, but we found swimming in the ocean somewhat problematic. At first we were surprised by the fact

that nobody bathed, but as soon as I entered the water I knew the reason. The shore was empty not because of sharks, although there were cases of their attacking man, but because of a coral reef! The thing is that the water is very dark in the evening becoming pitch-dark at night, and one could injure oneself, even break an arm or leg. So, my hopes of swimming in the ocean that evening did not justify the risk. I broke nothing, but had several cuts. Every step in the coral in the darkness is a step into the unknown. You can get into a pretty deep pit or get cut by the sharp coral edges. We all felt a little upset about this but had to return to our rooms having no other choice and getting nothing for our "pains", in other words without bathing.

The next morning, being armed with the experience of the previous evening, we all went to a sports shop where we bought special "ammunition": shoes, gloves, swim fins and masks. This time everything went smoothly. I saw a living coral reef and its inhabitants for the first time in my life, so when I found free space among the coral jungles I submerged there and observed the life of this surprising mega-polis organism and its "lodgers" with extreme curiosity.

In addition to the multicoloured inhabitants of coral reefs, I happened to see a small turtle which did not want to pose for my camera and quickly moved away from me. I bought several disposable underwater cameras which did not justify my hopes. Later, when I developed the films in San Francisco, there was nothing in them but the diffuse image of people, let alone fishes. But then I knew nothing about the "quality" of disposable cameras and enthusiastically "clicked" the dwellers of coral reefs. I could not stay in the water for a long time, as I was trying to avoid transforming into a "boiled lobster" with all the effluent consequences, but Svetlana lay in the full blaze of the sun for hours acquiring an ocean tan and it was impossible to entice her into the ocean to admire the colourful life of local waters.

Only two or three days before our departure, she, getting tired of my requests to come and look "just for a second, just with one eye", decided to put on mask and fins; the minute which she eventually agreed to spend on this turned into several hours. The rest of the holidays she spent underwater and it was impossible to drag her back to the shore from the coral jungles the same way as it had been impossible to "lure" her into it. She completely forgot about sunbathing...

One day we went to visit the greatest extinct volcano of the Hawaiian Islands—Haleakala around which was created The Haleakala National Park covering 118 sq. km. Wild untouched nature occupied the greater part of it. It took us two hours by car to get there, first along the coastline and then across the jungles which surrounded the

volcano. The Hawaiian Islands are not only a main tourist centre for USA citizens, but a major producer of tropical fruit and vegetables.

On our way to the volcano we saw enormous plantations of pineapples which grew straight out of the earth! I knew that banana trees are a variety of treelike herbage, but I could not surmise that pineapples grow on the soil like cabbages! So, I was surprised to discover that pineapples are also herbaceous plants with a prickly stem and leaves, within which the pineapple ripens. For us, who have never seen how these fruits grow, the vast areas covered by pineapples were something like seeing the earth covered with snow is for people who live in the tropics. Well, as they say, "each to his own": one is surprised by pineapples which grow directly out of the soil and another by snowflakes which fall from the sky.

Making several brief stops we finally got to the bounds of the National park. At the entrance a woman-employee informed us about heavy clouds and rain at the top of the volcano and recommended that we not climb there and invited us to come another time. But we had no time for "another time" and therefore everyone looked at me and decided to move further up, appointing me responsible for sunny weather on the top of the volcano, even without asking my opinion! The question "is it so difficult for you to disperse some wretched clouds?" hung in the air. It was not just Svetlana who thought like this; George, who had witnessed me working on some problems, thought the same. The road to the top was pretty narrow and winding, George drove pretty fast, so that Svetlana felt nauseous quite soon. Well, in this situation I had no choice but to disperse the clouds. When we reached the top, everything was sunlit. The view was amazing. The top of the volcano was covered by shallow porous russet pebbles reminiscent of pumice.

It was almost sterile. We saw no signs of life except for several tiny bushes. The feeling was that we were on Midgard-earth before it was conquered by the first plants. Having feasted our eyes upon the sights from the top of the volcano which towered above the clouds and taking some pictures, we went back to the hotel. The sense of primeval nature was intensified by the fact that we were alone at the top as, most likely, nobody else decided to go there after the distressing warning about the clouds. So, we were lucky because crowds of tourists would surely have spoiled the impression of virginity and sterility being the nature of the volcano.

One day I saw an announcement about an excursion which included recreational scuba diving. I have never done this before and therefore I was eager to submerge, in both the direct and figurative sense of the word, into the underwater world. George and Robert supported

my idea, but the next morning we had a preparatory lesson in the pool and only George went with me. After a short training session in handling an aqualung in the pool, our group of tourist-enthusiasts was taken out to the ocean shore where we arrayed ourselves in full scuba diving "panoply" and entered the ocean.

The water near the shore was not very transparent, because waves hit the coral and lifted sand and other impurities from the ground, but as soon as the waters of the ocean closed up above our heads, I felt as if I had found myself in a completely different world! Time stopped. An extraordinary calmness seized me. So close up I could observe and admire numerous and diverse multicoloured dwellers of the coral reef, which were mainly fishes, although a pretty large turtle came across us and, on seeing such weird ocean creatures, got slightly lost but managed quickly to get over his confusion and "rushed out" on urgent business. Unfortunately, I could not admire the underwater life for any length of time, because the air in my aqualung was used up very quickly.

Well, the lungs of the highlander (I was born in Kislovodsk in the foot-hills of the Caucasian backbone) contain a lot of air and I had to leave the amazing underwater world in just half an hour. All alone I went back to the shore and waited for the others to return and they appeared in thirty minutes. But this slightly annoying situation was compensated for by the fact that my frontal and nasal sinuses were thoroughly cleaned out at a depth of 10 metres, so that they never became clogged later on. I will not give a detailed description of this "remarkable" event; I can only say that I had to wash my mask and learn to blow it clear under water.

One day we visited an art gallery and were amazed by the pictures done by a Hawaiian seascape painter who painted the underwater world. It was possible to buy the author's copies only, which we did, and several pictures with their corresponding frames went on a two-week journey to San Francisco. Also, on the next to last day of our holiday we visited a local bird market, more precisely, a parrot market. There were a breath-taking number of types of parrots. They were not afraid of us at all and readily jumped into our hands. Certainly, we were unable to resist and left the market with several parrots one of which, the rose cockatoo, was absolutely adorable. Well, the parrots' cages were a noticeable addition to our luggage with which we left to go to the airport the next day.

Nothing special happened during our flight back home. We and the parrots arrived back in San Francisco and pretty soon appeared in our apartment. After we unpacked, the first thing I did was to check the answering machine and was surprised by the number of messages

from John McManus. He asked me to call him as soon as possible. Fortunately George was still with us and he called John, and here is what we found out.

Several seismologists had informed the San Francisco and the Bay CNN news centre, the director of which was John then, that on September 9 to 11, 1993 a powerful earthquake with an estimated magnitude of 9 to 12 on the Richter scale was expected; that this kind of earthquake happens once in **four hundred years;** that seismographs showed an unprecedented growth of the tension of the earth's crust and that they were afraid that this earthquake would be the last thing which California would see. John McManus had heard the story, both from me and George, about what happened in the spring of 1992 when I blocked the earthquake around San Francisco. There were no "scientific" publications about the 1992 San Francisco phenomenon (when there was no earthquake whatsoever in San Francisco but it did happen in Los Angeles and Eureka, that is to the south and to the north of San Francisco). This event enlarged the list of natural "riddles" with some of which I had a certain concern. But then the popular geology-seismological press had not yet written about it and therefore John heard about it only from me and did not consider this information objective enough. The same applies to events related to strong earthquakes which must have happened at the end of April or beginning of May, 1993 and about which I also told him.

Michel de Nostredame (Nostradamus) is a very well-known person in the USA, and there are a lot of interpretations of his quatrains. One famous book about him gave their most "exact" decoding according to which at the end of April or beginning of May, 1993 the whole of California (and not only it) should sink into the ocean depths. The book even had the exact outlines of the Northern American continent after this catastrophe. Moreover, the newspaper of an American clairvoyant whose name was also Michael, Gordon-Michael Scallion, reported approximately the same thing about a catastrophic earthquake. Certainly, one might turn a deaf ear to this foreteller, if it were not for one little "but": the exactness of his earthquake prognoses was very high—**eighty seven percent**!

Some acquaintances of mine went to a journalist and then informed me that they also would like to meet him. I asked them to do me a favour and communicate my offer to him: we would give a joint interview in which he reports "seeing" a planetary catastrophe which will pounce upon the world at the end of April or beginning of May, 1993, and I will be engaged in stopping the catastrophic earthquakes by the force of my thought. In this case he had a wonderful position:

if he is right (as well as Michel Nostradamus) and the catastrophic earthquakes happen, he will be the "winner". If they do not happen, he can refer to my words and save face; thus he will still be the "winner". The only one who will be a target for possible public attacks was me!

Well, people are more or less able to accept the fact that someone can predict future events, but the statement that a person can prevent a catastrophic earthquake using the force of his thought lay just beyond the verge of understanding of the overwhelming majority of people. So, I understood perfectly where I was going when offered this kind of interview. However, it was not a new thing for me, I already came through something similar at the press-conference which was organized by the Popular Medicine Fund for Soviet journalists on March 29, 1989, when I told about the possibility of restoring Midgard-earth's ozone layer.

Scallion's reaction to my offer was quite interesting—he communicated to my acquaintances that he saw what he saw and was not going even to discuss the possibility that all this could be prevented, moreover, by the force of thought of a Russian. Blind faith in his abilities converted him into the most inveterate sceptic! Very often I saw how people provided with natural paranormal abilities became absolutely blind. They consider that if they see or hear something, it becomes the gospel truth! Scallion'sanswer did not upset me at all. I was ready for something of the kind. Well, his refusal to accept my offer was his inalienable right to blind ignorance. Just in case, I blocked the possibility of the earthquakes happening at the end of April — beginning of May, 1993 and nothing happened! I cannot say that I felt and saw that tension grew within the earth's crust and something frightful would happen very soon. I simply put a block in, just in case—there is no harm in playing it safe.

When nothing happened, the Nostradamus's fans kept silent about the "exact" decoding of his quatrains. They could at least refer to some erroneous approach or wrong interpretation of the deeply hidden sense, but Gordon-Michael Scallion promised in his monthly journal that everything he had predicted and written about earlier would surely happen in May ... June and ... July, etc. However, from then on none of his predictions concerning earthquakes came true so their accuracy went down from 87% to 0%. This was how things were until I left California in August, 2006. I felt sorry for this person—he indeed had the gift to see possible future events, but he did not have the ability to change the future through influencing the present. Also he did not have the gift to see that the blocking of an earthquake was possible, no matter how unbelievable this idea may seem!

So, nothing catastrophic happened at the end of April and the beginning of May, 1993, but at the end of August — beginning of September, 1993 the tension in the earth's crust in the area of the Californian (San Andreas) Fault began to increase. And John McManus informed me exactly about it. Despite the fact that this kind of moving of the crust took place every four hundred years, the earthquake in September 1993 promised to be indeed catastrophic. So, the fact that Nostradamus named the year of the terrible earthquake does him credit. As the last earthquake of such magnitude four hundred years ago did not result in California breaking away from the mainland (and not during the previous very strong earthquakes too), the expected earthquake of September, 1993 must be something incredibly powerful in its destructive force. So, Nostradamus indeed was very exact. His or his interpreters' error of several months is not very serious, which cannot be said about Gordon-Michael Scallion, the contemporary of the described events. It is also of interest that Nostradamus also did not see that interference as a result of which nothing would happen was possible! However, this seems absurd only on the face of it, but if we do not jump to conclusions and think a little, everything falls into place. In fact, until an action is executed, nobody ever sees any changes! If a river flows from point A to point B, until its river-bed is changed, its waters will always reach point B...

During our conversation John said that in this case, instead of the predictions of prophets, there was irrefutable scientific information from scientists-seismologists about the unprecedented tension of the earth's crust along the Fault and that if I indeed could do something with this, he would be very appreciative. It is also of interest that not a single word appeared in the USA mass media about the catastrophic earthquake involving a strong movement of the earth's crust, although their chiefs (and not only they) were perfectly informed about it. The USA authorities (as well as all others) boost the fuss in mass media only when it is to their advantage, and this case obviously did not fit this category

A funny incident in connection with this situation happened. I asked George Orbelian to contact a seismologist called David Farnsworth, who gave the information about the seismological activity to the CNN, and ask for the data. It was important for me to get the real information on seismological activity in order to have the complete dynamics of the process. George got the telephone number from John McManusand called. He got the necessary data and when the seismologist asked why he needed them, George, without thinking twice, said that they were for his friend who was going to stop the earthquake. There was a silence

for some time on the other end of the phone and then the seismologist ask George what would happen, if the earthquake did happen despite the so confident words of the friend? It is highly likely that he was seriously disturbed about my mental condition. With absolute calmness George said not to worry, because everything would be all right. In fact the seismologist's question, although totally understandable, was absurd in its essence because if I could not neutralize this earthquake, neither his nor my mental condition would have been of interest to anybody, because nobody would survive! Those who did not die in the earthquake would die in giant waves and the submerging of California into the ocean depths. Although, I would like to know about his mental condition after **nothing happened**! Of course, I had not expected George to do this kind of thing, but what is done cannot be undone. The most surprising thing here was the fact that the seismologist gave all the data all the same, out of curiosity, probably. George did not quite understand the essence of his question and the seismologist, being shocked for a similar reason, simply supposed the first thing that came to mind—was everything all right with your friend's head?

One may declare himself to be Napoleon, Alexander the Great, etc, and none can persuade him that it is not so. However, if a person (me in this case) declares that he is going to stop a catastrophic earthquake which is just about to happen at the conjunction of several tectonic plates, the Napoleon syndrome will neither help nor protect. I am talking about the Pacific, the North American and Juan de Fuca plates. The tension on the point of their junction increased with every day and the catastrophic earthquake was expected no later than September 11, 1993, but I was not going to wait until that date and did the job on Thursday evening September, 9. I used a geographical atlas for that. For those who have an irresistible wish tomake a circular motion near the temple with the forefinger, I can say that I did not work with the atlas, I just got the picture from it of where and how the tectonic plates were located, their size and forms. As the geographical atlas was created on the basis of satellite photographs, I succeeded in creating very exact holograms of these platforms, connected the real tectonic platforms to their small holograms and Svetlana and I began to work.

Working with a hologram is incredibly convenient. You see, one is unable to cover areas further than the visual horizon because of the insignificant size of the human physical body. So, my work became possible due to twentieth century technology. The satellite photographs converted the vast spaces into comfortable working instruments, at least for me. As soon as the holograms were connected to the real tectonic platforms, and the task of marking out the places of tension

in the crust was set, everything was ready for the work which most people can qualify as unbelievable or the delirium of a madman. I have written before that tensions of the crust happen because of different temperatures in the magma; therefore the magma reacts differently to the streams of Dark matter, as modern physicists called it, or the streams of primary matters, as I call it, which pierce it.

Especially strong swings of tension occur precisely on the fault line of the tectonic platforms which is clear even from the point of ordinary logic. But that which happened next is incomprehensible for it! Controlling the streams of primary matters or the Dark matter, I worked through the hologram and gradually decreased the tension of the earth's crust. As I worked the areas of tension disappeared and the earthquake **did not happen** either on September 10, 11 or 12 etc. The magma "simply" surged back from the junction of the tectonic platforms and the critical tension of the crust disappeared. At that, the decreasing of tension along the Californian (San Andreas) Fault happened pretty quickly. Already in the morning, on Friday, September 10, 1993 the seismic activity was within the norm. The extinguishing of the tension along the fault was accompanied by numerous mini-earthquakes, quite harmless for everyone and everything, which were registered by seismological devices.

It is of interest that seismologist David Farnsworth never called George Orbelian afterwards. For some reason my mental condition did not disturb him any more. Most likely, he was busy with his own, since the 100%-must-happen catastrophic earthquake did not happen! It turns out to be a very interesting thing: a person is so sure that he is absolutely right that when the expected event does not happen, he has not enough honesty to say that he was wrong! Or he is so shocked that his mind cannot endure that and he indeed has to take care of his mental health.

It appeared that both the clairvoyant-prophet Gordon-Michael Scallion and the orthodox scientist-seismologist David Farnsworth **showed identical reactions** to my offer of collaboration, both were **blind**, absolutely blind! One because of the blind faith that what he sees is an absolute truth, and the other because of a blind faith in the device readings and the nonentity of man! But if in the first case the matter was hopeless because the person trusted what he saw, and he saw quite material forms, then things should be more promising in the second case. The devices showed the rapid and powerful growth of tension along the fault and the same devices also showed as it disappeared. There were real and objective devices' readings before and after.

The problem is just that both did not want to accept the fact that

man could change that which is impossible to change using the most accomplished devices (and not only those which exist on our planet): and he does this without any visible devices or other "crutches", using only the force of his thought. At that his muscles do not strain, because no muscle is able to endure even a tiny amount of this kind of load, if we consider the solution of the problem from the point of vulgar materialism, instead there are several minutes enormous load on the brain and innermost concentration.

Certainly, this load can destroy a person without necessary preparation and experience, but I thought that there was no harm in trying. Failure would be mine alone. As I had no chance to compare my experience with that of others, I thought it correct that if there was someone who could take the first step into the unexplored, or as the Russian tale says, "Go there, do not know where and bring that, do not know what" then that person should. You will know where to go and what to bring only when you decide to take this step! Archimedes of Syracuse said once: "Give me a place to stand on, and I will move the Earth"! It is essential to search for "a place to stand on", and if one finds it then the impossible becomes possible. However there is no need to move the Earth, it is already moved upside-down...

So it happened that I succeeded in finding some important "places to stand on"in the Universe, most likely because I never created labyrinthine traps for my own consciousness, in which once entering, one cannot get out. Man can be compared with the Genie in the lamp. He is helpless there, but should he get out, he becomes omnipotent! But now even with all his omnipotence, the Genie still is the slave of the lamp! Therefore, man must not only let himself **out of the lamp**but also free himself **from the lamp**in the process of his moving forward. It seems that to be free from the lamp is the most complicated task.

In fact not only vulgar materialists of every stripe are actually slaves of the lamp but also those who think that they live and create in the "spiritual"world. Although the two groups do not acknowledge each other's right to existence and have fought with each other for several centuries, they all are the slaves of the lamp. Although their lamps are different, the essence of the problem does not change. Despite seemingly opposite positions, both are slaves of their lamps—errors and false concepts. It is not important that one kind of error is based on the devices' readings and another—on one or other psychic phenomenon. All of them knock their heads against the same blank wall, only from different sides...

After I succeeded in neutralizing the expected catastrophic earthquake in the first half of 1993, John McManusstopped being a sceptic

in relation to my abilities concerning earthquakes and even thanked me for saving him and all others. So, there was one sceptic less in the world.What did that change? Absolutely nothing; he is not the first and not the last to get proof of what the overwhelming majority considers impossible. One group of people are tormented by their own ambitions and illusions which they are not ready to give up: others are tormented by fear that if they report the true information about some unbelievable event, they could lose their job, reputation, etc. and forget that if it were not for my actions, they would already have lost all this and their life too. A third group is afraid that this kind of information can deprive them of the power wherein lies the sense of their life. The fourth group is afraid that, having such abilities, I will want to subdue the whole World! In short, each projects his own fears, secret desires, ideas and thoughts and estimates happening events at the level of their own morality...

When I worked with the neutralization of the tension of the earth's crust along the fault, I recorded an encephalogram of my brain on the computer, just as a matter of interest. Shortly before this I had bought a device which recorded the encephalogram directly onto the computer hard disc. Then it was a pioneering Japanese development which showed a colourful, real time, three-dimensional image of the activity of different areas of the cerebral cortex.

However, the encephalogram showed **just the transition of the brain to what is fundamentally another qualitative state of activity**. In other words, the encephalograph registered only the first phase of the transition of the brain from the ordinary state into the working one and that was it, which proves again that the main functioning of the human brain does not take place at the level of physical neurons, but on other material levels which modern devices can not register yet; besides, the higher the level where neurons work, the lesser the possibility to see it at the level of physical neurons. Independent of how many and at what levels neurons are involved during one or another work, only the switching of the brain from the ordinary state into the working one is manifested at the physical level. But even this fact is, in itself, curious.

Nevertheless, the encephalogram of the brain gave the opportunity to register some interesting phenomena, for example, to know what happened with a person when the spirit left the physical body. In order to do that, we recorded an encephalogram of Svetlana's brain in real time. At first the encephalogram showed the normal state of a person who is awake. Then, changing nothing, I took Svetlana's spirit out of the physical body and the brain showed an instant reaction: almost

all readings went down to zero which is possible only in two cases—in a state of deep coma or clinical death. At the same time Svetlana, being out of body with her spirit, answered questions through her physical body, but the encephalogram showed a straight line. When Svetlana's spirit was returned into the physical body, the readings became normal again, corresponding to the previous "in-body"readings. So, it appeared that the encephalogram of a living person's brain differs dramatically when the spirit is in the physical body and when it is out.

There was another curious phenomenon which we found. One day I fooled around with the encephalograph trying different modes of both the device and myself and I took the sensors off my head and laid them on the desktop near the computer monitor without turning the device off. I was surprised when I saw that the computer continued to record the signals of my brain, even when the sensors were not on my head. Also, the activity of the brain was recorded even if I moved a pretty large distance away from the device and the sensors.

Playing a little with this phenomenon, I discovered that I could switch the recording of the activity of my brain on and off at different distances using will-power. To do this I had only to "catch"resonance with the working encephalograph. If I succeeded in entering into resonance with the device, the record of the activity of my brain was done independent of whether I had the sensors on my head or not. I repeatedly showed this to other people and to my students. There were several doctors of medicine and psychiatrists among them, so I think they saw things to be surprised at...

After I succeeded in neutralizing the catastrophic earthquake in September, 1993, I continued to stifle the earthquakes in California. I would like to tell about one of these cases because of its singularity. On January 17, 1994 there was an earthquake in Los Angeles of the magnitude 6.6 on the Richter scale. 61 persons died and thousands got injured and even more became homeless. Many seismologists had reported that an earthquake of such magnitude was expected, but all of them specified the expected epicentre far from populated areas and only one communicated to the authorities that it would touch the inhabited areas, but nobody paid any attention to his warning then. Only after the earthquake did all recall his warning. He also said that on January 22, 1994, Sunday, there would be a more powerful earthquake in San Francisco.

As the previous earthquake in Los Angeles happened exactly at the place and time he had specified, the Sunday earthquake prognosis caused panic. People rushed to buy water and packed meals expecting

serious failures with supplies which would immediately follow a strong earthquake. We knew about it from John McManus. I offered to do a video interview and to report that I had not been informed of the possible earthquake in Los Angeles on January 17, but he had informed me about the one which was expected to happen in San Francisco on Sunday, January 22, 1994 with an almost 100% guarantee and that I affirm that it **would not happen**, because I was going to neutralize it using my methods. The interview was recorded on Saturday, January 21, 1994 and he said that less than a day was left to check whether I could stop the next earthquake this time too or not.

A day passed, then two days, three days, etc and there was no earthquake whatsoever. John McManus's interview was broadcast all over Europe, but never in the USA! Once again I would like to draw attention to the fact that nothing happens by itself: in order to neutralize a possible earthquake, I needed information about it. The information never comes by itself. It does not "soar"in the informational "field"of the Earth about which those of an esoteric mind-setadore to talk. Information should be obtained, which happens either when someone gives it to you (for example, the readings from seismological equipment) or by means of your own scanning. The first method is more or less clear, but the second one requires explanation.

The process of getting information related to natural processes is similar to that of detecting pathologies and illnesses in the human organism: at first one has to get real time information about one or another natural process by means of scanning, then systematize and analyze it, then draw conclusions on the basis of the analysis and finally create a tactic and strategy of actions. One must have the requisite properties and qualities for the solution of the task and the appropriate potential. If everything is done correctly, a positive result may be expected.

However, even insignificant "blank spots"can reduce all efforts bent on solving one or another problem to zero. Regrettably, they are inevitable, especially when one solves a certain task for the first time and there is no chance to study the experience of others because nobody ever did anything of the kind, or you are unable to get the necessary information. Therefore the "blank spots"are almost always filled during the working process (and one has to do that very quickly and without stopping the work which can not be stopped after the process has started). But if one succeeds in solving all problems which appear in the process and avoid all "reefs"which could not be seenbefore the beginning of the work, the task can be solved successfully!

I hope it is clear that the most difficult thing is to solve a certain

problem for the first time, because an already solved one becomes your real experience by which you can be easily guided when solving similar problems in the future. There is another interesting observation. My work with natural phenomena, about which I have already written and some about which I have not yet, usually lastedjust several minutes, be it the restoration of the Earth's ozone layer, the "switching off"of earthquakes, the elimination of radio-active contamination from soil or the cleansing of underground waters.

When you work with natural phenomena, there is no power or scale limiting. But when you work with man, you have to work with numerous problems of the human organism acquiredover a long time, and the treatment can take several years! There is a reason for that—a certain person can endure a certain load in a time unit. There is no way to do everything quickly because if the load is higher than the critical one for this very person, the destruction of the human organism may inevitably follow, because the overloads damage the living tissues and organs, they stop functioning and the cells begin to die! Quite a paradox, isn't it: the scale of the health problems of a certain person is incommensurable with that of the natural phenomena, but the time spent for the solution of the latter is incommensurably short as compared to the time necessary for making a person healthy? But this paradox can be easily explained. Man can be compared to a vessel which can contain a limited amount of liquid. It does not matter how much liquid is available (the whole ocean, if you like), but the vessel can admit only that amount which it can, no more. If we try to inject forcibly more liquid, it will be broken to pieces...

In conclusion: when the problem is totally clear, as well as the methods as to what one should do and how and the doer of the action has the necessary properties, qualities and potential, the work with global natural phenomena indeed lasts just several minutes, however unbelievable it may sound. In fact, having the exact information, it is possible to neutralize almost all catastrophic natural phenomena.

However, in order to avoid the accusations of the "fighters for truth"that "you fabricated everything and then want to convince all that you've done something unbelievable", you need to have the information which devices and precision instruments may supply, preferably, from people who you do not even know. Precisely for this reason I prefer to speak about only those natural phenomena with which I worked which were discussed by scientists on the basis of the readings. I also prefer to report what I will do and what result I expect before I proceed to do the work. In this case the "fighters for truth"cannot accuse the devices of lying! However, they diligently hush up everything and conceal facts

and proofs, considering that if nobody knows anything about the event; it is as if the latter ceases to exist. That which cannot be suppressed or concealed is perverted or distorted. This is the tactic which social parasites always used. I perfectly learned that from my own experience.

Everything which I said would happen always did happen, but for "some"reason the "fighters for truth" eitherchose not to notice that or to tell barefaced lies about events related to my actions. They also distorted everything so that it was converted into complete nonsense and then presented it to an audience which had no knowledge of what it was all about. Thus they created negative opinions in people either of little education or ignorant of many questions. It is of interest that almost none of these "fighters for truth"had a full-fledged scientific education. The more ignorant the person, the greater the hatred expressed when he rushed to "unmask"me. There is no other explanation for this kind of behaviour except for a serious inferiority complex. For this reason it was important for me to have readings of the expected catastrophic earthquakes in September, 1993 and on January 22, 1994 in San Francisco. However, the following events showed that they changed nothing: they were hushed up along with all the previous facts of my actions. Those in power found the truth about what really happened very disadvantageous for them, especially because they cannot force me to serve them and have no means to eliminate me when they realize that they cannot control me!

To tell the truth I care nottwo strawsabout how and what the "mighty"of this world and their servants, which rush to execute the order "get him"with somewhat frenzied joy and lie and pervert everything remorselessly, think about me. Certainly, they cannot have any conscience by definition, but its absence is not enough to explain such frenzy. It is highly likely that they hate me at the level of animalbecause I withstood very serious trials and did not break, and they broke at once as soon as it became a little bit hot.

Usually, those who have broken or who have never had a core, hate those who dared to go against the stream and did not betray themselves. Unfortunately, when a person inwardly turns into a slave, he stops being a human; he has only animal instincts and hatred which is not turned on the enslavers, because they tremble before them, but on those who are able to stand up to severe trials. Oddly enough, they do not care that they are still alive exclusively because of my actions which their brain is unable to understand. However, there is one thing which really drives them mad: it is when I say that I am a human being and did all this based on knowledge, which I got for myself during

the study of nature, plus my abilities, the majority of which I created on my own.

They would be absolutely happy, if I said that it was the Almighty who operated through me or that I received everything from highly developed civilizations, so that everybody would calm down. The very narrow circle of the "mighty"of this world know perfectly well what I have done and continue to do but they set the ignoramuses against me, probably hoping that, thus, they will remain aside. I can say to these puppeteers that it will be exactly they who will be punished for their crimes when the time comes instead of the simple performers...

There was no more or less serious earthquake in San Francisco for the whole period of time when I lived there. There was one of magnitude 2 or 3 Richter scale in the second half of May, 2003 when I spent two weeks in Miami, and that was almost it. Someone may ask again: what had I to do with that? If there were no earthquakes, then they were just not going to happen. Well, those who do not want to see the true facts will always bluntly ignore them! Here is a quite interesting observation: when such people get the information, they are 100% sure that there are no proofs and facts in the text. They have some kind of filter in their brains which prevents them from ever seeing the information which will help them to draw their own conclusions, instead of repeating the "conclusions" which others prepared for them, a fact they are unable to notice! Certainly, I could restrain myself from interfering and let the earthquakes happen, including the catastrophic ones. Would that make everyone happy including those destined to die as a result of a natural or artificial cataclysm? But as a result of some of the cataclysms which I blocked, all would have been wiped from the face of Midgard-earth!

Despite the scepticism and malevolence of ignoramuses and the persistent silence of those who know the facts perfectly well, I have done and will do my best to prevent these kinds of catastrophes. It is easy to feel offended and let events take their natural course, but according to my internal code of honour if I can prevent something and I do not do it, I commit a crime! My honour cannot justify inaction because of the fact that people did not believe me and mocked me and my words. If a person reacts this way, he is spiritually immature, demonstrates his egoism and places himself higher than necessary. The criminal action for me is to do nothing in situations which can, in theory, be solved, independent of whether I did anything of the kind before or not. There must be, at least, an attempt to prevent the death of people and the planet, but in the case of success I don't care whether someone trusts or not in what I have done. It is important for me that I have done my

duty. Why do I say all this? I perfectly realize that my words will cause a storm of joy in my enemies' and spiteful critics' camps. Nevertheless, I do this for several reasons:

First, I want people to understand that, on condition of correct evolutional development, man can create a lot of things about which thosewretched "Gods"invented by the primitive brains of social parasites could not even dream!

Second, this involves my personal experience. After my work in December, 1989 Midgard-earth's ozone layer was gradually restored over several months. The fuss about the ozone hole calmed down and the mass media slowly began to give out the information that nature recovered itself. The logical conclusion which such irresponsible declarations may provoke is that humankind can continue to destroy nature without even thinking about it, because Mother-nature will repair everything when the moment comes. For instance, concerning the cleansing of the underground waters in the Archangelsk region: the environmentalists declare now that the water there **self-purifies**! Nobody pays attention to the fact that for some reason before October, 1991 the Archangelsk water did not self-purify. Moreover there is no other place on the planet where water would self-purify! Why does Nature show such selectiveness: the water has never self-purified anywhere in the world, and from 1991 it "suddenly"began to do that only in this region and nowhere else! However, such a "seditious"idea does not enter either the heads of the Archangelsk environmentalists.

Third, I would like to show people that there are other ways and methods of human evolution, instead of the materialistic technocratic way imposed on us by social parasites which leads to the destruction of life!

So, I am not driven by a desire to self-praise as some may try to show or by the mad ideas of a sick brain as other people try to portray, but by exactly the reasons mentioned above. Otherwise I would keep silent about all of it, as I did before and there would not be all these pseudo-fighters for truth. The matter is that our planet is passing through a critical stage of its development and there is no time to wait for the ignoramuses to be enlightened by knowledge or the provocateurs and enemies of humanity to stop influencing the consciousness of people.

So, here is how things are; meantime life goes on!

Chapter 12.

Life goes on-2

The neutralization of the devastating earthquake, which could have wiped California off the face of the Earth in September, 1993, for "some" reason remained unnoticed by the mass media both in the USA and other countries. In all probability they considered it to be an ordinary event unworthy of their precious attention. In their professional opinion it was not a patch on covering the next murder or rape trial, or information about what a Hollywood star ate for breakfast, or sensational news about the name of the new lover or mistress of another Hollywood star or "even" a congressman or senator. Indeed, could the neutralization of the most catastrophic earthquake in the history of the USA, with seismologists' documentary proof, be compared to the super-important events mentioned above?

Of course, it could not! Therefore, they did not notice the events of September, 1993 or any of my other "unimportant" deeds. In this respect, the American press and mass media differed not at all from the Soviet and, as it turned out later, the Russian one. However, then I observed with a great deal of surprise that the American press, widely-advertised as free, did not go beyond issuing reports that a catastrophic earthquake was expected and later that everything had settled down and the danger had passed. So, I knew how "free" the mass media really was in the "free" world from my own experience. This "freedom" increased with every year, at least in everything that related to me.

It did not especially trouble me and I mention that for one reason only. I would like to show the real state of affairs in the "free" Western world to those who are interested in knowing the truth about that. Although the Soviet Union ceased to exist and the West and Russia are seemingly not in a state of cold war any more, because one of the counteractive frames of society—socialism—has disappeared, I hope for good; Russia is still too far from having a really free and just social structure. The Capitalism which changed the Socialism there turned out to be parasitic in its essence, which is hardly surprising—it was such from the moment of its appearance. I am absolutely convinced of that, having lived in the "freest" country in the World for

almost fifteen years. So, it happened that Russia traded something bad for worse, changing one parasitic social system into another, more precisely, into another variety of parasitic system, because socialism is state capitalism plus a slave-owning system, if I may rephrase Lenin's famous expression. I would like to express my opinion on this occasion.

The socialistic system created in the USSR was a parasitic system in its most complete and perfect form. Social parasites aimed to establish exactly the kind of framework, in which the overwhelming majority were slaves provided with minimal living conditions and everything they created was taken, allegedly, for universal use, but in fact for the prosperity of an "elite"—the higher party bosses and their puppeteers which lived outside the fool's paradise they had created. One could never find justice in the USSR. Certainly, if a person submitted to the requirements of the Code of the Builder of Communism without murmur and asked no "awkward" questions, everything went remarkably well, but should somebody raise one of these "unnecessary" questions, he almost immediately was subjected to repression to a greater or lesser degree depending on the level of "awkwardness" of the question.

Very often I found myself surprised at the degree of people's, let's put it like this, "brainwashed-ness". All who studied in Soviet schools knew perfectly well that Leyba Bronstein, more known under his pseudonym as Leon Trotsky, moved the party archive from the USSR to the USA. The archive is still there, getting dusty in the depositories of the Stanford University library under a "top secret" seal. It is of interest that even now its secret status remains the same. Why, we may wonder? Using common sense and the simplest logic, one could expect that as soon the Bolshevists' rivals laid their hands on the party archive, they would have immediately trumpeted its content throughout the whole world to show who the Bolshevists, these shakers of the Capitalists' peace, were in reality.

However, nothing of the kind was done either when the archive had just arrived in capitalist USA from socialist Russia or today when the socialist system has disappeared from the world's arena. Until now the Bolshevists' party archive remains "top secret", although **80 years have passed since its arrival in the USA** (in 2009). So, what kind of information does it contain that no American politician, even those who were ready to unleash a nuclear war with the USSR during the Caribbean crisis, ever opened the archive of their most mortal enemies? All illogicality disappears at once if we accept that the events in the Russian Empire in 1917 and later on happened according to the plans of social parasites from the USA.

That also sheds light on why Joseph Stalin let his most hated rival, Leyba (Leon) Bronstein (Trotsky), go with the party archive. This means that in 1929 he did not dare disobey the orders of the secret rulers of the world and when he finally dared he was instantly eliminated, but this is the story of another day. I have digressed from the events of my life in order to show how "smartly" the social parasites arranged everything on Earth. First, they imposed Capitalism on the whole world; although, it did not acquire the form they had thought out in the Russian Empire. That is why Russia constituted a threat for them and was, therefore, doomed. World War I was unleashed to eliminate Russia from the historical arena. The plan failed and then a series of "Russian" revolutions was carried out. Few know that the first thing that the Bolshevists did was the physical elimination of all professional workers. Oh, yes, workers, on behalf of which they introduced the dictatorship of the proletariat!

