

Nikolay Levashov

The Mirror of My Soul

Autobiographical Chronicle

Volume 1. It's Good to Live in the Soviet Union...

Moscow 2007

Contents

No table of contents entries found.

Copyright © Nikolai Levashov, 2007.

Attention! To view the illustrations, click on the bolded figure number. The desired figure will be immediately downloaded from the author's website.

www.levashov.org
www.levashov.info
www.levashov.name

MACHINE TRANSLATION by Paollo69

Abstract

The reasons for writing my life story are quite trivial. For quite some time, I had to recount certain events from my life, and very often my stories came back to me in such a form that I could not even imagine the possibility of such "folklore". My stories became so "factual" that even I found them interesting to listen to.

The second reason that prompted me to undertake such a "feat" was the fact that from time to time there were people who offered to write a book about me, and each time something stopped me. Once, I even agreed to let an American writer record my memories on tape, and I spent several days talking to her about my memories and reflections. But soon I reconsidered and rejected the offer.

First, I had to spend a lot of time recounting and explaining what had happened to me. Second, even though I had audio tapes with my memories, the writers and journalists managed to distort everything to such an extent that I was amazed. And the distortion was observed both in the direction of exaggeration and in the direction of distortion of facts and outright lies.

So when Dmitry Baida suggested that I write my biography, I decided to do it. And when I started working on it, it became my biography and my understanding of life. I thought that if anyone was interested in my life and my path, no one could convey better than me what happened in my life and when, what I thought and how I thought in certain situations, what I felt and experienced.

Of course, everything I describe is subjective and reflects the world around me through my own eyes. But at the same time, I will try to reflect everything as objectively as possible. And since this is the story of my life, no one can do it better than me. And if something is wrong, it will be my distortion of my own biography, and it will still be better than someone else's distortion.

Nikolay Levashov

1. Childhood. My family's past

I was born in 1961 in Kislovodsk, Stavropol Krai, into a family of "former" people, which, of course, turned out much later. My parents lived with us - three children - in a semi-basement room that my father had converted into a dwelling from a cellar, as there was simply nothing else. Before he got married, he lived with his parents in a small semi-basement room on the outskirts of Kislovodsk (the basement that became our home was attached to this room).

The world of my childhood was mountains, gorges and ravines that began right in front of the yard of the house where we lived. And my strongest and most vivid childhood impressions are of the mountains, whose beauty and grandeur simply mesmerised my childish imagination. But before I continue with my childhood memories, I would like to pay tribute to my ancestors. Recently, it has become very popular to search for one's aristocratic roots. Although not so long ago, this did not bring anything good to those who actually had these roots, and only caused problems. Most of the "former" aristocrats were wiped out by the Soviet regime, and those who survived were, for one reason or another, doomed to oblivion by that same regime. My ancestors experienced this to the fullest extent. But more on that later. For now, I would like to say a few words about my ancestors, who served their homeland, Russia, with honour for many centuries.

The origin of the surname Levashov is interesting. The surname Levashov comes from the nickname Levash. In the boyar word, under Rurikovich, the boyars sat on the left side of the tsar, and the deacons sat on the right. One of my ancestors from the old princely family was a boyar of the word, for which he received the nickname Levash. According to ancient traditions, only one representative of the family had the right to enter the royal word, and the boyar was usually the most worthy of the family. In those days, it was customary to give everyone nicknames that reflected their activities or personal qualities. There were many families, and such nicknames made it possible to distinguish between people from the same family. Over time, this nickname stuck to his descendants and became distinctive for the entire clan, turning into the surname Levashov.

The Levashov family was the richest princely family in Russia before the pro-Western Romanovs seized power. Even under the first Romanovs, it retained its status, which did not please the new tsars. My ancestors fell out of favour because they were not on the side of the new dynasty and were not part of the "new" nobility. To consolidate his power, in 1682 Tsar Fyodor Alekseevich Romanov ordered the destruction of the Razryadnaya and Rodoslovnaya books, and in their place a new genealogical book was written - the Velvet Book. But in Europe, these books have survived to this day. The removal of the Levashovs from the royal court and from the affairs of state by the princely family lasted more than a hundred years. Only in difficult times for the fatherland did one of the branches of the family come close to the imperial court. Vasily Vasilyevich Levashov (1783-1848), a combat lieutenant general, was governor of Podolsk, Chernigov, Poltava and Kharkov. From 1838, he was a member of the State Council, and in 1847-1848, he was chairman of the State Council and the Committee of Ministers of the Russian Empire. He was a knight of all Russian orders. In 1833, Emperor Nicholas I elevated him to the rank of count (the princely title is passed down only to the main line of the family).

At the time when the revolution began, the family was not the richest in Russia, but it was nevertheless very wealthy. The family owned gold mines, stud farms, etc. So my ancestors had something to lose when the Great Russian Revolution happened. In one day, they lost everything except their lives and found themselves in a cattle car, along with other victims of fateful events, heading into the unknown. This is a trial that is far from easy for anyone, even for very strong people. And what is interesting is that many of them did not harbour resentment towards people, even though they had every right to do so.

It is a pity that what happened to him and many other people from the "former" will forever remain a mystery behind seven seals. There are almost no people left who could tell their descendants about those times. Millions of ruined souls and broken destinies, whose only fault was that they were born into unwanted classes. And most of these people could rightly be called the cream of the nation, which has crystallised from the people over more than a thousand years.

The revolution caught up with my grandfather, Vladimir Georgievich Levashov, in the prime of his youth (born in 1890) and... depriving him of everything and everyone, "transferred" him to Siberia, like practically all representatives of the aristocracy, nobility and other "parasitic" classes who, for one reason or another, were not shot on the spot. But unlike the majority of the first wave of repressed people in Siberia, my grandfather, his wife and daughter, born in Siberian exile in 1930, managed in the mid-1930s to move first to Kazakhstan and then to the North Caucasus, to the city of Kislovodsk, where in 1938 my father, Viktor Vladimirovich Levashov, on the very outskirts of this beautiful city, in a small one-room semi-basement apartment with all the "amenities" of the street.

Neither he nor my paternal grandmother, Marfa Yosifovna Babanina, who died in 1988 at the age of 86, said almost anything about their past, who they were, or what had happened to them, even when they were dying. Even in 1988, my grandmother was afraid that such information could harm her children and grandchildren. We can only guess what they had to go through and experience in their lives. It is entirely possible that it was only because they knew how to keep quiet that my father was born and, as a result, me, my older brother and my younger sister. The only thing my grandfather told my mother was that they were nobles from a wealthy family, knowing that this information would not reach the ears of others. And only after arriving in the United States, with the help of friends, was I able to learn something about my ancestors.

* * *

My mother, Valentina Petrovna Levashova (maiden name Andryushechko), was born in 1938 on a small farm in Vesely, Rostov Oblast, which is lost in the Salyan steppes. Her father, a Siberian, was a career military man from the "former". In 1941, he was sought after by the Motherland, or rather for his experience and knowledge of several languages, and carried out special tasks, the content of which even my mother's sister's husband, a colonel in the missile forces who once served in the USSR Ministry of Defence, could not understand anything about.

My maternal grandmother, Anna Sergeevna Andryushechko (maiden name Ishchenko), received a personal pension of 200 roubles (2,000 old roubles) for him. By comparison, my grandmother's brother's widow received a pension of three roubles (30 roubles in old money). Her second brother went to the front at the age of 17, having falsified his birth certificate. Three men from my family did not return from the war. And these are only my closest relatives.

As a child, my mother had unusual abilities, such as levitation, the ability to see the future and accurately diagnose problems with the human body, which later came in handy when she worked in a children's clinic. Fate took her to Kislovodsk, where in 1956 she enrolled in medical school, which she successfully completed and became a paramedic. In this resort town, she met my father, and the result of that meeting was their wedding and the birth of my brother, me, and my sister.

We all lived in a small room in the basement, which my father had converted from the basement of the room where his parents lived. But the basement remained a basement, its walls were damp all year round, as were our clothes, bed linen, etc. Two-thirds of the windows were "underground," and the only thing we could see when we "admired" the landscape were the feet of passers-by walking on the pavement. Since then, I have been unable to tolerate dampness. This is from an unpleasant childhood memory. However, most of my childhood memories are warm and joyful. My memories of nature are particularly vivid.

The yard of the house where we lived in the basement descended into the gorge of a mountain stream, which we called a ravine. This gorge became our playground. We descended the paths to the bottom of the gorge and climbed up the river into the mountains of breathtaking beauty. After fifteen to twenty minutes of walking, we found ourselves in almost wild nature. The "wildness" was slightly spoiled by the vegetable gardens where the neighbouring residents grew potatoes. But once we went a few kilometres into the mountains, the traces of civilisation almost completely disappeared.

The mountain pass, which we called a ravine, was actually quite impressive in size. A small river flowed through the bottom of the gorge, which during summer rains or prolonged rainfall turned into a powerful and turbulent stream that swept away everything in its path. From a bird's eye view, at the level of the ends of the gorge, we often watched as the raging mountain stream carried away buildings, cows and sheep, which moored and bleated pitifully, sensing their inevitable death. Standing on "our" edge of the cliff, I could feel the fear and horror of these unfortunate animals on my "skin". Sometimes people also died in these torrents.