It is of interest that the living standard of the proletariat, professional workers, in the Russian Empire was several times higher than that of the "developed" western countries. There were kindergartens and day nurseries at plants and factories. The workers had well paid holidays and many of them visited famous European resorts. Let me ask you a question: how many Russian workers could visit, for example, Italian resorts today? I think, very few. There are plenty of facts which show the **real** matters in the Russian Empire and clearly point out that the living conditions of the Russian working class, the interests of which the Bolshevists allegedly expressed, were much better than in Europe and the USA. However, for "some" reason the most progressive country in this respect was chosen for the revolution and it was not the workers who collected money for its implementation, but the American billionaire Jacob Schiff and other "benefactors" of Russian workers. Don't you find a "slight" lack of logic here? It is highly likely that this "illogicality" was the reason for the Bolshevists archive being taken to the USA by Leyba Bronstein and why it is still being kept top secret.

There is another moment to which I would like to draw your attention before I return to the events of my life. The matter concerns the Brusilov Offensive[1]. We all know from the school history program

[1] The **Brusilov Offensive**, also known as the June Advance, was the Russian Empire's greatest feat of arms during World War I, and among the most lethal battles in world history. Professor Graydon A. Tunstall of the University of South Florida called the Brusilov Offensive of 1916 the worst crisis of World War I for Austria-Hungary and the Triple Entente's greatest victory. It was a major offensive against the armies of the Central Powers on the Eastern Front, launched on June

that the Austria-Hungarian army was defeated in the summer of 1916 as a result of the Russian army's offensive on the Southwestern Front which resulted in the collapse of the Austria-Hungarian Empire. Everyone knows that, but few are aware of the fact that this offensive was just a distractive manoeuvre, as similar actions on the Northern Front (which never happened) should have been, in order to hold the Austria-Hungarian army and cause the transfer of its additional troops there, while the main offensive was planned and carefully prepared to be carried out on the Western Front. The Russian Army had 1220 thousand bayonets and sabres on the Northern and Western fronts against 620 thousand German units.

By the beginning of the operation (the 4$^{\text{th}}$ of June) the disposition on the Southwestern Front was the following: the Russians had 534 thousand bayonets and 60 thousand sabres against the corresponding 448 and 38 thousand Austria-Hungarian units. As we can see, the Commander in Chief of the Southwestern Front, General A.A. Brusilov, had no significant numeral superiority in men. He also had no significant superiority in artillery: the Russians had 1770 light artillery units against 1301 Austria-Hungarian ones, and 168 heavy artillery units against 545. As we can see, the Austria-Hungarian Army had more than twice the number of heavy artillery units than the Russian Army! In addition, since the armies of the Southwestern Front were intended as a distraction, they did not receive enough ammunition for the offensive. General A.A. Brusilov ordered that shells be used very sparingly and thus gathered the necessary quantity for the offensive which was preceded by a powerful bombardment which began on June 3 at 3 a.m. and finished on June 4 at 9 a.m. simultaneously at 4 points—one for each army of the Southwestern Front.

Well, I could write about this glorious operation of the Russian Army during WWI at length, but I would like to touch upon an aspect of it which is not very well known. I would like to pay attention to the fact that the Stavka, the Russian high command, planned **the Southwestern Front offensive** as a **distractive manoeuvre** by the Russian Army. The **main attack** was planned to be delivered on **the Western Front**! The distractive attack on the Southwestern Front resulted in a heavy defeat for the Austria-Hungarian and German Armies and occupied Galicia (or Halychyna) and Bykovina. All this triggered the transfer of the enemy troops there from the Western and Northern

4, 1916 and lasting until early August. It took place in what today is Ukraine, in the general vicinity of the towns of Lemberg, Kovel, and Lutsk. The offensive was named after the Russian commander in charge of the Southwestern Front, Aleksei Brusilov. (*Wikipedia*)

Fronts. It seemed that the ideal situation to deliver **the main attack on the Western Front** finally occurred, where a significant superiority in infantry and artillery had been created beforehand. However, neither the distractive attack on the Northern Front, nor the main attack on the Western Front **was ever carried out**! The Stavka planned the main attack to take place on June 10 or 11. The Commander in chief of the Western Front, General A.V. Evert **disobeyed the Stavka's order and did not give the order to attack**! The Northern Front was headed by General A.N. Kuropatkin where no distractive attacks were ever carried out. It is of interest that Generals A.V. Evert and A.N. Kuropatkin, were both **against** any offensive at all, adducing the argument that breaching the enemies' lines would be impossible.

Only the Commander in Chief of the Southwestern Front, General A.A. Brusilov, considered that not only was the breach of the enemy lines highly possible, but also the total and final smash of the enemy by Russian troops. Despite the Stavka approving the plan for the summer campaign and creating all the necessary conditions for its successful completion, neither the Northern Front headed by General A.N. Kuropatkin, nor the Western Front headed by General A.V. Evert **ever carried out** any actions approved by the Stavka!

It is of interest that almost no Russian historian ever paid attention to this fact of treachery and sabotage of the Motherland by these Generals. They always focussed on the incredible success of General Brusilov's offensive. He was the only Commander-in-Chief who actively supported the Stavkas's plan to attack.

If the Western Front had attacked according to the Stavka's plan after the distractive manoeuvres of the Southwestern and Northern Fronts, the First World War of (1914-1918) would have ended in 1916 and resulted in the total defeat of Austria-Hungary, Germany and their allies by the Russian Army. However, they were not the only ones which found it highly disadvantageous; the so-called allies of the Russian Empire "joined the club." They were not interested in Russian victory in this war; on the contrary they wanted its defeat without which the Revolutions in Russia in 1917 would be impossible. Today we are perfectly aware of the result of these revolutions: the genocide of the Russian and other native people of the Russian Empire then and the deplorable situation in Russia now.

By the way, one of the "heroes" of the summer campaign of 1916, General Kuropatkin, was allowed to continue as Governor of Turkestan and Commander-in-Chief of the Turkestan army after the Masonic February revolution of 1917. Despite the fact that the Tashkent Soviet (council) of soldier and worker's deputies displaced him from his

post and sent him to St. Petersburg, he was released and the Bolshevists not only did not touch him but even named a library in a village after him when he died in 1925. All these facts show that his sabotage and **treachery** as the Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Front **was not casual**. He did not carry out the orders of his Commander, but those of who had unleashed WWI and organized the "Great" October Revolution of 1917, etc. This is not all.

Whether it was by chance or not the "glorious" Russian general Kuropatkin was in command of the Russian infantry in the Far East at the time of the signing of the disgraceful Treaty of Portsmouth on August 23 (September 5), 1905 which formally ended the 1904-1905 Russian-Japanese War. The signing of the Treaty happened exactly at the time when the considerable forces of the Russian Army were transferred from the central regions of the country to the Far East.

By that time the overall might of the Russian army amounted to than 500 thousand (against 150 thousand at the moment of the war) and fresh forces continued to arrive. The Russian Army was reinforced with technical equipment too. It received modern howitzers, the number of machine-guns increased from 36 to 374, etc. At the same time Japan had just 300 thousand soldiers. The country was economically exhausted (Jacob Schiff's money ran out), the human resources were exhausted too; there were old people and children among the prisoners. However, the Commander- in-Chief of the Russian army, General Kuropatkin, did not perform any trenchant actions and chose an inefficient policy.

In order to save Japan from complete defeat Jacob Schiff financed the First "Russian" Revolution of 1905 and Sergey Witte, the Prime Minister of the Russian Empire, who had close connections with Jacob Schiff through his wife, intimidated the Tsar by it. Being a good and brave person but absolutely worthless as a ruler, Nicolas II fell into the well designed snare. He was scared of the "orange" revolution and gave his consent for the signing of the disgraceful peace treaty when the Russian army could easily defeat Japan. All this resulted in his signing of the Manifesto about the establishment of the State Duma (Russia's first elected parliament) on August 6, 1905. From that moment the Russian Empire was doomed. It was the beginning of the end.

Is not it a matter of peculiar interest that General Kuropatkin took an active part in two crucial moments which could fundamentally change the history of Russia: in 1905 the Russian Army had all the chances in the world to defeat Japan and then in the summer campaign of WWI in 1916 Austria-Hungary and Germany? Criminal inactivity in the first place and undisguised treachery in the second give

grounds to affirm unambiguously that a well-organized and well-paid **fifth column** efficiently worked at all levels of the Russian state, the actions of which resulted in the collapse of the Russian Empire and the beginning of the genocide of Russian and other native people of the Russian Empire. It is certain that General Kuropatkin was just a small cog in the treacherous column's machinery, however a quite important one, as well as another "hero" of the summer offensive of 1916—General A.E. Evert.

It was precisely he who sent a telegram to Nicolas II on March 2, 1917 which contained the petition of "the most loyal subject" to abdicate, informing the Tsar that the Russian army "***... in its present condition cannot be relied upon...***"! Is it not also of interest that the Generals which opposed the Summer offensive of the Russian Army in 1916 and actively sabotaged it afterwards were held in great esteem after the two Bolshevist revolutions, in February and October of 1917?

As we can see, the Russian Empire had both external and internal enemies, even in the highest echelons of power. It was exactly the actions of the notorious fifth column which threw Russia and its people into the abyss of dreadful miseries in the 20th century.

There is another fact which may be of interest. The victory of the Bolshevists in the Civil War (1917-1923) became possible, among other reasons, because the Red Army received everything necessary for the fratricidal war from Jacob Schiff and Co. as well as from the "allies" of the White Army. Can you imagine such double-dealing? There is more: even when the "allies" got the gold for the military supplies in advance and in full from the White Army, they sabotaged them in every possible way, while the Red Army received everything in time and in the necessary quantities.

Regrettably, Russia has never had loyal allies. For example, few know that after Napoleons' defeat, in which the Russian Army played an important role, the Maltese islands fell to the Russian Empire's share. However, the British Empire occupied them and threatened to begin a new war if Russia attempted to get them ...

I can dwell on this subject endlessly but it is time to come back to the events of my life, however, everything that I touch on in my autobiographical chronicle is connected with my destiny one way or another.

So, it was autumn of 1993. Svetlana and I continued to lead the life which has already became routine for us. Every day I worked with my patients and while I did that Svetlana used to meet the Stranger and get information about earthly problems with which we worked in the evening. When the night came and everything, or almost everything,

calmed down, we started working in Big Space. It so happened that this work usually came to either fighting the Dark which hunted Svetlana's spirit when she wandered about universes, or

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Well, probably, we, human beings, are "designed" so that we desperately need to contact any reasoning form, no matter how unusual it is. At the beginning of my work in Space the majority of civilizations with which I worked were humanoid ones which differed from us, the inhabitants of Earth, but not dramatically. One of the reasons for that was my sub-conscious attuning to something close and understandable during my search in Space. The resemblance of the humanoid civilizations can be explained by "like begets like": the life in similar Space-Universes is similar, which is quite understandable. But over time as I penetrated into new petal-spaces[2] which fundamentally differed from those to which we had become accustomed I came across more non-humanoid forms of reasoning life, and life in general.

I even met reasoning Space-Universes not all of which were bearers of Light Reason! The idea that a Space-Universe can be reasoning is impossible only on the face of it. In fact there is nothing unbelievable in it: a universe ought to have a certain qualitative structure. We should just think a little and then the natural phenomenon of a reasoning universe will have some logical explanation despite the incredibility of the notion.

Let's take the human body as an analogue. It consists of billions of different chemical elements. The nucleus of every atom contains a different number of nucleons (protons and neutrons) and a different number of electrons revolve around it at different distances. If we compare the size of the nuclei and electrons with the size of the atoms we shall get an analogue of planetary systems where electrons-"planets" revolve arounda nucleus-"star" at enormous distances from their "luminary" (on the atomic scale, certainly). There are billions of such nucleus-"stars" and they all form our body-"universe" which possesses Reason. If we were on the surface of an electron which revolved around an atom of our body, the body itself would be a reasoning universe. In fact, this is the real state of affairs: only our reasoning "universe" is incommensurably small in comparison with that which we call the Universe. What matters here is the point of view and direction. A reasoning Universe sees us as something insignificantly small which runs about the surface of one of its planet-"electrons" which revolves around

[2] See Nicolai Levashov *The Final Appeal to Mankind*. Chapters 11, 12.

one of its "nucleus"-stars.

But if this insignificantly small object in comparison with the size of a Universe-Petal possesses **Reason**, its abilities can greatly exceed the abilities of a reasoning Universe, and not only that! With one condition, however: this insignificantly small object,whichman in fact is,should **evolve in the right way**.

So, the matter is not in the size of a bearer of Reason but in the bearer itself. Besides, a reasoning Universe is inert exactly because of its size and therefore cannot evolve quickly. But what is a bearer of Reason of the size of a Universe-Petal? Let's continue our comparative analysis. Consciousness and memory (which in fact form reason) do not exist on the physical level. **Neither memory, nor conscience are formed and located in the atoms and molecules of the human physical body**, but in other material bodies, the bodies of the human spirit! There is no doubt that no other material bodies of living matter could appear and exist without the physical body which consists of atoms and molecules, including the human ones. Nevertheless, man's physical body is just a foundation, a part, undoubtedly a very important one, of what we call man.

I have already written that as early as in 1987 I came across a dilemma: the abilities of the human brain are limited by the number of neurons in the cranium the size of which is limited too. It seems to be a deadlock on the face of it, but if one finds a creative approach to the problem, understanding what the brain is and how it works and where memory and conscience is formed, then the size of the cranium will cease to matter!

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As a result of that I found myself at the border of another extreme when brain structures of the size of a Universe-Petal were linked to a small physical brain in my cranium. Now the brain on other levels of reality became inert because of its size, although to a lesser degree than if it had that size on the physical level.

Then I had an idea: what if I folded the whole of my brain **into just one neuron of my physical brain**? I gave it a go and succeeded! Then I created the rest of my neurons **in the image and likeness of a new neuron**. . . . . and got a neuron of **the third generation**and afterwards I created all my neurons **in the image and likeness of the third generationneuron** and so on, and so forth.

What thingshave I not put into my neurons! I also repeatedly reconstructed my brain and my Spirit, building newer and newer bodies. At that I did not stamp out new bodies mechanically but created them

as something essentially new. If we develop what Nature has given us, the evolving would stop at the end of the planetary cycle of evolution, because the seventh material body is formed only by several cells of our brain. This happens because the cells of the physical body have different functions and structure and, therefore, fewer and fewer physical cells take part in the formation of every subsequent material body.

So, I had to solve this problem too which resulted in the changing of both my physical cells and their material bodies on other levels. Thus the structure of the bodies of my Spirit became identical at all levels, as a result of which another stumbling block of evolving which nobody could avoid before, as well as all others, disappeared. I created billions of bodies for my Spirit and then created billions of my clones which had a different qualitative structure. Owing to the fact that our physical body is formed by seven primary matters, I created billions of my other physical bodies, using the bodies created from seven primary matters as a foundation, only in a different consecutive order. If we take into account that there is an endless number of primary matters of one type, no wonder I could create billions of additional physical bodies. Sometimes I looked like a ball made of my physical bodies with feet closed up in the centre. Then I folded this ball into one neuron of my brain and repeated everything anew. I looked "normal"again, but not for long...

I invented new structures for my brain and created fundamentally new crystals of force which allowed me to penetrate into newer and newer Universes which were formed by matters unknown to me before. The process of invention, creation and exploration was continuous. Odd as it may sound, the Dark helped me in the process of cognition. Their intention to eliminate me revealed my imperfections and the blank spots in my development, about which I have already written. There was not a day spent without fighting against them at different levels of reality. Almost every fight resulted in the appearance of a comrade-in-arms, because the majority of the highly developed Dark hierarchs were captured Light hierarchs which were considerably less lucky than I. They had failed in quickly creating new properties and qualities through the absence of which Cosmic Parasites, which had considerably lower evolutionary levels, inflicted their blows. Thus the number of new comrades-in-arms, which had felt the bitter taste of parasitic slavery and were eager to fight this abomination in order to purge the Universes from it, increased with every day.

Our team was gradually filled up both with the hierarchs who I liberated from parasite-puppeteers and those who were liberated by already free hierarchs. Over the course of time there were so many

recruits that we had to organize some kind of competition for becoming a member of the team. A candidate passed several tests the essence of which was to check the ability to act in situations with multiple unknown quantities. Those who successfully passed the test remained in the team; the rest returned to their Spaces where there was a lot of work to be done on establishing order and where their experience could be employed with maximal efficiency.

However, the number of those able to pass the test grew and the necessity to create a united centre, some kind of headquarters, became clearly evident as early as in the summer of 1992. Svetlana suggested calling it the White Star. No existing planet was suitable for this purpose, because all were attached to their luminaries, just like our Midgard-earth is attached to the Sun. Therefore an artificial planet of enormous dimensions was created. But that is not all. The White Star was created so that, on curving the space, it could almost instantly appear in that Universe-petal or matrix space where help was needed or where Dark Forces had started active operations.

This, in its own way, is a unique creation of Reason which does not move in space itself, but moves the space, so to speak. It does correspond to a famous proverbial saying: if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. But while the saying has a figurative sense, the White star does it in reality. A special space generator changes the space around the White Star so that the Universes are as if superimposed on it. This process reminds one of page turning, but with Universes instead of pages. So, this is the way the White Star moves, "stringing" Universes on it, which allows being in any place almost instantly and the inhabitants of the planet do not feel it at all. Our headquartersturned out to beoperative in all senses.

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When I invented and created something new, I immediately shared it with all comrades-in-arms. It turned out that there had been nothing of the kind before, which somewhat surprised me. Later I understood why that was so. Every Light Hierarch developed within his own system, making his own mistakes, and did not even suspect that other hierarchs in other systems went almost the same way, making almost the same mistakes. Huge distances between them, the incessant everyday routine of their inevitable activity and the burden of responsibility prevented them from holding everything for a moment and seeing how the land lies. Unlike them, I was very lucky. I was born on Midgard-earth and had the privilege of being engaged in just my own evolving. I was not burdened by responsibility for our planet, Galaxy, Universe,

etc.

The social hierarchy which social parasites created on our planet is in fact anti-hierarchy because it was organized on the principles of the Dark Forces, not the Light ones which assign primary importance to the evolutionary level of development. Therefore, when I first contacted another civilization and called its representative through a holographic key, Oya (that was her name) addressed me thinking that I was a headof Earth. She saw my level of evolutionary development and according to the generally accepted logic of the Universe concluded that I must head the planet, having the level of development which I had then. I remember her surprise when I said it was not so and I had to explain quite at length why.

It was exactly the freedom from the routine responsibility which allowed me to dedicate a lot of time to creative work. Routine is tantamount to that when a person who knows that **2+2 = 4** has to repeat it billions of times which gives nothing to the person, but takes a lot of time and makes him tired. Despite the fact that I had to create something new in battle conditions which the Dark readily organized for me, the essence did not change—I had the opportunity to create.

..... my clone went to attend the received signal if I knew well the solution to the problem, and only when there was an unknown problem did the signal pass to my active consciousness and I solved it myself, after which both the method and strategy of the solution were added to my library of solutions and next time it was my clone who went to solve a similar problem.

When the clone succeeded in solving the next task which always had some peculiarities, he came back into me and all information about his work was added to the database of my brain. That was how I solved the problem of routine and provided myself with creative freedom at the same time carrying the burden of responsibility which I had then.

New comrades-in-arms almost instantly started working on cleansing the Universe from parasites and used the structures and methods of actions I created. When they returned from fulfilling a task I gave them, after carrying out a detailed analysis of a problem which required immediate action, they brought and shared novelties which they discovered while solving one or another problem with the rest of the team. The new brotherhood gradually sprang up, where nobody tried to conceal new matters or crystals of force they found during their operations, or new structures or bodies they created!

I also shared my method of spirit merging with them, which allowed uniting different, sometimes incompatible, qualities of different spirits in one whole. Almost all created clones of their spirits to present

them to others for merging. It was a real brotherhood in all senses when everyone bore part of another creature within himself. Unlike the earthly blood brotherhoodwhen according to Midgard's customs people became blood brothers through a symbolic ritual, cosmic brotherhood was formed on the basis of the merging of clones of Spirits with the main Spirit. As you may see, it is not a symbolic ritual but quite a real deed—the clone of a "blood" brother's spirit became part of yours **forever**. As a result of this kind of fraternization Svetlana got more than a hundred Spirits and clones of Spirits.

I would like to say a couple of words about merging of Spirits, not clones. The matter is that when the Dark Forces have no chance to get a Light Hierarch under their control for one or another reason, they eliminate him physically and take his crystals of force to which his spirit is bound. When I eliminated the next Dark Hierarch during a battle, such crystals of force which had earlier belonged to a Light Hierarch remained unharmed.

I always tried to find their owners. There were rare cases when they were alive and I simply returned the crystals to them, but in most cases I could find only the spirits of dead Light Hierarchs. Sometimes I reconstructed a Spirit of the owner through the crystals of force and offered him or her complete reconstruction, including the physical body. Some agreed, but some refused and asked to merge their spirits with mine or Svetlana's. I explained to them that if they merged their spirits with mine or Svetlana's they would disappear as personalities **forever**and could exist just as a part of our spirits. Some of them, however, insisted on merging and I complied with their request.

So, our brotherhood was such in all possible senses.

Once, when Svetlana and I went on our usual travels about the Big Universe, we accidentally, or maybe not so accidentally, came across an island of relic Space. Sometimes we had found this kind of oasis, but this one contained a huge surprise. It sheltered the Keepers! Oh, yes, the Keepers of the Big Universe! As they told us this Big Universe was **the third one**, the first two Big Universes **died**for one or another reason.

The Keepers were humanoid creatures from the First Big Universe. They were Hierarchs of a very high level of evolutionary development. When the First Big Universe was on the verge of destruction, they created this oasis completely isolated from the Big Universe and gathered all knowledge and information about their dying home there. They were unable to prevent the death of the Big Universe and decided at least to save its knowledge accumulated by billions of civilizations, and they succeeded in that. Certainly, the death of the First Big Universe

happened an unimaginable many billions of earthly years ago. They saw the destruction of their Big Home with their own eyes and could do nothing to prevent it. The dead Big Universe revived in other form and they watched its birth, evolution and death, and continued the work which they had yet begun in times of the First Universe: they gathered the knowledge of the Second Big Universe in their oasis.

They also observed the birth of our, the Third Universe! When we talked to the Head of the Keepers, we asked him why they did not even try to prevent the death of the next Universe, having such tremendous knowledge and understanding of the happening events. He answered that they had no **right** to interfere in the "natural"course of events. Their task is just to keep everything possible which the dying civilizations created. Well, in this case the Dark Forces, which in both cases were the responsible for the death of **two Big Universes**causing their instability due to their ignorance and narrow-mindedness, did feel that they had every right to interfere!

Who were those neutral, impartial observers that could calmly watch the Big Universes being destroyed **and did not even try to do anything to prevent the destruction**?! Why save the knowledge of the dead Big Universes, if nobody will use it to save life? Would it not be better to try to do something? And if no result is achieved, one will have at least a clear conscience— insufficient as it was, I did what I could. Svetlana and I told them all about the White Star, what it was doing and how. However, only the Head expressed the wish to leave the safe oasis and join the White Star. We all were incredibly glad to have a new comrade-in-arms with us.

Soon we loved him for his warmth, kindness and sympathy which he had to restrain all this incredibly long time during which two Big Universes died. He blossomed before our eyes: at last his knowledge can be of use! He gave the pass key to the dead Big Universes (not to their memory) to Svetlana! Although access to so remote a past required an enormous amount of energy, we used this opportunity repeatedly and visited the already dead Big Universes, both the first and the second ones, and spoke to representatives of the civilizations which would die in the future but which did not know that!

We succeeded in finding out that the reason for destruction of both Big Universes was space parasites which unreasoning actions violated the balance of the Universes and resulted in the destruction of Big Space. Social parasites are indeed the broodof Evil! They are a cancer of Big Space. Just a few cells of social parasitism do not attract any attention and are developed unnoticed gaining more and more strength, and that is where the problem lies. Social parasites cannot evolve

upward, but they can and do develop in breadth, and one not so fine day they began their large-scale operations, destroying everything that they could reach for. When the destruction achieves a critical point, the Universes began to die together with social parasites, the cause of their death. This happened more than once!

I think it is eloquent enough to understand that **social parasites are death-bearers**! They bring death not only to the strong people of different nations, according to the Torah, but to all living things, and in the end to Big Space! Svetlana, I and all our comrades-in-arms from the White Star know about it but, certainly, it is our Knowledge. Any skeptic will say that until he understands and sees it for himself, he will not believe. It is his right, of course, but this is does not mean that those who have already seen the light should wait until the last skeptic exclaims: "Halleluiah! I saw and understood everything at last!" which, frankly speaking, changes little, because those who understand will **act**!

This is happening already. The White Star is a perfect "medicament"for social parasites against which they will never find an antidote or acquire immunity! Gradually the number of hierarchs on the Star increased despite regular tests for correspondence with new tasks. The level of complexity and number of tasks increased too. In short, there was a lot of work for everyone. Svetlana and I came to the Star whenever we had the slightest opportunity, because whether I liked it or not I had to work with my patients, write my book and be occupied with the usual living problems like buying food, cooking, cleaning the apartment and washing clothes, etc, etc.

The Stranger gave us some additional earthly work too. So we could attend to matters on the Star only late at night.

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It has always been like this, even when there was no Star and the White Brotherhood had just begun to form. However, the Star moved further and further away from Midgard and I felt that there was something wrong in all this, that this state of affairs on the Star was not correct.

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Regrettably our alienation did not happen because we forgot our old comrades-in-arms with which we went through thick and thin, but because we had less work in common. I continued my evolving and jumped over many qualitative steps of evolutionary development. Our friends from the Star did their important work. But the irreplaceable feeling of fellowship which we all enormously enjoyed during the cre-

ation of the Star disappeared. We continued to communicate with our friends there and I brought all the novelties I could invent and shared them with all. Everyone knew who Svetlana and I were, but we... we already did not know many newcomers, although the main body, which we had formed and around which all united, remained the same. Like in old times I was still called the Chief, although I did not give orders. We always felt incredible warmth there which was not just a manifestation of respect for our past services. We did not become honorary "pensioners," so it just happened that our paths separated.

From 1993 we started having a lot of work with earthly matters, many of which directly influenced Big Space.In fact, our old lady Earth was the centre of attention for both the Light and Dark Forces of different levels, starting with the "beginners" and ending the highest ranks of both sides.The actions of the Dark on Earth gave the impression that each level acted according to its own program, which was a purposely deceptive impression. The complicated system of their action just seemed to be contradictory and chaotic. In fact it was just a smoke screen.

The Dark created multitudes of religions and "spiritual"teachings on the basis of the Moon Cult, which differed little from each other and mostly had one and the same foundation—the Torah. When social parasites created many currents of one and the same religion of Osiris, they succeeded in the separation of brotherly people and tribes which were united before. The followers of Catholicism, Protestantism, Lutheranism, orthodox Christianity and Islam cut each other with variable success in the name of God Father, Lord, the Most High, Allah, Creator and they did not suspect that they all are one and the same God—Jehovah! On creating the numerous currents of one and the same religion, social parasites not only received an ideal instrument for the enslaving of people, but also an ideal weapon for eliminating the intractable by making someone else do all the dirty work. I must admit that they succeeded a lot in that. In addition, parasites imposed a slavish mentality on all people (independent of the religion they agreed to practice) which allowed them to easily take power, always remaining in the shadow.

In order to cleanse our Midgard-earth of social parasites we had to tackle the matter of local parasites in real earnest. The practice showed that earthly people were unable to get rid of the consequences of the parasitic generators which had functioned for millennia, suppressing consciousness and will, on their own even after the devices were completely destroyed: the parasites easily took power in former socialistic countries and republics again! This is a fact. So, our work on Earth was

not less interesting and sometimes appeared more unexpected than in Space. Often a seemingly insignificant earthly problem had to be solved on such cosmic levels about which nobody even heard on Earth!

However, this is the subject of another story and meanwhile let's come back to the White Star.

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. . . . . we came there occasionally, when we missed our friends or wanted to share some new things with them. But our everyday routine prevented us from doing that as many times as we wished. Besides I did not want to distract them from businesses in which I already had no direct concern. Sometimes, when we visited the Star, we asked where that or another friend was and were told that that one went to fulfill a task and that one set out in free search. . .

We felt enormous joy for them, but at the same time a slight sadness, not being part of the team anymore and everything happening without our participation. These feelings were natural and just. It would be odd if we had not felt them. But this sadness was not that of a pensioner which retired with honour into nowhere. I was not going to retire. It was just a quiet sadness of parting with something very dear, with your beloved child. But the Star that we had created outgrew the "short pants" and we had to move forward too. Although the events which we solved on Earth would not seem to be on such a large scale on which we operated on the Star, nevertheless they became the next step of my evolutionary development.

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In fact I had to pass many different tests and my every deed was some kind of trial, examination for maturity. Some tests were prepared for me on purpose, or better to say that the events "accidentally" happened so that I should act no matter whether I liked it or not, I was ready or not, or I wanted it or not! But the majority of tests were the consequences of my own actions as their logical continuation.

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Our friends on the Star missed us too. They assured us that sooner or later we shall be together and these were not just beautiful and comforting words.

. . . . . They often visited us bringing different suggestions on changing our physical bodies which (especially mine) did not have sufficient agility for teleportation and all that kind of thing. Despite the fact that our bodies were "good" for many things, they left much to be desired in this case. Our friends did not despair and decided to "repair" our physical bodies so that we could freely move in Space, including coming to the Star. One or another friend

came withthe next idea of how to impart the necessary flexibility to our physical bodies. They brought the structures, crystals, bodies or matters which either they created or found to help to change our bodies. Regrettably all their efforts were vain.

Nevertheless, it did not stop them but pushed them to a decision which neither Svetlana nor I thought would ever be possible. When contacting us the next time, they said that if we were so "clumsy," then the Star would come to fetch us. It sounded so like the famous Russian romantic novel *The Scarlet Sails* by Alexander Grin, only of a space scale! We wanted to believe it so much and at the same time scarcely allowed ourselves to hope for it. We received the information via telepathic channels. Although telepathy was something ordinary for us, healthy skepticism always dwelt in our consciousness, an indispensable trait if one wishes to avoid becoming a slave of his own illusions. Our friends did not tell how exactly they were going to accomplish that and Svetlana and I experienced quite ambivalent feelings about that: we impatiently waited for it to happen and were afraid that all this would be **just** our fantasy.

Probably, it is hard to imagine, how it is possible to wish and not to wish something at one and the same time, but we did feel that way. Everything happening was so beautiful that had not it been true but a figment of our imagination, although the most incredible one, it might have become a hard blow for us. Certainly, there were many real confirmations of our actions, but they all were of earthly level which could be "touched" and the Star and everything concerned with it were phenomena on a universal scale and in 1994 I did not have any material confirmations of what happened in Big Space and our role in it. Although we were a hundred percent sure that it all was true, we were in the grip of deep emotion, not because we doubted the reality of the events, but because we anticipated confirmation of their reality with excitement.

Sometimes Svetlana and I discussed the possibility of these events being just a figment of our imagination. I ratiocinated that even if it were our fantasies, they did a lot of good for other people and for our planet. Without similar "fantasies"I would have never carried out space travels and deeds or addressed the Council of the Hundred—the ruling body of the Union of civilizations which consisted of 300 Universepetals—and they would not have sent a spaceship in 1987 which decomposed plutonium in Chernobyl which was ready to explode and destroy our planet. So, if our "fantasies"resulted in these and other events which had such real and material manifestation, though earthly ones, let there be more of them!

Well, we began to wait for the arrival of the White Star, believing and disbelieving in the possibility of that. When one receives this kind of information telepathically, one anticipates the result with a special thrill. The Shakespearian question, although paraphrased, "to come or not to come", became, for us, very important. One's convictions of something often do not require any material evidence, but when you have to persuade other people, it is desirable to have it. There should not be any chance, even the slightest one, that you are mistaken. You may be mistaken yourself, but you have no right to lead others the wrong way! You should think about it very carefully and realize the level of responsibility you take upon yourself, not because you fear a possible calling to account for a possible mistake, but because of the responsibility for the fates of others who believed in you and followed you.

So, we waited.

In the middle of December, 1994 on Svetlana's birthday, the White Star (and not only it) communicated with us. Our star friends always congratulated us on our earthly birthdays. Certainly, there was no birthday table with food and refreshments and nobody proposed a toast to our health, but there were presents, real ones. First, it was an avalanche of incredible warmth which fell on us. Then the friends brought structures, crystals of force and new matters. And on Svetlana's birthday of 1994 they informed us that **they were there and came to take us with them**!!!

Although we had impatiently expected something to happen, we became a bit confused when it finally did. Sometimes it is like this: you wait for something eagerly and when it happens, you are taken unawares. Our friends' "casual"telepathic message "we have come to take you with us"caught us by surprise! We were happy and vexed at one and the same time. Of course we wanted to go with them immediately, but there was something inside us that kept us from giving an immediate affirmative reply to our comrades-in-arms which had done a seemingly impossible thing—they drove the White Star to fetch us!

We asked them to give us some time. They said they would wait as long as necessary and waited almost two months, and they got our answer on my birthday, in February, 1995. On discussing all pros and cons, Svetlana and I declined their offer. We wanted to join them with all our hearts and souls. We longed to join the White Star into which we put our labour and soul and were so eager to visit other Universe-petals in our physical bodies. However, we consciously turned down the offer, considering that we had not done everything we could here, on Earth, and that it would be irresponsible to leave our planet in the

hardest time for its civilization. These were the reasons for our refusal to go with our friends.

The White Star was gone, having waited for us many weeks. It was so sad to realize that our friends left without us, but responsibility for Midgard-earth did not let us go. The friends left, everything resumed its normal course and we continued to recall this event for quite a long time. We especially returned to the memory of it during a period of very hard times when we had to go through the test of consigning to oblivion: in 1997 all our friends unexpectedly disappeared without a trace or explanation for several long **years**. Although that did not change our attitude to all and everything, sometimes we felt heartbroken.

It is so sad when you are left alone with your problems which pour down like a waterfall precisely because of what you did for the sake of others, including those who disappeared so unexpectedly. Frankly speaking it was hard to endure. Of course we did not doubt the rightness of our actions or regret our decisions, but moments of sorrow did appear and then we recalled that the White Star came to take us. Sometimes thoughts of our making all this up were wafted to us. And every time we cast them aside independent of whether they were stealthily placed by our "friends" or they were our own.In those moments we especially longed for material confirmation of the rightness of our position.

I recall the events of September, 1987, when the Council of the Hundred sent a space ship to Chernobyl and its crew decomposed the plutonium in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor which was on the verge of explosion,—that information was received via telepathic contact too.

I came back to Kharkov, where I lived and worked then, and told some of my colleges, who sincerely were interested in my other work, that the Council of the Hundred sent a spaceship which at 5 a.m. hung over the sarcophagus and projected a visible cone-shaped ray which decomposed the plutonium thus preventing the explosion and the death of our planet. I was heard without any objection, nobody said that it was impossible, but there was a feeling that my story was taken as Baron Munchausen's tales!

I don't blame them. Soviet mass media said nothing about the possibility of a thermonuclear explosion of extraordinary power which could convert Midgard into another belt of asteroids in the Solar system. This issue and everything connected with it was a State secret. I remember the day when Marina, the psychologist of our department, regrettably I do not remember her last name, came to work and said unable to hide the enormous surprise showing on her face: "You know,

the program "Sight" informed that many people—workers, students, engineers—who went to work in Kiev from the suburbs that day saw a spaceship which emitted a cone-shaped ray at 5 a.m.—everything was exactly like you had told us!" This was the way, a very much unexpected one I must admit, that my story was confirmed—the witnesses sent their letters to the program.

But what if Marina had not seen the program, if the witnesses had been afraid of sending their letters, or the presenters had not dared to read the letters on air, my story would have remained a "fantasy" for all who heard it.Later I got other confirmations, about which I wrote before, but still... the situation was incredible for the majority of people from the point of ordinary earthly logic. Indeed, earthly "science"argues vigorously that there is no life whatsoever in the Universe and some unknown person asserts that the Supreme Hierarchical Council of an incredibly huge Union of civilizations of 300 Universe-petals, in one of which is our Earth, immediately sends a space ship which saves our planet. No wonder his statements may cast doubts on his physical adequacy, especially when mass media do not report anything about any danger, let alone the danger of the destruction of the planet. Of course I did not tell everybody this, but only more or less ready and open people. However, the information was so incredible that it went beyond the limits of even their understanding. So, I was very glad, when Marina affirmed the truth of my words. I received the confirmation which validated both for others and me that I really **had a telepathic contact with the Council of the Hundred and they did send the space ship on my request**. The knowing of that takes the breath away and gives all reasons for being happy.

So, I did get confirmation of the reality of telepathic contact and the reliability of the information received via it more than once. Nevertheless, when it happens, especially in the case of such an incredible event from the earthly point of view—the planet, the White Star, came to take us—it is always a source of inspiration and enormous support. This kind of confirmation gives additional strength and conviction, helps us to survive hard times and confirms the rightness of the chosen path. They became especially important for us during the test of oblivion which lasted long years and began right when the hard time came. The test was hard because you were left alone with your enemies and there was an impression that everybody had abandoned you after they got what they wanted from you. Problems fall on your head like an avalanche and you began to feel like a ship in the middle of a raging ocean.

Our test of oblivion began in 1997 and the problems followed one

after another. Svetlana and I tried to find an explanation for all this. We thought that thus we were protected from more serious danger, physical elimination, for example, but we were repeatedly hunted and attempts on our lives still made. I succeeded in creating an efficient system of protection to guard us when almost all USA security services, and not only them, opened a hunt for us and USA President Bill Clinton signed the order for our elimination. All this began in June 1993 and continued without a break; by 1997 all who wished to see us dead finally understood that attempts at our physical elimination gave no result but their own enormous losses.

I shall write about all this later as the events unfold and then we could not understand long enough why the unexpectedly appeared vacuum was almost palpable. In this hard time we needed something that would strengthen us and drive away all doubts which could not change our aspirations, but nevertheless left a bitter taste in our hearts. Sometimes Svetlana and I spoke about the Star and our friends there and there were moments when we even asked ourselves whether it could be just a dream and our consciousness and sub-consciousness had played a wicked trick, producing exactly what we had longed for.

We had a strong faith in ourselves and the reality of what had happened which was not based on the conviction of our rightness only, but on the material confirmation of previous cases. However, we longed for something more than belief and conviction, for something tangible, especially then. By the way, we knew that we had been passing through the oblivion test, which lasted more than **10 years**, only when it **was over**. All these years I supposed that we were passing through some kind of test, but I could not be 100 percent sure until it was over and the fact was confirmed. So, the only source of conviction during these long years was our own analysis and conclusions.

But one day in 2004 I bought a small soft-covered book in a Russian store in San Francisco *The Life on Hire*by V. Tikhoplav and T. Tikhoplav. I was curious about the way the things I knew pretty well were interpreted in modern Russia. The authors of the book gave examples of phenomena which really existed but regrettably they strongly lacked the understanding of what they were writing about. This happens quite often today: people who do not have natural paranormal abilities try to explain incomprehensible things, or people have a "spark" of them but they do not even try to find its nature and begin to explain absolutely everything from the level of the "spark" considering it an absolute limit while it just a starting point. I think there is no need to explain what comes out of that. However, while reading this book I unexpectedly found what was very important for Svetlana and I. Page

214 contained the following: "... *On December 10, 1994 Hubble, the enormous American telescope presented another riddle to the world. It had taken a photograph of the Abode of God on the edge of the Universe, a shining snow white city soaring in the blackness of Space! The Hubble Telescope passed hundreds of shots to the command centre at Goddard Space Flight Centre in Greenbelt, Md. "We have found where God lives" — said a NASA source.*"

It was the first swallow which confirmed the appearance of the Star in our Universe-petal. The "shining snow white city" appeared right at the same time as the Star. Certainly NASA was unaware that it came to fetch us, more precisely, not all were aware. Some knew about that for one reason—we were thoroughly "taken care of" by the USA secret services which did their best to eavesdrop and record everything we said and did. The CIA headquarters had been located in the apartment right above us for more than a year and we had no choice but to meet its employees face to face every day. There was a time when James Woolsey, Director of the CIA, spent days and nights there. I shall return to this later, for now let me continue the story about the Star.

This brief note became a balm for our hearts. Our friends did come and waited for our decision! The white city, our Star, soaring in Space was an enigma for everybody. The NASA people even called it the House of God. But what else could they call such enormous object floating in Space when our science stands firmly on the position of the uniqueness of life on Earth? And here they had hundreds of photographs of a colossal object of clearly artificial origin. So, there was nothing better they could invent than to call it the House of God. It is also of interest that nothing of the kind was ever discovered at this point in space before 1994. Oddly enough nobody asked the simple question: how could the vast shining city appear there? Someone may say that only the Hubble Space Telescope taken outside of the earthly atmosphere could discover this object. I tell you this. The Hubble Telescope took several hundred photographs of the white city in December of 1994 and January and February of 1995. I know for sure that the photos were taken at least in 1994. But where are the photos of the city that the Hubble took in 1995, 1996, 1997... 2009 and 2010? There are none! Have the scientists lost interest in the shining white city soaring in icy, airless space? I think not. The matter is not in losing their interest in the huge artificial object but in its sudden appearance and equally sudden disappearance. What a riddle for "scientists"!

When I received the information about hundreds of photographs of the Star taken by the Hubble Telescope I felt an ardent wish to find them. I started asking all my acquaintances to help me to do that

but all our efforts ended with zero results. I thought that NASA had eliminated any traces that might leak outside, but on March 2, 2010 I was e-mailed a link to a forum where the object of the discussion was precisely the photos of the space white city taken by the Hubble Telescope in 1994! Unknowingly the person who sent the link made a precious present to Svetlana and me.

There was also a video fragment in Russian showingan interview with a NASA specialist, Dr. Robert Harrington, telling that he discerned a city on the photos and that the Hubble Telescope was again aimed at the same place and took new photographic material of this unusual object which clearly proved that it was a real object, not some freaky play of light and shade. The white city (the Star) was called the centre of the Universe and a creation of highly-developed civilizations. This was the rarest case when they almost hit the right mark.

The Star is indeed a creation of the highest Light Hierarchs and really is a centre, but a centre of liberation of Universes from the Dark Forces—social parasites! It is of interest that the photos clearly show the system which provides the movement of the Star in space. It deforms the space around the centre where the Star is located. The deformation is so strong that it makes the streams of light be strongly refracted as a result of which the deformation of space around the Star can be perfectly seenas a giant volumetric figure-of-eight with the Star in the centre. The Star can easily move from one Universe-petal to another exactly due to this kind of space deformation. This system can be compared to a space elevator: the Star stands still and when the level of space deformation in the centre of the figure-of-eight changes the Universes move as if "stringing" on it.

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Because if you want to inform people about something, you ought **to be sure 1000 percent that what you say is the truth and nothing but the truth**! You are responsible for what you give to people and your own conscience. You must be sure that you have avoided any mistakes, correctly understand your own experience and, which is the most important, your information is not a figment of your own imagination! Although I think it is impossible to invent this kind of thing because nothing of the kind was described by the most bold fiction writers, whose ideas were materialized hundreds of years later, or can be found in legends or religious doctrines about divine creation.

Therefore the real photos of the Star taken by the Hubble Telescope became both a substantial support during the test of oblivion and a

confirmation of the reality of events which had happened in far off Big Space, as the Star was created in 1992 very far from our Universe-petal. And its appearance and all the fuss which it caused in the scientific world confirms that our actions in Far Spaces **are real** and are not either fantasy or the ravings of a madman, no matter how certain circles would wish it to be! However this confirmation as well as many others which confirm what Svetlana and I have done and still do will appear later; in 1993 we relied on our analysis and understanding.

Apart fromthe actions in Space which I partly described above, our life was full of everyday common things familiar to everybody. However, there were some interesting and surprising events among them too. I continued to work on the illustrations to my book *The Final Appeal to Mankind*and their number exceeded a hundred by autumn. Although I had mastered Adobe Photoshop-2, I regretted more and more that even the most advanced computer and the best graphic redactor which I could find then could not allow me to create the illustrations the way I wanted them to be created.

The size of the computer memory which I used then, prevented me from adding so many details and maximal resolution (300×300 dpi) and entailed a by-effect—I had to spend quite a time waiting for the computer to execute every operation. All this slowed down the creation of every illustration, but nevertheless the work on them progressed quite well mostly because I dedicated every free minute to it.

Then I decided to create my first computer picture. I used to paint using lead pencils, crayons, oil and water-colours. As I wrote before, I learnt to paint on my own using my own sense of proportions, harmony and colour. In the Soviet times it was quite difficult to buy any drawing material of acceptable quality, be it oil-paints or crayons, and if they appeared in a shop, they were very expensive. Therefore in order to get the necessary shade or colour I had to mix paints from low-quality sets which did not always produce a desirable result—the chemical agents often behaved unpredictably reacting with each other and, of course, I had little experience and knowledge of mixing paints. I made my own canvases and brushes. My hair served as a material for the latter. I cut off small bunches from all places of my head I could reach, because either there were no good brushes or they were too expensive.

Therefore when I had mastered the Adobe Photoshop-2, I was extremely glad to be able to get, among other things, any colour I wished of any density from 1 to 100%! Certainly I could not put onto computer "canvas" everything I wanted, but over time more advanced graphic programs appeared and the Adobe Photoshop evolved so that it allowed me to realize almost anything I dreamt of. But this would hap-

pen later, and at the end of 1993 I tried to materialize my ideas using the program I had. I succeeded in some things and failed in others but I acquired the necessary experience which would allow me to achieve wished for results in the future using the advanced graphic programs.

In summer, 1993 I did some photo sessions with Svetlana wearing the Revillon Company's fur coats and in hats with feathers. The photos were shown to the representatives of Revillon and created a furore. They offered to buy out the films but I rejected the notion of selling the rights to my photos. Then they asked if they could make big sized photos and I agreed. A photographic laboratory made 2×3 metre prints. The quality was excellent and soon these photos appeared in Revillon's windows in Paris.

This got an unexpected continuation in November, 1993. The President of Revillon invited Svetlana to Paris! Svetlana had always dreamed of visiting this city and now her dream so unexpectedly came true. By that time our entry visas had expired long since. As I wrote before, I had a working visa H1 and Svetlana, as my wife, H4 without permission to work. So, she took a copy of her visa and went to the emigration office in San Francisco to find out what she had to do to not have problems with returning to San Francisco. She stood in a long line and got the answer that she needed nothing except for the very visa H4 she already had. Contentedshe came back and began to pack.

A representative of Revillon in San Francisco came with her. In Paris she was asked to appear in their fashion campaign and to sign a contract. Several days in Paris flew very quickly. We called each other as often as we could. There were no mobile phones then, or better to say they were not so widely used. So, we could talk when Svetlana was in her room—in the evening when she was back or in the morning before she left. Usually she called me and I called her back at once to hear her impressions of Paris. Not only did Svetlana's childhood dream come true, but our new friends showed her the Paris with which few could become acquainted. She visited places inaccessible for ordinary tourists or guests of the city. Svetlana was absolutely delighted!

She also met Elisabeth and her brother—the first students of my mental school. Certainly, the children came with their parents; Svetlana made friends with their mother and their friendship still goes on. Elisabeth was a girl we saved from kidnapping using a quite unusual method. Svetlana's meeting with the children was another confirmation that our mental actions were real. Over time we received more confirmations of them, be it a brief news report which swiftly flashed by in the mass media or a personal meeting with a participant of our mental deeds. The wider the range of our actions was, the more confirmations

we had.

Svetlana's first visit to Paris which gave her so many joyful moments was over, but her return to the USA was far from pleasant. Her flight from Paris to San Francisco had a change in New York which means she crossed the American border there. And there an unpleasant and unexpected surprise waited for her—she was stopped at the border. It turned out that the emigration office in San Francisco had provided her with wrong information. It was no matter then whether they did that on purpose or because of ignorance—the frontier guards would not let her in the country. When she showed her visa H4, she was told that it gave her the right to residence in the USA but not for crossing the border, which I consider to be a complete nonsense—a person has the right to live in the country but not to cross the border is tantamount to saying that he may live in the house but may not walk through the door. This is an example of the absurdity which is often observed in American laws.

When Svetlana did not arrive at the appointed time, I was worried but did not feel that something really bad happened. I found out that she was not on board her plane and went home as she could call any minute. I was right. On my arrival Svetlana's message was waiting for me. She said that she had some problems when crossing the American border, but everything was settled and she had taken another flight. She left the number of the flight and the time of landing and I almost at once went to the airport.

Everything went smoothly this time. Her plane landed in time and soon I saw her entering the arrivals hall. Then one could freely go there without any inspection or other ridiculous procedures which appeared after September 11^{th}. When I saw Svetlana coming from the ladder through the corridor, I felt greatly relieved. I handed a bunch of wine-coloured, almost black, roses to her and feeling happy, we went to get her luggage. Robert, a Revillon representative, came with Svetlana. He had changed his ticket and helped Svetlana to sort things out. We all got into my Mercedes and after taking Robert home (the least I could do for him), Svetlana and I finally found ourselves at home where Robert, Svetlana's son, impatiently waited for us.

He came home from a private school where we transferred him after he had studied in a public school for a very short time. The level of education in American public schools appeared staggeringly low in comparison with the Soviet ones, at least in the time of my studying. The private schools were slightly better in this respect. Frankly speaking I was shocked by the primitiveness of the education in the USA.

One day Robert showed me his 10^{th} year math homework. It was something like this: $(5.3 + 4.7)/(2.1 + 7.9) =?$ Well, we had these kinds of sums in the second year in the Soviet school. But the most amusing thing was that pupils used a calculator and got different results! The teacher wrote all the results on the blackboard, then took his calculator, pressed the buttons and declared the correct result. This is not a joke! I have given an example of a math lesson in the 10th year in a private school. At the same time schoolchildren have to learn everything about extinct dinosaurs by heart. A real dinosauromania, I must say!

Well, the system of education in the USA is a subject for special analysis. I often conversed with teachers in American schools who frankly spoke with me without fearing that I would denounce them, which is, by the way, very welcome behaviour in the USA. For example, if a pupil doesn't denounce another pupil who smokes marihuana, he will be punished, not the one who smokes. It is a norm of behaviour in school and, consequently, in life! So, teachers who had worked in American schools for 20 or 30 years told me that when children of different races were gathered in one school, the quality of education began to deteriorate. The principal reason for this (and they did not discuss the cases of mentally retarded children which can be observed in all races) was the following: in order for a pupil to understand the new material a teacher should repeat it several times: for white children—1 or 2, for Chinese children—3 or 4, for Mexican children 5 or 6, and for black children 10 or 12! At the same time the teacher must repeat the material until all children understand it, in other words 10 or 12 times. By the way, they also told me that children from Europe became the best pupils very quickly despite their being in a different linguistic environment.

The first question which I usually asked on hearing such information was what language did they speak when teaching their subject? English—was the usual answer. Then I asked, whether all children were in the same room during the explanation of the new material. The answer was affirmative. Then I asked why a teacher should repeat it 10 to 12 times if the children are in one room and their native language is English? The answer which I got from different teachers of different nationalities at different times astonished me greatly. They all said that if they had refused to repeat the material 10 or 12 times, they would have been accused of racial discrimination and lost the job!

As for me all this sounded like complete nonsense. It does not matter about pupil's nationality or the colour of his or her skin. The major criteria here should be whether or not he understands the material of the lesson. The school program is one for all and the pupil's race is not

important but his ability to comprehend the educational material is.

Once they tried to correct the situation in American schools and distributed the children in classes according to their abilities: the most talented were in group "A,"those of average abilities — in B, then C, D E and F. But soon they rejected the idea, because the Afro-Americans usually got to D and F whilst A and B were attended by the children of white Americans. This was cancelled in order that children from D and F did not feel discriminated against and now everybody is happy—children of all races are **equally ignorant**! According to the statistics, **50% of Californian school graduates are unable to read what is written on their school-leaving certificate**.

I wonder what racial discrimination we are talking aboutif all children hear one and the same words pronounced by one and the same person? And the fact that a child is unable to apprehend the simplest material from the school program has nothing to do with racial discrimination. If they go further then soon all children will be equated with those born with Down syndrome on the basis that the latter cannot perceive the school material like the rest and therefore, in order that they do not feelhumiliated and discriminated against, all other children should be educated on the level available to the Down syndrome children.

The rights of one group of people are fiercely defended, while the rights of another are strongly violated! Precisely the children of all races and nationalities who are able to learn well and apprehend information adequately are those who suffer discrimination. And the human rights defenders do not care about their rights at all for "some"reason. Soon social parasites will declare any person with natural talents, especially notable ones, an enemy of people on the grounds that other people, which are always the majority, cannot repeat or achieve what he or she achieved and, therefore, will feel humiliated and discriminated against!

Any sane person understands that it is nonsensical. Don't those who carry all this out understand it? Of course, they do. Let's ask another question: who benefits from this? Who is interested in an illiterate younger generation, ignorant and vaguely knowing only elementary things? The answer is obvious: only **the social parasites**. Precisely they are very interested in children not getting a proper education according to their abilities, because **it is easy to control ignorant masses and manipulate their consciousness**.

It can be easily achieved: if a child understood the material the first time, or a maximum of a second time, then the third and subsequent explanation will kill his desire to follow the course of the lesson, he will be engaged in his own matters and soon will find himself at the level

of the children who need 10 or 12 repetitions. Social parasites try to get precisely this, covering themselves by the slogans of human rights protection. But for "some" reason their children go to very expensive private schools where they are taught all that which is considered unnecessary for the pupils of ordinary schools, and do not have the material repeated 10 or 12 times, and there is no orientation toward the hindmost pupils. It turns out that they are not preoccupied by the question of discrimination toward children. They consider that their children must get a full-fledged education. And if their children have to work a little bit hard to get it, they do not see any discrimination in that, on the contrary it is very welcome. Social parasites are not at all ashamed of using double or even triple standards here!

Well, again I was slightly carried away, could not help having a go at the celebrated American system of education. It is of interest that this kind of thing is observed not only in American schools, but in higher educational institutions too. When I chose an interpreter from Russian into English for my first book, I gave one and the same chapter for translation to three different people. I shall write about it in detail later and now I would like to mention just one aspect. I was recommended a University student. He turned out to be a Canadian who studied at Stanford in the Slavic languages Department in his last year. I sent the chapter to him. When he brought it back, I was surprised that his translation of the essence of the text was absolutely wrong. I began to ask questions in Russian concerning the sense of the translation. He did not understand what I was saying. Then I began to speak English and asked why he translated that phrase the way he had translated and not the way it had to be translated, rendering the sense accurately. I opened the book in Russian and showed the phrase I was talking about. He could not read in Russian and I translated the phrase in English and showed his translation. Only then he could understand what I was talking about. I was surprised and declined his services in the translation of my book.

When I told this to the people who recommended him, I was again greatly surprised to learn that he was the best student of the faculty and got all 'A's in the Russian language. Oddly enough I never heard him speaking Russian even incorrectly. Later he turned to me concerning his health problem and we always spoke English when he came to my office. Not once did he ask me to pronounce something in Russian, which seemed very odd to me, because he studied Russian and was considered the best. As far as I understood he could read Russian only with a dictionary and most probably resorted to it when translating every word. I cannot say anything about the rest of the subjects which

are taught in Stanford, but I can judge the level of education in the Slavic departmentfrom my own experience...

Let me return to the subject of this narration. So, we finally arrived home, Robert was already there and Svetlana could finally tell us all about her trip. She shared with us the sensational feeling of meeting people in real life who we had met in other reality, among who were Elizabeth and her brother. They all were exactly the same as we knew them through our "mental"contacts which became the next fact proving the rightness of our position and gave us additional confidence in what we did. She showed a lot of pictures with them and among other people she met during her fascinating trip.

After Svetlana's return from Paris, we continued to lead our usual life which other people cannot call such. However, no matter how unusual and unbelievable our actions would seem, as in fact they were for us too in the very beginning, they became merely routine over the course of time. For example, my first contacts with other civilizations amazed me to the bottom of my heart and all the slightest details were engraved on my memory forever. Despite the fact that later I was involved in the action on an incomparably greater scale I do not remember them all, especially when they, in a way, repeated each other day by day, month by month. In other words, if you do similar things again and again, the repeated actions do not leave their tracks in your memory. Of course you can strain yourself and extract the event from your memory or even return yourself into the necessary time and place in order to feel everything for the second, third etc. time, but you cannot feel the delight and exultation you felt when doing something for the first time!

Only when you come across something new and unusual, can you again feel the charm of novelty and rejoicing of the heart, which I felt during my first contacts. Memory is a very amazing thing! Everything which is connected with strong emotions and stress is printed in it down to the minutest details independent of the scale and importance of the event. Despite the fact that I understand all the details and mechanisms of memory forming which I described in the first volume of my book *Spirit and Mind*, I cannot help admiring this phenomenon! By the way, the understanding of the nature of phenomena like memory, consciousness and love does not deprive them of charm and singularity, about which the adherents of the "uncommonness" of these phenomena talk all the time.On the contrary, the understanding of all this gives the possibility to avoid being "blind kittens" unseeingly bustling about all over the place; the emotions do not grow dim, on the contrary they shine with their true sense.

Also I continued to carry out seminars. Realizing how much the information we knew and considered as matter of fact can be hard to accept and perceive for others, we tried not to thrust it on everybody. Moreover, the information which I offered to my listeners at the seminars was also perceived with difficulty. Therefore I gave new information only to my constant students and very gradually by small portions as long as their understanding widened.

Meanwhile the New 1994 Year was on the threshold. We had decorated our New Year Tree by the Catholic Christmas, but decided not to invite anybody this time or go anywhere to celebrate. We could not fit in to the American environment and lived without trying to Americanize ourselves, unlike the Soviet immigrants, the majority of which were Jews who longed to live in their historical Motherland but for "some"reason found themselves in the USA as refugees. Almost all my patients were either Americans or Europeans. Our contacts with the Soviet immigrants were as minimal as possible, most of which happened when we went to Russian food stores where we could buy either Russian foods or local ones made according to familiar to us recipes.

Our Russian speaking contacts were George Orbelian and a couple from Riga (the capital of Latvia, the former Soviet Baltic republic). Svetlana met Irina in the shop "Fifth Avenue" where she worked as a shop assistant. She was a Lett and had immigrated to the USA with her husband Alexander Nudelman, a Jew, who turned out to be a very good fellow, clever, with an excellent sense of humour and always ready to help. We became good friends. However, I disliked his wife at first sight—envious, hypocritical and dishonourable, all of which was confirmed later. Svetlana missed female society and Irina could worm her way into her confidence which cost us very dearly, in direct and figurative sense.

Alexander, Sasha, was a very frequent and welcome guest in our house. I was always glad to see him. We conversed a lot, discussing different subjects and spent a lot of time together visiting beautiful places in California. He often came to our place with his daughter Darina. Although he knew that I was not enraptured with his wife, sometimes they came to visit us together. Irina tried to do her best to gain Svetlana's confidence and missed no opportunity to come to our place, using my sympathies to her husband. As a friend I understood that he could not be always at our place without her and in order not to complicate his life, I put up with her presence while perfectly seeing through her chameleonic nature. Several years afterward they divorced and I breathed a sigh of relief, I could meet my friend without her.

We planned to celebrate the New Year at home, all the more as

the Americans do not celebrate it except for young people who come out onto the streets to admire wonderful fireworks, but the Nudelmans unexpectedly came to our place and offered to celebrate the holiday together. They booked a table at the restaurant in one of the highest skyscrapers of San Francisco with a beautiful panoramic view of the night city and the Golden Gate Bridge. We agreed.

I was very glad to celebrate the New Year with my friend Alexander, almost as much I was disappointed to do that in Irina's company, but this was an inevitable evil. It is of interest that she knew that I had got her measure and therefore disliked her, but nevertheless she tried to use any occasion to be near Svetlana and me, perfectly knowing that I highly esteemed her husband and would not even hint at that in order not to offend him.

Alexander saw that I was not especially enthusiastic about his wife, but I said nothing to him until his divorce. Svetlana was a very trusting person then and wanted to believe that people were sincere and honest which dazzled her in a way. In her heart she remained a child and saw people and the world through the eyes of a child despite her broad-mindedness, perfect education and sharp intellect. We all want to think that people always mean well which is an understandable and good position, but at the same time one should be careful. I had already got through treachery and lies, and become more careful, but at the same time I did not project my negative experience on other people. I strongly believe that until a person acts, it is wrong to label him. Irina repeatedly showed her egoistic and parasitic essence during the short time I observed her. Later she unveiled herself fully showing her true face, which turned out to be far from angelic.

So, 1994 came. Many new adventures waited for us. I finished the illustrations for my first book *The Final Appeal to Mankind*and I was itching to print the book, to feel it in my hands. Everything was ready for that! I only had to perform the last piece of "magic"— turn the digital book into a paper one.

Chapter 13.

The way I happened to become a writer

Another new year arrived. Although the division into years is conditional, 1994 really was new for many reasons, one of which was the birth of my first book. I had never thought of writing books or, even more so, making them with my own hands. Well, as they say, never say "never". It just happened that I had written my first book which did not turn out to be the last one. However, it is one thing to write a manuscript and quite another to see it as a full-fledged book; it is an absolutely distinct thing to make a book from the very beginning to the very end.

All computer illustrations for the book were finished by the beginning of 1994. The text of the manuscript was digitalized as far back as six months earlier. It can be called a manuscript one hundred percent because I wrote it by hand on ordinary paper. Therefore, the word manuscript—written manually—explicitly defines how I created my first book. In the 20^{th} century a writer gave his manuscript to a printing house where the text of each page was manually composed out of metal type pieces, thus, creating a matrix for printing. Computers and publishing programs appeared and immediately threw the above-mentioned way of publishing into the "Stone Age", despite it being the 20^{th} century.

Therefore in order to keep abreast of the times and leave "prehistoric printing" behind, I had to have the text of the book and illustrations digitalized. Strictly speaking, I did not have to digitalize the illustrations; I just drew them anew using a computer graphic program, and at the same time I spent three days learning how to work with it. I found out that to create computer illustrations was in one way much more difficult and in another, much easier. At that time the abilities of Adobe Photoshop-2, just as those of the most powerful personal computer, were very limited. Therefore I could not perform all I had in mind and the illustrations were far from what I would like them to be. In 2005 and 2006 when Adobe Photoshop-7 and faster, more powerful

computers appeared, I re-created the same illustrations, some of them required 10 GB of memory! For the sake of comparison: when I began, I had the "coolest" personal computer with only 1 GB including the additional hard disk! So, as you can see, when I started work on my first book, the technical and creative potential of the equipment was very limited and insufficient to realize my ideas in full. Nevertheless, the means which I had then allowed me to show the essence of what I had planned to convey.

Before I continue I would like to explain a few moments related to the book. First, why did I choose such a name for my book, ***The Final Appeal to Mankind***? It sounds very pretentious, as some people may think and others say. It does, but only on the face of it; if one goes into the heart of the matter, the reason becomes clear. Modern civilization created by social parasites on the basis of *Vulgärmaterialismus* (Germ.) has brought the whole of humanity in particular and life in general on Midgard (our planet) to the brink of destruction, which will not be as a result of an ecclesiastical Apocalypse, but Man's devastating "reasoning" activity. Mankind has come dreadfully near the point of no return.

By the beginning of the 21st century life really could have disappeared on our planet. That would have nothing to do with numerous religious prophecies, but with false and consumptive development of our civilization which social parasites imposed on earthly Mankind.

The only way to prevent the self-destruction of our civilization, life and the planet would be to revise a conceptual system of Natural Laws. I clearly understood that and had something to offer. That was not just pompous words or excessive self-importance, as some have tried to label it, but a genuine desire to help based on true knowledge of Natural Laws and confirmed by real actions on a planetary scale carried out on that basis; for example, one of the results of my work was the restoration of the ozone layer of the planet.

Second, the preface of my book was followed by the Third Appeal to Mankind which the Coalition Group of Observers (CGO) presented to theLeague of Nations in 1929 via Nicolai Roerich. They suggested that our planets' civilization urgently accept some New Knowledge without which Earth could not protect itself from an approaching space catastrophe and would be doomed to die. The CGO put forward certain requirements and stipulated the term for consideration—**fifty years.** Once the term expired, the offer became invalid. I received the text of the Appeal in 1988 when the time for the answer had run out and that meant that Mankind was left on its own and therefore was doomed to die five thousand years later according to the message of 1929.

However, I would like to mention some noteworthy facts. Man and Life in general could have disappeared from the face of our planet in September 1987 because of a thermonuclear explosion of horrific power, as a result of which another asteroid belt would have appeared in the Solar system. Furthermore, all living things could have died on Midgard by 2000-2005 because of the ozone layer vanishing, and in 2003 because of the approaching Planet-X (by another name, the Planet of Death) which was the "candle-end" of the second star of our planetary system. Originally its explosion triggered the forming of our planetary system as we now know it and in 2003 its gravitation would have violated the stability of the Sun and caused its cataclysmic explosion as a Nova or Mini-Nova, and then dragged our planet's atmosphere off when passing by.

In 1929 the CGO could not know that Mankind would create the simplest spaceships in the near future and go beyond the boundaries of the earthly atmosphere. That is quite understandable, but they should have known that our Sun's satellite, a "candle-end" of the second star, which followed a very elongated orbit about a common centre of gravity. It is highly likely that the CGO did not pay proper attention to this fact. Nobody considered it necessary to calculate Planet-X's orbit and the closeness of its trajectory regarding Midgard and the Sun when this neutron star would enter the plane of the orbits of the Solar system planets in 2003.

One way or another, the absence of any answer during the stipulated time from 1929 to 1979 meant that Earthlings could only count on themselves, at least so it followed from the Appeal. Then the question arises: why do I cite the text of the Appeal in the book? There are two reasons for that.

First, the Appeal unambiguously states that Life does not exist only on Midgard, about which modern "scientists" have been arguing so passionately. Like it or not there are billions of civilizations in the Universe. The very idea of the uniqueness of our planet is absurd and social parasites, which stand behind this concept and many other things, are perfectly aware of that.

Second, the Appeal clearly demonstrated that modern earthly science had very primitive ideas about real Natural Laws. It showed quite eloquently how primitive our logical foundation is, being based on binary logic ("yes" or "no"). It is shown there that "thanks" to that, modern science not only lost the true understanding of Natural Laws, but brought humanity's civilization and life on Midgard to the border-line of self-destruction! Modern "science" even created numerous means which can destroy our planet several times over, although

one time is more than enough for that.

These were the reasons why I placed the CGO's "Third Appeal to Mankind" at the beginning of my book. The Appeal clearly revealed the erroneous system of concepts on Midgard and the fact that from 1979 Earthlings were left on their own. Therefore I called my book ***The Last Appeal to Mankind*** and also because I expound a conceptual system of Natural Laws which fundamentally and dramatically differs from the one created by orthodox science which became a religion long ago.

My System of Knowledge is based on my own researches conducted using my natural gift which I greatly enhanced later on. The process of improvement and study of my own abilities allowed me to succeed in making a range of discoveries regarding, for example, transformation of the human brain which appeared revolutionary not only for me but for the whole Universe (and this not my opinion). Accidentally or not, I managed to create that, which nobody ever created in the Universe.

Then I knew nothing about that, including the existence of the Big Universe, but this does not change anything. As I was told later, my invention became a revolution, a break-through in the abilities of a living creature on the scale of the Big Universe, which gave me the most powerful instrument, never known before, both to cognize Nature and influence natural processes, almost unlimitedly, within an inconceivable range—from micro- to macrocosm!

One way or another, my first book, just as all others, expounds my understanding of Natural Laws which I acquired as a result of my own researches and suppositions which I checked in practice at all levels from micro- to macrocosm. I had a unique instrument in my hands, more precisely in my head, by means of which I could get necessary information with almost no limit, carry out an analysis of that information, undertake practical actions on the basis of the analysis and get real confirmations which anyone could "touch".

At that, it was not me who was a source of the information about the results of my actions, but other people, including scientists who work in different scientific fields and who did not have the least idea of how and why the phenomena they observed happened. They saw just a result, the tip of the iceberg of what was going on without understanding, (and to tell the truth, having no chance of understanding), what they witnessed. So, it does not matter whether someone likes it or not, the knowledge which I expound in my books is the knowledge which I managed to obtain myself. It is not the result of decoding some ancient books, or information from aliens, as one or another may think. It is not a result of telepathic information from some "higher" sphere, or

anything of the kind.

It is also not a result of my arrogance. It is nothing but truth! The statement that a single person is unable to grasp and comprehend the information which is expounded in my books, and therefore it can only be the work of a large group of people or even several groups, is not an argument at all. I have never reflected on what one person could or could not do. I was always driven by a desire to understand the essence of what was going on around me, not by the thought of whether I was able to know something or not. If I thought in that way I would never be able to understand anything or get into the mysterious labyrinth of the unknown! I do not consider this something special. It is the only life I know, as natural for me as breathing.

In fact, a person is an obstacle to himself because of his fear of opening a "closed door" and seeing what is behind it. He feels an eager interest to glance into the unknown, but dreads losing himself there wholly or partially. It is like a Russian fairytale's "go there, I don't know where, bring that, I don't know what".

It was my own discoveries and understanding of the nature of Man, his mind and abilities that allowed me to do the impossible—to penetrate into the essence of Natural Laws at the level of micro- and macrospace.

There is another thing. Neither my knowledge nor the CGO's Third Appeal to Mankind has anything to do with Nicolai Roerich's teachings. He was only a courier who delivered the Appeal to the League of Nations in 1929, like a postman delivers a parcel to the addressee, but he does not send it and has nothing to do with its content.

Let me now return to my book.

I finished all illustrations and Svetlana digitalized the text of the manuscript, which was a truly heroic labour! Even I sometimes have difficulty in deciphering my handwriting, especially when I write quickly. So, in my case cryptography is unnecessary, nobody can understand anything I have written, but Svetlana could and performed this feat. Only in the very beginning would she come and ask what I had written here and there. And I had to take a good look at my "genius" scrawls and try to remember what I could possibly have written there in order to read the text. Soon Svetlana could read my handwriting better than me.

Gradually all chapters of my first book appeared on floppy discs and then got into my computer where I could bring the necessary changes and explanations into the text, fully enjoying the easiness of the process. The changes were indispensable: since I finished all computer illustrations I had to ensure that they agreed with the text.

As soon as I began to work on the book, I decided not to bring the description of the illustrations into the main text, but to make an appendix at the end of the book. In my opinion it would interfere with the perception of the text which people with a completely different foundation of knowledge and concepts may find slightly complicated. At the same time, the description of the illustrations was very important in order to create better understanding and form bridges between old concepts which a person had and new ones which I gave in the book. Not in vain do they say that a picture paints a thousand words, sometimes even more.

Then I kept the false idea that formulae were obligatory to explain natural phenomena. The ones I gave in the book were not a basis of the knowledge I expounded, but served as a second plan, some kind of parallel to the verbal explanation. In fact formulae are mathematical instruments which can be used **only for practical ends**.

To tell the truth, I was always surprised at the ease with which theorists manipulate physical natural laws. They would denote a natural phenomenon by a letter, then put these letters into mathematical formulae and begin to fiddle with them as they like in accordance with abstract mathematical laws and rules. Being carried away by mathematical manipulations, they completely forget that the letters represent real Natural Laws, which are completely oblivious to the abstract mathematical formulas that Man contrived. They forget that it's all the same for Natural Laws what errors ramble in the heads of scientists, what scientific theories Man has produced and what fight is carried out between the supporters of different points of view on Nature. But the matter is as simple as this: if Man wants to know Nature, he **should not invent its Laws, but cognize them**.

Certainly ***The Final Appeal to Mankind*** was my first book and as they say, you must spoil before you spin well. Nevertheless, it seems to me that I succeeded in reaching my goal even in this book: I gave my readers a foundation of fundamentally new concepts regarding Nature based on the principle of **anisotropy**. Then I did not have many proofs which would confirm the rightness of my viewpoints: some were unknown for me; others were still to appear. However, I had my own experience and proofs which were quite irrefutable despite their being unknown to most people, and those who knew were unwilling to confirm the results which I had got thanks to my correct understanding of both Natural Laws and methods of influencing the Nature.

When I wrote the book I still believed that modern science is in fact science, that the majority of people who called themselves scientists had a cognition of truth as their major aim and there was no place in

the scientific world for deception and careerism. Then I believed that most scientists were creative people, open to new things and free of dogmatism, because the latter is incompatible with science. Certainly, I saw enough examples of the opposite, but I truly considered then that such "scientists" were the exception rather than the rule.

I think I was lucky, because whilst being a university student I met scientists who had all the qualities of a real scientist as I understood it then. It is highly likely that such idealization of scientists appeared because we students did not consider those bureaucrats from science to be true scientists and also because I was sent to the army without being asked my opinion, right after my graduation, about which I have no regrets whatsoever. Moreover, I am glad that everything happened that way, because I missed the experience of working in a real "scientific" environment, something of which I had the "pleasure" after my discharge from the army, and which, luckily was not for long, when I worked in the Research Institute for Industrial Design in Kharkov.

There is one more thing. Relying on the "scientific" method, I drew several hasty conclusions which were not quite correct. Instead of checking everything thoroughly, using my own methods, I relied onthe conclusions of others. For example, I gave the information that the civilization of Ancient Egypt was created by a small group of Martians which had arrived on Earth from Mars in a spaceship. The pyramids and Sphinx's face on Mars and the fact that the mummies of aliens were found in a pyramid in Soviet times served as confirmations for that.

All the artifacts existed in reality, but the final conclusion was wrong and I accepted it blindly. One of the reasons for that was that the idea was suggested to us that civilization on Midgard was so primitive that there was no way that it could be otherwise, but in fact everything was vice versa! The civilization on Mars was created by the same creatures which had created the civilization on Midgard more than 600 000 years ago and the centre of civilization in the Solar system was exactly on our planet! So, the pyramids on Mars (and not only them) were built by our distant ancestors who migrated from far away stars. But then I did not even think in this direction, the inertia of false ideas about our planet which were hammered in us from the childhood was too strong.