The gorge gradually widened, and on the banks of the river at the bottom of the gorge there were houses where people lived, and often, standing on my side of the gorge, I felt like the ruler of the world. In any case, there was an incomprehensibly sublime feeling of some kind of elation when you saw houses, streets, small figures of people and cars rushing about their business far below. To see people from such a height, you had to strain your eyes, and recognising anyone from such a height was impossible.

The "foreign" end of the cliff was seven or eight hundred metres from our end, and there were houses there where people lived. But life on the "foreign" edge of the precipice seemed to me like life in another world, one that never intersected with ours, even though it seemed to be flowing not far from us. As far as I can remember, I must have visited the "foreign" end of the gorge only twice. For such a "feat", we boys needed several hours. First, we had to descend to the bottom of the gorge from "our" end, jump over the rocks, cross to the other side of the mountain river and, puffing like steam engines, reach the "foreign" end of the gorge. Although we were used to running through our gorge, once we reached the "foreign" end of the gorge, we were horrified at the thought of having to walk back. In any case, we had never reached the "foreign" side of the gorge by normal means, because to do so we had to change several buses, and without a detailed map this was almost impossible, and we did not have such a map. And so, the "other" side of the gorge was for us, in the true sense of the word, a "distant" side, whose life we could still observe from our "own" side. Those who have lived in the mountains or at least been there will understand me well.

In fact, this gorge was our playground. All our games took place there or on the slopes of the mountains that surrounded the terrace where our street was located. Our house was on the outskirts of Kislovodsk, a few dozen houses away from the bus roundabout on Gagarin Street. Gagarin Street. On the opposite side of the street, there was a pioneer camp, whose fence reached almost to our yard. Beyond the bus circle, there were mountains whose slopes were planted with Christmas trees and other trees. On the western slopes, which received sunlight for most of the day, we often picked delicious strawberries, from which my grandmother made jam, albeit from what was left of the strawberries after we carried them from the strawberry bush to our bag. The "magically" ripe and juicy strawberries, whose fruits were quite large in our opinion, disappeared "mysteriously" somewhere! We brought home half-empty bags with great annoyance on our faces, without thinking about the traces of the "crime" written on our faces.

When we were very young, our duties included patrolling the water. The thing is, from time to time, water would flow from the street fountains, and whoever found water in

the taps had a good chance of getting water in buckets. Very often, after we found water in the tap, we would run across the street to get empty buckets, and once we managed to fill our buckets before everyone else, we would fill them with water and, puffing with effort, pull the buckets away from the fountain to make room for the next bucket. Then one of us would run across the road to fetch our mother or grandmother, who would carry the full buckets of water home.

Very often the pressure was very low and we had to wait fifteen to twenty minutes for the bucket to fill up. If we weren't the first to reach the one closest to the house and the pressure was low, we reluctantly ran to the other one, which was about two hundred to three hundred metres away from ours, but was much lower and always had stronger pressure. And even though we lived in a room that was almost entirely underground and with all the amenities "behind the plague," our childhood remained in our memory as a bright period of life, and this was mainly due to the majestic mountains that surrounded us from the first days of our lives.

I spent my entire childhood playing in the yard of our house before school, as I did not attend kindergarten. Due to the living conditions I mentioned, in early childhood we all had a lot of colds and other childhood illnesses, most of which we caught after visits from my cousin and brother, the children of my father's older sister, Aunt Nina. And they got sick in nurseries, which we didn't attend! It was only thanks to their visits that we got the full range of illnesses that go around in nurseries. Throughout my childhood, I spent perhaps a few weeks in kindergarten, and that was when my mother worked there as a paramedic. When she left, I didn't want to go to kindergarten, even though no one forced me to do so. Even as a child, I somehow didn't fit in with the herd rules of behaviour that were imposed on all children without exception. It was much more interesting for me to explore the majestic mountains than to repeat the same thing after everyone else.

My grandparents had a chicken coop and a fairly large cellar in their small vegetable garden. In this cellar, there were oak barrels filled with various pickles. In the autumn, the whole family would prepare for winter. Cabbage, cucumbers and tomatoes were salted in oak barrels. For this purpose, we picked leaves from the cherry and blackcurrant bushes that also grew in our vegetable garden. On such days, all the adults in our family would usually gather and chop specially selected varieties of cabbage and carrots, mix everything together, sprinkle it with salt, and add the aforementioned leaves and spices. When the next barrel was filled to the top, the barrel lid was placed on top and pressed down with a heavy stone to create the necessary pressure.

Very often, whole or half cabbages were placed between the chopped cabbage, which were very tasty after fermentation. The sauerkraut and pickled cucumbers were very strong, the cabbage crunched between the teeth and sprayed delicious juice, the pickled cucumbers were very strong and delicious, and when eaten, the crunching sound spread throughout the room. I had never eaten such sour cabbage, such sour cucumbers and tomatoes before.

My childhood memories also include the delicious buns my grandmother used to bake for tea. She usually prepared the dough with yeast in the evening, which was ready in the morning. From this dough, my grandmother made flat breads a few centimetres thick, which she cut into rectangles and trimmed the edges. She then threw them into boiling vegetable oil, where the dough puffed up in a few minutes, and the slits at the edges of the rectangles became like fingers and were served for tea, hot from the press. In my childhood, we drank tea the old-fashioned way, pouring hot tea from our cups into our saucers and drinking it from them, soaking up the delicious dumplings. That's how tea was drunk before the revolution, but I learned about this much later.

And another dish that I remember from my childhood and still prepare often, especially in winter. The onion was cut into thin strips, sprinkled with salt and

If you leave this simple dish to stand in a cool place for at least an hour, the bitterness of the onions passes into the vegetable oil and the aroma changes. And then, taking a piece of fresh white bread in one hand, preferably while the bread is still hot, we would scoop up the onions with a fork and dip the bread into the oil. Then, taking a piece of fresh white bread in one hand, preferably while the bread is still hot, and scooping up the marinated onions with a fork, we would pop everything into our mouths. The taste was always wonderful, and the benefits were even greater because this simple dish provided us with many vitamins, especially in winter when there were no fresh fruits and vegetables.

Even now, if I feel any weakness in my gums or teeth, I prepare this simple dish and the next day my teeth are strong and my gums are healthy. In fact, we were all very lucky because both my grandmother and my mother were incredible cooks! When we decided to make dumplings, it was a celebration for everyone. Everyone made dumplings, my grandmother and mother prepared the dough and minced meat, and everyone else acted as apprentices, with some of them tasked with placing a teaspoon of minced meat on the finished circle, and others wrapping this minced meat in a circle of dough, pressing down the edges. Each of them tried to shape the dumplings in their own way so that they could recognise "their" dumplings later. Then the finished pelmeni were thrown into boiling water and soon everyone devoured those very pelmeni. They were very tasty and juicy and at the same time disappeared from the plates incredibly quickly.

It so happened that in our family, everyone participated in similar culinary "projects": men, women, and us children. Of course, it was mainly the women who cooked — my grandmother and my mother — but in one way or another, everyone knew how to cook. And no one forced anyone to do it; on the contrary, in our family it was always believed that a woman cannot do something, but a man must be able to do everything! And the most interesting thing is that no one pressured us, the children, no one stood over us with lectures. It just happened that we ourselves, without any pressure from the adults, wanted to be useful in some way, and if one of us was assigned to do something, each of us tried to do the assigned task as well as possible so as not to be ashamed of ourselves.

And even though our children didn't do everything smoothly and beautifully. The adults in our family always explained and patiently showed us how to do things right. All this happened in a fun and friendly way, without mockery or insults. It was especially fun during the preparations for certain holidays. For the holidays, we usually prepared cold meats, lots of different salads, took delicacies reserved only for the holidays out of the refrigerator, and their pickles out of the cellar! And all the preparations for the real festive meal took place in the kitchen, which could only be called a kitchen conditionally. The gas stove stood in the hallway of the room, in the recess where the oven used to be. Nevertheless, everyone managed to fit into this makeshift kitchen, and all the culinary wonders were performed on a narrow table in the same hallway.

Of course, we prepared delicious meals on weekdays, but we children eagerly awaited the holidays, when there were many different delicious things to eat, and we ate our fill. Everyone especially loved New Year's Eve, when each of us received gifts from Santa Claus and when we all decorated the Christmas tree! In fact, the feeling of celebration somehow dulls with age; there are no such bright and sharp sensations as in childhood. And that is why children's expectations for a holiday, a kind of magical and fairy-tale state that is inherent only in children's perception, have been etched in my memory for a long time.

In 1967, my father, a builder, received a three-room apartment measuring 35.6 square metres in Mineralnye Vody, and we moved there from Kislovodsk. For all of us, this Khrushchev-era apartment seemed like a real palace after our damp basement. The rooms were dry and sunny, and the windows were on the fourth floor.