And now I think I can come to the story of how I made my first book with my own hands.

Colour printers had already appeared by 1994. However, I had my doubts whether I should use one for my book. First, they could print only on one side, and second, it was a thermal wax printing. I had another printer which printed with photographic exactness, but

it needed special paper, quite expensive by the way, and four rolls of special films to print in the CMYK-mode. These films had to be consecutively placed onto a special paper with the help of a special drum and as a result the necessary image appeared. However, this method was highly inconvenient for theprinting of illustrations for many reasons. Therefore, there was nothing left for me to use but a colour printer with thermal wax printing: the multicoloured beeswax was fused into the paper and as a result I had a quite decent illustration.

So, the work content was to laser print the text of the book in black-and-white and then to print **one hundred and eighty two illustrations** in colourfor each book. I decided to make **twenty five books**. Not too many, you may say, but believe me, it took some work. So, I printed twenty five copies of the text on one printer and the illustrations on another. There was not much work to get the text printed—I just had to push the button "print" and receive it printed on both sides of the paper. I only needed to check the toner cartridge and replace it for a new one if necessary and watch the quality of the printed text and that the text was printed correctly on both sides of the paper, etc. As a result I got twenty five copies of the text of my book.

Printing the illustrations was a bit tricky. I started printing twenty five copies of each illustration beginning from the end. In other words I first printed twenty five copies of the last illustration, whereupon I put all twenty five copies along the corridor of the apartment. Lucky me, it was long enough. Then I printed the second illustration from the bottom and put it on the previous one along the corridor. I did so until I reached the first illustration. When this work was over, there were twenty five packs of one hundred and eighty two illustrations lying along the wall of the corridor.

The next "creative" work was inserting the illustrations in the text. I took one pile with the printed text and another pile with the printed illustrations and, sitting at the table in my office, put the illustrations in their place in the text. And here we go—I got a copy of my book with all illustrations! I repeated the process twenty five times. Thus, the first phase of my book making was completed.

The next phase was to get a book-cover. I did not do binding myself, but asked a professional bookbinder. I met a master who bound books manually and chose the material and colour of the cover. I decided to make the cover of natural leather of five colours. I knew they used the thinnest of well-cured goat's leather for binding. The best one was elaborated in England. I paid the order and in ten days it was there. One more week and I finally got my books! Certainly,

I was unspeakably glad, in seventh heaven, when I held my first book which I made with my own hands. At last the idea acquired material form after so much work! Although the number of books was not breathtakingly impressive, the book itself became a reality which was the most important thing, at least for me.

The book was almost ready. The only thing left was to measure it to determine the exact size for a dust-cover. I designed it a long time ago, but certain corrections were needed: the book became thicker and the dust-cover should be longer. So, I spent some time drawing some additional elements on it. Then George and I began to look for a digital company which would print the dust-cover of such size. My printers were not fit for this purpose; the size was bigger than they could print.

At that time digital printing had just begun to develop and differed little from offset. I gave the disk with the dust-cover to them and in a few days they showed me a trial sample of the cover and the four films from which it was made and which corresponded to four colours CMYK—Cyan, Magenta, Yellow and Black. Although I did the main work—the first printed dust-cover using these four films cost $300; other imprints cost $90 each which was rather more pleasant. I approved the trial imprint and agreed on the lamination. On the appointed day I came and collected twenty five dust-covers.

Eventually my first book was over and done! I filled in the necessary forms for the copyright registration and sent them to the Library of Congress with a check for the twenty five dollars registration fee and got the confirmation in a month. However, that was not all about the book. Yet in the summer of 1993 I agreed with Roman Borinkov upon its translation into English. He translated my first school-seminar and my meetings with people and scientists. We signed a contract on translation and at the end of 1993 I gave him the floppy discs with the preface, the Third Appeal to Mankind and the first chapter. He did not have a computer and I lent my Mackintosh laptop to him.

Roman appeared to be a person almost incompatible with technical devices, the more so with computers. I had to teach him for long enough how to open and close the necessary computer programs, more precisely one program—Microsoft Word. I thought that the problems with translation would be over thereon, but I was wrong. In January, 1994 Roman brought the translation of the preface and the Third Appeal to Mankind. I was unspeakably glad to have the English version of some of my book, but as I was not a "cool" expert in English and wished to know how native speakers would react to it, I called Jason Reed, a young American, who attended my first seminar-school and

had an idea of what the book was about. Besides, Jason had perfect literary English which was a quite rare phenomenon in the USA. He was a fellow of an inquiring nature and in addition his parents taught English literature at Stanford University. He came to my place the next day and got a floppy disk with the text. He called me in the evening and I expected to hear pleasant news that the text was perceived well. Imagine my surprise when Jason told me that he understood nearly nothing on reading the preface! I did not expect that. I was shocked and surprised: what was so incomprehensible in it?

Therefore, I opened the book in Russian and began to translate the preface into English, off the top of my head. The result puzzled me, to put it mildly. Jason said that he perfectly understood everything I said! This fact staggered me. How could my amateurish translation into English be clear for Jason while the professional translation was not? There were several options. Either Roman did not know English well, which could not be, because he taught English in a Leningrad (now St. Petersburg) University, had many students and even translated a book into Russian; or he did not understand the sense of the text, which is also doubtful, because there was nothing difficult to understand in the preface; or he made **such** translation on somebody's insistence or instruction, which was highly likely, because after he began to translate my book, he was offered a state job. Before that he did not have any permanent work for several years and he made both ends meet by taking random jobs.

From April, 1992 he received his income mostly from me, he had almost nothing else and then unexpectedly he got a job, matching his qualification, working for the American state. Quite possibly it could be a pure coincidence, but something so "casual" looks very suspicious. One way or another, I understood that Roman's translation should be sent to the dustbin. However, I said nothing to him on this occasion. If my suspicion about the intentional distortion of the text during translation had grounds, even partly, then there was no need to dissuade those behind Roman that their plan failed. Therefore, I paid his translation according to the contract, but never used it. Nevertheless, I did not dismiss the idea of translating the book into English. Therefore, later I decided to carry out some kind of a contest.

Three persons took part in it. Two were immigrants from the Soviet Union and the third was a Canadian student from Stanford. I mentioned him before, so I will tell about two other participants. One was Alexander Noodelman, an engineer from Riga which was the capital of former Soviet Republic Latvia. I knew him well. We had become acquainted through his wife who I disliked from the very beginning and

the future explicitly showed why. But Alexander or Sasha was a really nice fellow, well educated, with wonderful sense of humour and tact, all of which his wife, a Latvian, strongly lacked. Alexander dramatically differed from the overwhelming majority of the Soviet immigrants, and so it happened that we became friends. We conversed about a lot of things, including my knowledge in which he showed a genuine interest and easily and quickly absorbed unusual information.

He worked as an engineer then in an American company and managed English, both colloquial and written, with evident ease. I was sure that I could not find a better interpreter from Russian to English, especially taking into account his thorough understanding of the subject. Alexander heard out my reasons and agreed to take part in the competition. The second participant was also an engineer and immigrant from the former USSR with who I became acquainted whilst still in Moscow. His name was Michael Labulsky.

Michael had a higher technical education and also mastered English quite well working in a large computer company in Silicon Valley. All three got Chapter 3 for translation — ***Psi-fields in nature and in the evolution of intelligence***. I waited for Michael's version longer than others. When I finally got and read the three of them, I decided to choose Alexander's translation. The reason for that was not him being my friend, but because his translation rendered the sense of the Russian text into English in the most exact way which was the most important thing for me. When an interpreter clearly understands the idea and the sense of the text, then he can make a translation which would transmit the information from another language quite precisely. Plus he can achieve that the language into which the text is translated would preserve not only the sense of the information but all the ease and beauty of the original language.

Alexander translated chapter by chapter. I did not wait for the whole book to be translated into English but gave the chapters ready for reading to MD Richard Blasband, a listener in my second school-seminar in order that he could reveal any places in the text difficult to understand. When something like that was detected Richard, Alexander and George came to my place and we discussed it. I clarified all unclear moments and Alexander introduced the necessary changes, whereupon Richard's wife Kathleen Ericson, a professional editor, should have "polished" everything so that the text sounded properly English.

However, for reasons incomprehensible to me she did not do that. When it became obvious to all, I decided to invite Barbara Koopman to edit the English text. She was not a listener at my school then. Nevertheless, from 1994 she came to San Francisco from New York and

attended almost every seminar I gave and did that until I left the USA in July, 2006. So, she was well informed on the subject.

Barbara gladly gave her consent to become an editor of the English text, which played a very important part in the preparation of the English edition of my first book and the work progressed much more quickly. Alexander brought the translation of the next chapter to me, I sent it to Barbara via the Internet (thankfully, it was already available then and I had got hold of it pretty well). Barbara edited the chapter and sent it back to me. But the matter was not over thereon. I read the chapter after Barbara's revision, then I called her and we brought the sense of the translation to a level maximally close to Russian. I often had to limit Barbara in her aspiration to "improve" the text, because when she read the translation, she had her own understanding of the material and she based her editing of the text on it. When I read her version, I found those places where she got "carried away" and brought her back from flying in the "creative sky" down to the "sinful earth", explaining the difference in sense between her editing and what it should be. To do that I had to explain a lot of additional material to her so that she could have a proper understanding of the material without which it is impossible to transmit the essence correctly. As a result of it, it is fair to say that Barbara got an individual school-seminar which allowed her to do excellent editing of my book in English. However, sometimes Barbara still expressed the sense through her understanding despite our long conversations and my frequent explanations of the material. When it was not crucial, I did not "torture" Barbara with my requirements to change the English text, but if it concerned key moments of understanding, I insisted on the changes until the sense of the translation corresponded to the sense in Russian.

Here I came across the phenomenon of editorial correcting, when an editor does not intend to transmit the idea of the author, but his own understanding of it, conveying everything through his own stereotypes, with all effluent consequences. Taking into account that my book expounds a fundamentally different concept of the worldview, it is clear what such "filters" of understanding can lead to. I observed the same phenomenon, when I prepared the book for the Russian edition about which I shall tell later. When I saw the results of the editorial correcting of my books and articles, I gave up "editing" for good. I am always thankful to anyone who indicates a grammatical error or a slip of the pen in the text, but I did not allow altering my text to anybody either then or now. Several times "editors"-volunteers sent my articles they had "polished" to me and I was surprised by the fact that they could not see that after their "editing" my articles lost not only the sense but

also the soul, at least my soul, which I put in a book or article. I have all reasons to think that some of these "helpers" did that intentionally. Therefore I do not allow anybody to make any changes in the texts of my books and articles. I do not pretend to be called a writer, but I have my own style of writing and giving information which many enjoy. My main aim is to bring my information in the simplest and easiest way possible to the reader, instead of the pretentiousness which in most cases has nothing behind it.

One can use up half a page describing how a leaf is swaying in the breeze in the rays of the descending Sun so that a reader's heart would miss a beat, but at the same time the reader will drown in the eruption of words and lose the Ariadne's thread of the essence of a book or article. Verbose emotional digressions from the main subject will have only one result: a reader will get lost unable to understand the main point. In the case of the information I give, a reader may have certain difficulties in "getting" brand-new information, yet to cause him even greater confusion by creating additional notional verbal curtains which could shadow the essence. As for me, simplicity and clarity are primordial in expounding the information in my books and articles. Certainly I did not achieve that at once, I had to spend some time getting rid of the stereotypes of presenting information imposed on us at school and university, of a pseudo-scientific way of writing and terms which carry no meaning at all...

So, despite Barbara's slight resistance, which did not last long, we succeeded in finding creative mutual understanding in the process of preparation of the English edition of my book, the basis of which was not my blind authorial unwillingness to change anything in my text, but my explanation to her why that which she had offered changed the essence of the text. Sometimes I had to explain the essence of the information to Barbara for hours and give a lot of additional information in order for her to get the correct understanding of some important detail. I believed then and still do now that one can achieve positive results almost anywhere only through understanding.

One way or another, the translation of just a half of the book was ready only by 1997. Many listeners in my seminars and also my acquaintances waited for it impatiently. Therefore I decided to divide it into two parts and the first volume of ***The Final Appeal to Mankind*** was ready in the summer of 1997. By this time the colour laser printers, which printed, however, on one side of the sheet of paper, had appeared. In my opinion the best of them was HP Color LaserJet 5M which I purchased without thinking twice.

Before I began to print the book, I asked all who wished to buy it

to decide how they would want it. One option was to have it printed on enamel-paper with leather cover and another one provided with ordinary paper, although of an excellent quality, and a leatherette cover. I named the price of both options and offered to make a full pre-pay, independent of the option they chose. I did that in order to avoid making an excessive amount of books which turned out to be quite expensive even not counting my work, especially those with leather covers. Therefore to avoid the situation when I would print the books and then people changed their mind for one or another reason, I stipulated a hundred-per-cent prepay. Certainly, I printed many more books, but at least thus I was sure that all persons interested would take the book away for dead certain.

The English version of my first book was completed in 1999 when the second volume was ready. It was published the way the first one was, on advance orders. I made fifty copies of each volume and now I have only one copy of both in English. Although I was repeatedly asked to sell it whilst still in America for any money (within reasonable limits, I suppose), I turned down all offers and decided to leave it as a keepsake.

As for the Russian version of my first book, I was not the only one who published it. In the summer of 1994 Andrei Susdaltsev and his wife, our friends from Moscow, visited us in the USA. We conversed about many things with him, including some of the actions Svetlana and I had performed. Although Andrei was a quite broad-minded person, much of what we told to him was far beyond the verge of his understanding. You see, when something becomes an ordinary and natural thing for you, you sometimes forget that others cannot perceive it as such.

Presently I share information carefully, in doses according to what a person is ready to assimilate, but then I could sometimes "get carried away" and tell a person more than they can digest. Svetlana and I did overdo it with Andrei, but this is the story of another day, while I shall tell what Andrei Susdaltsev had to do with my first book. When it was ready, Andrei offered to pay for publishing it in Russia. The offer was quite unexpected, because I supposed then (with reason) that my book would not be allowed to be published in Russia, independent of the kind of the regime there. Andrei told me that I was behind the times and a lot of changes had happened in Russia. They certainly had, which I saw later for myself, but the attitude toward me remained almost the same.

I will tell about that in due time. As early as before my departure to the USA, I often met Yuriy Efstafievich Sysoev who was the gen-

eral director of the publishing house the "Russkiy Terem". He knew that I was working on my first book and told me that he would gladly publish it. The post-soviet time brought notable changes which concerned the publishing business too. Now one needed money to publish his book. Therefore, when Andrei Susdaltsev offered to pay for that, I remembered Sysoev and called him. Lori Nicolaevich Popov (I wrote about him before) became a connecting link between Andrei and Yuri Efstafievich.

I sent floppy discs with the text of the book to Sysoev, as well as a complete printed version and all illustrations executed with photographic exactness on my printer. After a while he sent the edited text of my book back to me. When I read it, I realized that the editor, being guided by his "understanding", introduced corrections which changed the sense of the text into the opposite in some places and confused readers in others. Naturally, I could not accept this kind of editing and, therefore, decided to go through the text once again to make it even easier to understand. With this purpose in mind I brought in a lot of additional explanatory notes. I thought that, if I had to check the whole text again, then it should bring some benefit to the book.

When I finished the work which lasted about a month, I sent the new text of the book to Y. Sysoev and a power of attorney letter in his name where I especially stipulated that it was the last version of the book which was to be published. Due to reasons incomprehensible to me (I have my suppositions, but no proofs) 9,000 copies of ***The Final Appeal to Mankind*** were published in Russia in 1997 in the distorted version which Y.E. Sysoev had sent to me earlier. I realized that only when Andrei Susdaltsev sent 20 books to San Francisco. When I saw my first book published in Russia, I was truly disappointed.

The first thing that struck my eyes was the cover of the book. Instead of the colourful and very meaningful one, which I drew myself and sent for publishing, there was a strange hazel-orange scattered spots on the background of some indistinct image! On glancing at them, I had a steady association with something having strong smell. I believe I created a colourful enough image for my readers to guess of what it reminded me. Moreover, the person who created this "highly artistic" image was mentioned as a designer despite the fact that it was me who made all illustrations. Regrettably that was not the last disappointment of mine. I opened the book and read the preface which also was not mine but the one which Y. Sysoev sent to me. I also discovered that they published precisely the version I had declined. Thus the distorted book saw the light of the day instead of the improved one! There is no doubt that even in this form my book carried a lot of interesting and

new information, but it might have been much better.

There was a presentation of the book which they said journalists attended, but there were no publications in mass media on this occasion except for a brief article in a second-rate newspaper which did not make quite clear what the matter was about. Y. Sysoev sent it to me with a letter expressing his opinion that nobody would show any interest in the book! He wrote that he offered it to different "clairvoyants" which did not wish to read it and that became a sufficient argument or comfortable excuse for him. My book published on Andrei Susdaltsev's money (which I appreciate greatly) never appeared in bookstores. Packed books remained in a storehouse preventing those who wished from buying it. I know that many people found my book through Lori Popov. Sometimes I gave his telephone number to people who called me in San Francisco to find out where they could buy it.

But others did not know my telephone number in San Francisco and therefore had no chance to get to Lori Popov. Well, it happened as I had supposed, my book was almost fully blocked despite its being published! I was right in assuming that they would not give it a chance in Russia. The story was the same with ***The Anisotropic Universe***, the second book published in Russia in 2006. All my books independent of their content were sabotaged in Russia. Someone may object that the matter here is not in sabotage, but in the books—they are just of no interest to anybody. This opinion would have the right to exist, if it were not for one little but. In February, 2006 I put my first book, ***The Final Appeal to Mankind***, on my web-site created by Dmitry Baida for free downloading.

"For free" means without payment, GRATIS. I'm saying this for those who do not understand, or pretend not to, what the word "free" means and say that I make a fortune from my books. This means that I grant the opportunity to download any of my books from my web-site without payment. Moreover, when I give my permission to publish my books, I renounce my royalties in order to make my books cheaper so as many people as possible could buy them, especially those who do not have spare money. Despite that my spiteful critics continue to allege that I make a profit on my books.

I found this kind of attitude, well ... somewhat peculiar. As an author I not only wrote the texts of the books but also prepared all my books for publishing, designed and drew all illustrations and covers and formatted the text for printing in a printing-house. I invested much of my labour, time and personal funds into my books and gave them to people for free, and now I am accused of raking in money, while all other authors mostly give their manuscripts to a publishing house and

get their royalties and nobody accuses them of money-grubbing.

Don't you consider it an interesting approach? Even if I got my royalties, that would be a totally normal and just thing! When you give the result of your quite laborious work to people with open heart and for free and then you are accused of money-grubbing, the following question arises: who throws dirt on you and why? The answer is obvious: social parasites do that because my books became a huge thorn in their flesh!

Now I just have to clarify the issue about the total lack of interest for my books. I feel myself entitled to do that as it has been four years since my books appeared on the Internet for free downloading. My first book, ***The Final Appeal to Mankind***, was placed on my web-site in April, 2006. My web-site was created in November, 2004 and was not widely known yet, nevertheless, **15,121** copies of the book were downloaded by the end of 2006! Quite a contrast with 1997 when **9,000** books were published on Andrei Susdaltsev's money and no more than a thousand was sold in **TEN YEARS**!

The downloading of the book increased with every year. Here are the dynamics: 2007 — **33,398** books; 2008 — **100,238** books; 2009 — **114,525** books and **55,936** books were downloaded just for five months of 2010! **319,218** copies of ***The Final Appeal to Mankind*** were downloaded from my web-site by the beginning of June, 2010! The downloading goes on and increases with every month.

I believe any additional comments would be unnecessary here. The figures eloquently show that the matter is not in the lack of the interest in a useless book, but in the social parasites seeing a threat in it and sabotaging its distribution! By the way, the downloading data I mention concerns only two web-sites — mine and Dmitry Baida's "Advisor" which had the service of the Internet statistics HotLog. However, ***The Final Appeal to Mankind*** was placed for free downloading in many e-libraries and other web-sites the owners of which decided to do that even without asking my consent.

I don't have any data from them, but I think that the number of downloaded copies of my books is considerable too. I also have no idea how many downloaded books were afterwards copied on disks and distributed either like that or being printed on individual printers. Certainly, I placed a revised version of the book which should have been printed as early as in 1997 but was not, however this is not thepoint. The point is that people showed a huge interest in the book and I am truly glad to know that.

The same kind of sabotage was organized against my other book published in Russia, ***The Anisotropic Universe***. It was published in Severodvinsk, Archangelsk area. I sent the book, fully prepared for

publishing, to Nadezda Jakovlevna Anshukova. She did not just come up with the idea, but also invested her money in order to publish **5,000** books! The book was published in 2006 and then odd things began to happen.

First, it was not placed on a new book list. As a matter of fact, it became invisible in the book market from the very moment of its appearance. Nadezda Jakovlevna distributed it over a number of bookstores, including the Russian on-line shop *Ozon*. It seemed that everything went well, but that was only on the face of it. In fact the most impudent and open sabotage began. Nadezda Jakovlevna provided the shops with just some books and periodically called them and asked whether she should bring more. They always answered that the book was highly unpopular and not in demand. She told me about that and expressed an opinion that probably the book was too difficult for perception and therefore people were reluctant to buy it.

She was very sceptical about my objections and remarks about the sabotage: each author considers his book the best and does not see the reality. But I never considered this book the best, but the one that expounded perceptively difficult information about the structure of the world in simple and easy to understand language and it was enough to have a secondary education in order to understand it.

Frankly speaking, I understood secondary education as being that which existed when I went to school and here I was slightly mistaken, but I doubt that the level of secondary education had fallen so low that people have absolutely no idea about such elementary concepts like atoms and waves! Regrettably, the level of education in modern Russia is deplorable, but the matter is not even in the level of education. I wrote my book so that even a person unfamiliar with physics could understand its content. He should just use his mental abilities, strain his brain a little and read the book very attentively, trying to go into the heart of the matter and not reading further until he understands fully the previous text.

So, here is how bookstores which took my book sabotaged the selling. By the way, Nadezda Jakovlevna set the price of ***The Anisotropic Universe*** at 350 roubles. The online shop *Ozon* priced it at 1,080 roubles! That's not bad, is it? They raised the price by **three times**! But that was not all. When all books were sold even at such a price, *Ozon* reported that the book was not currently available, indicated the date of its appearance at the store and invited all interested to order it making a full prepayment. However, the date of the announced delivery was changed all the time and the books did not appear on the stock list. When I told Nadezda Jakovlevna about it, she called them and offered

to bring more books, but they said that the book was not in demand and, therefore, they did not need it! Then I asked Nadezda Jakovlevna to demand the book be removed from the shop, which they did... half a year late!

But this kind of thing did not happen only in the online shop *Ozon* but also in ordinary bookstores which "agreed" to sell my books and the address and telephone numbers of which were disposed on my web-site.

They said to Nadezda Jakovlevna that nobody bought the book and to the people, who specially came to a bookstore to buy precisely this book, that the publisher did not supply books anymore and that it was the only copy of ***The Anisotropic Universe*** which was displayed in the shop and it was not for sale! They showed this very book to Nadezda Jakovlevna and said that nobody wanted to buy it! It was quite a smart sabotage, I must admit.

Nadezda Jakovlevna was absolutely sure that they told her the truth, especially taking into account that the merchants priced the book at 1,200 roubles and even higher! It would seem that **more than 300% profit out of nowhere should have attracted their interest in the book**, but obviously they did not need even that profit.

Thanks to the Internet the sabotage was unmasked. Several readers of my books sent me e-mails saying that they could not buy my books in the bookstores indicated on my web-site, because they were told that the publisher did not supply these books anymore and what they saw in the window were just samples.

But maybe this book was indeed of no interest to anybody and I was just trying to find a conspiracy against me everywhere in order to draw attention to my books?

I would like to say the following on that. First, due to the fact that the mass media has been kept silent about my persona for a long time and I did not say a word about what was happening on my web-site, I can say with a clear conscience that I did not earn any advertising "capital" on that. Second, I put ***The Anisotropic Universe*** on my web-site in February 2007 for free downloading. By the end of 2007 **20,087** copies were downloaded! That means that the number of downloaded books for a period of less than a year exceeded the number of published ones by **four times** the 5,000 that Nadezda Jakovlevna published. But this was just the beginning! **41,619** copies of the book were downloaded in 2008; **66,278** in 2009 and **30,058** for five months of 2010. Thus, **158,042** copies of ***The Anisotropic Universe*** were downloaded from my web-site by the end of May, 2010.

I think that does not blend with the concept of "having no demand whatsoever"! Besides, those were statistics from just two web-sites,

mine and Dmitri Baida's, which have hotlogs, but I don't have any information about how many copies of my book were downloaded from online libraries and other web-sites, copied on disks and printed on personal printers. By the way, to print any of my books with colour illustrations on a personal printer is quite expensive and this means that people printed and distributed them for one reason—the books touched their hearts, and for me that is the highest "payment" for the work I put into them.

Now let me come back to my first book, ***The Final Appeal to Mankind***. I still did not re-write the text of the book in vain. Although a distorted version of it was published in Russia, due to sabotage it was not widely distributed. This is, probably, the only example of sabotage which did something positive. People began to be acquainted, although later, with the latest version of the book, which I made myself, introducing additional explanations for places and concepts which might be difficult to understand. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the correct book were spread all over the country.

The Final Appeal to Mankind became the only book which I published by myself twice. In 2000 I printed it for the second time using my home mini-press; by this time I had bought a ***HP Color Laser Jet 8M*** with two-sided printing and some additional devices which allowed the production of up to ten books simultaneously. To do so you just needed to specify on the computer in what tray the printer must put the printed book, then the second one, etc., to supply it with 2,500sheets of paper and toner cartridges and go to bed and in the morning have ten printed books. However, in order that everything worked without a hitch, you would have to adjust everything flawlessly: the paper should be of a proper quality and not skew and, therefore, jam. I succeeded empirically in knowing what kind of paper was best for printing, trying different thicknesses, quality, brands, etc.

So, at last I had a printer which allowed me to make a book at home with almost typographical quality! By this time I had a clear idea of what a published book should look like and tried to realize this idea in practice. In 2000 I again held in my hands ***The Final Appeal to Mankind*** which I made myself from beginning to end!

The second edition of the book differed from the first one both in the quality of printing and presentation of information and in its internal content since I changed it in 1995. I admire the way the digital publishing equipment changed! For the period from 1994 to 2000 it jumped from colour printing based on beeswax to colour laser printers using a powder-like basis with two-sided printing. Software and computers have changed dramatically too. Every two or three years

I bought a new computer, the latest model with the latest and best features I could find, which helped me enormously to save lots of time when creating illustrations and paintings.

I never thought that I would write more books. When I finished my first book I gave a sigh of relief thinking that now I could relax and "sleep the sleep of the just", but somehow it happened that I was obliged to write other books.

The necessity of writing new books appeared when I saw the difficulty and sometimes impossibility of people to draw their own conclusions and develop "widely and deeply" the basis of the knowledge which I gave to them in my school-seminars. I saw them getting bogged down when they tried by themselves to expand what I had given them. Oddly enough my readers found phenomena such as consciousness, memory, spirit and their manifestations the most complicated concepts to understand. They had such chaos in their heads, an odd mixture of concepts of modern medicine and eastern "teachings" about the soul and knowledge from which they could not get out without some kind of a "ring buoy".

Therefore I had to write another book which I called ***Spirit and Mind***. The name speaks for itself. The problem of which came first—matter or consciousness—had become a stumbling block for "ancient" philosophers and almost all modern philosophical and "spiritual" schools. The matter here is not in their ignorance or dullness, but in social parasites which controlled the creation of "ancient" teachings and "spiritual" practices in the Middle Ages and did everything to destroy almost every single scrap of evidence of earlier existing concepts that reflected these phenomena.

They killed millions of people, and as a consequence—their traditions and beliefs which had some hints of the correct understanding of these phenomena. Instead, an inhuman and merciless doctrine for slaves—Christianity of every stripe, more precisely, the Osiris cult which was created by social parasites in Ancient Egypt and changed its name like a chameleon—was imposed on people by force and bloodshed!

This pseudo-teaching, which used as a cover the idea of universal love and forgiveness, flooded the lands which relatively recently were part of a huge Vedic Slavonic-Aryan Empire, with blood. The religion of "universal love" thoroughly thinned out many people of Western Europe, which had a greater or lesser evolutional warp, in the name of love, of course. With Slavonic-Aryan people, which also lived there, it behaved far more cruelly—almost all of them were cut down to the root and the very memory of them was eliminated so that today the vague names of just some of them come to our notice.

So, all these pseudo-scientific, religious and other "spiritual" teachings have so clouded people's minds that it is impossible to get a correct understanding about the nature of human consciousness and everything related to man without cleaning out the Augean stables of wrong concepts.

There was a custom in Ancient China. In order to get freaks for the Emperor's Court, children, absolutely normal ones, were placed into specially designed clay pots. They grew in them and their bodies acquired the form of these pots. When children grew up, the pot-prisons were broken and the children's bodies remind deformed forever. All modern teachings, religious, scientific, or spiritual ones, do exactly the same with man's soul and consciousness. Therefore, when a person receives a true understanding, his deliberately distorted consciousness is unable to perceive and correctly assimilate fundamentally different new information. Time is needed to conceive the information adequately and fully. Whether it happens sooner or later, depends on the person.

Regrettably, the deformation of consciousness which social parasites created purposely does not disappear at once, even if the "clay pot", into which human consciousness was forcedly driven, has been broken. When human consciousness is liberated from captivity, time is needed for restoration and compensatory development of what a person has lost while his consciousness and personality was growing in this invisible limiting case. My personal observation of how people perceive information and the brain's inability to assimilate dramatically new information pushed me to write my next book ***Spirit and Mind***.

It happened that I could not squeeze everything I wanted to say in one volume. Usually when I start writing, I do not know exactly what will come out of it. I have just a skeleton of my future book in my head. I do not aim at writing a definite number of chapters or pages, or to draw that many illustrations. I never do a plan or any charts. I start writing and follow the brook of my thought from the first line, into which other brooks of other thoughts flow into one creek at first which absorbs new brooks of thoughts, then more and more, and gradually the creek becomes a stream and the later turns into a mountain rivulet which breaks its way through any obstacles of the distorted picture of the world and, on setting itself free, became a powerful river of new consciousness which carries a reader to the understanding of truth. The only thing he should do is not get scared of the rapid river of new understanding in the very beginning, when it stumbles on the obstacles of pseudo-scientific, religious and "spiritual" concepts.

My experience of working with children in my mental school shows that children accept this information very easily and quickly. Their

brain began to evolve correctly from the very beginning and therefore, they did not need to overcome a "mountain range" of different teachings in their consciousness...

I usually inserted an illustration in the text when I felt it should be precisely there. I felt that the absence of a colourful illustration at that place would allow a reader's thought to get into a labyrinth from which it could never get out without external help. Instead of entering the confusing labyrinth the blind flight of thought would run across an illustration and go in the right direction.

An illustration helps to transmit important information in the most easy and convenient way for perception—the visual way. A person can understand very subjectively words and their combinations, especially, if it comes to abstract concepts which are unavailable for most people via ordinary sense organs. An image transmitted by an illustration allows **any person**, independent of how many sense organs and controls he has, to see what he was unable to see before. To do that, a person who sees that which others are unable to see must find a form to deliver this information. The profundity and correctness with which people can understand his information entirely depends on whether he can find the best form. That is why I provided my book with so many illustrations, and I believe I did find the form of combination of text and images which gives the possibility to an ordinary person to penetrate into the secrets of nature which he could never do otherwise.

Of course, this is only the case, when a person wishes to know the secrets of nature. If someone rejects that possibility, nobody can do anything about that. Everybody should decide for himself what to do. You can still think that the Earth rests upon three whales or accept that it is round (more precisely, pear-shaped) never having seen it for oneself, but having seen shots from a satellite camera or heard the stories of witnesses who visited the near-earth orbit. It is of interest that those who stubbornly affirm that "Earth is flat and rests upon three whales" have never seen what they insist on either through cameras or somebody else's eyes.

What can you do with such people? If they do not thrust their "weighty opinion" on others, leave them alone with their delusions if they cherish them so dearly. But when they do thrust, they should be unmasked using solid facts and facts alone! Therefore I arranged my book so that I could lead my reader step by step through the text and bring him to the understanding of what life, memory and consciousness is. Only when he understands what they are, will he no longer need a blind faith in life after death, because it will be as obvious and natural for him as 2x2=4.

When a person understands **what in reality happens with man in the moment of any action**, he will then be truly free, because he will understand **his own responsibility for every action**, and he will not blindly fulfill the orders of others without knowing the consequences of his actions both for him and his descendants.

As a result of all this my second book ***Spirit and Mind***, Vol. 1 was born in my mini-printing house in 1999 and was translated into English in 2000. The second volume appeared in 2003. Such interruption in the completion of the whole book occurred because when I finished the first part, I began to write another book, ***The Anisotropic Universe***.

The technical potential of personal computers had developed by then so that I could make the illustrations almost with that quality I wanted them to have.

Certainly, a volumetric image can never be conveyed on paper 100%, nevertheless, computer technology can do that quite well. I began to write ***The Anisotropic Universe*** because of the increasing necessity to create and substantiate the physical foundation of the world, based on fundamentally new concepts which can explain almost all phenomena of living and non-living Nature. The structure of the book was arranged according to the requisitions for a scientific work, a doctoral thesis, but its content was expounded so that any person with at least secondary education could read and, which is the most important, understand it quite easily.

I did not use complex formulas and "scientific" terminology there, except for the simplest and commonly used ones, like "atom", "molecule", "electron", "wave" and "electric" and "magnetic" field. However, unlike modern science, I explain to a reader what an "electron" is and **why** it behaves the way it behaves. I also explain what gravitational, electric, magnetic and electro-magnetic fields are. In other words I explained the essence of those phenomena, using plain and easily understandable language.

For the sake of comparison, let's see how modern science explains the concept of gravitation: "***Gravitation***, *or* ***gravity***, *a non-contact force, is one of the four fundamental interactions of nature (along with the strong force, electromagnetism and the weak force), in which objects with mass attract one another. In everyday life, gravitation is most familiar as the agent that gives weight to objects with mass and causes them to fall to the ground when dropped. Gravitation causes dispersed matter to coalesce, thus accounting for the existence of the Earth, the Sun, and most of the macroscopic objects in the universe. Gravitation is responsible for keeping the Earth and the other planets in their orbits around the Sun; for keeping the Moon in its orbit around the Earth; for*

the formation of tides; for natural convection, by which fluid flow occurs under the influence of a density gradient and gravity; for heating the interiors of forming stars and planets to very high temperatures; and for various other phenomena observed on Earth.

Modern physics describes gravitation using the general theory of relativity, in which gravitation is a consequence of the curvature of spacetime which governs the motion of inertial objects. The simpler Newton's law of universal gravitation provides an accurate approximation for most calculations." (From Wikipedia)

Does this verbosity look like a full-fledged explanation of a natural phenomenon? Is that all that modern "science", which claims to know absolute truth, can say on the occasion? Don't they realize that this definition looks like an explanation for babies of where they come from: they were found in a cabbage patch or a stork brought them in his beak? But we are not babies and yet our "scientists" continue to tell us "cabbage and stork" stories, pursue those who offer another explanation and call it pseudo-science, which is a state policy of almost all countries. Numerous "scientific" conferences are held all over the world where grand men of science discuss a sort of "cabbage" or a kind of "stork" with utter seriousness. They write their master's and doctoral thesis about that and get numerous acknowledgments for it, including the Nobel Prize, etc.

You don't find it funny? Why? What is the difference between "scientific" definitions of gravity from a "cabbage" or "stork" theory of where babies come from? At the very best, the "scientific" definition is a description of the phenomenon, not more. It is not an explanation, but a simple establishing of a fact! You do not need any academic degrees in order to realize that gravity exists. It is enough to fall from a tree or get hit by a falling apple. Bruises and bumps will be solid evidence that gravity is more than real. However, the fact of its existence does not mean that a person who has fallen from a tree understands the nature of gravity. The "scientific" definition of gravity clearly demonstrates that modern "science" does not know a thing about it!

But maybe the matter is different with other key-concepts of theoretical physics? Let's see how it defines the electromagnetic field. "*Electromagnetic field (EMF) is a special form of matter through which an interaction between electrically charged particles occurs. The physical reason for the existence of the EMF is the following: a changing electrical field E generates a magnetic field H, and a changing H generates vertical electric field. Both constituents, E and H, constantly change and thus generate each other. The EMF of immovable or evenly moving*

objects is inseparably linked with these particles. When the charged particles accelerate, the EMF "turns off" them and exists independently as electromagnetic waves, remaining even when a source disappears (like, for example, radio-waves do not disappear if there is no current in an antenna)."