I still remember the joy we all felt when we moved into our new flat. My father made arrangements with someone, and a lorry arrived at our house, in which

the adults loaded our not-so-large belongings. The largest item was a light-coloured wardrobe, which later became our children's room. When everything was loaded, my mother and sister sat in the cab, while my brother Vovka and I climbed into the back with my father and made ourselves comfortable on bundles of clothes, pillows and blankets.

It was our first time travelling in the back of a lorry and our first time driving along the very picturesque road from Kislovodsk to Mineralnye Vody. My brother and I were very proud that we were allowed to travel in the back seat of a truck; it was a big event for us, and we thought it meant that we were no longer considered little kids. We travelled in May, the weather was sunny, the wind blew our hair at high speed, and I turned my head from side to side with curiosity. None of us wanted to leave Kislovodsk, our mountains, but we had no choice.

Before moving, my father had completely redecorated the new flat. Everything was clean and tidy, the walls were painted in pleasant colours and covered with elegant ornaments. Of course, everyone usually got flats with white walls and ceilings. But my father was a highly skilled professional, he had to paint the ceilings and walls of many buildings, and he painted many of the ornaments himself. Of course, he did not paint the ceilings in his apartment in Khrushchevka, but he did renovate it so that the apartment looked happy and sunny. At that time, there was no wallpaper, and to make the walls more cheerful, special rollers were used to apply ornaments or drawings to them. If everything was done tastefully, the flat turned out to be very beautiful and cosy.

When we moved into our new flat, we started to settle in. Since it was a new house in a new neighbourhood that was still under construction, all the other newcomers were also new. And we began to settle into our new place, where everything was unfamiliar to us. Water flowed from the tap, we didn't have to run outside to use the toilet, and most importantly, we had a whole room for all the children! The windows of our flat offered a magnificent view of Mount Zmey, which was named after the huge number of snakes that once loved to settle there. But after it was blown up to extract very strong stone, many animals, including snakes, left the beech and oak forests on its slopes.

The Pyatigorye area is a unique natural phenomenon. There is a fault in the Earth's crust at this location, through which magma rose to the surface but failed to break through, freezing in place and forming a unique natural phenomenon that cannot be found anywhere else on our planet. This is how the famous Pyatigorye appeared with its famous narzans, including hot ones, which are found only near volcanoes. Pyatigorye is also a powerful sacred centre where the energy of the planet rages in this unique node, a centre of power. It was here that the capital of Ruskolani, the city of Kya-2 or Kiev-2, was located, since the modern city in Ukraine has the number three! And the city of Kya-1 was once located in Western Siberia. Such are my native lands, which have the most, that is, a direct connection to the great culture of our Rus ancestors!

And so, for several years after we moved to Min-Vody, there were explosions in the Zmeyka Mountains almost every day. Before the explosion, a warning siren would sound, followed by an explosion that shook the windows of the houses and the houses themselves. At first, these explosions were strange, but then we all got used to them and didn't pay any attention to them. Even during the day, we dozed peacefully to the sound of the siren and the vibrations of the earth after the explosion. When the weather was good, we could see the snow-capped peaks of Elbrus from the windows of our apartment. In fact, my native land is rich in both the uniqueness of nature and the uniqueness of our ancestors' past, but that is a special conversation.

Meanwhile, after we arrived at our new place, we looked around and got to know our neighbours, who had come to our home from different places. Everyone

We longed for Kislovodsk, for our native mountains and freshness, especially in the summer. As it was a new place, the apartment was particularly hot in the summer. It so happened that our apartment was on the corner and, although the building was brick, in the summer the outer walls heated up and the apartment turned into a sauna, especially at night. The reason for this was that until the evening, the sun shone through our windows, first on one side, then on the other, and in the summer, winds blew from the Caspian deserts, which heated up the already hot bricks of the walls even more. But in late autumn and winter, for the same reasons, the walls were like ice.

It so happened that my bed was in the very corner of the room, which was in the corner of the house, and I was surrounded on both sides by hot walls in the summer and the same walls in the winter, only cold as ice. But we had our own children's room for three people - for me, my older brother and my younger sister. And for us, the new flat was like a palace compared to the basement we used to live in. In addition to the beds, there was a desk in the room where we did our homework when we all went to school, or more precisely, each of us had our own part of the desk, our own drawer, and we tried not to violate the established "state" boundaries.

Until I started school, I drew on my own territory, modelling with plasticine or clay that I "mined" myself in the nearest neighbourhood. I loved modelling different animals and people, and many people found my handicrafts very similar to the animals I modelled. They were in motion, almost as if they were alive. I especially liked sculpting horses. Horses have always been magical creatures to me. I loved these noble animals with all my heart and dreamed of one day having my own horse. I loved them not only in theory, but also in practice. When we visited my grandmother Anya in the village of Kundryuchenski, lost in the salty steppes, I took every opportunity to hang around the horses.

Of course, the horses from the collective farm that my grandmother kept in the collective farm stable were not purebred, but it was always a great joy for me to ride at least a little with my grandmother in a carriage, to hold the reins and control the horse myself. When I was very young, my grandmother once asked me what I would like her to buy me, and I said, "Please, Grandma, buy me a stallion."

No one ever bought me a stallion, as the horses from the collective farm were not for sale, and where would I go with my own stallion, but at that time I did not think about that, and my own stallion was my childhood dream. And while I didn't have my own foal, I modelled horses and at least that way I had my own "stable". During the cold winter, when the damp and cold wind howled outside my window, when I had no desire to stick my nose outside, I would sit in my corner and start moulding colourful plasticine into lively fairy-tale troikas harnessed to the wonderful sleigh that Father Frost drove and on which he carried his gifts.

2. We skip kindergarten

In 1968, I became a pupil first at School No. 6 and then at School No. 7, which I graduated from in 1978 with two Bs on my diploma and several certificates. I will not dwell on this period of my life, as my school years differed little from those of my peers. Perhaps only in that I never missed classes, but I was always very happy when classes were cancelled for one reason or another.

My first school was located almost a kilometre from our home, and we all had to walk there in all weather conditions. My first teacher was Raisa Trofimovna, who taught us in the early grades and then taught Russian language and literature. After that, my mother worked at the same school in the medical centre, and when I caught a cold again, I was at home on sick leave. As I mentioned, after

moving into the new flat, I still got colds quite often for some time because of the "damned mines" in the previous flat in the basement.

I have never liked sycophants and sycophancy, and that is why Raisa Trofimovna did not like me. Once, when I went to class after catching a sore throat or cold again, she told the whole class that if Levashov sneezed once, his mother would not let him go to school. Until then, even though I wasn't Raisa Trofimovna's favourite, I had the best handwriting in the class and loved my native language and literature. But after her comment, which was totally unfair to both me and my mum, I declared war on my primary school teacher!

Of course, I declared guerrilla warfare on her, completely sabotaging her lessons. I stopped studying the subjects she taught. All this quickly affected my grades in those subjects, and when my mother found out, she reviewed my subjects, but despite everything, I continued my sabotage. This was my first protest, my strike against injustice and prejudice. Of course, in the end, I punished myself, but at the time I thought differently. I believed that someone as unfair as Raisa Trofimovna could not be a teacher, because I believed that teaching was a noble (precisely noble, not sacred, although I did not know that at the time) profession and that knowledge should only be imparted by pure and fair people, which this teacher was not.

In fact, I have always been very stubborn in my positions, never changing my opinion to please someone, not because I am a nihilist by nature, but because I believed that every opinion must be explained before I accept it. If there was no explanation, I did not accept that opinion, regardless of the consequences for me from my position. So here too, after I had come to the conclusion for myself that Raisa Trofimovna did not meet my idea of a teacher, I declared war on her.

I can only say that in my life, most of my teachers and lecturers at school and university were true professionals. So, during all my years of education, I only had such a conflict with one teacher. This does not mean that all teachers treated me very well; some of them did not like me because I asked uncomfortable questions and wanted to get to the bottom of everything, but they were more or less fair, and that was enough for me. Now I realise that I annoyed them with my pedantry, at least because they couldn't answer my questions, and they thought it was beneath them to admit that they couldn't provide an explanation.

After six years of studying at the first school in our neighbourhood, a new, modern school was finally opened. The school was within walking distance of our house, so I went there. I was already in seventh grade when I started attending, and I spent the rest of my school years within its walls. Some of my teachers moved to the new school, although there were also many new ones. All the students in my new class were newcomers like me. None of my "old" classmates ended up in my class, although there were a few people from my first school in other classes.

Like any other boy, I looked forward to the holidays, especially the summer holidays. However, my interests outside school differed in many ways from those of my classmates. I searched all the nearest ravines and personally checked the depths of all the streams, organised "scientific" expeditions in the vicinity of Mount Zmey, which did not meet with the desired understanding on the part of my mother. I often had to "destroy the traces" of these expeditions in the neighbouring streams and swamps by washing my trousers in the nearest stream and washing the mud off my shoes. And very often I had to show up for dinner with my clothes still wet, which of course did not go unnoticed by my mother, with all the consequences that followed. A lizard or a frog could often be found in my pockets. I brought home beetles and chicks that had fallen out of their nests, and sometimes I "helped" the chicks myself. They dragged me into the house and I tried to get them out and feed them, as well as the chicks, and quite often I succeeded.