There is no need to look for the definition of magnetic and electrical fields. They are similar to that of the EMF; in other words there is just a description of their manifestation without any explanation of what it is. Scientists just limit themselves to saying that the electro-magnetic field is a special form of matter. And that's it. There is no explanation of what this special form of matter is and why it is so special and why it differs from non-special forms of matter. They give nothing. You can analyze any word of this "scientific" definition and get the same result—no explanation, just words which are explained by other words and those by other words behind which there is nothing.

So, these are "fundamental" concepts on which modern science is based. Nevertheless, it has usurped the right to the absolute truth and created its own Inquisition to persecute those who think differently. Here I remember the words of a "true" Academician of the Russian Academy of Science E.P. Velikhov who said that modern science does not know anything about Dark Matter, which constitutes 90% of the matter of the Universe! He made another interesting statement saying that if somebody explains a natural phenomenon using simple and understandable language, this is mysticism and metaphysics! In other words he said that if nobody understood anything of what was said, including the speaker, I guess, thenwe have the brightest example of true science.

Everybody can understand the fact that an apple or brick falls downwards. However, it is another thing to understand *why* an apple or brick does that and doesn't fly upwards. Certainly, an explanation can be correct or wrong, close or far from truth, but it must bepresented anyway, if whoever says it pretends to have a special status—that of a scientist. And if somebody calls himself a scientist, but cannot explain anything, then it is an absolute profanation skillfully hidden behind "scientific" terms which are only empty talk. Regrettably, all theories of modern science are patchy and reflect only a tenth part of the material world (and even that not fully); therefore they can not be objective and correct. The result of that is deplorable: the application of such science in practice has brought humankind to the edge of an ecological catastrophe which threatens to destroy not only Man but all life on Earth. So, my words are not a "slander" on our remarkable science, but real and objective facts which are obvious for everybody.

That is why I saw the explanation of the concepts which nobody ever explained as the principle task of ***The Anisotropic Universe***. I intended to demonstrate the unity of the laws of the Universe at macro- and micro-levels, that everything in living and non-living nature is a single whole. I hope I succeeded in that. Taking into account the fact that I did not invent or suppose my understanding of the nature of the Universe, but expounded it based on my own experience which I acquired as a result of traveling in and exploring the Universe, I always felt responsibility for what I give to people, doing my best not to lead them the wrong way. Therefore, my heart rejoices when data which fully confirms my knowledge appears.

Shortly before I began the book, the world knew about the results of the Hubble telescope data processing which fully confirmed my theory. Gradually, experimental data came to light years after I finished the book and confirmed all my positions. Frankly speaking it was a load off my mind, confirmation that I had misled nobody! In 2009 the Hubble found an enormous sag in space of **one billion light years** which was called a **white hole** in contrast to the concept of a **black hole**. Later I read another publication which reported that **another Universe is visible** through this white hole!

Thus, this device confirmed the presence of the areas where spaces with identical self-dimensionality are joined, the detailed description of which I gave while explaining a super-space of the first order. I feel great joy every time when somebody gets objective instrumental data which 100% confirms the concepts which I have got via my experience and expounded in my books. The joy does not emerge because my rightness was proved, but because I made no mistake which would mislead anybody. Certainly, I am glad that independent researchers, who do not even know about my existence, verify my knowledge.

This is very important, because here nobody adjusts the data to a theory, consciously or unconsciously, as happens very often in modern science. When experimental data confirms theories unknown to the researchers, the value of such confirmation increases because there are no prejudgments and adjustments of the results! As for the concepts at the level of micro-space and the nature of living matter, they are confirmed by my experiments in our French estate which have already lasted for seven years.

I give an enormous amount of factual data proving beyond controversy the accuracy and efficiency of my knowledge of living matter in my series of articles "The Source of life". It is not my deductions that confirm the objectivity of the information given there, but the photographic material which shows the results of the application of my

knowledge in practice. It is of interest that many people do not wish to accept facts and in order to justify their unwillingness to acknowledge the obvious, begin to invent reasons for that, accusing me of fabricating the photos.

It's amazing how little people need to deceive themselves—somebody tosses up a plausible idea to calm their conscience and everybody is happy! It is also of interest that nobody needs proof that the photos were indeed fabricated. Could not it be that those who accuse me of fabrication know perfectly well that the photos are genuine? They counted on the ignorance of most people who know nothing about Photoshop, but heard or read somewhere that one can change any image with the help of this computer program. It is true that Photoshop can change a lot, but as often happens, there is one little "but" which consists of the following: if a graphic designer interferes, even a bit, in the original digital image, its structure is broken. The interference can be easily educed by simple enlargement of the photo. Of course, the "experts" do not want to use their expertise, because it will immediately become clear that they lie and slander!

When the number of photos with proofs became more than a thousand and even they understood that one person could not "Photoshop" such an amount of photos, they began to spread another rumour that the whole of Hollywood works for me! Well, they again were way off the mark, because even the famous Tinsel Town cannot help in this case. If somebody touches an original image, it is found without any difficulty or any special knowledge or skills, because any change is obvious to the naked eye.

The provocateurs know this perfectly, but they also perfectly understand the psychology of the masses, the level of ignorance of which is such that they will "swallow" any misinformation, especially when they are unwilling to accept new things, which frightens them by their novelty and inconceivable nature. Let's remember the fact that long ago, when people saw a locomotive or airplane for the first time, they scattered in all directions. Something like this happens with my Source of Life: people see something strange happening with the natural phenomena they thought they knew well and that does not fit into their usual way of thinking which frightens them a lot. That is why many have chosen a saving lie as the best way out of this situation.

Nevertheless, I am sure that truth will make out its way despite everything, especially taking into account the fact that the technologies I have created on the basis of my knowledge is the only way out of the dramatically critical situation that our modern civilization faces.

But all this will be in the future, and in 2002, when I wrote ***The***

Anisotropic Universe, many discoveries had yet not been made.

After I wrote and published it in my home mini-printing-house, I began to work on the second volume of ***Spirit and Mind***, where I continued to explain the nature of consciousness. Modern science has been unable to find consciousness in the neurons of the brain, because it never was there! The only thing that may be found in the physical brain is the change of the ionic balance in the neurons which is manifested as weak electromagnetic radiation of the brain, which is neither a human thought nor consciousness. Moreover, the activity of the human brain does not depend on the type of this activity, which buried all hopes of the scientists to determine different action phases of the human consciousness.

But man thinks (and not only he). However, modern science failed to find the explanation of this natural phenomenon and has chosen not to pay attention to the uncomfortable question, but to confine itself to general phrases which are obvious anyway. As a result of such "wise" decision, science is unable to explain phenomena such as life after death and reincarnation, despite the fact that it has accumulated a huge amount of facts about so-called clinical death during which people, from outside themselves, more precisely outside their physical bodies which lay on the operating table, saw and felt everything the doctors did to them and not only that.

When a person leaves his physical body, he can walk through walls without any problem, hear and see what happened in another room; he also sees a luminous tunnel and sometimes his relatives and friends who died before and some luminous creatures before the doctors return his physical body to life and he is sucked into ... him! Being out of body, man, or more precisely his spirit, fully preserves his consciousness, memory and ability to think, when his physical body is lifeless. But nobody can hear and see him (the spirit); the usual objects of the surrounding world become unbodied; he notices a lot of other unusual changes.

Oncoming back from the state of clinical death, a person is dramatically changed; many began to believe in god after such an experience, which is no wonder at all. Ignorant science cannot offer anything intelligible to them. In order to hide its inability to explain this natural phenomenon, the men of "science" invented the following "scientific" explanation: when the neurons of the human brain begin to die, they create a pleasant hallucination to help a person die as easily as possible!

It is of interest that this ridiculous and absurd explanation is convenient not only for "scientists" which thus hide their ignorance, but also for the majority of people who are hypnotized by the word scientist,

especially if this "scientist" is a PhD or, even more so, Academician! Nobody has taken the trouble to ask a simple question which ensues from this "scientific" explanation: how does the brain know what it should do to create a "pleasant" death, if the person has never died before and lives only once, as modern science asserts?

Not to mention a lot of other facts and phenomena which a person experiences in the state of clinical death. The reason for all that is simple: the ignorance of modern science which knows something about only **ten percent of the matter of the Universe**. It acknowledges that in utter despair, but stubbornly continues to behave like it knows the absolute truth and does nothing in order to extend the basis of the already known, even a bit.

These were the reasons which urged me to write ***Spirit and Mind*** where I explain the nature of memory, consciousnesses, life after death and the so-called karma, based on the understanding of the nature of the whole matter, rather than its tenth part.

When step by step you unfold what happens with living matter at all levels of reality, you can see a stunning harmony created by Majestic Nature. There is no place for conjecture and supposition; everything is organized with surprising simplicity and beauty, despite all the complexity and multiplicity of the processes! I wanted my readers to see that too. This was the aim I wished to achieve when writing ***Spirit and Mind*** and I hope I succeeded in that. As early as in the first volume of this book, I explained the origin of memory and the mechanism of its forming, as well as the phenomenon of short-term and long-term memory and explained why the short-term memory is really short-term and what it is needed for.

I noted that we would never be able to admire the beauty of the surrounding world without the short-term memory, because precisely this type of memory allows us to see the surrounding world which constantly changes. Moreover, we not only see the world thanks to it, but also hear, touch and feel it! All our sense-organs work on the basis of the short-term memory, when the signals from the external environment reach the human brain and remain there just as long as it is necessary for us to produce an adequate reaction.

Imagine, when you open your eyes, you see something which will forever remain in your brain. It means that, on seeing something once, you will not be able to see anything else anymore! One and the same picture frozen in your brain will accompany you through all your life. It is of minor importance that this eternal picture can display an amazing sunset or sunrise, or blue sky with snow-white clouds, or mighty waves of the ocean. A person will be blind despite this stunning beauty!

It may sound odd: a person *sees* the same picture all his life and at the same time is fully blind. The ability to see and blindness may seem to be absolutely incompatible concepts, but in fact an eternal picture before one's eyes *is* blindness! Only due to the fact that our sight is based on the effect of the short-term memory (when an image is refreshed with a frequency of 24 images per second) are we able to see everything in action, so long as the external environment does not change to a frequency higher than 24.

Everything that happens with higher speed drops out of our sight. In other words, each image which our brain recreates "lives" only 1/24 second, whereupon it disappears. A simple experiment can easily confirm that. It is enough to close your eyes and what was seen an instant before disappears and the darkness comes. However, the picture remains and we easily can prove that by opening our eyes again. Not only sight but all human sense organs operate on the principle of the short-term memory! Exactly due to it we see, feel and touch the surrounding world.

The short-term memory can be compared with the moist sand on theocean shore, the imprints of which are washed off by the surging waves and new imprints are washed off by the following ones and the following ones, etc. Thus the sand is virgin clean after each wave, ready for getting new imprints. Just as the visual areas of the cortex and the areas responsible for hearing, taste and touch, etc. are again ready for the arrival of new wave-signals from corresponding receptors.

Unlike it, the long-term memory is a door to consciousness. Its informational imprints do not disappear but remain, if not forever, but for a very long time. The difference between these two types of memory does not seem significant. In the case of the long-term memory the informative imprints remain at least at two material levels instead of the one level in the case of the short-term memory.

But this difference is "insignificant" only on the face of it. In fact, this qualitative difference brings us to the understanding of the nature of consciousness. When an informational imprint remains on two or more material levels, a living creature (in our case man) gets the possibility to recreate it, at will, without any participation of what has created this imprint before.

In other words, man can independently recreate images and events after **they have already happened**! This means that the long-term memory and the accumulation of informative imprints at the level of human spirit, namely at two and more material levels of the neurons of the brain, are the principle cause for the origin of **reason** at a certain level of development of living matter. These were the processes

on which I shed light in the second volume of my book ***Spirit and Mind.*** However, they were not the only ones...

When I treated the subject of long-term memory I succeeded in finding a way I could graphically transmit the moment of origin of consciousness, when a living being acquires the ability required for independent thinking. I found a form to show one incredibly important role of the physically dense neurons of the human brain which, on "passing" informational imprints to other material levels of the brain, become ready again to receive the next informational signal.

This enables the accumulation of informational imprints at other material levels of the brain's neurons and, in the course of time, linking of the imprints of the adjoining neurons. The process of linking goes on in breadth and upwards at all material levels (except the physical one). As a result of the accumulation of a certain critical quantity of informative imprints at the second, third and fourth material levels of the neurons a miracle occurs—**consciousness** is born! The informational imprints of one neuron are linked with those of another one; and the imprints of the latter with the imprints of another one and so on, and so forth. Thus we have a horizontal chain which connects inter se many neurons at other material levels, the physically dense bodies of which could never be connected because they are situated at considerable distance from each other, regarding the size of the neurons.

It is of interest here that the adjoining neurons **do not** interact between themselves at the level of physically dense neurons, no matter how strange it sounds! The matter is that each neuron is a cell, a special one, but nevertheless a cell, which is separated from other cells by the cellular membrane like a military fortress by a stone wall. This "stone wall" lets the nutritious substances from plasma into a neuron, providing the vital functions of the cell-fortress, and lets out the products of its vital activity. Information goes into a neuron only through special neuronal protrusions, the axons, on the ends of which there are different receptors which supply information to neurons.

So, if the axons of different neurons do not contact inter se, then there is no exchange of information at the physical level between them, even if these neurons touch each other with their fortress-membranes. However, such limitation at the physical level provides freedom of cooperation on other levels! The simplicity and beauty of this creation of nature amazes! Although I understood all these mechanisms before, when I began to transmit my understanding to others in the book, the beauty of this process staggered me to my innermost heart.

Even now, when I write these lines, I admire the Nature that could create such a perfect and beautiful mechanism. There is one more

thing. When I expound the understanding of one or another natural phenomenon, I fully submerge into the comprehension of all minor details in order to create a full-fledged understanding of these processes in the reader's mind. When it happens I discover such depths of my understanding about which I was unaware until I paid rapt attention to them. In fact it is one thing to understand something for yourself and quite another thing to explain it to somebody else!

The matter is that often there is no time to stop an instant and admire its beauty and perfection, but when you want to share this instant with others, you inevitably take a pause and can admire it too. It looks like you rush past everything at high speed and do not notice the surrounding beauty. And when you pull up and look around, you at once pay attention to the beauty of the wildflowers and birds singing and find out this enormous world is filled with life, where every minor insect has a place and sense of existence. A high-speed car prevents you from noticing any of that but sometimes the only thing you should do is very simple—stop the "car" and wish to see and hear!

The understanding of nature clinches the eternal philosophical dispute—what is primary matter or consciousness. The understanding of the nature of living matter and that one which modern science calls the Dark matter immediately removes this "insoluble" philosophical question from the agenda. Consciousness and thought are material; it's just they are not formed of the usual, for us, matter, the so-called physically dense matter, but of the Dark matter which is Terra Incognita for modern science! Human spirits consist of it too, just as do the spirits of all living things.

However, the so-called Dark matter is not something amorphous, faceless or dark in its essence. The Dark matter of our Universe is formed by seven matters, different in their qualities and properties, which I call primary matters. By the way, they also form the physically dense matter which we can all feel so well.

Many "riddles" and "secrets" of Nature disappear, if we can understand what the Dark matter is! But on accepting the fact that Dark matter, which makes up 90% of the matters of Universe, exists, modern science continues to consider that it has a "complete" picture of Nature and its laws and that cannot be called other than hopeless foolishness!

If we can understand the nature of consciousness and human spirit, we can easily understand the phenomenon of clinical death with all its concomitant "wonders" and what happens and why with a person after death. We can also understand the natural phenomenon which many call "karma", of which no explanation whatsoever is given, except

for being labeled "good" or "bad". However, the concepts of good and bad hugely differed at different times and in different people of different races and beliefs. They do even now. In fact they can be diametrically opposed.

They strongly depend on the domination of one or another ideology, religion or social structure. However, not a single ideology or religion ever gave the understanding of why bad was bad and good was good. The reason for that can be both ignorance and the benefit which certain social layers get from imposing erroneous views. When I expounded this issue in my book, I aimed at giving the reader the understanding of changes that take place in a person while he accomplishes one or another action.

I aimed at showing what consequences actions might have for a person, his descendants, his spirit and for what he should be prepared when carrying out one or another action. I also wanted to warn people about the responsibility which they take upon themselves when accomplishing any action, thus preventing them from being ignoramuses who are unaware of what they do and look for self-justification in their own ignorance.

Man must know that any repentance and "absolution" cannot eliminate the consequences of his actions and take the responsibility for what he has done off him. Knowing that, only then will man be free and become the creator of his own fate and never be the prey of "connoisseurs" of the human heart which skillfully use man's ignorance filling their pockets and making man believe in false concepts which they invented for their advantage.

For example, in Christianity (and not only there) priests convince their parishioners that sin is not in the misdeed itself, but in the unwillingness to repent! In other words, one can sin as much as one pleases, the main thing is to repent and confess the misconduct and everything will be forgiven. They appeal to the "fact" that Jesus Christ redeemed all human sins committed before and after him by his great sacrifice on the cross! The rest of you just need to do a minor thing—to repent and thus your sin will be added to other human sins which he has already atoned with his blood. Oh, yes and don't forget to thank the priests by providing them with some purely earthly things. They don't mind sharing the loot with you and will gladly "put in a word" for you up there. So, you will be cleansed and can go on sinning, the more the better. Just don't forget to share and you will surely go to heaven straight after death.

Only when a person understands the consequences of each action he undertakes and the **responsibility for them**, can he truly be free!

Only when a person understands that he does not get punished by the court for a crime he committed, or receive absolution in the church and when he understands that everything takes place in the moment of action, only then will social parasites lose the possibility to manipulate his consciousness in particular, and the consciousness of the masses in general.

There is another important moment to which I especially tried to draw my reader's attention. A person must understand that independent of whether he was caught red-handed or not, whether somebody knows about his crime or not, or he was given "absolution" or not—he is punished at the very instant he performed the crime! It is not a punishment from God, but from Nature—from its real and objective laws whether a person knows them or not, understands them or not, acknowledges them or not!

A person should understand an important thing: if nobody throws him into prison for a crime it does not mean that he escaped punishment! He surely gets his punishment, only it is not one he considers to be a punishment, but one which he could not even suspect! However, the person's ignorance does not make the punishment smaller or less serious. And I can tell you that real punishments for a crime are far more serious than those which a person gets in court.

By committing a crime a person changes his genes which he passes to his descendants, and thus, they also pay for his crime or crimes. And a person later gets various diseases. But this is not all yet! The most serious changes occur at the level of the person's spirit, which a criminal carries through all his future reincarnations! I am sincerely sure that this information should be accessible to everybody; only then does a person have the chance to estimate the responsibility for his actions. That is why ***Spirit and Mind*** needed to be written as soon as possible.

It was important for me to give the correct understanding of these processes to people, and then it would be their business, whether to accept it or not. I considered this to be my responsibility to others, following the principle: if you understand something, help others to understand it! I had to supply them with an understanding-warning. Not doing this would be like if I found a way through a minefield and concealed it from others who would follow me and surely be blown up by "mines" about which I knew.

In this case the responsibility for their being blown up by these "mines" would be fully mine. Therefore, my book ***Spirit and Mind*** became some kind of a warning—"**Watch out! "Mines"**"! The only thing I could not do then and cannot do now is to compel others to

read this warning-understanding and take it into consideration. But that does not depend on me. It depends only on people's free will and desire or unwillingness to accept the warning.

When I finished the second volume of the book and printed it on my home mini-press, I planned to write the third volume, but the necessity of writing another book which I entitled ***Russian History Viewed through distorted mirrors*** arose. I will not describe the reasons which urged me to write it—I did that in the preface, but I would like to share that which remained "off screen".

In 1999 Loriy Nikolaevich Popov sent me the ***Slavonic-Aryan Vedas*** and asked for my opinion of those books which were received with huge scepticism in Russia. When I got them, I understood that they were exactly what I lacked for the assembling of the whole picture. Certainly, these books were only a piece of a puzzle but a very important one.

In fact, since being a child I adored reading different books related to the distant and not so distant past, be they historical or fictional ones. The latter recounted both real historical events and personalities and fictitious or mystic ones. Many had interesting and highly intriguing plots, but somehow they did not seem alive for me or touch my heart. Others evoked very strong and unusual reactions in my body, as if I resonated with the book or some part of it. Often those reactions were very strong—powerful waves rolled through the whole body; it was something like a chill, but at the same time was not like it. An unusually powerful sense appeared in those instants—the sense of truth! It was a very strange state—to really feel the truth with every cell of your being.

This kind of feeling did not appear only when I read books about past events; there were others too. I remember that in 1987 I could get two books by Vsevolod Soloviev, ***The Volkvs*** and ***The Great Rosenkreuzer*** published yet before the Revolution 1917. When I began to read the first book, I needed some time to get used to reading the text with letters which the Bolshevists had eliminated from the Russian alphabet as allegedly being unnecessary.

But very soon I could read it without any strain and was surprised that I could perceive the information contained in the book much stronger, brighter and with increased versatility. Later I re-read the same books which were published in our days and paid attention to the fact that my perception of them became much poorer. So, on reading Vsevolod Soloviev's books, I was staggered by his description of many situations as if he described my own experience. It was so unexpected for me, that I was slightly taken aback. Many events from his protag-

onist's life were almost a replica of my own life and those experiments and discoveries which I had already done by the time I read his books.

It became clear for me that the author perfectly understood the subject he described. It is impossible to invent this kind of thing; everything was described with such exactness. However, most readers would certainly consider it to be some imaginary mystical plot which the author so successfully fictionalized. It is of interest that many events, which were very like those described in this book and the existence of which I had not even suspected before reading the books, happened later in my life. I also had to leave Russia for a long time and live many years in a strange country where many events, almost identical to those that Vsevolod Soloviev described, happened. There I knew who my ancestors were and how they faithfully served Rus for many thousands of years.

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Nobody ever passed any knowledge to me, be it secret or open. I just did not need it, because I created a system of knowledge based on my personal experience and research, thanks to which, as far as I understood later, shot me very much ahead of those who aimed their attention and efforts searching for secret knowledge and perceived it blindly without any deep understanding of the essence. As it appeared, I discovered anew many laws and phenomena, all attributed to secret knowledge, in the first two or three years of my independent search and went much farther.

It turned out to be quite peculiar. Most of those who one way or another touched the secret knowledge could perceive only its external form, but they failed to grasp the content. The matter is that in order to fill the external form with some content, one should pour into it his own experience and understanding, without which the form will remain an empty lifeless shell. Who knows how far I could reach and understand if I got secret and ancient knowledge like others? It is highly likely that I would wander in the "Minotaur's labyrinth" of secret knowledge with no way out until now.

Our distant ancestors were never fools despite making several severe mistakes and miscalculations. The secret knowledge they left could be conceived in full only by a person who would think it out for himself by the sweat of his brow. They perfectly understood that sooner or later the Dark Forces would lay their hands on the books with secret knowledge. It happened. The Dark did get some of them.

Therefore the books which contained secret knowledge were written so that if social parasites got them, they would think that those were the most sacral knowledge of the Slavs-Aryans and thus get into a trap. It

happened. On getting access to the secret knowledge in Ancient Egypt using deception and lies, social parasites came to believe that they had got a "philosopher's stone". It did give them something, which made them calm down and think that they became invincible! Indeed, they have been able to dominate other people for a long time because the latter did not have access to the secret knowledge they had got. However, despite all that, Dark Forces got only the outer "wrapping" or "case" of the true knowledge of nature and did not even suspect that.

No matter how incredible it sounds the priests-keepers who remained on our planet after the last planetary catastrophe which happened 13,019 years ago (2010) also kept and still keep the "wrapping" of the knowledge. I became convinced about that when I read the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas. Of course, what was published is only a tiny part of what the *volkhv*-keepers have. Nevertheless, it enables one to arrive at certain conclusions. The secret knowledge of Light Forces **only gives the opportunity to build a correct foundation for evolving, no more**! They give the correct understanding of the structure of the Universe and basic laws of Nature in a descriptive form.

Slavonic-Aryan Runes contain some prompts which many do not understand or understand wrongly. Each Rune has three horizontal lines which symbolize the worlds of Yav, Nav and Prav[1]. The *volkhv*-keepers know that the Runes carry covert images but understand it in their own way—as a correct interpretation of the meaning of a Rune—and make a mistake. They intend to find this hidden meaning trying to understand correctly the sense of the arrangement of the Runes in the text and as well as the meaning of a single Rune and their combinations.

Undoubtedly these investigations are very important for correct understanding of the runic letter which is impossible without understanding the meaning of Runes, but it has nothing to do with the veiled images about which their creators told!

Regrettably, everybody can understand something only from his or her point of view which can be quite different. If the "point" is low, the understanding will also be "low"! And those who say that the Slavonic-Aryan Runes can have at least three levels have their "point" only at the first level, i.e. the lowest one. Therefore, their interpretation also will be of the lowest quality, no matter how hard they try. This is so not because these people are bad or stupid, but because in order to unfold the information at the second, third etc. levels of the Runes,

[1] According to the Ancient Slavonic beliefs Yav is a material world, Nav is a world of the dead and Prav is the law of the God Svarog that governs Yav and Nav. In many Slavic languages the word "pravo" means "law" or "rule". (*E.L.*)

one need to have these levels oneself!

This is not a supposition, but a fact. At the beginning of 2006 I became acquainted with Vitaly Petrovich Bondarenko. Nadezhda Jakovlevna Anshukova who was engaged in popularization of my knowledge before my returning to Russia introduced him to me. In the course of our telephone conversation I knew that he studied in Omsk (probably, in the Asgard spiritual school — *E.L.*) and could manage the Runic script quite well. I shared my opinion of the Runes saying that one could not understand and interpret the Runes correctly until they were unfolded for reading at all levels.

Otherwise the situation is similar to the one when a person sees only the tip of the iceberg above the surface of the water and knows nothing of what it is underneath. There is no doubt that the tip of the iceberg carries certain objective information about the iceberg: it is made of ice; it is white; it dazzles in the sunrays; it floats, etc. But all that is not enough to draw the conclusion of what this iceberg is in reality until a person looks under water. The situation with the Runes is very much like that—if one is unable to unfold the Runes at other levels of reality (to peep under water and see what an iceberg has there), he cannot grasp the complete sense hidden in them.

At first Vitaly Petrovich tried to explain the hidden meaning of the Runes to me using the understanding which he received at the school and his own interpretation, but when I explained the essence of my view on that subject he had a burning desire to feel and see everything on his own, which was clearly understandable. On seeing his earnest desire, I decided to help him, but warned that I must change him qualitatively for this which would not be easy for him to endure. He was not scared and I began the transformation of his brain and spirit.

He appeared to be very dynamic for that and I had to work with him just several times on the phone to bring his evolutional level to the necessary height. As I found out later, my work came very hard to him, the loads were very large, but he endured everything without a murmur. As a result of these evolutional transformations I created a fundamentally new structure for his brain and spirit. I also created a crystal of force for him which I placed in the center of his forehead. He saw all this and anticipated when he would be able to unfold the Runes the way I had described.

That day finally came and I unfolded the Runes for him, because he was not able to do that himself. He saw a volumetric hologram unfolding over each Rune and then these holograms interlacing inter se at other levels creating dynamic holograms, amazing in their beauty and meaning. Later, on taking several lessons, Vitaly Petrovich could

unfold the Runes on his own, although not fully, but sufficiently in order to make sure by his own experience that the main information of the Runes is contained there.

The qualitative transformation which I performed so that he could see other levels of the Runes gave him many other additional abilities. He could move with his consciousness to the places he could reach and fully feel his presence there. He told me, filled with delight, that he managed to shift his consciousness to the shore of a north lake where he heard and felt the gusts of wind squalling on him and the coastal vegetation which sang the wind's song. He felt the lake water being cold and the air being humid, etc.

He was incredibly happy about all that and I was sincerely glad that I could help him to realize his dream. But this state of affairs did not last very long. Once again I got confirmation that the "star syndrome" was not an empty phrase. One day we discussed the subject of the highest form of the manifestation of reason and he tried to prove that it was word!

My position was the following: word was just initial and the most primitive form of the manifestation of reason which exists only at the most initial and primitive phases of the development of a civilization. A simple analysis shows that it is so. An image to which corresponds one or another word is born in the human brain and that alone prevents the sense of an image from being transmitted with 100% precision, because not a single word or even a group of words are able convey fully and accurately the essence of an image born by the human brain. But this is not all! In order for us to pronounce a word which would reflect one or another image, the brain creates certain signals which make lungs push air out of them with a certain force and at the same time it sends other signals to vocal cords.

The latter begin to vibrate in the air which the lungs push out and produce sounds which form the word. It reaches the ear of a listener which transforms their sounds into nervous signals by means of the internal ear. These signals get into the corresponding areas of the cortex and reproduce the image which appeared in the speaker's head. At that a listener may perceive the information with a certain degree of distortion which is determined by his education and abilities. This is not all either! Everybody perfectly knows that the whole process is very slow and inertial, because our voice communication system requires time for its recovery to the initial state.

Unlike the voice mode, the direct transfer of information between two individuals means that a transmitting person passes images into a receiving person's brain without abovementioned "crutches" and lim-

itations. It allows conveying in one minute an amount of information one could spend billions of years doing using the voice method. The only condition for telepathy is both communicators having a corresponding level of evolutional development. In other words, they should have certain qualities and properties for being able to do that.

But Vitaly Petrovich did not pay any attention to my arguments and I had to remind him that he could see the Runes at other levels of reality only when I had changed him qualitatively.

And here he got irritated and said that he did not ask me to change him. I had to remind that it was he who asked me to do so that he was able to see the Runes at other levels. I also reminded that I had warned him that I had to change him and new qualities and abilities (like the ability to travel with his spirit) and the crystal of force were the result of this change. But he became annoyed even more and began to insist on restoring everything back, the way it was before.

I tried to explain to him that it was a wrong decision and he should not rush to this kind of conclusion, but he continued to insist that he did not deserve such a "gift" and asked me to make it the way it was before. I did that and warned that next time he would have to deserve such a "gift".

I clearly understood why he behaved like that. He thought that I bluffed trying to depreciate his highest "achievements". He was absolutely sure that the changes would not disappear and he could put a parvenu (that is me) in his place! Those were his thoughts when we spoke for the last time. Well, what you can do, if the example of the old woman, who in the end got nothing but the broken washtub, from the Russian fairy-tale ***The Tale about the Fisherman and the Fish*** taught him nothing.

Probably, no one read this fairy-tale to him in his childhood or he completely forgot about it when he grew up, but it is not in vain that each Russian fairy-tale ends with words: "The story lies but has a hint that makes people think." In the end Vitaliy Petrovich's expectations did not come true. When I removed what I had created for him, he lost not only the crystal of force and the ability to open the Runes at other levels of reality, but other skills which he acquired after my transformation.

He just heard what he wanted to hear and had no desire whatsoever to listen to anybody else! Regrettably, he failed to understand that in order to see and unfold the Runes at other levels of reality one must have a corresponding level of evolutional development, which I granted to him, just as he failed to understand that he got other qualities as a "side-effect" of his ability to read Runes at other levels. I did not tell

him about these "collateral" abilities counting on his understanding everything without any additional explanation. He did understand but not what I expected.

He even did not contemplate the fact that his new "magic" abilities appeared **only** after I had performed his qualitative transformation. As a result of his arrogance and egoism, he lost them.

Vitaliy Petrovich understood very quickly that he brought his goods to the wrong market and began to sound out the possibility of bringing everything back through our mutual acquaintances. It was very funny to observe a person burning with desire to get the "magic" abilities back and at the same time not wishing to overcome his pride. He could not ask me personally. He thought it would be tantamount to looking like a dog with his tail between his legs. He did not like this at all and wanted me to offer to give him the "gift" back.

But the "mediators" got an unambiguous answer: I had warned him that if I removed the gift, he would have to deserve to get it back. I also said that this kind of "clever" move of his showed his immaturity and unavailability for being responsible which should accompany my gift. I understood that his interest for seeing unfolded Runes proceeded from his personal ambitions, not from aspiration for knowledge and truth.

On getting the negative answer, Vitaliy Petrovich Bondarenko began to fling mud at me behind my back and thus confirming that I was right on taking my decision regarding him. Despite that I would like to thank him for drawing my attention to the true sense of the words which we all know very well from our childhood: "past", "present" and "future". In fact we pronounce them automatically and do not penetrate into their true meaning, which appears to be so simple! The Russian word "past" literally means "I have passed it already"; "present" means "on that I still stand"; "future" means "I still will be"! When pronounced rapidly, these words merged in one and became "past", "present" and "future" as we know them. If we take the trouble to penetrate into the true sense of the Russian words, we can be surprised by the depth and beauty of their content which is rarely seen in other languages.

I gave this example to show that on learning and memorizing the meaning of the Runes, a person does not acquire new qualities and abilities, and very often the people who study the Runes and secret knowledge of our ancestors can be very egoistic, looking for personal power and see in them the instrument of achievement of their personal ends, instead of enlightenment and development. Vitaly Petrovich positions himself as a spiritual teacher, but in reality he just tries to realize his ungrounded personal ambitions.

This kind of behaviour is inherent in the followers of the Dark, at the very best, the Grey too, but undoubtedly not to those who choose the way of Light. Our ancestors understood that and left only magus-keepers, in other words librarians, who, having the opportunity to read the ancient books, did not have then and still do not have **access to the main information** contained in these books! Only those who succeed in reaching, fully or partly, all levels where it is written are able to unfold it.

Thus everybody can open only as much as his level of evolutional development will allow. Neither more, nor less! The most important thing is that those ancient books which everybody is so eager to get do not have the formula of eternal life, the way to get a "philosopher's stone", or instructions for reaching the highest levels of development! They contain information about the great past of our civilization and a chronicle of the events that happened in Space from where our ancestors came and colonized Midgard-Earth. They also narrate about the opposition of Light and Dark Forces at different times.

This knowledge is necessary for with it we could restore the true picture of Midgard's glorious past when our planet will be unyoked from the Dark Forces (social parasites). We could also recover the correct understanding of natural phenomena in order that our civilization could take into account the experience of past errors and, after the liberation from slavery, move along the Golden Way of Development.

Isn't it a wise move? Dark Forces or social parasites strived to get these ancient books by hook or by crook hoping that they would find therein **evolutional keys and thus could realize their old dream—to get the possibility of evolving to the highest evolutional levels**! Those crumbs which they succeeded in getting from the ancient books which they managed to seize were just a lure or a false hope which forced them to hunt the ancient manuscripts with maniacal persistence.

Even then when the Dark laid their hands on some books, they got just bits of information, being unable to unfold the Runes at other levels, which eventually led them into the labyrinth out of which they will never be able to get out.

Regrettably, it was the only thing which our ancestors could do for us, their descendants. Probably the Light Forces could not suppose that, using even those grains of their knowledge, the social parasites' dodgy minds could bring so much evil to our beautiful planet, that they would inundate the whole of it with the blood of their descendants. That the Earth would bleed almost continuously for the last thousand years and the Dark would kill hundreds of millions of their

children and grandchildren. That the enemies of Humankind would kill one hundred million of the Ruses during the last Night of Svarog, the bearers of the qualities at the genetic level which are necessary to revive the civilization on our planet after it leaves the Hellish Worlds (according to the Slavonic-Aryan tradition, the space area controlled by the Dark Forces — *E.L.*).

The genocide of the Ruses was conducted for one reason: social parasites perfectly understood that exactly Russia and exactly the Ruses would be the driving force which would wipe the parasitic system off the face of the Earth and release the whole World from their power. They wanted to destroy the Russian people and Russian culture so that **nobody could liberate the world from social parasites**! The matter is that at the genetic level the Ruses preserved the high evolutional number of our ancestors! The Russian people have minimal evolutional warp caused by mixing of races that have huge differences in evolutional numbers. Well, as usual, I got carried away "a bit". So, let me come back to the subject of the chapter.

At the beginning of the new millennium my student brought me an article in English about an unusual relief map of Western Siberia found by Professor A.N. Chuvyrov. It had a strange title "The map of the Creator". The age of the map was determined by the age of the dolomite plate on which the map was "drawn". Oddly enough, the scientists defined the age of the map as 100 million years, because that was the age of the plate.

It does not really matter whether they come to such an absurd conclusion on purpose or not. It is clear, however, that they are not on friendly terms with elementary logic. Following their logic, the age of any modern tomb will vary from one to several hundred millions, because the gravestones are made of marble, granite, dolomite and other rocks the age of which is hundreds millions of years! Any sane person will laugh at such logic, but scientists with academic degrees seriously determine the age of the relief map as the age of its basis—the dolomite plate.

In reality our ancestors created the map a bit more than 100 000 years ago, soon after they moved from DaArya, which had begun to sink into the Arctic Ocean, to Western Siberia the territory of which the map reflects: gigantic landing grounds for space ships and a huge net of gigantic canals. The map itself is an enigma—the technology of its creation is unknown to modern science. Moreover, the data used for its creation could be received only from a space orbit!

Modern science would need hundreds of years to gather the data to create this kind of map. They found only one piece of 200 which

constituted a relief map of our planet. The majority of them were destroyed and only this one, which showed the place to which our ancestors moved from DaArya, accidentally survived. (See the article "The untold history of Russia-I" — *E.L.*)

Almost at the same time I knew about *the Book of Veles* (which contains information about the history of the Slavs for at least 20,000 years written down on small wooden boards — *E.L.*). I was surprised at knowing that Y.P. Mirolubov lived and worked in San Francisco and that his files were in the City's Russian museum. This was how I knew about the existence of the Russian museum in San Francisco. When I went there, I was told that Mirolubov's documents were handed over to the **Hoover Institution Archives** Stanford University, Stanford, California 94305-6010 USA. I registered there and got an access card for the fee of $20 or $30.

There I found everything regarding *The Book of Veles* including the translation which Mirolubov made himself. There was a photograph of a small wooden board which he took in Belgium in 1942 among those documents. In my research on that subject I was surprised by the reaction of a student who, on hearing that I ordered Mirolubov's files on ***The Book of Veles***, asked me whether I really could be interested in such a hoax. His question surprised me and filled me with indignation. He called a photograph of a real wooden board a hoax, while the whole of official history is based only on copies of documents, the originals of which "accidentally" burned in the Middle Ages almost all over Western Europe. Don't you find it odd: all the originals burned and all copies of them "miraculously" survived intact?

For some reason this fact did not bother the student at all, but the real photo of a small board made in 1943, when computers, with the help of which one could realize this kind of a "fake", did not exist, must be a hoax! But nobody asks similar questions; all are so hypnotized that they swallow everything that social parasites' propaganda feeds them... Well, this is a subject of another day.

Almost about then I got the first edition of the British Encyclopaedia (1771) where I found a lot of information, including maps showing Great Tartary which was the greatest country of the world then! However, the second edition of the British Encyclopaedia did not say a single word about this enormous country, just as the modern version of history keeps silent about the existence of this enormous and most ancient empire on our planet.

Nevertheless I already had at my disposal the maps of the Middle Ages cartographers with the name of Great Tartary on them. Also I had maps of the so-called Dark Ages which differed a lot from the maps

of those epochs which our children study at schools and colleges and grown-ups at universities.

Also there were a lot of such maps in a library which our closest friend and comrade-in-arms presented to Svetlana and me. On knowing that, many of our friends and comrade-in-arms began to bring us unique artifacts which were saved from destruction during the Night of Svarog. It was incredible, but for a very short time we became possessors of priceless documents: ancient maps, atlases, unique genealogical books, etc. In fact everything was ready so that I began to write the book about the real past of our civilization. At the end of 2003 I began to do just that.

But before I continue, I would like to mention some curious events directly related to this subject. 2003 was the last time Svetlana could come to San Francisco. She was forced to go to France being unable to get a new USA visa despite our active attempts to get it.

From that day until my departure to Russia at the end of July, 2006 we communicated only by phone with each other. So, very often we discussed the subject of the new book. I shared my ideas about it with her. We actively talked over interesting discoveries which I succeeded in making while gathering material for the book. During one conversation we agreed that despite the thorough elimination of the real sources like maps and other artifacts, nevertheless, much was saved, especially in Europe and how wonderful that the Dark failed to destroy everything.

Very soon a news report appeared that unknown people had got into state and private libraries and stolen 15^{th}—18^{th} century maps or even cut out them from books! Well, it seemed that someone tried to wipe out that which had not been wiped out before, but they were too late! Certainly, Svetlana and I perfectly understood that our conversations were tapped, but we did not expect such a reaction. This fact shows how the social parasites are afraid that the truth will come to light.

There was another amusing, so to speak, fact. One day I shared with Svetlana the idea of publishing a geographical atlas. We had so many original maps and geographical atlases which I could not possibly include or even mention in the book. So I thought it would not be a bad idea to publish all of them in a separate book. The next surprise did not keep me waiting. In a year I was sent a book *The Old maps of the Great Russian Empire* by G.V. Nosovsky and A.T. Fomenko which surprised and pleased me enormously. I thought that my idea had soared in the air and these authors could bring it about before I did. I was also surprised that the title was almost the same as we wanted to give our atlas. Well, stranger things may happen in life.

However my joy disappeared when I opened the book and began

to read the preface: *"... There are 48 maps in Claudius Ptolemy's Geography,* ***allegedly*** *published in 1540 by Sebastian Münster. It is considered that 27 of them were created by* ***"ancient"*** *Ptolemy, and the other 21 were drawn later by S. Münster [1353], p. XVII. There are 19 maps in the "Addendum to Ptolemy" published by Cornelius van Wytfliet* ***allegedly*** *in 1597. In total, there are 67 ancient maps in the complete map collection of Ptolemy. We used the fundamental editions [1353] and [1078:1]... "*

The introduction and the whole book is full of words like *allegedly*, *"ancient"*, *probably*, *possibly*, *presumably*, *maybe* etc. It is written so that the reader's consciousness, following the logic of the authors, absorbs doubt in everything about what they write. The book is diligently written according to the Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP)!

If the authors were not sure about anything, why did they publish a book which would certainly cause only a negative attitude in readers toward the information they expounded? It is also of interest that the authors admit in the book that they **never saw the originals of what they published in their book**! They confess that they got the data from the e-library of the Congress of the USA! A question arises: why one should publish such a book? The answer suggests itself: to discredit the idea and to discourage people who would read their book from reading anything of the kind in the future.

In this book the authors use the information from the first geographical atlas "allegedly" created by Abraham Ortelius (April 2, 1527 — June 28, 1598), a Flemish cartographer. It turned out that we had an original geographical atlas by Abraham Ortelius. Nosovsky and Fomenko gave a title page from his atlas in their book *The Old maps of the Great Russian Empire*. As there was no way to compare the maps by phone, I read to Svetlana what they had and she compared that with the original. I was not surprised at the complete discrepancy between both texts. Here another question arises: why would anyone use documents, the originals of which he had never seen, but nevertheless dare to give his "vision"? I think that the answer is obvious...

I started my book ***Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors*** with a comparison of the texts of the Old Testament, the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas and past events which social parasites did not find necessary to distort, probably thinking that they could not represent any danger to the "history" they had fabricated.

Everything turned out to be surprisingly interlaced with each other and parts of the puzzle fell into their corresponding places. The events described in the Old Testament were expounded from the point of view of Dark Forces, the followers of the Moon cult—the cult of death, while

the events reflected in the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas were given from the point of Light Forces, the representatives of the Sun cult—the cult of Life. It appeared that both sources reflect the same events, only from opposing points of view!

When I studied the Old Testament, I did not just read the text, but penetrated into its sense, trying to find the reflection of real events which happened in real places on our planet, leaving its theological paraphernalia aside. I found that. It appeared that the Old Testament had many direct indications to real places where one or another event happened. Sometimes the information was given in the form of the simplest Aesopian language, i.e. allegorically, but always with very exact clues, so that only a lazy or unable to think independently person could not understand it.

"... *And a* ***river*** *went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence* ***it was parted****, and became* ***into four heads***..." On the face of it, the text narrates about one paradisiacal river which was divided into four river-sleeves. This kind of thing happens, but usually several rivers merge into one. Moreover, a river divides into river-sleeves at its mouth when flowing into a lake, sea or ocean. It would seem a small point unworthy of any attention. A bad translation or a change of concepts since the time writing of the Old Testament could be the reason for such oddity.

However, I paid attention to the Old Testament clearly giving the names of the rivers into which the paradisiacal river was divided. The first one is called **Pison** which washes the whole Land of **Havilah**. It is also specified that gold of this land is good and there is bdellium and onyx stone. The second river of the Old Testament is **Gihon** which compassed the whole **land of Kush**. The third river of the new paradise is **Hiddekel** and it goes toward the east of **Assyria**. The fourth river is **Euphrates**. I continued to "dig" further. I began to search whether there were other sources that mentioned these names. The point is that I never heard of the rivers or countries with such names, except for the Euphrates.

I succeeded in finding the location of all these rivers and places and their modern names! When I charted all that I had found on modern maps, I was hugely surprised! My surprise increased when I found a description of the Second Conquest of the Slavs-Aryans of Dravidia (Ancient India) and its consequences given in the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas. It was amazing the way everything had coincided, if, certainly, we make allowance for distinctions in terminology and names, which is a quite natural thing, because the Old Testament and Slavonic-Aryan Vedas were written by the representatives of dramatically different cul-

tures, languages and opposite world views. Nevertheless, both sources described the same events, only from opposite positions. The Old Testament reflected the position of the supporters of the Moon cult, the cult of death, while Slavonic-Aryan Vedas is a book of the supporters of the Sun cult, the cult of life.

I am not going to describe everything I "dug out" when I carried out a detailed study of the Old Testament, Slavonic-Aryan Vedas and other sources and documents, you can read about all of it in the book. But before I continue the narration, I would like to linger round a subject, more precisely two, which opened for me and I hope, for other people, the world of our ancestors from quite unexpected angle.

There is a "Tale about a Brave Falcon" in the fourth book of the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas called ***The Source of Life***. The main protagonist of the Tale, an ordinary young Russian girl Nastenka, sets out on a journey to look for her promised and travels from one planet to another. When I read about that, something forced me to pay closer attention to her first stop.

Nastenka arrived at the first planet where the Goddess Karna lived. The planet was located at a distance of **three Far Away Distances** from Midgard-earth. When I saw this distance, I had a presentiment of something very important and it did not deceive me. I determined that one Far Away Distance was equal to 1.4 light years. Then the distance of three Far Away Distances will be 4.2 light years. But this is the distance from Earth to Alpha Centauri, the nearest star to our planet! It is of interest that Nastenka flew to this star from a space landing ground which is indicated on the relief three-dimensional map of Western Siberia, precisely from a place, the way toward which is described in the Tale.

This was something surreal: almost at the same time I got artifacts and documents which totally supplemented and confirmed each other, at the same time revealed the fact that our ancestors enjoyed such technical level, the like of which our mechanistic civilization cannot even dream! But this unbelievable event happened, it is a fact and nobody is able to refute it! But the most important thing is that all of it together proves that the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas are not faked!

Much later, in 2009, I wrote ***The Tale about a Brave Falcon: Past and Present*** where I analyzed every line of the Tale and found confirmation of everything written in it, based on the latest astronomical and astrophysical data! But that happened after writing and publishing ***Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors***.

After a while I had to put it aside, because I needed to prepare ***The Anisotropic Universe*** for publishing in Russia. Nadezda Jakovlevna

Anshukova volunteered to publish it in Archangelsk. I gave my consent and began to prepare the book for publishing according to the Russian standards which differed from the American ones.

When I began, I felt a strong desire to improve the book. I decided to re-draw all illustrations the way I had dreamed in the very beginning, which was impossible to do then because neither computers nor graphic programs had necessary characteristics for that.

So, I started working on new illustrations and was very pleased with the result. The greater part of the work, on which I spent more than six months working 6 or 8 hours a day, was done, when one day all information disappeared from my computer! I tried to recover it taking my computer to maintenance centres, but everything was in vain. Certainly, some information was saved on CDs, but the bulk of it was lost.

It disappointed me, there is no doubt of that, but I decided to make everything again even better than it was, to spite all enemies! This time I bought an additional external hard disk of 250 GB where I daily copied everything I did. Thus I could not lose much even if all the information disappeared from the hard disk.

In addition to that I created other methods of defence from similar attacks by mean enemies. Besides, the new illustrations turned out to be much better than the destroyed ones. Also I added several new illustrations to the last chapter with their corresponding descriptions to the book. By the middle of 2005 ***The Anisotropic Universe*** with brand-new illustrations was finally ready! I copied everything to CDs and sent to Nadezda Jakovlevna Anshukova to Archangelsk.

Another "publishing saga" began! Very quickly I knew that some workers of a printing-house did not know how to work with digital material, and others, on seeing Nadezda's inexperience in publishing business, tried to cheat her, requiring payment for preparation of the book for printing.

In fact she was told the truth that the book should be formatted and the illustrations digitalized, etc. Nadezda Jakovlevna did not understand much in computing then and they were sure that if she asked anybody, an advisor would confirm the correctness of their requirements, because almost no author gives a book fully prepared for digital printing. But unlike others I had fully prepared the book and all illustrations for that and gave them a ready printing lay-out. They just needed to copy it into their computer system, open a file, adjust colour spectrum and push the button "Print".

When I explained all that to Nadezda Jakovlevna, the "businessmen" understood that they could not "earn" additional money for a

job they did not do (the preparation of a manuscript for publishing which is a quite big and expensive part of the process). However, after this problem had been settled, the workers of the printing-house did not give up the attempts to dodge. They tried to use cheaper paper instead of the best quality which was earlier stipulated, however, with no success. They nevertheless "earned" a little money reducing the consumption of dye-stuffs. They printed the book with minimal image density which, regrettably, worsened the quality of illustrations.

In between times I wrote several large articles "The untold history of Russia-1", "The untold history of Russia-2", "The Source of Life-1", "The Source of Life-2" and "The theory of Universe and objective reality". I do not mention here what I wrote after my returning to Russia at the end of July, 2006. I will write about it later. At the end of 2004 I decided that it was time for my own web-site and gave the go-ahead to Dmitry Baida who had been persuading me to do that for almost a year. So, at the end of 2004 I felt that the time had come and my web-site appeared on the Internet at the end of November, 2004.

Gradually it began to be filled with the information I wanted to share with people. My articles came first. As soon as I finished an article, it immediately appeared on the web-site. As the future proved, the distribution of my information through the Internet was a strategically correct decision.

As soon as my articles appeared on the web-site, I received an offer to publish some of them in Russia. The first booklet consisted of "The untold history of Russia-1" and" The untold history of Russia-2". They were the first to be published in Archangelsk. Nadezda Jakovlevna Anshukova was engaged in it.

Then I again came across the problem of editing. Elena Vasilievna Primenina, who was Nadezda Jakovlevna's friend then and, as she repeatedly wrote and said, the greatest admirer of my talent, volunteered to "edit" my articles. I was against any editing for the reasons I have already written before, but they tried to persuade me that the brochure could not be published without proper editing. I was sure that no good would come of any editing, but nevertheless, I agreed to it to prove that I was right or to get confirmation that my negative attitude to editing was wrong.

When I got the "edited" texts, I did not recognize them. It seemed that the words remained the same, but the articles became dead, they lost their soul and spirit, something that touched almost every reader on the raw. I told Nadezda Jakovlevna all that. I also said that I considered myself neither a great writer nor an authority on article writing, but my articles would be published in the form I had written

them, without any changes and reductions or they would not be published at all! If I made grammatical errors or slips of the pen, I would be always thankful to anyone who pointed them out to me, but those were all the changes which I would accept in my articles and books. In the end the booklet was published according to my requirements.

I came across the "delights" of editing once again when Galina Bazaikina prepared another brochure with my articles for publication in Moscow. The question of editing arose and again I expressed my opinion on that. But I was told that this time the editor, Margaret Nikolaevna Oziganova, was a very famous person in those circles and a super-professional who had edited very many books.

In fact I found Margaret Nikolaevna's attitude very strange. Firstly, she tried to "influence" Loriy Nikolaevich Popov, who also helped with this edition of the brochure, to influence me not to start writing my book ***Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors***. The reason for her anxiety was the following: there were too many writers, "experts" on Russian history, who do nothing of use, but only disturb people.

Secondly, during our telephone conversation, the first and the last one, she told me that she had studied in the Omsk Vedic school and been offered the opportunity to go through the initiation process, which she rejected. The reason was she that she considered both the Book of Veles and the Slavonic-Aryan Vedas a hoax and, therefore, did not recommend me to take them seriously. She also said that she had showed the Slavonic-Aryan Runes to a famous linguist who told her that some Runes looked like Chinese hieroglyphs and others were similar to Egyptian ones, therefore they were false.

I answered that it would be not bad at all if she and her famous linguist acquaintance could examine the facts from another point of view. The likeness of hieroglyphs to the Slavonic-Aryan Runes could also mean that the Chinese and Egyptian hieroglyphs proceeded from the latter, not vice versa. Moreover, that version was logical, and besides there were undeniable proofs that it happened just like that!

She did not like what I said at all. I found it very odd. There are so many proofs in different fields of knowledge that exactly our ancestors, the descendants of colonists from other planets, created the civilization on our planet. That exactly Russian was a pra-language of all people of the White race and influenced greatly the languages of people of other Races. That people of the White race, from whom we are directly descended, created a new civilization after the destruction of DaArya. They created a new Empire on the territory of Western Siberia about 120 thousand years ago. There is evidence that other races appeared

on Midgard as a result of temporary migration of people of other races from dying planets during the next star war between Dark and Light Forces about 40 thousand years ago.

So it turned out that those temporary migrants had remained on Midgard forever. It was exactly our Russian speaking ancestors who helped the people of other races to find knowledge and abilities in order to co-exist peacefully on our wonderful planet after the terrible catastrophe initiated by Antlan (Atlantis), This was a state where the people of the White and Red races had mixed. A considerable evolutional difference between them became the reason for the appearance of the parasitic Empire of the Ants, whose madness resulted in the planetary catastrophe which almost killed every living thing on our planet.

This truth about the grandeur of our ancestors caused nothing other than complete rejection from her. I could not understand that. Just as I cannot understand now why some Russians are content with the insolent lies being constantly spread about their great people and great nation which has always brought peace and prosperity to other people! How can they accept that our ancestors only came out from their lairs one thousand years ago and always were dull and lazy as modern "history" preaches? How it is possible to brainwash a person so that he chooses lies above the truth about the Great past of his people, which has been forced to its knees and converted into slaves physically and spiritually for the last thousand years! Margaret Nikolaevna is a Russian! I wonder, how much does one need to hate one's own people (and for what?) to echo in unison with its enemies which dream to see it destroyed and slandered! Soon I had the opportunity to be sure that she had exactly that attitude toward the Russian people.

Margaret Nikolaevna gladly set up a clamour, allegedly finding an error in my article. She was in raptures when she found out that I mention a province of the Slavonic-Aryan Empire **Little Tartary** in the text of my article, which I cite from the first edition of British Encyclopaedia of 1771. The map of 1717 which I gave in the same article showed the province's name as **Klein Tartarien**. She was so glad that she could catch me "telling lies"! When Galina Bazaikina asked me about it, I was surprised at Margaret Nikolaevna's joy. But I had to disappoint her again. The map of 1717 which I gave in my article was Dutch, about which one can easily make sure by just looking at its upper-right corner. Although I did not speak Dutch, I know that this language is a variety of German and that "Kleine" in German means "Little". So, Klein Tartarien means Little Tartary. There was no any error, no matter how much Margaret Nikolaevna would have liked there to be!

So all editors, at least the ones which I met and which were educated according to the rules of how to speak and write correctly in the Russian elaborated by the enemies of the Russian people, consciously or unconsciously defended this dead Russian language which is taught in schools and colleges. Soon I got the confirmation of that. The magazine "Svet (Light)" published an "edited" version of "The untold history of Russia-1" without my permission. At first, when I read it, I did not even understand that it was my article. It was dead, unable to touch a single "string" of my soul and I dare say not only mine. Only a blind person or a fervent enemy of everything Russian could not see that.

So, since then when somebody asks me to publish my articles, I put only one condition and I accept no objections on this occasion—no reductions or changes of the text and no editing, except for spelling errors and slips of the pen. My articles and books will be published only that way, otherwise they will be not published at all.

My writing "adventures" were not over thereon, but I will not go too far beyond the bounds of my American life.

And before I return to it, I would like to share with you, my readers, this.

I have always loved my Motherland and my people, but the depth of this feeling I could realize in full measure only when I have lived in a strange country for many years. Although my Motherland has always been in my heart independent of where I was, it was only in the USA that I became aware of how deeply and strongly I loved my country. Besides, when I knew the Western world quite well, I also became enormously proud of my country and its great people. Yes, great without any exaggeration whatsoever! This is a people which enemies are so afraid of that in order to hide their animal fear they throw tons of mud at my country and its people, thus, figuring on drowning their fear and the truth with it. I say they mill the wind. Even oceans of lies cannot conceal the truth!

Chapter 14.

San Francisco X-files

1994 was memorable not just because my first book came into beingat the beginning of the year; many other exciting events happened, similar to those shown in films like "Men in Black". There was, however, one very substantial difference—they were not fictitious but real despite their seeming incredibility. In February we came across a truly unbelievable situation, more precisely many unbelievable, on the face of it, situations, which I shall describe one after another and begin with the least incredible one.

Unexpectedly strange things began to happen among our comrades-in-arms. Imagine the following situation. Your best friend comes to visit you. You meet him with joy, let him in the house... and then the oddities begin. The friend calmly gets a gun and shoots you and all that happens under surveillance video cameras. The killer-"friend" does not wear gloves or cover his tracks, destroy videotape records or carefully wipe the prints from the weapon and everything he has touched, but calmly, as if nothing happened, leaves your house.

On the face of it there is nothing unusual in that situation, especially for a Russian reader. Such things happened in Russia almost every day in the 90-s. There was no crime and treachery which people would not commit for the sake of power and money, especially—for the sake of big money and big power! But there was one little "but" in our story, which dramatically changed this seemingly ordinary event. The point is that the closest friend was in a totally different place and was completely unaware that his friend had been killed and that his best friend's "killer" was he! Someone may say that there is nothing surprising here. They found a double, made him look very like the real friend, which is not difficult considering the level of development of modern plastic surgery and other technical innovations which allow counterfeiting not only of one's appearance but also the voice.

But in this case the matter was not in the double or technical innovations! The killer left his prints both on the weapon and all over the place and they were absolutely identical to those of the host's best friend. Any court would consider fingerprints, video records, etc. suffi-

cient proof to be absolutely sure who the killer is and to bring a verdict of guilty. Especially, if a person does not have a reliable enough alibi or, even if he has, both the prosecutor and members of the jury would rather believe that the witnesses for the defence and even the video cameras which confirmed the alibi lied. They would think it is the double and the bribed witnesses that have provided the fictitious alibi and the suspect carried out the murder because even twins have different finger-prints and the presence of many prints of the accused in *locus delicti* proves his guilt! It is of interest that those, who confidently affirm that, would be totally wrong. Oh, yes, they all would make a wrong decision and accuse an innocent person of the murder. "But it cannot be"—many will object to such a statement—"there are 100% proofs of guilt!" However, they will be wrong.

But the real explanation of this situation can be even more unbelievable than the statement that 100% proofs prove nothing; the explanation is the following: the murder was carried out by a **clone**! "A clone!" sceptics will be yelling indignantly, "A human clone! Someone is trying to hoodwink us! In 1994 clones existed only in science-fiction books!" Well, they will be wrong again. If the majority is unaware of something, it does not mean that this something is nonexistent. "But in 1994 modern technologies were unable to create a clone, even more so a human one!" they will exclaim. It is of interest that this time they will be right! The matter is that the cloning technology which was used for the creation of these clone-twins was of alien origin.

Indeed, the USA government got it from aliens! In 1954-1955 there were negotiations between aliens and higher echelons of the USA government. The then USA President Dwight David Eisenhower attended the second meeting which took place at Edwards Air Force Base. Although the secret signing of the agreement took place only in 1964, when the President of the USA was Lyndon Baines Johnson, the American secret services such as the National Security Agency and ultra-secret ones like Majestic-12 and a number of others, which took orders directly from the Secret World Government, had begun to receive alien technologies in Eisenhower's time. And one of them was a **cloning technology**.

However, the aliens did not give everything at once. Firstly it was how to grow clones, and much later they handed over the technology of memory transferring from an original to a clone. Therefore, the first clones were an exact copy of the human original, but had the consciousness of a baby. Very few know that the President of the USA John Fitzgerald "Jack" Kennedy was not shot in the head on November 22, 1963 in Dallas, as the official version says, but in the White House

in Washington by his body-guard on his way from the Oval Office to the conference hall where he was heading to report several events to the mass media.

First, he wanted to make public the negotiations which the USA government had carried out with aliens. Second, he signed a decree, which has notyet been cancelled, but never was put into practice, to return the dollar emission to State control. I shall explain a little the concept of the dollar emission, which is nothing but the right to print banknotes. In the USA from 1913 they have been printed by the Federal Reserve Bank. But very few know that this bank is private and belongs to the Rothschild, Rockefeller, Morgan and DuPont group, which means that until now private persons print the USA banknotes at their own discretion: how many and whenever they need it.

This right was given to this group by the USA president Thomas Woodrow Wilson, almost as soon he was elected President (1913-1921), which gives grounds to suppose that it was payment for the President's chair. Although he regretted it to the end of his life, that cannot change the essence and negative consequences of his deed. So, John Kennedy signed a decree returning the dollar emission to the control of the State which together with his intention to promulgate the negotiations with aliens signed his death sentence. It is perfectly clear that he was not allowed to make official statements on these subjects and he was eliminated by his own bodyguard. And it is clear that nobody was going to report that the President of the USA was killed in the White House.

Therefore they staged the performance with the murder of his clone in Dallas before the president's speech which the clone was incapable of making. It is of interest that John Kennedy's clone was mortally wounded by a body-guard, probably the same one who shot the real president. A bullet entered the left temple and went out on the right side, blowing off part of the cranial vertex; the small entrance hole of the bullet on one side and the blown up part of the skull on the other show that the shot was made at a very close range. Another bullet entered the president's neck at the right side from behind and came out at the front. All this and many other things prove that Oswald did not make the attempt on John Kennedy's life. He was simply set up.

It is also of interest that Lyndon Baines Johnson, on becoming the USA President almost immediately after John Kennedy's murder, signed a secret treaty with the aliens in 1964. But this is the story of another day...

In the course of time aliens handed over the technology of memory transferring from the original to the clone. The process required recording the whole of the human original's memory and then it could

be recorded on the clone's virgin-clean brain. The next necessity for a clone arose in the time of Ronald Wilson Reagan's presidency. On March 30, 1981 a John Hinckley made an attempt on the President's life. One of the bullets badly wounded his left lung. According to the official version, the president quickly returned to normal after the operation, staggering the doctors by the speed of his recovery. This was the official version, but according to an unofficial version, President Ronald Reagan died during the operation and his clone continued the presidency instead of him, which, by the way, fully explains a "strikingly" rapid recovery from a mortal injury.

It is also of interest that Ronald Reagan did not have health problems before the attempt on his life on March 30, 1981, but after it illnesses poured down on him as if from the "horn of plenty", including cancer. Within several years he was diagnosed with cancer of the colon. The operation to eliminate the polyps was carried out in 1985. After that he was exposed to operations in 1989 and 1990. In 1995 there was the next operation to eliminate a cancerous growth in his neck. In addition to all this he had a number of other pathologies. One may find nothing unusual there. However, the true reason for all that was the fact that the clones' tissues turned out to be unstable. Therefore new cancerous growths constantly appeared and different systems of the body broke down on regular basis. This happened because the cloning technology was elaborated by the alien Race which dramatically differed from us on the genetic level.

Therefore the alien cloning technology should be brought into accord with earthly conditions. They spent quite a lot of time doing so, and only in the 90-s did the Americans succeed in taking the cloning technology to the level they had desired. Therefore they were able to produce more or less perfect clones in 1994. Svetlana and I call them puppet-dolls, because that was exactly what they were. I must say that some puppeteers had a peculiar sense of humour. Once they sent a killer to our friend, ----, as himself.

However, the "original" appeared to be more agile and it was the "doll"-clone's death which resulted. Later a video was filmed where he sat beside a fire-place in his mansion and "his" dead body lay close by. This video was broadcast on European TV, but only once and there was no reaction to it whatsoever. Although he gave an interview where he explained everything that had happened, probably most of the audience considered it to be a joke, because it was so beyond their comprehension. In my opinion people should have reacted, because that which the Secret World Government prepared was super-cynical and mean. But well, what we can expect of a government which is formed

entirely of social parasites which have sold the whole of humanity and the planet to the Grey civilization, according to the signed agreement. The insidious plan was very simple and blameless, or almost blameless. In order to create a doll-clone of a necessary person they just had to get his or her blood sample and that was all. Taking into account the fact that almost the whole of medicine is controlled by social parasites, they do not have any problem in getting a blood sample of any person, including (especially) politicians and statesmen of different countries. The rest is very easy.

The doll-clones of necessary people were grown in special secret laboratories and when this person came to the USA to pay an official or semi-official visit, he or she was invited to stay for a few days and have a little rest from hard work. The VIP guest agreed and went to a "hospitable" place where he was impatiently awaited. There the guest was submerged into a truly deadly sleep during which all his memory was recorded and later re-recorded onto his "doll"-clone's brain.

The next morning the guest wakes up fully refreshed and renewed in the complete sense of the word. But he is already a clone fully controlled by his creators. On having a good rest, the VIP guest, more precisely his "doll"-clone, went back to his country, and nobody knew that he was a guided clone! That was the grandiose plan for world seizure which was worked out according to the agreement which USA President Lyndon Baines Johnson signed with the civilization of the Grey in 1964.

When this Jesuitical plan became known to us, I began to look for a method to frustrate it. Quickly enough we succeeded in finding weak points in "doll"-clones. We found several key areas of instability in the clones genetics, a kind of "skeleton" of these artificial creatures and one wonderful day for Svetlana and me and all our friends, which I hope very much became not so wonderful for social parasites, I struck at these key genetic elements and all clones, being so carefully prepared, turned into organicpuddles.

I believe that the auxiliary personnel of those secret laboratories-depositories were very surprised, when they found puddles instead of a prepared "commodity" which quite recently had been super-secret and thoroughly guarded objects. I can imagine their faces and what they reported to their bosses on this occasion and the latter to theirs, et cetera. I imagined their faces when they discovered what had happened to the clones and could not keep back a smile. It was a very funny comical situation. Even now, when I write these lines, a smile on my face involuntarily appears, because we managed to frustrate such an "ideal" operation of the social parasites and their bosses.

If it were not for a fluke, we would have not known about the "doll"-clones and the social parasites mean plan could have worked: one "fine" day all key figures of the world political establishment would be substituted so that nobody suspected anything. And these "dolls" would begin to execute all orders of the puppeteers and we can only guess what consequences all that might have had. Nobody would understand why this or that political or state leader sharply or smoothly changed his previous position. I find the most important and convenient feature of solving that problem was the fact that, on finding clones' vulnerable points, we had no need to look for the location of each clone, which would require plenty of time, as also would their ensuing elimination.

My method allowed working simultaneously with all "dolls" on a planetary scale. It was of no importance in what country they were, how deep under earth or water they were hidden and how thick the steel walls and doors were in the bunkers! All of it did not matter at all for my work. In addition to the fact that Svetlana and I frustrated the social parasites' grandiose plan for which they hoped so much, the elimination of the clones resulted in their very substantial financial loss and they hate losing money, especially in such amounts, despite the fact that they are rolling in it.

Certainly, they could spend money again and again for the sake of such an aim, but after we discovered the clones' weak points, I created a special power field around Midgard within the bounds of which all "dolls" almost instantly turned into big organic puddles. Moreover, even if the Grey themselves had created the clones outside the Earth and tried to bring them to our planet, on getting into the limits of this power field, the "dolls" would have converted into puddles exactly the same as if they had been created on our planet.

Certainly, this event could not escape the attention of the puppeteers. Soon the most important figures gathered in San Francisco. Our actions were the reason for their assemblage, because Svetlana and I spoiled their so carefully thought out and far-reaching plan on the final capture of control over Midgard. There was a man or a creature among them which hugely differed from others. It is hard to say exactly who he was, because he differed in nothing from Man in outward appearance, but at the same time he was not Man in the complete sense of this word, at least, not an earthly Man.

Dark Forces drew a conclusion from their mistakes and sent their Hierarchs to Midgard. It is of interest that, when Light Hierarchs came to our planet through incarnation or just arriving here in their bodies, they blocked their abilities, considering it unfair to have advantages in comparison to others. Unlike them Black Hierarchs never bothered

their conscience with similar trifles, probably, because they do not have any concept of conscience in their moralsystem.

So, the Cardinal ----, which arrived in San Francisco, was exactly such a Black Hierarch; he used a name to introduce himself to others. I don't know whether it was his real name or one of the names he had during his long life on Midgard, but it is of very little importance. What is really important is that he arrived on Midgard a thousand years ago, when the last Night of Svarog began (in 6498 Slavonic-Aryan calendar or 988 A.D.). He came to supervise the actions of Dark Forces on our planet during their main and last attempt to take Midgard's civilization under control in the hardest time it was going through, which, by the way, they had organized.

It was exactly he who stood behind those who crucified Radomir (Jesus Christ) in Constantinople (Jerusalem) in 6599 Slavonic-Aryan calendar or 1087 A.D. and prevented the Israelites from being liberated from the Dark Forces control. It was exactly his people who gave an order to kill Maria Magdalena and organize the mortal pursuit of Radomir and Maria's descendants. It was exactly he who elaborated the insidious plans which sent the followers of Radomir and Maria's teaching to a dead end. He was behind Pope Innocent III who declared a crusade against the Cathars (Albigensians) which lasted for twenty years (1209-1229) and eliminated, according to different estimations, **from two to three million persons**, including babies.

It was he who with joy and a satisfied smile watched Radomir and Maria's direct descendant, the Great Master of the Knights Templar, Jacques de Molay (Vidomir) dying in the flames. It was he who created the Inquisition which in the Middle Ages assassinated millions in Western Europe. He was behind numerous wars in which brother killed brother! Certainly, he changed many names for a thousand years, but those, who had the right to know, knew exactly who he was and why he watched Radomir dying on the cross with enormous satisfaction, celebrating the death of the man, who believed in people which betrayed him and sent him to die on the cross, choosing the illusive comforts which social parasites had offered them!

It is noteworthy that the closest circle of the Cardinal madly feared him; they started trembling when he just looked at them with his piercing hypnotizing black eyes, although there was nothing special in his outward appearance. He was of medium height and quite lean. Nothing indicated that a very powerful and mighty Black Magician was in front of you! The first time I knew about him was when one day Svetlana returned from a meeting with Stranger and said that she had met a very strange person with a very unpleasant stare which could get

right into the depths of ones soul and drag it out. It is also of interest that Stranger was Jacques de Molay (Vidomir), whose spirit was a Hierarch of the highest level of evolutional development and who consciously blocked many of his abilities before his previous embodiments. In this embodiment Stranger did not repeat past mistakes having been burnt alive because he had consciously blocked his abilities, which, by the way, Cardinal ---- could only dream about! They again met on Midgard in the most crucial time for its civilization and certainly, they again were on opposite sides of the barricades, but this time Stranger was way too far above the Cardinal's head.

When Svetlana met his death-bearing gaze for the first time, he contacted me telepathically through her. He appeared to be a very clever interlocutor, unlike most of his subordinates. He began his speech in a very roundabout way, drawing attention to the fact that he defended and fought for his beliefs, just like I defended my beliefs too; that different beliefs had the right to existence and exactly that produced the beauty and variety of the world. Everything, he said, was essential: night and day, herbivorous animals and predators; that one without the other could not exist and they provide equilibrium, like yin and yang.

But he was "a bit" late with this kind of philosophical trap. I have already had vast experience of socializing with Dark Hierarchs of different levels and similar philosophical talks which, by the way, were always accompanied by powerful pressure at the subconscious level and active groping for weak points and "white spots" in my protection system. In fact, similar philosophical conversation was used to distract and lull an opponent's vigilance. At the same time the opposite side was actively preparing to take control of the opponent's consciousness and, in case of failure, his elimination.

This was exactly what the Cardinal did during his philosophical reasoning, which could have entangled a freshman which by then I had not been for a long time; likewise I had understood the difference between social parasites and the most blood-thirsty natural predators long since. So, it was impossible to befog me with similar conversations, but he, nevertheless, tried it. The main reason for that, as I said before, was his desire to study me as carefully as possible in order to strike at the most suitable moment. On knowing all that, I showed him only what I considered necessary and analyzed him at the same time. To my surprise he did not even notice it, probably having got used to the fact that nobody was able to do this kind of thing to him before.

One way or another, philosophical reasoning could not last endlessly and finally he directly offered me to take his side, vividly describing the

possibilities which would open for me, and not only on our planet. He also said that if we united our efforts, we could establish order on our planet, all wars would stop and paradise would come on Earth! For "some" reason I was not enticed at all by this "paradise for idiots", about which I informed him at once. We had several more conversations. Probably, the Cardinal could not figure out my weak points and white spots, and he did not want to undertake any action until he got a complete picture of who and what I was from his point of view.

As I wrote earlier, all heads of secret organizations and orders came together to San Francisco because of the latest events. There were several Light Hierarchs among them—some headed the secret Light orders and some were infiltrated into the secret orders of the Dark. This kind of joint meeting of the Light and Dark Hierarchs of Midgard were organized quite often. Usually they took place on the call of a Higher Hierarch of one or another side.