Once, the children from my neighbourhood brought me a chick. The chick was still very small, without any feathers and with a huge yellow beak. Everyone around knew that I had to take in all the fluttering and lost chicks. But this time the chick was very small. It wasn't difficult to build a warm nest, but how could I feed such a baby? It couldn't eat grains or pieces of bread yet, so I decided to try feeding it what such babies are usually fed by their parents. To realise this idea, I had to work hard. Summer holidays are great because you don't have to get up early in the morning and go to school.

Actually, I never liked getting up early, but it so happened that I had to go to school and university in the morning, so I had to get up no later than 6:30 a.m. And it wasn't even that I couldn't get up early in the morning when I had to, I got up at 4:00 a.m. But usually there was only one thing that could motivate me to such a "feat" — fishing! That's what voluntary feats are all about, but when it's a necessity, it's a matter of compulsion, and you can't even talk about a "feat" if you want to. This peculiarity of mine only became clear to me much later, when I consciously began to explore my capabilities. And the reason I disliked waking up early so much was this.

During sleep, my essence moved away for a long time, causing my body to become very cold. After my essence returned to my body, it took some time for my body temperature to normalise. So, if I was forced to wake up before 8:30 in the morning (which I had to do almost my entire life), I was cold, regardless of the temperature in the room. My frozen body needed warmth, so I turned on the gas burners on the stove and stretched my arms over the rising jets of hot air from the gas flame and literally "drank" the heat with my hands, feeling the heat spread through my body and leave me. I usually drank at least a litre of hot tea and then returned to normal. Of course, in summer this phenomenon was not as strong as in autumn or winter, but still...

I would like to note that under normal conditions, I feel very comfortable and fine in extreme cold, and at the same time, my hands are warm and I do not freeze in conditions where most people start to freeze. This peculiarity of mine is solely related to my waking up earlier than my internal biological clock, which does not coincide with the usual, and is associated with the strong cooling of the physical body during the absence of the essence in it. And so, in the summer, after sunrise, my little bird began to chirp pitifully, asking for food. And every morning I got up at such an early hour and began my "hunt" for "game". The "game" was the big mosquitoes, as we called them - malaria mosquitoes, and I would run from entrance to entrance of our house, from the ground floor to the fifth floor, catching these mosquitoes. Usually, they came in large numbers at night, and when I returned home, I would stuff them into the wide-open beak of the yellow bird. Then my satisfied little bird would calm down and fall asleep, allowing me to go to bed and finish what I had missed.

This went on for quite a long time, until the chick grew up. It grew up, flew away and turned from a yellow sparrow into a sparrow, and a very cute one at that. It was completely tame and loved to sit on my shoulder, but when it grew up, my mother started feeding it more and it became very attached to her. Unfortunately, this story did not have a happy ending. One day, when I went to bed, I felt something moving in my bed. The strange rustling came and went until I decided to find out for myself what was rustling in my bed!

I had to turn on the light in the room and pull back the mattress on my bed, and what a surprise I had when I found my pet in the gap between the wall and the mattress. It had fallen from the window sill in the dark and got stuck between the wall and the mattress, and I had pressed it there without knowing. After that, it never recovered and died a few days later. This event was so absurd and therefore particularly unfortunate. But what

what happened happened, and it was impossible to change it.

Once I found an eel that had been hit hard with a hoe by someone who mistook the harmless eel for a snake, although I can't imagine how anyone could mistake an eel for a snake. It could barely move, and its cut wound was bleeding. I dragged it home, bandaged its wound as best I could, and made it a "house" out of a box, cutting a fairly large hole in the lid and placing this camp in the bathroom under the bathtub, and then I went on with my super important business. When I got home, I found the house in great turmoil.

The first to discover the "snake" in the bathroom was my younger sister Marina. She went into the bathroom to wash her hands after being outside and... heard a snake hissing, which she did not expect to hear there. Hearing the hissing of the "snake" instead of the rumbling of the water from the tap, my younger sister immediately "left" the bathroom area and went to look for help. It turned out to be my father, who had just returned from work. He was also puzzled by the hissing in the bathtub, as no one knew what reptile was hissing under the bathtub.

The thing is, after my manipulations, the injured one came to and crawled out of my "infirmary" through a "small" hole I had cut for good air circulation and hid among the jars standing under the bathtub. So, when I got home, everyone turned their heads in my direction with a silent question - what do we have there in the bathroom? However, the question quickly became audible, as everyone knew that this could only be my joke. A little nervous, I explained to my unwilling listener the story of the victim and my "heroic" actions to save her. As a result, I was assigned a no less "heroic" mission to rid our bathroom of the restored horror. More "heroic" because, although it is not poisonous, it bites very hard. Anyway, I started poking around under the bathtub with my hand until I caught the little monster I had rescued. Then I took it far away from human habitation and set it free....

I could go on almost endlessly describing the many adventures, big and small, that I had more than enough of in my childhood, but I won't bore the reader with them because then I'll never get to the main point, which may actually be of interest to many. Of the oddities of my childhood, I can only recount one amusing phenomenon. In my childhood, I was never bitten by a dog, and I still have never been bitten by a dog. I would calmly approach even the most vicious and biting dogs, and they would not bite me, while all my peers had to run away from the same dogs to avoid being bitten by them. Those who failed to do so were bitten, and quite severely. From a distance, the dogs could still bark at me, but as soon as I approached, they began to lick me. The most surprising thing was that the mothers allowed me to take their puppies from under their noses, but as soon as even the person who fed the dog every day approached the babies, the mother growled and warned me that it was not advisable even for the owner to approach the babies. Of course, I later learned that dogs react quickly to the so-called smell of fear, which I did not experience in such situations, but I think it's not just that.

Every summer we went to the Kundryuchenski farm, and often my mother's sisters and their families came there at the same time. That's how almost the whole family got together. My grandmother's house, or rather my great-grandfather's, whom everyone called Grandpa Sergei, was filled with noise and bustle. Anyway, five children gathered in one place: the three of us and two cousins, one daughter each of my mother's sisters. We had two cousins who lived on the Kundryuchensko farm, so we were never bored. It just so happened that instead of the sea, we had the Kundryuchensko farm. Of course, we really wanted to see and swim in the sea, but the sea remained our childhood dream.

Of course, the sea is the sea, but near the Kundryuchenski farm there were more than enough places where you could splash around in the heat. Near this farm there were several lakes, each of which was two to three hundred metres wide and up to a kilometre long.

The water in these lakes was very clean, with a bitter-salty taste. We taught ourselves to swim in them, and the first time I swam along the shore "doggy style" and my pleasure knew no bounds! There were quite a few fish and crabs in these lakes. When we were little, we just watched from the shore as the adults cast their nets into the deep water and, after a while, pulled them back to shore with great difficulty. The nets contained large fish and crabs, which we also helped to remove from the nets. Of course, this did not happen every day, but for us children, such days turned into a celebration.

When we grew up, we tried fishing with rods and hooks, but the fish weren't biting very well, so there was no joy in the process. The only thing that gave us a positive boost was catching bullheads and chub. The chub, in particular, was so incredibly eager to bite that it was worth just casting the rod, as the float would go under the water almost immediately. And very often, when pulling the rod out of the water, there would be two or three fish on the hooks at once. We had a competition between us to see who could pull out two or three fish at once the most times! Although the chubs and bullheads were small, the very process of catching them gave us a lot of joy. My father often went fishing with us and enjoyed the chub and silver bream we caught as much as we did. We usually sat on the stone dam wall of the lake, which was quite deep. We made our own fishing rods, no more than a metre long, and attached three or four hooks to the line.

Once, during a fishing trip, a very funny incident occurred. My brother Vladimir, who had just pulled his fishing rod out of the water, turned awkwardly and fell backwards into the reservoir. He went completely under the water, and when he submerged, his eyes were wide open, and his rather long hair moved under the water like seaweed. The situation was simply comical; he came out onto the embankment completely wet, as he had fallen into the water with his clothes on. We all laughed at him for this, but our humour quickly faded because a few minutes after his unusual swim, he pulled out a carp weighing less than a kilo, and ten minutes later, one weighing a kilo and a half! None of us caught anything like that, even though we were all sitting on the same dam wall, half a metre apart. Apparently, the "water miller" had decided to restore his reputation after his swim. He looked at all of us with a certain superiority when we were carrying small fish, while he had a decent catch in his cage!

I remember when we used to catch crabs with our hands. Crabs always stay in their holes during the day, so to catch crabs with your hands, you had to find those holes. The shores of the lakes were clayey, so we just had to find the nearest underwater rock on the shore and find holes for crabs in that rock, which were terraced. Usually, after finding a small vertical difference in depth under the water, you start walking along this rock as far as the depth allows. At the same time, you probe this ledge with your foot for the presence of burrows. When, during such probing, your foot found a burrow, without pulling your foot out of it, you had to dive and, at the same time, pulling your foot out of the burrow, put your hand in it. If this was not done, the awakened crab would quickly jump out of its hole and then it would not be possible to catch it. If the crab is in its burrow, it is immediately recognisable as it begins to dig with its leg, covering the exit from the hole.