That time it was the Dark who called the general gathering, because they wanted to accuse the Light of beginning the battle actions, breaking the recent truce agreement. By the way, it was forbidden under threat of death to begin any action against each other during these meetings.

The problem was that I was on my own, not belonging to any secret order or organization and neither did Svetlana, although by this time we had established contact with several people who occupied the higher places in Midgard's Light Hierarchy. But Dark Hierarchs did not want to believe that I acted independently and my actions were purely my own initiative, especially when Cardinal ---- saw Svetlana meeting with our new friends. It is hard to suppose what he thought but once after Svetlana met our new friend --- (I shall keep both his spirit and earthly name secret, because he is still living on Earth and revealing his name publicly could seriously complicate his life which is hard enough without that), the Cardinal inflicted a very powerful blow and our friend fell into a deep coma which differed little from death. He burned his brain, almost the same way the electric chair does it.

As soon as I knew about his murder, Svetlana and I immediately started working on his restoration while little time had yet passed and nobody had declared him dead and begun the autopsy. It would be strange, if a person had been declared officially dead and had an autopsy done with all the following consequences, and then appeared alive and healthy without any sign of the latter. One way or another I succeeded in totally recovering the damages and returned our friend back to life before the news of his death could be widely spread.

On having done that, I decided to go further. I threw down a

challenge to the Cardinal. Most likely he was absolutely sure that nobody would dare to accuse him of anything and, even more so, to demand punishment for him, knowing who and what he was. Maybe someone would have done that, but I did not want to wait for it and immediately established a telepathic contact with him and called him out. It is highly likely that he inflicted a death-blow on --- on purpose, expecting me to manifest exactly this reaction. At the very moment I finished proclaiming my challenge, the Cardinal, without changing the expression on his face, delivered his first blow for which I had been absolutely ready. His blows were very tough and intended to cause maximal damage.

I did not make him wait long for the return blow and the mortal, in the most direct sense of this word, duel began. It was not a duel to the first blood or wound, or when someone says "I surrender" or "it is enough". It was a duel to the death, after which only the winner would remain and nothing would be left of the loser! It was a duel to the nullifying of the spirit; at least I intended to bring this duel exactly to this end. It is difficult to say what the Cardinal wanted to get in the case of him winning. I forgot to ask him, being a bit busy with strengthening my protection and probing his.

A duel with a Dark Hierarch is always a fight without rules. Dark Hierarchs do not adhere to the knight's fighting code. They are ready to use anything to ensure victory.

When an enemy inflicts his blows on you, you feel everything: how your nerves burn, how one or another area of your brain becomes charred, how the structures of the spirit which you have created are gradually destroyed and the bodies of the spirit, the potential of which goes to tightening of the ragged wounds, burn. And all this happens very quickly. In just several seconds your blood pressure jumps sharply and some vessels of your brain cannot sustain such drastic jumps and burst. But you should be concentrated only on one thing—studying your enemy! In order to win such a battle, you must study with what your opponent strikes you, find out where and how he inflicts the blows, so that you can find your weak points and white spots and create the missing structures in the process of the battle. In fact, a battle with Dark Hierarchs on Midgard (our planet) happens the same way as it does with their space colleagues.

In short, only the fighter, who thinks quicker and can create new properties and qualities, new bodies and structures of the spirit faster and is able to pay no attention to pain and feels no fear for himself, when he observes each area of destruction after every enemy's blow, has a chance to win. Always that fighter wins, who can think clearly

and creatively and create something new in any condition and does it very quickly. On one hand, it is more difficult to fight the earthly Dark Hierarch, because he is well acquainted with all earthly phenomena—earthly genetics, habits and mentality. On the other hand, it is simpler, because he is used to feeling arrogant and neglectful toward a possible adversary.

Although Cardinal ---- did not belong to this category of Dark Hierarchs he, nevertheless, did not take into account or was unaware of the fact that I had had to battle with Dark Hierarchs very often, in many cases with Hierarchs of very high level. He also did not take into account that I had accumulated a great number of structures, properties and qualities and created many new bodies of the spirit and new matters during all those battles which he could not possibly have as a matter of fact. At the same time each blow intended for my elimination gave me information about the matters and structures he used to inflict the next blow, which, despite being inflicted mentally, was produced using a matter! This means that if the adversary's blow did not destroy you completely and you still breathe, you get in your hands all information about with what and how the enemy had struck you and you can block the second blow of the same nature.

And if your brain is not completely roasted yet, on getting new information, you will be able to exclaim "Eureka!" and create something absolutely new out of qualities you have just got. So, my favourite joke that "beating determines consciousness" has quite a real ground. In the case of you being lucky and winning a battle, you get both the victory over your enemy and take a huge step in your evolutional development.

Certainly, that will be, if you are lucky. I was for the time being and one of the reasons for this luck was the fact that my spirit is very ancient and before my incarnation into the present body, my spirit (in other words, me) occupied a quite high hierarchical place. Although I began my life on Midgard, as everyone does, from zero, the level of development which I had nevertheless allowed me to accustom to here very quickly, despite the fact that my experience in this embodiment fundamentally differs from my experience of the whole of my previous embodiments. So, it was not intuition—the knowledge of past embodiments—but rather the ability to think **unconventionally**! I strongly believe that it was exactly this quality that allowed me to accomplish quickly a path I have chosen.

More precisely, I continue along this path and still do not see its end. The experience of past embodiments and two intermediate or buffer spirits to my main one helped me to get through evolutional jungles very quickly, go further and not only fully unfold my main spirit in

this physical body but also to break through at levels, inaccessible and unattainable for it before. At that the sacral or basic name of my spirit changed repeatedly, which means it underwent fundamental changes as a result of my discoveries and breakthroughs after my main incarnated spirit had been awoken. I would like to remind my readers that the sacral name is a key and reflects the level of evolutional development of its transmitter in the space hierarchy. Every change of the sacral name of any creature happens only when this creature emerges at a fundamentally new level of evolutional development. The higher the level of development, the more dramatic and important qualitative changes have to happen in order that the new sacral name could mature, in the most direct sense of this word.

So, before the fight with the Cardinal, I had already had the very extensive experience of a warrior in Big Space and had many qualities and structures which were impossible to work out within the bounds of our planet. All this helped me to defeat Cardinal ---- after a long and fierce fight (however, its duration is conditional; the fight did not last more than half an hour, but so many events happened during those 30 minutes that they would be enough for somebody's whole life).

As I have already mentioned, when your adversary strikes you, you get the possibility to study his "weapon" and neutralize its action creating some kind of an antidote on the basis of the new information that you have got and structures and qualities which you lacked before. But a clever and experienced enemy does the same thing with you, when you inflict a blow in return. He also scans your weapon and also creates new qualities and properties for counteraction.

The winner is the one who finds and determines the weak points of the adversary and neutralizes and blocks his blows quicker than he does. Only the one who has such evolutional gains before the battle which the adversary is unable to create at all, or will need considerable time to do so, which he may never have during the battle, wins. A battle can last from several seconds to several hours without interruption even for a fraction of a second.

There is another moment: in the majority of cases the level of an opponent, with which you measure your sword, one way or another corresponds to yours, which means that each battle will be to the death, fifty—fifty, and there can not be either guarantee or confidence that it will be exactly you who will leave the battle field alive. Certainly, when you begin a fight, you believe that the winner will be exactly you. If there is a small lack of confidence or fear, you must not enter into fighting, you are dead already. Entering into fight, you must be one hundred-per-cent sure of victory, at same time you know that your

opponent equals you and you both have the same chance of winning.

This is the essence of the real warrior, at least as I understand it. You should enter into a fight with total confidence in your victory, even if hordes of enemies are against you alone. The most important thing in this moment should be only one: you must be convinced a thousand percent that you defend the right cause, and winning will depend a great deal on whether you can remain detached from everything in the world, even from yourself and concentrate only on victory. There can be fiery pain in your whole body; you can feel as your life leaves your body like blood, drop by drop and you don't know how many drops of life remain in you, but you, nevertheless, should continue to fight. And first of all you must prevent anything happening to the dearest human being for you—Svetlana—who is also under attack with the only end—to be completely destroyed, and this happens during every battle.

By the way, I adhere to the rule to never strike first. I always try to appeal to the voice of reason, but if an enemy refuses to listen to it, he always delivers a blow first. They often do that because, according to the world view of Dark Forces, only a weak creature appeals to the voice of reason, and a strong one acknowledges only one thing—force! And if someone intends to talk things over, sooner or later a Dark Hierarch inflicts a blow. This is how they act. This is how they think. They use the time of conversation just to study the interlocutor in order to strike with maximal efficiency. I strongly believe that it is always necessary to try to settle a conflict in a peaceful way, and only if it is absolutely impossible, one may solve the problem from the position of strength. When such situations arise, I do not show my "credentials" which reveal my level of evolutional development and my position in the Hierarchy of Light. First, because I consider it wrong, and second, because it is important for me to know what this or that creature will say and how it will behave toward me as a reasoning creature, independent of the hierarchical level.

I act like this because in many instances I have to deal with the Dark at someone's request for help and, on seeing my hierarchical signs, many Dark Hierarchs, especially of the low level, begin to wriggle and dodge. Therefore I always appear in my folded state, without opening up all my structures and demonstrating the whole of my spirit. If a creature starts behaving insolently and defiantly, and treating me like an ant and not like an equal reasoning creature, then I unfold some of my structures, depending on how much this creature knows and understands in the space hierarchy. Almost always, after demonstration of my hierarchical "credentials", these creatures began to fawn and say how sorry they

are and justify their behaviour, impermissible for a reasoning creature. But they were always late with their insincere regrets—I gave them the chance to act like reasoning creatures and they did not use it.

What situations have I not come across! There were cases when Light Hierarchs began to attack, especially when at my movement forward I got into fundamentally new spaces. But those were always misunderstandings. I shall give an example to clarify the matter. One day, already long ago, I managed to create fundamentally new structures and bodies of my spirit out of matters absolutely incompatible with ours. In order to combine incompatible things I created a structure, the principle of action of which I shall not reveal due to fully clear reasons. We moved into new spaces remarkably well, but soon Svetlana and I found ourselves under serious attack.

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Certainly, I did not return the blows, but only asked why did not they contact me and explain the situation? Everything could be solved without any consequences for their spaces. The answer was the following. They had thought that there was no other way to solve the problem of an instability threat for their spaces, but my elimination because I differed too much from them. I expressed my opinion to them on this occasion.

First, one should always try to use all options, including seemingly improbable and unbelievable ones, before coming to undertake extreme measures. Second, if I succeeded in getting into their spaces which differed so much from ours and remained alive there, it might mean that I could find the solution to the problem which would allow keeping their spaces unharmed. To do so I needed the information about their spaces, as complete as possible. When I gathered the necessary information, I created additional structures and bodies for our spirits (Svetlana's and mine) and the problem was solved. The situation was singular also because of the fact that I had to exert quite an effort before I could establish telepathic contact—they did differ very much from all those creatures which I had met before.

So, this example proves that even if you are attacked, you should not hurry to strike a blow in return, but try to find out the reason for the attack. In fact, not a single Light Hierarch will ever strike first, even if there is a high probability of being attacked. Until an attack happens, no proactive blows should be delivered; otherwise this may result in the situation that someone would wish to inflict "proactive" blows at their own discretion and desire. Supporters of such an approach could try to explain the necessity of similar actions this way: if they allow

events to develop according to this scenario, then it would lead to these or those negative consequences in the end, and in order to prevent it in the future, they must act now!

However, even if it really happens according to this prognosis, no proactive blows should be undertaken whatsoever, because there always is a possibility that some changes may occur and there will be no negative consequences at all! One may apply retaliatory actions, when a threat turns from possible into real. The information about the possibility of one or another negative action to happen gives the right to undertake measures for its prevention and preparation for its repulse in case it happens anyway!

I can confirm this position by the very real example, which any person, wide of any hierarchical rules, can easily understand. Lately certain circles in modern Russia and not only there, are spreading the information that it was the Soviet Union that was the aggressor, not "poor" Hitler's Germany. They ground this opinion on the fact that the General Staff of the USSR prepared the overall offensive of the Soviet troops against the German forces in the beginning of July, 1941; that Joseph Stalin was waiting for Adolf Hitler to give the order to the German army to cross *La Manche* (English Channel) to begin the Soviet offensive.

They also say that the Soviet army had more tanks than all countries taken together and that even "out-of-date" Soviet tanks T-28 excelled almost all tanks of Hitler's Germany in their characteristics; that the USSR had much more artillery, airplanes and other combat equipment! This is true, but Adolf Hitler gave the order to attack the Soviet Union at 4 o'clock in the morning of June 22, 1941 and thus put an end to the discussion about who was the aggressor. Stalin's intention to attack Hitler's army remained an intention, and Hitler's Germany became an aggressor! So, whether one likes it or not, the Soviet Union **in fact** became a victim of the aggression and paid for it with more than thirty million human lives, the overwhelming majority of which were the Slavs—Russians, Ukrainians and Byelorussians.

The question is: should the Soviet troops have inflicted a proactive blow or not? And another one: who actually stood behind Hitler and what goals these puppeteers had?

I gave a detailed explanation of my view of this event in the book *Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors* confirming it with irrefutable facts. Unexpectedly my version got another irrefutable proof. Quite recently the UK released Top-secret documents from the Second World War period, which revealed the meanest plan of treachery our "allies" had worked out. While our soldiers shed their blood at

the fronts of WW II the higher echelons of the USA and Great Britain designed a plan for the Third World War against the Soviet Union! They called it *Operation Unthinkable*, according to which troops of the USA and Great Britain and 10 or 12 German divisions which the allies did not disband after taking them prisoner, but English and American instructors prepared them for a large-scale joint offensive on the Soviet troops. The operation was planned for July 1, 1945.

It was perfectly clear to them that Germany was doomed and reckoned that the Russian army would be tired and careless after Germany's unconditional surrender and that its military equipment would be totally worn. In short, one could not find a better time for a stab in the back! This mean plan was never implemented; not because our allies' conscience had unexpectedly woken up, but because the power and weaponry of the Russian army prevented it. The Battle of Berlin shocked the "allies", because they were sure that it was impossible to take heavily fortified Berlin, especially taking into account the fact that the Soviet troops began the offensive without completing the full-fledged preparation, once again rescuing the "allies" from complete defeat by still battling Germans, drawing greater part of the German troops which fought on the Western front away from them.

By the way, at the final stage of the war the Soviet army fought 90% of the German army: it was its best part with long and intensive battle experience, while our "allies" resisted the other 10% which for the most part had been brought up to strength in the last months of the war with reservists—old men and boys who'd had no chance to smell powder! The second factor which put our "allies" on their guard and forced them to give up *Operation Unthinkable* was that on June 29, 1945 the Soviet troops unexpectedly changed their disposition and our "allies" did not dare begin the perfectly worked out operation unleashing the World War III, this time against the Soviet Union—against Russia.

There are some important aspects in all this treachery and meanness to which I would like to pay attention.

1. Our "allies" began to develop *Operation Unthinkable* only when it became perfectly clear that Hitler's Germany was doomed to be defeated in the war with the Soviet Union.

2. According to this operation they planned to occupy the territory of the Soviet Union up to the Ural Mountains, exactly what Hitler had planned.

It turns out that *Operation Unthinkable* fully coincided with the Barbarossa plan worked out by Hitler's General Staff!!!

A question arises: who was the real author of these plans?!

If we take into account that both Adolph Hitler's election campaign

and the creation of military industry in Germany was financed by the USA financial mafia, then it is highly likely that the authorship of Barbarossa would belong to them too. And the fact that their plan *Operation Unthinkable* fully coincided with the plan Barbarossa can not be a coincidence.

Well, so much for our "allies". Taking into account the abovementioned, it is lamentable that Adolph Hitler gave the order to execute the proactive blow two weeks before Joseph Stalin had planned to attack the German troops. Otherwise the war with Hitler's Germany would have been over as early as 1941 with its rapid defeat and there would have not been tens of millions of victims and the country torn to shreds by the war.

In fact today it is very well known that World War II, World War I and the Zionist revolution of 1917 in Russia were organized and carried out with only one aim — to destroy Russia and its backbone—the Russian people, more precisely, the people of the Ruses! It is also clear today that the German people, due to certain national features, became small change in the hands of the Judaic financial mafia, and got nothing from these World Wars but disgrace, multimillion losses and their country was totally robbed, twice. It was the Judaic financial mafia, the headquarters of which is in the USA since the end of the 19^{th} century, which received all the profit from these World Wars.

Well, as usual I got carried away "a bit" with my favourite subject as soon the opportunity turned up. It's just that my heart hurts because of endless attempts to pervert (especially lately) the truth about the events related to Russia and its role in them. My soul hurts on hearing the dirty lies which have been vented on Russia and its people, mainly Russians.

Sometimes I am blamed for my speaking and writing about the genocide of the Russians, while many other people who live in Russia and also suffered, consider this unfair. But I am sure that those who say this obviously did not read my books and do not know, or do not want to know, the real picture. First, I always talk about Russian and other native people of Russia which I understand to be **people which have lived on the territory of modern Russia for no less than 500 years and do not have their national states outside its borders.**

Second, it was exactly the Russian and other Slavic people that bore enormous losses, incommensurate to the losses of other people.

Third, if other native people of Russia can have their national organizations and Russians are **forbidden** to do so in the Russian Federation then this fact is a direct violation of the equal rights of people!

Four, Russians make up more than 80% of the population of the country in modern Russia, and according to the international rules, countries where people of one nationality make up more than 70% of the overall population are considered **mono-ethnic**! Despite that, Russian people are the most powerless in the Russian Federation.

The systematic elimination of the Russian people will lead to the wipeout of other native people of Russia, no matter whether they understand it or not. Therefore, on raising the question about the millennial genocide of the Ruses, I thus raise the question about the future of other native people because they do not have a future without the Russian people too. There is another thing: someone must speak out about it and a lot of other things openly without looking back at how social parasites will react **to truth**.

In fact the genocide of the Ruses is not conducted only at the physical level, but on the informational level too—the truth about the Great past of Russia is ruthlessly distorted. Genocide prevails at the cultural and linguistic level, and also by means of GMO, vaccines and drugs, etc. Therefore I stand up for my people which deserve to live decently on their own land.

Certainly, it is not only my heart that aches over the fate of the Ruses; however, many of those who raise their voice in defence of the Russian people do it awkwardly and make many mistakes of which social parasites take advantage in full measure. Regrettably, there are also numerous pseudo-patriotic organizations created by social parasites to discredit the idea of Russian consciousness of self. I shall give you an example of "enlightening" activity which they carry out among Russian people. Lately I received an e-mail on my web-site where I was "enlightened" about the origin of the word "Slavs".

Here is the "revelation" I was offered to correct my ignorance. I was informed that the name Slavs originated from the English word slave! In Russian the word Slavs is pronounced as ***slave****ni [sla:v[259?]ni].* In other words using such ignorant manipulation, pseudo-patriots try to get into our heads the idea that the ancestors of Slavs were **slaves** and, therefore, we are **slaves** too! Regrettably, very many fall for this fake bait due to their ignorance and the pseudo-logic of similar statements, especially those who do not speak English, because the pronunciation of these words is completely different despite partial orthographic similarity.

By the way, English is relatively young language, which was more or less formed by the end of the 9^{th}—beginning the 10^{th} century, having Russian as its initial source, while the language of the Ruses has ex-

isted for hundreds of thousands years on Midgard and was the mother tongue which our ancestors from distant and not so distant stars spoke! Moreover, the whole of the White Race—the descendants of the star ancestors—who lived on Midgard spoke precisely Russian...

Well, I again was carried away, but I hope that my "digressions" will be of interest to my readers, as they reflect my thoughts about what is dear to my heart and about which my soul aches, thus, fully corresponding to the name of my autobiographic chronicle *The Mirror of My Soul*.

The examples I gave earlier clearly show how fundamentally the, usual for us all, earthly matters differ from the actions carried out at the level of magic. The facts I have mentioned from the nearest past of our planet clearly show how blindly people have fulfilled and still do that which social parasites need. Today the overwhelming majority of people are unaware of who unleashed the World Wars in the 20th century and why and honour the USA as a country that made an enormous contribution to the defeat of Hitler's Germany. Due to cunning propaganda many people are completely sure that it was not the Soviet Union but the USA that played the leading role in the smashing of Germany, and moreover, in the United States many are convinced that the Soviet Union fought on the German side!

This is not a joke! This kind of perversion is possible only in the parasitic social system. The idea that man can feel information independently, scan and get it straight, passing over mass media and their propaganda, was emphatically knocked out of people's heads. However, if people got the correct evolutional development from their childhood, they would learn to **distinguish truth from lies**! Very many people have felt tingles all over the body or as if a wave passed through it like a chill, when these or those words were pronounced, at least once in their life.

This happens when a person's internal state resonates with the information that he or she hears or feels at that moment. And if people learned to tune in to information from their childhood, then almost every person could distinguish the truth from lies. The point is that, on hearing about an event, a person tunes to the event at the subconscious level. If the information corresponds to the event, then there is a qualitative resonance between the person and the event, which manifests in a person's feeling how the streams of primary matters pass through the body.

If the information is false, in other words, it does not correspond to real events, then on tuning in to such information, the person will never be able to feel the streams which present only in real events.

The person will tune to the information, but will not get a feed-back reaction from the event, because there was no such event about which the false information reported. The absence of feed-back will tell the person that the information is false. Certainly, it is the simplest method of truth recognition.

Due to the fact that we have had useless (false or wrong) information imposed upon us from our childhood, people do not have any possibility of understanding and feeling this phenomenon from their own experience—the resonance between the information and real events—especially, if the information is already engraved in the genetic memory. There are a lot of examples of this, but I shall give the most interesting ones.

Once Svetlana drew my attention to a contradiction I had never thought of before. In the Russian language the nationality of a person of almost all nations is a noun, and a language which he speaks is an adjective. However, there is exception for Russians: both a person and a language are adjectives. But a person can not be an adjective to his language! Social parasites have brought the disharmony even to this level! According to the general rule, the following should be: a person is a Rus (he) or Rusa (she) who speaks Russian! One may ask, what's the difference?

So, the difference is huge! When one calls himself correctly, the harmony of a person with himself and his self-determination is restored at the genetic level. Here is an example of how strongly such self-determination can influence a person. A young girl e-mailed me telling me that when she pronounced: "I am Rusa", she got rid of a cold almost instantly—so strongly and rapidly did her genetics react to true self-determination. Certainly, only the Ruses will have similar reaction to this word, the people of other nationalities will not have it. (In fact they are in complete harmony with their self-determination without it.) That would be tantamount to a Rus pronouncing "I am a Georgian" in the Georgian language. There will be no reaction whatsoever, because the genetic memory will react to neither the word nor the language. But should a Rus pronounce "I am a Rus", the streams of the pronounced word will enter into complete resonance with Russian genetics and he will feel tingles down his spine, and not just a cold will pass but also many mental blocks will disappear.

This "miracle" has a very simple explanation. Any word modulates the streams of primary matters which pass through our body and exert certain influence on it. The word "Rus" is the magic "Open Sesame" for a person with Russian genetics and will give him access to the riches of his own genetics which were in a dormant state before. This may hap-

pen to people of any nationality, except for cases when somebody's evil will imposed on them another self-name instead of that which they had since time immemorial. For example, the Kaisaks began to be called the Kazakhs after the revolution of 1917; the inhabitants of modern Mongolia became the Mongols, some of the Finno-Ugric people turned into the Tatars and Turkic people, etc.

But, if everything is all right, a person is able to feel lies and truth through the reaction of the body to the real and truthful information. If a person develops his abilities further, he can independently get truthful and reliable information, without which any action he carries out is doomed to failure and in many cases, will result in his death.

The battle of magicians, more precisely hierarchs, differs enormously from any other battle. Only fairy-tales and legends depict battle magicians like conjurers which pronounce invocations to call the forces of fire, air, water and earth, materialize a weapon which fights for them or create the one which they use in battle. But they are mostly inventions of film directors and scenario writers who intend to picture the magicians fighting with maximal vividness. A battle of magicians by means of invocations is a very primitive level, because the overwhelming majority of those who use invocation do not understand what happens when they say the words of an invocation. By the way, this was the main reason why the Vedic *volkhvs* lost to the black magicians which came to Keivan Rus as christeners in the 9th century.

The pseudo-priests blocked the actions of the *volkhvs*, thus discrediting them in the eyes of their kin, convincing the latter that their "God" is stronger than the old "Gods"! The black magicians skillfully manipulated the crowd at the subconscious level, brought it into an aggressive state and directed this aggression to their opponents—the *volkhvs*—without giving them a chance to recover their senses. The enraged crowd, being under the influence of black magicians, brutally finished off the *volkhvs*, which were the only force able to resist the black magicians—pseudo-christeners.

Any invocation is a fixed program that controls the streams of primary matters which pass through a *volkhv's* body in the state of trance: at that the correlation of primary matters in a stream and the power of the stream of each matter changes. But if this happens without the understanding of the essence of the process, the *volkhv* differs in nothing from a blind man. The black magicians used precisely that drawback. Unlike *volkhvs*, they were trained to study what was going on when the streams of primary matters intertwined during an invocation and easily enough blocked the actions of the *volkhvs*, using the potential of the crowd they had previously gathered. It is highly likely that those who

prepared the black magicians had studied the basic invocations which the *volkhvs* used and trained them long before they were sent to fulfill the task.

There are many legends, which tell how the black magicians "Saints" Christianized the crowds of pagans due to winning the competition with local magus and priests of different cults, thus showing people that their God is stronger.

It is of interest that both the *volkhvs* and priests of different cults cheated people to some degree. On doing magic actions, they explained to people that a God acts through them. Thus they tried to raise their public status and compel people to listen to their own orders, giving them as orders from "Gods"! People were under the impression that "wonders" did not come from a person but from a "God". Therefore, when black magicians came and were victorious over a magus with his specific skills and abilities, people thought that the priests of a stronger God defeated their Gods, not a man-magus. As we can see, social parasites used the smallest errors, lies and *volkhvs*' ambitions to defeat them in the magic duel.

Regrettably, all these cunning "little" things used to increase their own authority resulted in ordinary people perceiving the *volkhvs*' actions as manifestation of the will of Gods through them. Therefore, people perceived a *volkhv's* loss in a duel with black magicians as a loss of the old Gods. So, a small lie, although from the "best" of motives, resulted in people's belief that Gods showed their force through a magus. Even now many people who possess a natural gift think that some higher force acts through them by means of this gift. Besides, they are completely sure that if they say so, other people will believe and follow them more willingly, because in most cases people do not like to acknowledge that another person can do what they are unable to do and give a hostile reception to those who tell the truth.

But should someone say that he is just a vessel for higher forces people take it in all good faith. Regrettably, such is human psychology. People do not like when someone differs in anything from them and gladly accept the information that another human being is just a vessel or a conductor for higher forces and is nothing as a person. The *volkhvs* knew that and met the desire of the crowd in order to conduct even the simplest moral norms as the will of Gods which they represent, not their own requirements.

Their desire to please the crowd played a wicked trick on them in the end, especially, if we take into account that when the Night of Svarog came, the abilities of the *volkhvs* considerably weakened, while the abilities of black magicians considerably increased. The Gods of the

Slavonic-Aryans were people which reached the level of creation and the Nights of Svarog did not render any influence on them. Therefore, if *volkhvs* really were their conductors, they would win a victory over any black magician. But because any *volkhv* operated at his acquired level of skills and abilities and used invocations without understanding what happened during the process, they were defeated by the black magicians of the Greek religion which later was called Christianity.

So, a duel between two battle magicians fundamentally differs from a duel between two warriors. The main difference is that magicians do battle mainly at other levels of reality to which the majority of people cannot have any access even for observation. But for those who can see other levels of reality, the duel of battle magicians opens up a quite unexpected view. Bright colours and multicoloured whirlwinds blaze and constantly change their colour; volumetric structures unbelievable in their beauty collide with each other and change in the process of the battle.

This unearthly beauty would charm anyone, if it were not for one "but"! It is not some kind of a laser show but a mortal duel. All these changes of colours, structures and streams are nothing but a battle for life. Only the one who proves to be faster than the other; who can defend himself more quickly from his opponent's blows and find his weak points, can have a chance to win and remain alive. What happens with the opponent who turns out to be slower? He dies! At best, his physical body dies, and at worst, his spirit dies, and in the worst case of all, he or his spirit becomes a slave of the winner. This is the way black magicians and Hierarchs act! The last option is the most terrible one, at least, for a Light magician or Hierarch, because light magicians and Hierarchs never turn the opponents into slaves. This is a favourite business of the Dark.

Thousands of events and actions happen during a magic battle in a fraction of a second, and the opponents try to outstrip each other. The result depends on the speed with which your brain thinks and on a lot of other things. However, a person who does not see other levels of reality notices nothing special. Only the face of a battle magician becomes very concentrated, often very pale, sometimes even grey, because of the enormous loads and perspiration and mortal fatigue become visible on it. At the end of a duel, the winner dreams about only one thing—to get to bed and fall asleep. Often the emaciation after the fight is so strong that one hardly can move a hand. But the most unpleasant thing here is that often you have to immediately begin the next fight, and therefore you must gather all your will and summon all your strength and fight, fight, fight until the last enemy is defeated or you fall down

lifeless. Often you have to battle several enemies simultaneously, and they do not wait for their turn, but attack together like a pack of dogs and start tearing you to shreds, in the most direct sense of this word.

So, the magic fight is one of the most merciless, especially from the side of Dark Forces. A Light Hierarch never destroys his enemy completely, even a Black Hierarch, for no reason whatever. After neutralizing the actions of a black magician or Hierarch, I, for example, undo the spirit of an opponent only to the point of the beginning of the evolutional warp and block the possibility of repeating the black path. Only when the spirit is totally dark and gloomy like the darkest south night, it is undone to zero!

The most drastic difference between the fight of magicians and the ordinary one is that it is over only when one of the fighters is destroyed or captured, which is worse than death for a Light magician or Hierarch. Nobody takes the injured from a battle-field; only the winner can be an injured one. It is also impossible to hide, and if someone creates a protective field, the latter functions only up to the moment when an adversary fit a "key" to it, for which he may need just a second—everything depends on the level of his evolutional development and ability to think quickly. The battle of magicians can take place at any distance between them—from several meters to billons of light years, and at an even larger distance for which there is no distance unit in the concepts of modern earthly man.

So, the invocations became out of date a long time ago, because one can do billions of actions while a conjurer pronounces a single letter. Speed determines everything in a magic fight—the speed of the impact, analysis, decision making and creation of new properties and qualities.

There is another moment. There were powerful magicians and battle magicians in the past called *Vitiazes* in the territory of Rus. But, until they came into a special trance state by means of invocations, they were vulnerable both to a magic attack and an ordinary weapon. Being caught unawares, they could be killed by an arrow, sword, knife or spear, and even simple stone could kill them, which is reflected in many ancient legends and myths. It turns out that the creators of invocations, trying to teach as many gifted people as possible and as quickly as possible, did them an ill turn, of course, not wishing that.

Almost nobody took the trouble to understand what takes place when an invocation is pronounced, but directed all efforts to searching for the secret ancient invocations, which would give them power over other people and Nature! The fact that nobody ever found anything of the kind, said nothing to people, on the contrary, new legends ap-

peared, according to which very powerful invocations wait for those who are ready for them and when the right time comes. The hunters still continue to search for secret conjures and, on not finding them, pass the flame of the obsession with this idea to young seekers of ancient mysteries.

I think that such obsession with the pursuit of antique secrets is not casual. Someone (social parasites) intentionally rouse interest in it by books and films which tell about powerful ancient artifacts. Mass media force people to understand magic actions only through the prism of invocations. Let's take for instance the cult books and films about Harry Potter. All those magic sticks and invocations form certain stereotypes of understanding in people's minds, which impose the distorted understanding of the nature of real magic and how it is generated. This is not just theoretical idle talk, but fact.

Some six month ago, Yuriy Vasilievich Sergeev, a Russian writer, came to visit me. He is a descendant of ancient Cossack kin and possesses natural paranormal abilities. In another time he would have become a *Vitiaz*—a battle magician—if getting the correct development of his abilities, but that did not happen. Nevertheless, lately he is actively engaged in a search and popularization of ancient Russian martial arts. He travels all over the country and meets the masters of the Cossack Spas, Jiva and other kinds of ancient Slavonic martial arts, from which Chinese and Japanese styles of martial art originated, although in distorted form. Well, this is a story of another day.

So, a master of Russian styles of fighting, Kudeiar is his pseudonym, showed Yuriy Vasilievich how to enter into the state of "Rock" when the muscles of the body became stone-like. Natural gift and a certain invocation allowed Yuriy Vasilievich to enter the "Rock" state very quickly and he told me about his unusual feelings, when people repeatedly hit his chest with their fists, but the chest just sounded like an empty barrel and he did not feel any pain! He also told that he saw how Kudeiar, being in this state, was hit by a thick board which broke into chips on bumping onto his chest.

Yuriy Vasilievich offered to show me how he would enter into the state of "Rock". He began to pronounce the words of the invocation and I watched how every word he pronounced intertwines into one or another stream of primary matters which formed a certain pattern. When he finished, the mechanism of entering into the state of "Rock" became totally clear to me and I could easily untwine all these streams and return everything to the state it was before. I could do that at a distance, but I wanted to feel the state of "Rock", therefore I came closer to Yuriy Vasilievich and touched his chest with my index finger.

In the moment of touch the muscles of his chest were like a stone, but it disappeared in several seconds.

Yuriy Vasilievich was surprised beyond measure when the "Rock" state disappeared and I got practical confirmation of my supposition why the *volkhvs* lost to the black magicians who hid their true essence under the guise of preachers of a "new" religion then called the Greek religion (the cult of Dionysius). During my three-day practical seminar in March, 2010 I recalled and spoke about this case.

I try not to repeat myself during the performances and always intend to show something new, interesting and unusual. Although I had deactivated the state of "Rock" only once, untwining the streams which had created this invocation, I was pretty sure that I could intertwine them again. Although I had no doubt that my memory would not let me down (because several months had passed since that experience), I was, nevertheless, a bit excited. Still, all my life as a warrior consisted of solving numerous new tasks and the enemies never applied the same method of attack upon me a second time. Therefore, I quickly brought the volunteers on the stage into the "Rock" state. To check whether the structure I had mentally created worked I began to strike them lightly in the chest with my hand.

My first blows were not strong, but every following one was stronger and stronger, and after a couple of minutes I was striking them quite hard and none showed any sign of feeling pain. I had but to take off the state and each volunteer felt pain even when a blow was quite delicate. The audience was in a state of utter astonishment and, on perceiving that, I asked other volunteers to check for themselves that what was going was real. I reinstated the "Rock" fellows and asked other volunteers to deliver a blow. One put all his strength into his blow and struck right into the solar plexus. To his huge surprise nobody even stirred, although in an ordinary state a person would double up and gasp for breath. In the case of a very strong blow a person can even die, but the "Rock" fellows could not care less. Certainly, the like of this is very impressive! After that I taught our "guinea-pigs" to enter this state on their own and they could do that in a fraction of a second.

Looking back at the not so distant past, the distressful situation in which our ancestors found themselves vexes me. First of all, because they thought that their adversaries would fight honestly; second, they forgot the God-Hierarch Perun's words or they had been hidden from them. In his message to the future generations of the Slavs-Aryans he said that after the catastrophe, which happened a little more than 13,000 years ago when the Moon Fatta fell on Earth, only *volkhvs*—the

keepers of ancient knowledge, in modern words librarians, would remain on our planet. Although they were pretty much able to produce an enthralling spectacle and surprise the crowd, they were not battle magicians and used invocations which had been created before, the mechanism and action of which they did not understand. Over time the keepers became pretty sure that it was the words that worked!

But those who created these invocations perfectly understood what streams of primary matters they "plaited" using this or that invocation and for what purpose. They chose precisely those words which influenced the streams of matters passing through the body of a conjurer, who pronounced them while in the state of trance. That is why many invocations do not usually make sense, but are just a set of words. However, this set of seemingly meaningless words provides the interlacing of the necessary streams, in the necessary order, to achieve the invocation's intended result. The reason why the Enlightened created all those invocations is simple. There were not very many really enlightened people left after the last planetary catastrophe, but the necessity for practical magicians was enormous.

The Enlightened found the only correct decision, as it seemed to them then,—to find naturally gifted people, teach them to enter into the state of trance and give them a set of verbal codes, explaining what result can be achieved with each verbal code-invocation. And that was all! It would seem a genius solution, if it were not for one "but". Over the course of time it was completely forgotten who created these invocations and why. Moreover, almost nobody understood what exactly happened when an invocation was pronounced, as a result of which they very quickly turned into dogma in some kind of religion of magic!

The dogmatism of *volkhvs*-keepers which converted into a religion of magic became the reason why the black magician-"christeners" were able to win them over. Over the course of time the *volkhv*-keepers became priests of the Vedic tradition. But it was a world view of space level based on atheism! Regrettably the Vedic tradition, which has been rising now, has nothing to do with true Vedism, but repeats the distorted tradition based on dogmatism.