When you put your hand in the hole, you try to grab the crab by its claws and pull it out of the hole to throw it on the shore, where it will be immediately removed. But the crab does not wait for you to grab it by its claws, but starts to go deep into its hole, and you always had to put your hand in the hole to get it out. Sometimes the holes were so deep that you had to put your arm in the hole up to your shoulder, and it was not always possible to get the crab, which defended itself with its claws. But this way, you couldn't catch many crabs because you weren't the only one going through these rock pools to check on the inhabitants.

The real paradise for crabs for us boys came to earth one summer when

we came to Kundryuchka, when we were already teenagers. My grandmother's neighbour had two sons our age, and once we talked to them about how you can't catch many crabs with your hands, etc. Imagine our surprise when they told us that they had a small, thirty-metre garden and that if we wanted, we could all go fishing and catch crabs together. We agreed without hesitation and, carrying our reeds and sacks, we went to one of the nearest lakes, which was used for irrigation in the summer and was therefore shallow, otherwise it would have been very difficult to pull the reeds through the depths.

The crabs came out of their holes in the evening, when the sun began to set behind the horizon. So we had an hour and a half before night fell on the mirror of the lake, when it was impossible to see anything. That's why, after quickly setting up the fishing rod, we usually started fishing. Some of us went to the shore with the fishing rod, while others dragged the other end of the fishing rod into the depths. After passing with the unfolded reed a little along the shore, we began to walk slowly with the far end towards the shore, trying not to have any free water between the near end of the reed. If there were no obstacles or anything else in the water, we managed to prevent the fish and crabs caught in the net from escaping, and then we brought a rich catch of fish and crabs ashore. After several such trips with the reed, we got several buckets of good fish and a sack of crabs.

After we dragged everything home, we shared everything like brothers, and almost every evening we had a bucket of fish and half a bag of crabs, which were immediately boiled in a large pot, and then we all sat down together at a large table where everyone could sit and we started eating the freshly boiled crabs! And so it was almost every day during that wonderful summer. And that summer was remembered for the crabs we destroyed in huge quantities, and no one was afraid of "eating" another person because we often had the opportunity to eat crabs.

In fact, the summer month in Kundryuchka (as we called the farm for short, Kundryuchenski) was always special for all of us. We would escape from our hot summer apartment to the almost untouched nature of the Russian countryside and spend time together with our cousins and brothers. The Kundryuchenski farm was our only meeting point, and it was the only place where we could communicate with each other. At that time, we did not have a telephone at home, so my mother kept in touch through letters and occasional telephone calls, when it was necessary to go to the post office and wait for a connection in the intercom room, and after sometimes waiting an hour and a half for a connection, we would quickly jump into the booth indicated by the operator and, most often with very poor hearing, shout something into the receiver without understanding anything, only to hear the operator's voice in the receiver warning us that we had one minute left to talk.

So the only opportunity I had to communicate with my closest relatives on my mother's side was during trips to my grandmother's village during the summer holidays. The house had a fairly large garden, covering almost a hectare, which was very rare in Soviet times. The garden was laid out by my great-grandfather, who kept it in perfect condition until his death in 1974; the ground in the garden was always cleared of weeds, and the tree trunks were always painted with lime. Grandfather Seryozha (as we called our great-grandfather) was a breeder, grafting several varieties of apples and pears onto one tree. I remember seeing cellophane bags tied around each fruit apple on the fruit trees. He also created a magnificent park, which started on the other side of the street from the orchard and covered a huge area. This park was his pride and joy, not only for the Kundryuchenski farm, but also for the neighbourhood and beyond. I have not seen many parks of such beauty.

In fact, this park was a real wonder. In the middle of the Salina steppes, where apart from the planted forest belts there have never been any forest plantations, you suddenly find yourself in the middle of a real forest thicket, where only on the meadows does the sunlight break through

the surface of the earth, but you only have to go to the neat, sand-covered paths... and you are back in civilisation. For us, this park was a fairy-tale forest, the place of our childhood games. We took every strange shadow for a lion or a bogeyman, a monster or a ghost. The park became especially mysterious and magical at dusk, when it filled with unfamiliar bird and animal sounds. At night, dusk quickly faded away, the park was completely plunged into darkness, and we, still small children at the time, tried to get out of there as fast as we could. It was only later that lanterns were installed along the main paths, but until then, when the sun set, the park was covered by the blanket of the southern night. In fact, the nights in these places were special. As night fell, the sky was lit up by huge stars that seemed close enough to touch....

In fact, summer was not always a time of inactivity. First, we had our duties in the village, although they were not difficult. We ourselves were interested in many things and offered our help wherever we could. I often undertook some kind of project of my own. For example, I started making stools and other wooden crafts with my own hands. The hardest part was finding suitable wood, as many of the boards that could be found in the yard were scraps left over from previous projects. Or there were scraps of different sizes that Grandfather Sergei kept in the shed. So, after finding more or less suitable boards, I started my work. I still feel an extraordinary sensation when, with each movement of the plane, a rough, unassuming-looking plank becomes smooth and pleasant to the touch, with a beautiful grain clearly visible. And when, after a while, instead of a pile of boards, the simplest little chair is born under your hands, you cannot help but feel an incomparable joy that you have made it with your own hands.

During the summer holidays, we had to deal with more serious matters. During his holidays or on weekends, my father did strange work. As he was a top-class expert in his field, he often received offers to renovate apartments or carry out urgent work when finishing touches needed to be completed quickly and to a high standard before the properties were handed over to the acceptance committee. Once, my father received an offer for good money to complete finishing work at the hospital in the regional centre of Orel, to which the Kundryuchensky farm belonged. My father agreed and took us boys with him. This time, linoleum had to be laid in the hospital building. First, we had to sweep up all the construction debris, which turned out to be a lot, and not just sweep it up, but sweep it thoroughly so that there was not a single speck of dust left. To remove the dust, we constantly sprayed the floor with water and only then did we start using coarse brooms, and then the best brooms.

After such thorough cleaning, my father would prepare the concrete floor, often making the plaster perfectly smooth. And then the real work would begin. We unrolled the rolls of linoleum and began to cut it with a special knife according to the size of the specific room. My father showed me how to cut the linoleum correctly, and then I did it myself, which made his work much easier. After cutting the linoleum to the size of the room, my brother and I rolled it up again, and my father, after preparing a special adhesive, applied a thin layer of glue to the concrete, and my brother and I began to roll the pre-cut pieces of linoleum onto the glue. But we didn't just roll it out, we crawled on our knees across the concrete, which in itself was not a pleasant activity, and the rags specially set aside for this purpose squeezed the air out from under the linoleum so that there were no air bubbles. For me personally, crawling on my knees on the concrete floor was not only unpleasant, but also very painful.

The thing is, on my shin bones, just below the knee joint, I have symmetrical bone growths that protrude enough to make kneeling almost impossible. If I had to kneel, it was always accompanied by quite severe

pain because I had to kneel on these bony protrusions on my tibial bones. It seems that nature has genetically programmed me to be unable to kneel, either literally or figuratively. You won't find such bone spurs on human shinbones in anatomical atlases, at least I've never come across them. But their presence in my case is not the result of some kind of bruising, after which such bone calluses grew. If only because bone calluses appear either at the site of fractures, which I have never had, or at the site of constant bruising, which I have also never had. So, in order to somehow reduce the pain of crawling on my knees on the concrete floor, I wrapped towels around my knees, which at least slightly softened the pressure on my bones, gritted my teeth and was able to do what was required. And so, overcoming the pain, I crawled on my knees across the concrete floor, squeezing air bubbles out from under the linoleum.

But then it was a pleasure to look at the perfectly even floor and feel that I had contributed to it. Thanks to our help and my brother's help, my father was able to finish the job quickly, and then my parents used the money to buy a large carpet with Shishkin's painting "The Three Bears" woven into it, and my brother and I were proud to have participated. It didn't even occur to my brother and me to ask for anything for ourselves for our participation in this work. And not only in this case, I often had to help my father when he worked part-time during the summer or on weekends, and I never thought that I should be given pocket money for this — everything went into the family budget, and I thought and still think that this is the only right decision. And it's not even that we couldn't find anything to spend the money we earned on, but I, for example, have always believed that if my parents clothe and feed me and I live on the money they earn, it can't be considered "my" personal money, at least while I live in my parents' home. And I didn't start thinking this way when I became an adult myself, but when I was a boy.

In our family, finances were managed by my mother, who had to allocate money so that there was enough for food for the whole month and to buy the necessary things, both for general use and for clothes for everyone. My parents did not favour anyone, they bought things according to need, not on a whim. When I was very young, I had to wear my older brother's clothes, but I quickly caught up with him and overtook him in growth, so new things were bought for me more often, and sometimes he had to wear my clothes, which he didn't like at all, it was a habit. In fact, I tried not to ask my parents to buy me anything, as I realised that if they had the opportunity, they would buy me something without me asking. That didn't mean I didn't want anything, I just didn't want to bother my mother by asking her.

Once, when we had just moved from Kislovodsk to Mineralnye Vody, she and I went to "Children's World", which was then located near the railway station, and there my older brother, seeing a toy, began to beg my mother to buy it for him. At that time, my mother did not have any extra money for toys, but my brother kept insisting. I felt and saw how uncomfortable my mother felt in front of other people, that she could not buy her son the toy he liked, and then I decided for myself that I would never do such a thing. The only thing I allowed myself from time to time was to ask my mother to buy fish for the aquarium, and that was because the aquarium was for everyone, even though I did most of the work on it myself. Although I did a lot of things for our fish myself.

Once, my friend Volodya Kozirev gave me his large old aquarium, which was leaking badly. To make it usable, I squeezed out the old glass, cleaned off the old paint and putty, and was left with the metal frame of the aquarium. I cleaned everything of rust with sandpaper, and at my request, my father brought me some oil paint from work, the appropriate thickness of glass, and I began to recreate the aquarium. I painted the frame, cut the glass to size, mixed a special putty, and there we were... all the glass was in

place, the extra putty was removed, and after it had dried, I poured water into the aquarium I had made with some excitement. It didn't leak, it looked like new, and so we had an aquarium of almost 100 litres in our flat! When that happened, I was infinitely happy that the fish had so much space. I loved watching the life of the fish in the aquarium, I could sit and watch my favourite fish for hours. When I watched the fish, I would sink into a strange state of calm, time seemed to stop, life in the aquarium seemed unusual to me, it felt like I was looking through the glass of the aquarium into another, mysterious world, as if I were watching life on another planet.....

I could go on describing it endlessly, but that would not be very interesting for those reading these lines. I have simply tried to recreate the atmosphere of my childhood, those thoughts and feelings that were born in my soul at that time and most of which have remained unchanged throughout my life, even though I drew my conclusions as a small child. For example, observing the behaviour of drunk people, in particular my father, who was not shy about fighting the "green snake", destroying it in the true sense of the word, I told myself that I did not want to look so ridiculous, etc., and I made the decision never to drink alcohol in any form, and I have not changed my mind on this issue to this day. I did not care at all what others would say about this, I had my opinion and over time I became even more convinced of the rightness of my decision.

In addition to loving animals and plants, I also loved to draw, teaching myself by making pencil reproductions of paintings by old masters. I was particularly fascinated by the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, Vasnetsov and Bryullov.

Using either a simple pencil or coloured pencils, I tried to get as close as possible to the originals of these old masters. Modern art evoked almost no reaction in my soul. I invented and drew designs for various devices and machines, and received diplomas for some of them. Once, when I had to paint the floors of our school with a brush and roller during a school practical, I went home and quickly invented a machine that could do it quickly and efficiently.

I quickly made all the necessary drawings and sent them to the editorial office of "Young Technician" and when I had already lost hope of a reply, one day a letter arrived from the editorial office informing me that my proposal had been selected from among other proposals by young technicians and that I would probably soon receive a diploma from the editorial office. A few months later, I received my diploma, which my mother still keeps to this day. I also loved working with wood. I still remember the feel of the surface of the board after I had used a plane on it... At school, I became quite proficient with metal-cutting and woodworking machines. And, of course, I read. Sometime after fourth grade, I began to read voraciously, rereading several times my father's quite good and quite large library for that time, everything I could find interesting in the school and city libraries, and whatever my father, brother, and sister brought home that was interesting to read. Fiction books, adventure books, history books, fairy tales, and just good books, regardless of the subject matter, became my friends.

My enthusiasm for books did not interfere with my studies in any way; on the contrary, it was very helpful. In fact, I read books on physics, astronomy, biology, philosophy, history, geology, anthropology, etc. Besides, it took me no more than half an hour to prepare for class. The only thing I didn't have the heart for was learning English. It was somehow dead to me. All the other subjects were extremely interesting to me. I never liked simple maths homework; it was like writing a thousand times that two plus two equals four. That's why I didn't do my maths homework several times, considering it pointless. But our maths teacher, Lydia Akimovna, didn't think so. She understood perfectly well that homework was like seeds to me, but she couldn't allow me not to do my homework

otherwise everyone who found maths a bit of a burden could refer to me and they would be right. So she gave me a few fives for my homework without writing them in the class register.

I usually managed to solve not only my own maths test, but also everyone else's, and I had time to help others. So she couldn't give me a failing grade in my report card, but I found a compromise so that I wouldn't have to do what I considered to be stupid work and at the same time I wouldn't get a failing grade in my report card. I solved only a few examples from each of the ten problems and didn't do the rest. And my little childish trick worked flawlessly. When Lydia Akimovna checked my homework, I showed her the solved tasks, and when she asked me about the rest of the similar tasks, I told her that I had some questions about them that I would like to discuss with her before solving them further.

Lydia Akimovna understood perfectly well what was behind this, but she couldn't do anything about it, because I showed her that I was really working on my homework and had nothing to complain about. And when she decided to get me in trouble and asked me what questions I had when solving certain problems, I, to her surprise, threw various questions at her, the discussion of which took us almost the entire lesson, and then she stopped doing it. However, every time I used this trick, her hand would flash above my head as if she was going to slap me, and I would always reflexively duck my head into my shoulders. In this way, she always evened the score, which, thanks to this, always remained 1:1!

In practice, everything was very easy for me; it was enough to listen carefully to the teacher's explanations once or read the textbook once to remember the material. And most of my teachers at school were real teachers. And I never complained about my memory, even though, unfortunately (or fortunately), I did not have a photographic memory. Nevertheless, the material I learned did not "fly out" the other ear.

At school, when the time came, I became an eighth grader like everyone else, and when the time came, I was one of the first to join the Komsomol, and I was even elected to the school Komsomol committee every year. I never liked to engage in empty talk, which was practically all that Komsomol leaders at all levels did. I got involved in the labour sector at school and started doing real things for the school instead of passing idiotic resolutions that no one needed and no one implemented, but the Komsomol "activists" who proposed them earned points for their future public careers.

Instead, I was involved in decorating the school rooms, almost all of which were decorated by my own hands or with my active participation. In addition, I ran two clubs for the younger grades - biology and shooting, which is not surprising. The thing is, I was a pretty good shot and I've always liked guns. I was on very good terms with our military instructor and very often, after finishing decorating the classrooms, I would go to him, take an air rifle with a pack of cartridges and go to the workrooms, where special stands had been made to catch these cartridges.

The design of this catcher was very simple. Thick foam was glued to a sheet of plywood and that was it... the catcher was ready. Very often, the other boys and I would organise competitions to see who could score the most hits in a match, for example. The winner was the one who scored the most hits from the same distance in a minute or two. Once you had a weapon, it wasn't that difficult to hit the target; the most important thing was to have experience with this or that weapon. When our military instructor saw that I was a pretty good shot, he offered me to lead a shooting club for younger classes.

At school, I noticed contradictions in the system of ideas about nature. But I didn't attach much importance to it because I assumed that the school education system was

nothing more than the basics of ideas about nature and that only higher education gives an idea of the whole picture of the universe

* * *

After graduating from high school, I was faced with the question: where should I go to study? I wanted to cover everything, which was basically impossible. At that time, university was something unattainable and inaccessible in my mind, and I decided that I shouldn't even try to get into the Faculty of Physics. My second interest was biology, so I decided to go to Irkutsk University, to the Faculty of Biology, which I was advised was one of the best universities in the Union, with one of the best biology schools. My parents did not try to influence my decision and, after equipping me, they put me on a plane and I left for the glorious city of Irkutsk, located on the banks of the Angara River, close to the amazing Lake Baikal. The taiga shocked me; I had never seen anything like it before. An almost solid forest massif began just outside the city limits.

At one point, I prepared for the entrance exams with a two-volume biology textbook by the American scientist Wiley, which, as it turned out later, corresponded to two biology courses at the university. I knew the material practically by heart and, as a result, passed the oral biology exam without preparation with distinction, as well as the chemistry exam. But I failed the essay. As it turned out later, the quota for Russians had already been filled, and priority had to be given to "small nations" for higher education, most of whom, for some reason, were Jewish children. I applied to the evening faculty and had already passed one exam with flying colours when I was asked to vacate the dormitory. I tried to remove one corner, but failed and was forced to withdraw my documents.

The admissions committee tried to convince me not to do it, but there was nothing else I could do. I returned home and after a while started working at Civil Aviation Plant No. 411 in Mineralni Vodi, where I worked until May 1979. I was assigned to the radio workshop, in the so-called precious metals group. My job was to extract gold, platinum and silver from worn-out radio equipment. This "extraction" consisted of all of us dismantling this obsolete equipment into parts, breaking various types of relays, switches, etc. with hammers. As is clear from the description, the work is very "creative". However, I managed to make it creative for myself. I simply decided to compete with myself, in other words, I decided to set myself a task - how many relays, for example, I could break in an hour, preferably without hitting my fingers. Then I set myself the task of breaking five more relays, and so on.