There is no doubt whatsoever that people should remember their ancestors and know and understand their customs. Regrettably, the latter, by which I mean understanding, is not observed in Neo-Vedism. The people are obliged to glorify Slavonic Gods according to the Hierarchy without any consideration of what they say and why. It is not explained that our ancestors called those people who reached the level of creator in their evolutional development, in other words, who could

influence space and matter with the force of their thought, to a greater or lesser degree. They always were people, but they were People with a capital letter.

Our ancestors always told their neighbours that they were the children and grandchildren of our Gods, not captives or slaves, but children and grandchildren!!! And now many of those who, as they say, restore the Vedic tradition superimpose their distorted perception on it and force people blindly and bluntly to repeat glorifying prayers in honour of one or another "God", without the least understanding of why our ancestors had done that before blood-letting Christianity came to the land of the Ruses. The difference is that then the genetics and consciousness of the Slavs-Aryans had not been blocked (before 10^{th} century AD — *E.L.*) and they had a direct connection with Light Hierarchs, who they called Gods, at the genetic level.

Due to the fact that after the last planetary catastrophe 13,000 years ago, which cast the whole civilization of our planet into the Stone Age, most of the survivors and their descendants could not protect themselves from the negative influence of Dark Forces, especially during the Nights of Svarog. Therefore, on pronouncing a glorifying hymn dedicated to a particular Hierarch-"God", our ancestors restored the connection with Him (or Her) and got under a protective field regardless of where the Hierarch was based, that is, whichever planet. In order to provide optimal defence for the maximal number of Slavs-Aryans, each Slavonic-Aryan kindred group was to appeal to its own God-protector.

But, even having the strong protective connection with Hierarch-Gods at the telepathic level, which increased in case of mental or verbal address, our ancestors failed to defend themselves from Dark Forces, first of all because social parasites were ready and able to block this connection and then destroy it completely in the end. As a result, on losing their Light Hierarchs' protective external shield, the Slavonic-Aryan kin found themselves defenceless against the actions of the Dark ones, especially during the last Night of Svarog. If it had been otherwise, we would now live on the territory of the Great Vedic Empire!

So, the declamation of glorifying hymns dedicated to our ancestor-Gods will bring nothing to people for several reasons. The main reason why modern Slavs-Aryans are unable to get one or another God-Hierarch's protection is social parasites being able to block almost all Slavs for the last thousand years. A pseudo-worldview which the Dark have imposed on modern Ruses played a dirty trick—the genetic connection with our ancestral Light Hierarchs is seriously damaged. However, it can be restored, but only through enlightenment by knowledge and, which is most important, through genetic memory which will allow

modern Ruses both to get back their freedom and unblock and bring about the potential of the Slavonic-Aryans' genetics.

So, the every day hymns in honour of one or another Slavic Hierarch-God will bring nothing to a person; it's just beating the air. Therefore, the imposition of it on people carries danger. First of all nobody ever will get any help this way and blind faith in it can lead to a critical situation. Second, similar appeals make people passive, just like Christianity, because those hymns in honour of Slavic Gods-Hierarchs now are no different from prayers of the Christian church.

Only the activity of people can change the situation. The one who does not understand that and forces people to repeat hymns unthinkingly like prayers serves the social parasites, independent of whether her or she understands that or not. Social parasites did succeed in infecting many Ruses with ambitiousness in the worst sense of the word. Instead of simply doing good deeds for their people, many of them begin to argue over who is the "coolest" one, having done nothing yet! I strongly believe that only real actions, not idle kitchen-table talk, will show people who is the real leader and who will indeed take care of people.

Yes, social parasites achieved a lot—the soul of many Ruses is touched with rottenness. It is a result of long parasitic influence by means of the slave philosophy of Christianity! It is also a consequence of the total elimination of the best sons and daughters of the Ruses and other native people of Russia, no matter what name it had in the epoch of the Black Forces triumph for the last thousand years, which "accidentally" coincided with the last Night of Svarog.

It is also a consequence of the last thousand years, especially the 20^{th} century, when the spiritual heritage of our ancestors and the truth about our Great Past was ruthlessly destroyed and distorted; our language was mispronounced and distorted too. The united people of the Ruses—Russians, Ukrainians and Byelorussians—were artificially divided into three "different" peoples, taking advantage of the situation when part of the Ruses—Ukrainians and Byelorussians—temporarily got under the power of other people which imposed their culture, language and traditions on them. They failed to do that in full measure, but the imprints of it remained.

The language of the Malorosses (the inhabitants of Little Russia or Rus), this was how the Ukrainians were previously named, absorbed many words from Polish, German, Hungarian and Romanian. The further to the West the stronger the external influence on the direct descendants of the Ruses-Scythians was! So-called Ukrainian, appeared in the 19^{th} century, when a Maloross, Taras Grigorievich Shevchenko,

using the Russian alphabet and grammar, wrote down a Maloross dialect and called it Ukrainian, reflecting its essence—a dialect of the outskirts of Rus. (In Russian Ukraine means "*u kraia*"—near the edge or border — *E.L.*) It happened only in the middle of the 19th century! There is not a single document written in Ukrainian before that time. Moreover, Kyiv Rus bears no relation to modern Ukraine whatsoever, because people spoke Russian there, as many people of Western Europe knew and spoke it before the 10th century and even later.

This is how social parasites separated a united people and then set the newly made Ukrainians against the Ruses. But Ukrainians are Ruses! The parasites set brother against brother and rejoiced when a smaller part of the Ukrainians they bought turned into Ukrainian Nazis who hate everything Russian. And if we take into account that the Ukrainians are part of the Ruses who speak a maloross dialect, then in fact, they hate themselves and their ancestors, because the Ruses lived in Kyiv Rus and spoke Russian!

I suggest to those who are ready to flare up with indignation not to hurry yelling about the Church Slavonic language, because it appeared in the 14th century when Kyiv Rus ceased to exist! Before that time orthodox Christian priests read sermons in Modern Greek, and the people of Kyiv Rus spoke Russian, not Ukrainian which originated from the maloross dialect only in the middle of the 19th century. "Divide and conquer" is the social parasites' primordial motto. They successfully applied it to eliminate the Venedi and the Veleti (Lutici)—the huge unions of tribes of Western Ruses.

Using lies and slander, social parasites set these powerful unions against each other and gladly observed how their cunning inciting made Ruses cut Ruses!!! And when these tribal unions of Western Ruses became weak because of endless fratricidal wars, they used the Germans which had been under their total control and diligently slaughtered the rest of the Western Ruses. Only a handful of the Lutici survived this genocide. Later they began to be called Lithuanians which do not know that they belong to the Slavonic-Aryan kin of Sviato Ruses! Sometimes I am surprised by the childish naivety and purity of our ancestors which believed the enemies, because they did not imagine that somebody can lie. They were unable to assume that if they never lied or cheated, that did not mean that others acted the same way!

Certainly, all this could not happen without home-bred parasites which can always be found among any people and which for the sake of their own ambitions, avidity, profit, uncontrollable lust, etc. are ready to betray everything—their Motherland, honour, conscience and their kin. With all this going on, social parasites used the local fifth column

only at the initial stages of their takeover because the local parasites pursued their own interests instead of diligently following their bosses' plans. Therefore the latter preferred to rely on the parasites which they trained themselves and which had absorbed the parasitic world view with their mother's milk. Only when the external social parasites duly prepared their disciples did everything go smoothly for them on our planet.

That happened precisely when the social parasites they had brought up and armed with a super-fascist world view began to squeeze other people out of social niches related to trade, which they quickly converted into parasitic business. This process began when the Israelites took power in Khazaria in the 7th century A.D. where they created a parasitic trading system. After that the Israelites, the instrument of the external social parasites, organized, so-called, trading posts in almost all countries, which became the metastases of the parasitic system in healthy social organisms.

Over the course of time those metastases—the trading posts of the Judaic Khazaria—turned into cancer tumours which ruined almost all social organisms where they appeared. Regrettably, even after the Kievan prince Svetoslav destroyed Judaic Khazaria in 965 A.D. and it ceased to exist, the "trading" posts continued the dirty deed by taking power in the countries where they had been created. Over the course of time, the real bosses of these "trading" posts became the secret rulers of the countries, and later—the visibleones.

By the way, the Israelites created their "trading" posts in cities of strategic importance. They fenced their trading posts with high fortress walls where strangers (the Goyim) were neither allowed nor welcome and were even forced to wait near the closed gate if they failed to arrive in time. Those little states had their own armies and judicial system which acted in strict accordance with the laws of the Torah independent of the political and legislative system that existed outside the fortress walls.

It was the Israelites that fenced their "trading" posts; nobody forced them to do it. They separated themselves from the Goyim which allowed them to live on their land. Later these "trading" posts began to be called ghettos, and this concept acquired a negative connotation. Much later the Israelites began to cry on the whole world's shoulder that the Goyim had herded them into ghettos (read "trading" posts) and oppressed them terribly. That is a barefaced lie! In fact everything was vice versa. The Israelites always isolated themselves from the native people of the countries which sheltered them and built fortress walls around their trading-post settlements. The parasitic methods of

action of the "trading" posts are specified in my book *Russian History Viewed through Distorted Mirrors*.

In addition to parasitic trade, Judaic "trading" posts were engaged in another activity. Their emissaries searched among the Goyim elite for those with certain pathological tendencies such as avidity, different kind of sexual perversions, etc. Carefully and patiently they brought these pathologies to culmination and actively promoted such people to the highest echelons of power: When the parasites succeeded in doing so (regrettably, almost always), they ruled the country through their protégés, very quickly bringing it to impoverishment and disintegration, making fairy-tale fortunes themselves. On sucking all vital juices from one country, the Israelites moved to another and repeated the same scenario. To fulfill their corrupt plans the Israelites used the so-called institute of Judaic fiancées. So, when the Israelites appeared in a country, its local social parasites became their puppets, domesticated and fully guided, all their "skeletons in the closet" were known to the Israelites and in the majority of cases, were the fruits of their job.

Well, I again was somewhat "carried away" and it is time to return to the main theme of my narration and into 1994.

The "dolls" situation got a quite unexpected continuation. No, their production was not recommenced, but there was a consequence of the previous "doll" activity. Before our friend ---- eliminated his "doll"-clone, the latter had managed to kill another friend and comrade-in-arms who we knew under the name of ---. It is highly likely that was his code name, which would protect the true identity of the person behind it. So --- was killed by ----'s "doll" when he opened the door to, as he thought, his best friend and comrade-in-arms. The last thing that was imprinted on his departing consciousness was the image of his best friend pressing the trigger and complacently grinning. In utter astonishment he watched the bullet coming from the barrel with a silencer, revolving in the streams of air, crisply tearing the tissues of his body and piercing his heart, all as if filmed in slow motion.

It certainly was not the most pleasant last recall. After his murder --- was buried with honours and a monument was erected on his grave. The real ---- assisted the funeral. The thought that it was exactly his "doll"-clone which killed his friend tortured him tremendously. Well, somebody had a highly perverted sense of "humour", if it can be called humour at all. ---- felt guilty because his friend had thought in the last seconds of his life that it was he who killed him. Certainly he perfectly knew, that ---'s spirit did not think so, because he spoke to it several times after the tragedy. Nevertheless, his friend's parting consciousness was stamped with utter surprise at the horrible event.

Besides, --- also was an important link in a very thin chain of the Light who devoted their life to the fight against social parasites; at that time it was impossible to complete an operation, which Light Forces had been long and carefully preparing to carry out on Midgard, without him. Therefore, the acute necessity to return him to life arose. But how is such possible? The person is already buried. There is a monument on his grave. He is dead to everybody and his name crossed off the list of the living with all following consequences.

If he could be restored using that method or another, even in case of success there would be a great number of problems, both on bureaucratic and purely human grounds. Although there are a lot of films where a dead person comes back into the world of the living, they clearly show that such resurrection caused many problems, both real and fantastic.

The past, present and future do exist simultaneously, but only the river of the present has a material form harmonious with the existence of a human being. We just do not notice that we swim from the past into the future through the present. Every moment of our real life becomes the past and the future becomes the present. We inhale the air from our future and exhale it into our past. Should this process be interrupted our life will be over! The air we exhaled, being saturated with carbon dioxide, is in the past for us, but it disappears nowhere, while the air we are going to inhale is in our future, but it already exists. Even this simple example makes it evident that the past, present and future exists simultaneously and is material. They are just like the air from the future which exists already and the air from the past which disappears nowhere.

The only difference is that the air which we inhale from the future has a different chemical composition from the air in the past which we exhale. In other words, the matter from the future when passing through the present and getting into the past, changes. And this change happens in the present. Certainly, this is an understanding of just one moment of our life, but it does not reflect only the process of breathing, everything happens according to the same principle, no matter whether we understand it or not. It's just the breathing process is quite obvious case—the exhaled and inhaled air differ from each other in their chemical composition.

Other processes are less obvious, but it does not mean that the past, present and future are not interconnected in a single whole and therefore exist separately. In fact more serious changes happen with matter in the process of transition into the future through the present than in the process of breathing. If the flora of our planet which restores

the oxygen in the atmosphere transforming carbon dioxide into the biomass were absent, man would not have a future here (and not only man). The oxygen which man takes from the atmosphere to provide his vital functions would quickly be over and there would be no future for him, if the plants failed to convert carbon dioxide from our past into the oxygen of our future.

It turns out that the plants absorb carbon dioxide from our past and create the oxygen for our future. Nobody notices that and many people will consider similar reasoning quite strange (even crazy), but only because the overwhelming majority of people have a stereotyped way of thinking imposed upon them being unable to carry out any more or less serious analysis. If any thinking person reflects on a similar statement, he undoubtedly becomes firmly convinced that all mentioned above is truth. The thing is that all those small and unnoticeable processes are tightly connected inter se in their constant interaction, and we don't pay any attention to them, but we should! If man were not so blind and sometimes looked at the surrounding world with the open eyes of a child, similar things would be obvious for him.

But because all forgot that time is a conditional unit, which was invented to make the interaction between people more convenient, and in reality does not exist; although there are the processes of matter changing, most people will find this simple example of the simultaneous existence of past, present and future very hard to understand. One way or another, even this simplest example demonstrates how tightly everything is connected and interlaced in nature.

The air which man exhales is past for him, but for plants it is future, while the oxygen they produce is past for them and future for man! Have you already become confused, or not yet? But this is the simplest example of multi-dimensional and continuous logic! And this is exactly the direction in which the human consciousness should develop. But social parasites did their best to prevent it.

Well, that is their essence. But we should understand that the multitude of processes which happen simultaneously or non-simultaneously are tightly connected with each other and any change of one causes change in everything which happens in present, past and future. As it is clear from my explanation, the past of the first process is a future for the second, and the past of the second is a future for the first, etc. Therefore, in order to change the past, you need to change the whole spectrum of the processes in the past, present and future. You should change everything in the processes which flow from the future to the past and vice versa.

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As a result of this action the alternative future where --- was alive and did not die became the only real present and future both for him and for the whole of our planet. And the future where --- was dead and buried became alternative and could be disassembled. When this work was done, nobody noticed that he was ever dead and buried. Only the one who did not undergo the overall change in his consciousness, but only on the material level, will remember that ---'s grave with a monument disappeared, that he was murdered and buried, etc. For --- this never happened and to tell the truth he should not know and remember such atrocities.

Certainly, it would have been much easier to resuscitate ---, but there was no place for him in the world where he had died and his life after the resurrection would have turned into hell. There is a biblical example of this. The New Testament tells how Jesus Christ resurrected Lazarus after he had been dead for four days and his flesh had begun to decompose. According to the New Testament the Raising of Lazarus made the Pharisees and chief priests so angry that they decided to kill both the resurrected and the man responsible for his resurrection (John 12:10)!

Perhaps in the past a resurrected person could move to a place where nobody knew him and live quietly, in our time the like of this is impossible, especially when a person holds a high social position. Although if a person is not buried yet and nobody knows about his death, a simple resurrection is possible, when only the damaged body is restored and the spirit is sent back into it. There are cases when I did that with Svetlana's help.

One day we were informed that our friend ----- had been poisoned and his body was en route to his Motherland in his private jet to be buried with honours. He had been dead for several days when we found him in his jet. There was nobody but his trusted person beside the body. I must say that Svetlana and I were just in time! If he had reached his Motherland, things would have been considerably complicated; then only a few people knew about his death. So, when we found his body on the plane, I immediately proceeded to business.

As usual, Svetlana became my eyes and ears and I fully concentrated on the restoration process. Several minutes passed and colour appeared in -----'s cheeks. Several minutes more and he opened his eyes and sat up right before the eyes of his amazed assistant. Well, I can only imagine what he felt, being far from accustomed to all that kind of

thing. But he was exceptionally loyal to his boss and there was no problem with him keeping silence on this occasion. Besides, who would believe anyone who affirms that somebody, dead for several days, is alive and had become even healthier than he was before his death? He would be just declared mad.

In the modern world where orthodox science, which can hardly explain anything, hammered its false concepts into people's consciousness, the declaration that a person saw how a dead man rose from the coffin and continues to live as if nothing happened, may cause serious doubts about his mental health. So ----- told his assistant that he had fallen into a short-term lethargy due to overstrain which was confused with death. The assistant's consciousness and that of the pilots easily accepted this explanation and rescued their minds from complete break down. Not all are able to survive such a shock and remain in their senses.

In fact the human psyche always tries to "hide" behind some comfortable explanation, even those people who seemingly should have an un-blinkered world view. I observed this kind of "hiding" after a David Copperfield performance. It was my last visit to one of his performances before my departure to Russia. It took place in a San Francisco suburb and our friends invited Svetlana and me. Regrettably, Svetlana was unable to come to the USA, because the authorities refused to give her new permission to enter the country, which in fact was a violation of the law, but I shall tell about it later. Our friends bought the tickets several months prior to the performance and when it became perfectly clear that Svetlana could not come to San Francisco, I offered her ticket to Michael Dehta, who, by the way, had never seen any of David Copperfield's performances. That day the famous illusionist demonstrated a lot of interesting things, both real ones and tricks from the extensive stock of a magician. Each real action required serious consumption of his potential and was accompanied by considerable physical loads. Therefore, David usually showed a number of magical tricks after real actions, which is quite understandable. So, here he was demonstrating a real action, which I saw for the first time.

The large screen in the hall broadcasts a shore on an island in the Hawaiian archipelago in real time. The camera in the hall and the camera in the Hawaiian island are synchronized. The audience sees the shore of the ocean and hears how the rustling waves roll onto it and then roll back with the same rustling sound leaving a stripe of wet sand behind. A person lays a quite large piece of white fabric on the sand. All this is shown live on the hall's screen. David Copperfield turns his back to the hall and several times throws a balloon into it.

The balloon jumps from row to row until somebody catches it. A lucky person goes to the stage, then another and another. On gathering thus four or five persons, David Copperfield asks his assistant to make a Polaroid photo with them, asks them all to sign the photo and puts it into his pocket. Then he goes behind a special screen through which only his silhouette is visible, disappears in clouds of smoke and at the same time rises from under the fabric on the Hawaiian shore and gets the recently signed photo out of his pocket.

I think there is no need to say that David Copperfield demonstrated teleportation from the concert hall to the shore of the Hawaiian island. The majority of the audience thought it was just a cool trick and that was all. It was easier for them. They need not rack their brains, thinking "how the hell did he do that". It was just an excellent show and that's it! But Michael Dehta was not a person of narrow interests and should have reacted otherwise. When I asked him about teleportation, I was surprised at his answer. He said that it was a good trick. He could not even think that all of it was real.

It was easier for him too to think like that despite the fact that the simplest analysis of the teleportation that had been demonstrated proved that everything was real. David Copperfield did not have a twin. He has a younger brother, but the latter differs strongly in outward appearance from David. One can think of the existence of an absolute double (which is doubtful), but the voice, the way of speaking, mimics and gesticulation of a person that appeared on the Pacific shore were absolutely David's. Moreover, he got the photo from his pocket, which was taken in the San Francisco hall with all the autographs of those who were among the audience, which witnessed taking the Polaroid photo. Besides, a Polaroid photo is a special photo. It always exists in one copy. Even if we assume that there was some special Polaroid which was somehow connected to a digital camera and the image was instantly transferred to Hawaii, printed there, put into something that looked like a Polaroid photo and in some miraculous way placed into the pocket of a supposed double which was buried in the sand, how could it have the autographs of the people on it?! David Copperfield gave it to nobody from his personnel at the San Francisco hall.

I could spend a long time describing the impossibility of any other explanation for it than teleportation. So, Michael Dehta, a person who at least should understand what the matter was, chose to shut his eyes to the obvious. Then what can be expected from an average man, of little education and a long way from understanding such phenomena? Actually nothing, it is much easier to label something a "trick" and calmly go to bed, being astonished at amusing tricks modern illusionists

can perform and the achievements of technical "progress".

So, most likely -----'s assistant accepted the version of short-term lethargy as a consequence of stress with huge relief. However, the returning of a person to life in several days after death is not such an outstanding thing. There are a great number of trustworthy cases when the Siberian shamans returned people to life when nine days had passed after the death. Of course, this kind of things was possible in the cold period of year when the decomposition of human tissues either does not happen at all or is extremely slow. Besides, the shamans could do that only if the body was not damaged—when the head, arms and legs were in their respective places and the body was not irreversibly destroyed by illness. Therefore, this is not of much interest to me.

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This method could be compared to a film rewinding, when a broken plate flies up into somebody's hands and again turns out to be intact; or when a bullet comes out of a wounded body and goes back to the barrel of a weapon and the blood that gushed from a wound flows back into it and the wound disappears before our very eyes and the person is again safe and sound. This is possible in our ordinary life only if we rewind the film, but life is not a film. Besides, a rewound film repeats the same thing again—the plate gets broken into pieces and the bullet rushes out of a gun with a crack and bursts into the body, tearing the tissues and splashing blood all over: no matter how many times you rewind the film, everything will repeat again and again.

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So, this is a "small" difference between this kind of job and the simple winding of a "film" back to the past! By the way, minor things are of crucial significance in this work. I am usually concentrated on the work itself, meanwhile Svetlana accompanies it with a detailed description of what is going on which gives me the opportunity to act quickly and efficiently. Svetlana becomes my eyes and ears for the time it takes, allowing me to concentrate exclusively on the solution of the task. My every thought immediately manifests in reality and depending on what happens afterwards I can judge what should be changed, added or removed in order for the task to be fulfilled in an optimal way and nothing is missed. In addition, we succeed in solving all the concomitant tasks without mistakes, at the first try.

By the way, every time I solved one or another task I had a feeling

that it had been the next test. I had this feeling that we were under constant surveillance and somebody watches what I do next in that particular situation and how.

The death of my father became one of the most unpleasant tests for me. He died on August 31, 1994. Last time I spoke with him was a phone conversation on August 30. I called home no less than once a week and Svetlana and I related things about our lives and experiences and listened to theirs. That day differed in nothing from others. Nothing foreboded any misfortune. My heart did not miss a beat, although I usually feel this kind of thing very well, as did my mother who always knew about events both bad and good before they happened.

She often surprised her colleagues at her work by telling them what would happen and was never mistaken; however, then nobody—my mum, Svetlana, who loved my father very much and he loved her from the first moment when I introduced her as my future wife, or I—had any bells ringing about this. Nobody felt anything, which means that he should not have died that day. I don't say that my father was absolutely healthy, although he was as strong as an ox, but he did not spare himself at his work, he worked like ten men, and was on friendly terms with drink.

One incident especially undermined his health. We were coming back from the village of Kundruchka, in the Rostov region, where we went almost every year with our parents to spend our summer holidays and we had managed, with huge difficulty, to get tickets for a sleeper train to get home. My father climbed onto the upper berth and quickly fell asleep. There was no problem with single tickets to get to the village, but to buy five tickets for a sleepertrain to get back at the tiny train station Orlovskaya was almost impossible. The trains stopped there for only a couple of minutes. So, you can imagine how we rushed along the train loaded with numerous bags and suitcases filled with grandma's delicious presents in order to quickly find our coach and have time to load everything, us including, in it. Therefore we often went to the city of Salsk which had quite a big railway centre.

The trains in Salsk usually stopped for 20 or 25 minutes, but even there we often were unable to buy five tickets in one coach on a sleeper. So, we usually had to literally sit on our suitcases for a long time, missing trains which would have suited us, and stay near the ticket window without moving a step from it, because we were not the only ones who wanted to catch a sleeper train. So, on one of our last visits to my grandma's we finally got on the train and my father fell deeply asleep on the top berth being very tired from carrying and loading all

our things. Suddenly the train jerked quite violently and he fell right onto the metallic corner of the lower berth.

The impact was very strong and my father felt pain in his chest for a long time. Nevertheless, he went to work where considerable physical loads were a norm. Later it was known that he had broken several ribs and they did not knit in the right way, as a result of which an abscess began to develop in his right lung. All this was found out much later. In 1982 a growth was ablated together with the upper part of his lung and treatment of the abscess was begun. Regrettably, then I was a Kharkov university student and could not go either home or to Moscow. Neither I nor my family had a telephone at home.

In order to call my family I had to go to a public call-box and dial my mum's work telephone number in the children's hospital numerous times until the line became free. Then I did not try distant healing. First, because I did not have a telephone to heal people at a distance, and second, I had just began to explore my abilities—what I was able to do and how. But in the next year, 1983, my father was admitted to the MONIKI—Moscow scientific-research regional clinical institute—where my mum's sister worked, with a preliminary diagnosis—sarcoma. But they were not going to risk performing an operation, because he had an abscess in the lower part of his left lung. It turned out that my mum and I could come to Moscow that summer to visit him and I began to work with his sarcoma and abscess.

I gave him huge loads and he endured them very well, although sometimes there were lung hemorrhages after my work. The thing was that I could not stay in Moscow for a long time and therefore, I had to work with him almost to the breaking point of his capacity to take it. But it was really worth it—the strain was crowned with success. Soon, the diagnosis "sarcoma" was deleted and the abscess disappeared almost without trace.

I had to heal my father for a second time after he had a heart attack. It happened in 1991, the last year before our departure to the USA. My father came to Moscow to MONIKI again for a checkup and had to stay there for several months. When I knew about his being there, I immediately came to visit him with my mum who came from Mineralnye Vody (the Caucasus) to see him too. I began to work with him, more precisely, with his heart.

In June Svetlana came to visit him too and I introduced her to him as my future wife. We came almost every day and I continued to work with him. Soon new tests showed that he felt much better and in a short while he went home being in a pretty good state of health. After that he never complained about his heart.

So, on August 31, 1994 the phone rang, I picked it up and my mum said that my father was dead, because his heart failed. He slept in another room and she did not hear how he died. She found him dead in the morning.

I looked through the situation and saw that my father had been killed by a blow delivered into his heart, which anyway was not as strong as before. He was killed for the same motive as Svetlana's father—to "thank" us because I refused to collaborate with the Shadow World Government and because we ruined a lot of things for them with our actions. The news caught me unawares. I sat in my office alone for a long time. I was wholly filled with mental anguish as I sat and remembered my father. There was a huge heaviness in my heart,especially knowing that he was killed because of me, to make me suffer.

The achieved their aim. I did suffer. My first grey hairs appeared precisely after that and their number increased with years, my soul ached every time when I lost my friends and comrades-in-arms, being unable to save them. It was very painful for me to endure the death of my friends. I felt guilty. It was easier for me to die myself and these are not just beautiful words. I did find myself in situations where I was within a hair's breadth of death and looked it right in the face. So, it is not bravado, but truth. One way or another, I always felt guilty when my friends died.

I felt guilty because I thought that I had made insufficient efforts to prepare or think everything over to prevent the death of others, that if it was me who had acted in that situation, I would certainly have not been killed and everybody would have been alive. Although I perfectly understood that no war can be without victims, I also understood that not just my comrades-in arms fell in action, but many other people with whom I was not acquainted died too. But their feats for the sake of others, which often passed unnoticed for the latter, did not become less important and their death was no less a loss, then the death of those who I knew personally.

My father died for two reasons. First, it was a revenge for my refusal, and second, because social parasites tried numerous methods to eliminate Svetlana and me and failed.

They hurt me very much, because I loved my father despite his drawbacks, but he was not a warrior of an invisible front as my comrades-in-arms were and his life or death did not have a crucial influence on the world. It would not be much better or much worse without him. My father was just a man who was dear to me, my family and other relatives, no more but no less. By that time I knew that I could return him to life. I did that more than once in the most unusual cases. And

if I had done that, nobody would have said a word to me, but the future of our planet did not depend on his life or death as it was when I returned my friends-comrades-in-arms from the Kingdom of the Dead. Therefore, despite my love for him and the possibility of returning him, I did not even try to do that.

According my moral principles, I had no right to do that simply because he was my father and I loved him. Every human being on our planet sooner or later loses his or her dearest and nearest—a father, mother, brother, sister, children or a beloved one and everybody would like to see them alive. And if I returned my father to life, any person would have the right to demand the return of their beloved ones and I would have no moral right to refuse; then our planet would submerge into chaos. I cannot say that I took the decision not even to try easily, but it was the only correct and just one, despite its being extremely hard.

Every time I come back into my past, I clearly understand that every action or decision I undertook was always a test. Because a person's true essence manifests precisely in this kind of critical situation. It is easy to do correct things when everything goes all right and smoothly for you: the more so if such "correctness" is to your advantage and you run no risk whatsoever of losing anything. It is quite another thing when you defend your point of view, which due to all characteristics of so-called common sense brings nothing but problems and it is precisely you who lose the dearest and most important things in your life. In such situations any falsity, even the tiniest one, evaporates without a trace and your true bare essence is left. At the present time I can say that I never betrayed my beliefs and principles in any situation independent of what it could cost me, and strongly believe that I shall continue to do so.

My father's death was unexpected not just for me, but also for him. Certainly, he knew that life was not over with the death of the physical body. I explained him that a little before. But it is one thing to know that theoretically, and quite another to experience it in practice. He could not reach me telepathically through my protective system, nor could anyone else, therefore, when I had slightly recovered from such a loss, Svetlana and I established contact with him. As usual she became my eyes and ears which gave me a free "hand". We appeared before him and he was extremely surprised at where we came from and why he could hear and see us and we could hear and see him, and nobody else could.

Then I had to explain to him, through his own example, what had happened and why nobody could hear and see him. It was very hard

for me to watch him struggling with the idea that he was dead, more precisely that he had left his physical body. Especially he suffered when our relatives began to take his dead body out of our family apartment to take it to the cemetery. Surprised, he looked at all that and gloomily asked us: "Why do they do that? Why do they take my body out? I am here and I am alive!" I saw how hard all this was for him.

Therefore, I was not going to wait for him to see his body buried in the earth and the process of its decomposition in the coffin and other unpleasant things connected with the liberation of the spirit from its physical body. I released his spirit from the dead body at once and brought it to a decent level, releasing it from any Karma both of this incarnation and all previous ones, working it off instead of him. I had the right to do this without violating my principles.

At first my father's spirit came very often to visit us to "talk". It acquired its true appearance with every subsequent visit. Usually a spirit looks like the person at the moment of his or her death and on losing the physical body a human spirit continues to perceive self as it was when he last looked in a mirror. But gradually the spirit begins to look younger and finally it looks like a person around 25 or 30-ish; so, in the same way, my father's spirit looked younger every time he came to "talk" and finally began to look like he did in his best years.

As my father could not "knock on my door until I heard him" he went to Svetlana and asked her about everything he came across in his new life. Sometimes he wanted to ask me some questions and then Svetlana came to me and we three discussed his new world. One day I offered to move his spirit to any planet in our Universe, but he refused. He said he would wait for his "Red-haired girl" (this was what he called my mum in jest, although she has light-brown hair, not red) and he was going nowhere without her. Svetlana became his guide in the new world and not because he could easily contact her telepathically.

He gave regards to all our relatives through her, mostly to my mum, of course. My father felt guilty towards her and was extremely upset that he did not say the most important words to her when he was alive and ask pardon for the pain his actions had caused her. When my father wanted to speak to my mum, we called her and Svetlana became an "interpreter" converting the telepathic information into ordinary words. Moreover, she not only conveyed his exact words, expressions and his way of speaking, but also those transmitted nuances which only my mum and dad knew. She even preserved his intonations. It all was very hard for my mum. She perfectly understood that Svetlana just passed her his words because he did not have lungs to pronounce them himself.

My father said that he was beside her, that his hands were on her shoulders. Mum felt his presence and his hands on her shoulders, but could not see and hear him, and that disappointed her enormously. Over time my father accustomed himself to the new place and stopped visiting us and asking us to convey his words to anyone so often. Not because he became indifferent, but because he saw how hard it was for my mum when he talked to her. He understood that thus he made her suffer and twisted a knife in her wound which had begun to heal. He began to come to visit her without any conversation. Mum told me that she heard his voice—he could reach her telepathically for a short while, but could not hold the contact long enough. Later he quitted these attempts too.

The turns of fate are incredible indeed! Only after death did my father understand how much pain and unfair offence he caused my mother with some of his actions. The most dreadful thing here is that this understanding cannot repair what was done and there is no way to compensate for it. Quite different laws work outside the physical level of reality and only one possibility was left for him—to become a protector, a guardian angel to prevent the astral parasites doing any harm to a person who conquered his heart both in his life and after it. Too often a person realizes who was beside him only when he loses that and now nothing can be changed. He realizes that he should say tender words when they are needed most, not when considered necessary. Sometimes we think that the words which we repeat often lose their significance or they are vulgarized being pronounced by liars, scoundrels, traitors and hypocrites. But you should desire that the dearest person feels the warmth of your heart, care and attention. You should not postpone that for the future or for some suitable time, which can never happen!

My father did not understand that when he was alive. Only after death did he realize that and wanted to say and prove to his beloved one what a blind man he had been and did not understand the happiness fate had given to him. But he already did not have his physical body to repair everything and prove his love. I think my father was not the only one who had this kind of wish when he abandoned his physical body, but not all were lucky enough to have the opportunity to convey their understanding from the other side of the River of Life to those who have not crossed it...

The Dark smelled out that the possibility to return people from the dead was more than real. Parasites also knew that not all would be restored, which pleased them enormously, because they understood that only key figures would be restored and that was rather an exception

than a rule. They were perfectly right. Only those Light Warriors were brought back, without which it was impossible to carry out the necessary preparation to liberate our planet from social parasites.

Regrettably, it is impossible to do without losses in a war. The necessity to provide for minimal losses is one of the main tasks in the war against parasites, because usually the best and the most unprepared die. Therefore, it is crucial to provide protection for the unprepared, especially considering the character of this secret but very real war, which most people cannot even understand. But people die there. They give their lives for those who do not realize what is really going on.

In August 1996 parasites inflicted several coordinated blows directed at Svetlana and me, but they did not try to eliminate us physically. Their previous experience showed the absolute uselessness of their efforts in that field. Therefore the Dark began to inflict blows on the people around us and hinder the activity we were engaged in, about which I shall tell later, and now I shall concentrate on people.

At the time when our French visas were blocked, ------, who provided Svetlana with enormous support, promoting her talent in the world of Haute couture, had an "accident" in Europe. Two huge trucks absolutely "accidentally" squeezed his Ferrari and began to flatten it. He did have my protective shield on him and despite this his car was "accidentally" jammed like a pancake, he had a lucky escape but severely broken bones.

When Svetlana and I knew about that, we started looking for him and found him in a hospital where he was taken after the accident. Certainly, we used telepathy for searching, not ringing round all the hospitals. It is enough to have a photo, or a voice record or somebody who has seen or heard this person, even once, to tune to the person (or an object) to start the search. Depending on the result one expects, it is possible to make a mark on a map or in case of necessity show the location of a person to within one metre or in case of small objects—to a centimetre. In this case we perfectly knew the man and quickly found him and I began the process of restoration. Svetlana again began to be my eyes and I was completely concentrated on the process. Everything went very well. I managed to "assemble" and knit his bones quite quickly. He just had to have some rest and everything would be all right, but somebody wanted him dead very much and he received an injection of adrenalin right into his heart! ------ was strong as an ox and never had any heart problems, but his relatives were informed that he had a heart attack at night and they wanted to "save" him with that injection, but it was too late.

However, even a healthy heart will not endure an injection of adrenalin

if the dose "slightly" exceeds the norm. It was impossible to prove that in fact it was a murder. But this is not all. The murderers in white smocks were aware of some more things. Without waiting till morning and informing his nearest relatives about the death, they immediately carried out an autopsy and removed many internal organs, despite the fact that ------ did not bequeath his body for that. They did that to prevent him from "accidental" resuscitation, because it is impossible to return a person back to life without internal organs, including the allegedly ill heart. So, the "good doctors" secured themselves in case I wished to bring him back...

Here were the phenomena and events which we lived through in the beginning of 1994. But they are not all! The first half of the year was also rich in astonishing events directly connected to San Francisco and its outskirts, but about that in the next chapter...

To be continued...

www.levashov.org
www.levashov.info
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