As a result, this tedious, meaningless work took on the meaning of overcoming myself and began to bring me moral satisfaction when I managed to complete the task assigned to me. Several young men worked with me in this group, who had come to this job after leaving the army. The foreman had graduated from the physics faculty at the university. He couldn't support his family on a teacher's salary and had to join the "working class". The only woman in the group was the accountant. When I showed up for work on my first day, they immediately "put me through my paces", as they do with everyone everywhere. And when it turned out that I didn't drink, smoke, swear, go out, etc., I was told authoritatively that in less than a month I would be "one of them". I think it's not difficult to guess what they meant by that. But after less than a month... they all swore to me that they would stop drinking, smoking, and swearing. For every swear word, a fine of ten kopecks was imposed, so that the money could be used for cultural activities.

And as strange as it may seem at first glance, this piggy bank remained almost empty. And if someone else habitually uttered a swear word, my boys apologised for it. They opened their hearts to me and sought support in difficult times. The teacher and I discussed and argued about questions of physics and astronomy, and I almost always came out on top.

disputes. This is probably difficult for most people to imagine, but it happened and I didn't think it was anything special. I was just sure that I could convince them that I was right, and nothing more. At the time, I was very naive to think that all it took was to explain the essence of the problem to the person correctly in order for them to change their bad habits. I could only rely on my experience and seriously assumed that this happened to everyone.

I worked at the factory until mid-May 1979, after which I quit my job and began preparing to enrol at Kharkiv University, in the Faculty of Radiophysics. At that time, the Kharkiv Faculty of Radiophysics was considered the best in the Union.

This time I went to the city of Kharkiv. I passed the oral exams in physics and mathematics with excellent grades, two written exams with Cs, and... I became a student. Those Cs were the first and last ones during my studies at the university. Interestingly, the written exam in mathematics included problems from sections of higher mathematics that were not taught in schools. Before entering university, I not only completely refreshed the school mathematics curriculum, but also studied a lot of additional mathematics. And yet, some of the problems on the written exam were simply unfamiliar to me. This system allowed them to control who could become a student and who could not. It was enough for the "desirable" candidates to undergo "special" training before the entrance exams, and if you weren't a complete idiot, admission was guaranteed.

Very often, the written mathematics exam questions are prepared by the same people who prepared the "desirable" candidates. This tactic was used almost everywhere, not just in mathematics. Many of these "desirable" candidates, who had received top marks and low marks on their entrance exams, barely passed the first session with average marks, like everyone else. A few of them were expelled. I wrote this not so much to show how "wonderful" I am, but to show the existing system of control over applicants in the Soviet Union, which allowed only representatives of "small nationalities", or rather one "small nationality", to be admitted to higher education institutions.

Everything seemed legitimate, even the printed books for university applicants with all the examples from the entrance exams in mathematics, physics, etc. Incidentally, I also used them to prepare for the entrance exams. However, if the candidate does not know what to expect on the written exams this year, the probability of him (or her) becoming a student is very low. Even talent does not guarantee success. Whereas the "properly" prepared grey-haired person is guaranteed to become a student. A mean, hypocritical system for controlling higher education. Although at first glance it seems quite decent. Of course, I didn't realise this back then, during my student years, when everything seemed fair and right. But only now, when I had to mentally go back to my youth and look at the events that happened from the perspective of my experience and understanding that came with age.

In this way, right under everyone's nose, the myth of the "chosen ones" and the "special qualities" of the little people was created, as well as the supposed stupidity and ignorance of the Slavs, even though there is plenty of that (stupidity and ignorance) among us too. However, in the name of justice, someone must tell the truth about "equal" opportunities with equal abilities.

* * *

But at that time, after I had become a student, I did not understand all this and looked at the world with rather naive eyes and was ready to "dive headfirst" into the world of science. In the first session, I had only one fail out of six exams. In the summer session, I got straight As. And so it went on, almost every session. I mention this for one reason only: I studied seriously, although I did not torment myself with excessive diligence. Everything came easily to me, without much stress.

After defending my thesis in the Department of Theoretical Radiophysics, which in

In 1984, I was considered an elite student in my faculty, but they sent me to the army as an officer for two years without even asking me to join. Apparently, my right to freely choose my place of assignment among the top graduates was again an injustice to the long-suffering "small nations" and a manifestation of Great Russian chauvinism. But I am even glad that it turned out this way. After receiving the best natural science education, I still could not find answers to the questions and explanations of the contradictions that I had noticed at school. Traditional science proved completely incapable of explaining natural phenomena.

A negative scientific result is also a positive result, as it tells you in which direction you should not continue your search. Unlike most other people who have come to this conclusion, I had two other alternatives in reserve. As for where I got them, some explanations are in order.

Unusual phenomena began to happen to me in my early childhood. I only learned about some of them later from my parents' stories. The first strange phenomenon occurred when I was still a baby. My mother went out to the toilet and asked my father, who had just returned from work, to rock me until she came back.

My father was very tired and decided to sit down for a while. He sat down, warmed up, got comfortable and fell asleep instantly. He probably slept for a few minutes, but when he woke up, he couldn't find me in his arms. He was terribly frightened, looked down and saw a strange sight. My body was standing upright with my head down, which is impossible in itself, as my neck would have broken instantly.

The thing is, during the first few weeks, a baby's cervical vertebrae are mainly cartilage, which has not yet hardened and is unable to support even the weight of the head, let alone the whole body. My cervical vertebrae were no exception. For some reason unknown to my father, my diapered body was hanging vertically above the floor without touching it. It was as if someone invisible had grabbed my legs and was holding me until my father woke up and grabbed me in his arms. He was so frightened by what had happened that he did not immediately tell my mother, rightly expecting serious reprimands from her.

At the same age, I had bilateral pneumonia and was in critical condition. My mother, who is a doctor herself, without waiting for a doctor to be called, gave me an injection of penicillin, and when the local doctor came to the house, he told my mother that if it hadn't been for the injection she had given me herself, I would not have needed an injection or anything else. A day later, the inflammation was gone, even though I was still in the same damp room in the basement where my parents were living at the time.

As I understand it now, I was saved not by an injection of antibiotics, which did not help many others in the same situation, but by a powerful healing impulse, the release of the life force of a mother who did not want to lose her child. In such a situation, any normal mother would want to save her child from death, but not every mother is a sleeping witch whose abilities are revealed in critical situations and during powerful emotional outbursts.

Another unusual event happened to me when I was three or four years old. Every summer, when my parents were on holiday, we visited the Kundryuchenskoye farm in the Rostov region, which was lost among the Salinsky steppes. There, my maternal grandmother had a large house with a large garden (in Soviet times), where the families of her three daughters gathered in the summer.

My great-grandfather was a very good gardener and his vegetable garden was considered the best in the neighbourhood, and not only in the neighbourhood. He planted acacia trees along the fence, which had grown into huge trees by the time we were children. Their shade and the shade of the mulberry trees growing around the house and farm buildings provided welcome shade for all the animals, including us.

My great-grandfather built many ladders for the chickens to climb up to the upper branches of the acacia trees, where they often spent the night in summer, preferring the soft coolness of the southern night to the stuffy chicken coop, which heated up so much during the day that it was as hot as a bath. Once, my brother, who was less than two years older than me, suggested that I climb the "chicken" ladder to the upper branches of the acacia trees. At not quite three years old, I was very different from who I am today, but I was no chicken either.

At one wonderful moment during my heroic ascent of my first Everest, an unfortunate misunderstanding occurred. One of the crossbeams broke for some "unknown" reason... and I went into free flight. But, unfortunately, unlike those chickens, I had no wings and, as usually happens in such cases, I decided, as a future experimenter, to personally test the law of universal gravitation and flew down towards the fence.

But this time I failed to complete my first "scientific experiment". Between two neighbouring acacia trees growing along the fence, a dog chain was stretched, and I "calmly" hung on this chain, without flying not only to the ground but also to the fence. I hung there... and began to "ponder" the meaning of life between heaven and earth, literally and figuratively.

My "philosophising" continued until an "independent observer" — my older brother — found and explained to my parents where and why his younger brother Tolka was. It was very difficult for my father to translate his message into Russian because at that time my older brother could not pronounce not only the letter K, but also the letter R.

After the successful transfer, once I had received the exact coordinates of the accident site, the rescue expedition, led by my father, set off on the operation, which ended successfully with my ceremonial removal from the wire in question. The moment was so solemn and joyful that I was not even charged for my first scientific experiment.

Childhood memories of summer are the most vivid and pleasant. When you remember those times, the memories are so strong that you can almost feel your toes sinking into the warm, fluffy dust of the dirt roads we ran barefoot on with the immense joy that is only possible in childhood.

No less delightful and interesting were the puddles that appeared on the same roads after summer thunderstorms with lightning and thunder, when the air flowed into your lungs like honey, saturated with ozone and freshness. With every strike of lightning, you felt something mysterious and incomprehensible that made your soul tremble and filled you with something inexplicably beautiful.

I had many adventures, without which it is impossible to imagine the fate of any boy. But I would not like to bore anyone with my childhood impressions, even though they recreate the atmosphere of my perception of life, without which it would be very difficult to understand how I came to such a life and its understanding. Therefore, I will limit myself to what I have already said and move on to those events in my life that are directly related to the circumstances that made me think that something was happening to me that was not happening to anyone else.

* * *

When I was five and a half years old, something happened to me that surprised everyone except me, because at the time I simply did not see anything special in it. It happened on the same farm in the Salsk steppes. The apiaries where my grandmother worked were located five to ten kilometres from the farm, and in those days they were reached by horse-drawn carts. Sometimes my grandmother took us with her.

I have loved horses since I was a child, and riding them, even harnessed, was one of my most cherished

my desires, which I could not say about my stay in the apiary. The fact is that as a child I was very swollen from a bee sting and because of this, to put it mildly, I did not like bees very much, especially when they started circling around me. So whenever I had the opportunity to return home, I was very happy to do so.

On one of these trips home, as we were passing a field of sunflowers, the cart driver suggested that I cut myself a hatful of sunflowers, which were simply enormous in that field. The knife was made of fine steel and was very sharp. I bent the plant over, wrapped my left arm around the stem under the sunflower head and... with one swift movement, I cut it off and, whether by inertia or by the excessive force of such a sharp knife, I cut my hand in the wrist area, where the thumb joins the hand.

I pulled my arm away and saw that where the blade had touched, a fairly deep wound had appeared. I watched in amazement as blood spurted from it almost instantly. The wheelwright gave me a newspaper, which I used to wrap my cut hand. I have never been afraid of pain and have never cried in such situations, even as a baby. This was not my first cut, and I calmly waited for the bleeding to stop.

I didn't want to be scolded by my mother for my carelessness, and the best solution for me and the driver, who was more frightened than I was, was to hide the traces of the crime. We had different reasons for doing so, but the goal was the same. However, for reasons unknown to me at the time, the blood quickly soaked through the newspaper wrapped several times around my arm. I didn't like it, I lost a lot of blood, I turned pale and felt that I would probably not be able to avoid being scolded. And I really didn't want that.

So, to stop the bleeding, I pressed my right hand against the wound on the newspaper and began to think about how the blood would finally stop flowing from the wound. At that point, I already knew that the blood could flow out completely, with all the consequences that would entail, and I really did not want to test that fact on my own experience. After a few minutes, the heavy bleeding stopped, and after a few more minutes, the blood stopped completely, which made me extremely happy. When I arrived at the farm thirty or forty minutes later, the wound on my wrist had healed.

When my mother and her younger sister, who was also a medical worker, saw me with a bloody arm, or rather with a bloody newspaper wrapped around my arm, they were very frightened at first, but when I got rid of the unnecessary newspaper, they were even more surprised than frightened. They studied such an insignificant (from my point of view) wound for a long time, and the more they studied it, the greater their surprise became, which was completely incomprehensible to me. The only positive thing for me was that they did not punish me and did not forbid me from returning to my "super" important things - playing and exploring with my friends a huge, as it seemed to me then, magnificent park, unexplored and full of secret "thickets", which began on the other side of the road from the house.

The surprise of the family doctors was completely incomprehensible to me at the time. And I remained in this state of ignorance until I began studying anatomy in the eighth grade at school. Only then did I understand the reason for the almost shocking surprise of my mother and her sister. During my adventure, I accidentally cut open the radial artery on my left arm, almost like with a scalpel. Of course, the pressure in this artery in the wrist area is not as high as in the shoulder area. But according to all the rules of medicine, arterial bleeding does not stop on its own or at the will of the person who has it. In all cases, a tight tourniquet is placed above the incision, but for no more than two hours, otherwise the tissues left without blood supply will begin to die. And while the artery is being pulled out, it is sutured. In my case, none of this happened. Without a tourniquet, I would have lost all my blood, with all the consequences that entails, before the ambulance reached the farm.

What happened to me is simply impossible from a medical point of view. My strong desire to stop the bleeding was enough to make the impossible possible, and

then my mother and sister's surprise and confusion become understandable. For them, as medical professionals, it was clear, unlike me, what exactly had happened to me! I have a scar on my wrist to remind me of this adventure.

I have had many such adventures, most of which should have had more serious consequences, to a greater or lesser extent, but they all ended happily for me. I attributed everything to my luck, but constant luck ceases to be luck and becomes something else. What is it? At that time, I didn't think about such things. I also didn't think about the fact that if I wanted something very much, my wishes came true. I wished for sunshine and... the clouds disappeared, I missed the summer rain or the pouring rain and

... raindrops fell to the ground. Negative situations arose and ... they disappeared in the best possible way, like fog in sunlight. I didn't see anything special in it. That was my experience, I didn't know anything different. Until you share your experience with someone else, you simply have nothing to compare it to. Until then, I thought everything was normal and fine.

At about the same age, but in winter, another interesting thing happened to me. In Kislovodsk, the snow didn't lie permanently in winter, and when the ground was covered with a blanket of snow, it was a holiday for us boys. Kislovodsk is located at the foot of a mountain, so it is almost impossible to find flat areas, especially in the southern outskirts of the city where we lived. So almost every street was an ideal sledding slope.

The best place for sledding was definitely the roads, where the snow had already been compacted by cars and there was plenty of space. And although there were far fewer cars on the roads in those days, for reasons unknown to us, our parents did not like such activities and if they caught us "in the act", they would simply take our sledges away. And for us, that was worse than any punishment. Therefore, in most cases, the sledding slopes turned into... pedestrian sidewalks. Sledding down the slope was done as follows. We ran uphill, lay down on our stomachs on the sled and slid down, moving with our feet. During one such descent, at a fairly decent speed, I crashed into the concrete steps of the pavement stairs. What's more, the offending step "managed" to hit me in the face, with all the consequences for the "step". As a result of this unfortunate misunderstanding with the steps, the lower part of my face was bloodied, and the teeth of my upper jaw were almost completely separated from the jaw and were held in place by "honour". After a few weeks, they grew back into my jaw as if nothing had happened.

I decided to check the "repeatability" of this phenomenon and for this purpose I "conducted" a control experiment. In other words, I hit the sled on my feet in almost the same way as the first time. This was necessary in order to maintain the "purity" of the scientific experiment. My teeth once again hung on my "word of honour" and sank back into my jaw as if nothing had happened. No dentists were involved in this entire scientific experiment, and I think that was for the best. Neither before nor since have I had any problems with my teeth. I haven't lost any teeth, or rather permanent teeth, since I had a wisdom tooth removed in 1987, and I still have all the others, including the other wisdom teeth, which are usually very weak and are the first to be lost.

Actually, sometimes it's funny. I have loved sweets since I was a child and can eat kilos of them without any problem! I remember once on New Year's Eve, each of us was given a kilo of "Squirrel" sweets, and I ate them all at once, one by one, without even noticing. The only thing I didn't like about the sweets, and which I'm still not a big fan of, is honey! And even though we always had honey at home, I couldn't eat more than a teaspoon, and if I managed to stuff a tablespoon of honey into myself, it was a heroic feat for me. And the interesting thing is that I never overindulged in honey, which could have caused it. I just didn't like honey! Just as I was not and still am not a big fan of red and black caviar in any form. And even though

a child I had a sweet tooth, it did not affect my teeth. I used my teeth to break wire and crack nuts, which grew in abundance in the vicinity of Kislovodsk. While my older brother was completely indifferent to sweets and never subjected his teeth to any kind of test, he nevertheless always had problems with his teeth.

When I was in secondary school, we all had to visit the school dentist. Although I never had a toothache, they drilled holes in several of my teeth and filled them to make them "safe". The metal fillings at the time did not last very long, and as a result, I had several "cavities" in my teeth. One positive aspect was that squirrels and other animals did not settle in them. But that was the reason why, at my next dental check-up, those teeth had to be drilled again to put in new fillings, which also fell out just as quickly. As a result, the size of the "cavities" in my teeth increased.

In fact, I was left with the impression that young dentists learn the practical skills of their profession in school, although I may be wrong. Since the fillings, which were supposed to last "forever," fell out during my school years, I did not have new ones put in. In the summer of 1990, my teeth were cleaned by Elena Loriyevna Popova, the daughter of Lori Nikolaevich Popova, whose situation I will write about later, and it was not until the spring of 2007 that I went to the dentist again, and again to her. It so happened that I was chewing very tough meat and the inner wall of one of my teeth with caries broke off. And I had to turn to Elena Popova again.

I am describing this situation, which is trivial for almost everyone, for one simple reason. In the spring of 2007, I had several X-rays taken of my upper and lower jaws, and the X-ray of my upper jaw clearly showed a thin line where the teeth I had broken as a child had grown together, as I wrote earlier. I told her about this episode from my distant childhood, but when she saw the X-ray, her amazement was incomparable! She told me that with such a linear transverse fracture of the roots of the upper jaw teeth from the frontal group of the lower third of the root length, the teeth do not remain alive. With such a fracture, the pulp of the tooth is torn and the teeth become dead, as the pulp of the teeth does not fuse after the tear. The teeth of my upper jaw, which were broken at the base when I hit the concrete step, not only fused, but the pulp of the teeth, which was torn by the impact, also fused. The torn blood and lymph vessels and nerve fibres do not fuse on their own; this is considered impossible! To this day, all these teeth are healthy and alive, which in principle cannot be, and at the same time, I have not been to the dentist because a few days after each of my collisions with the concrete step, my teeth regained their previous strength and normal appearance and did not even wobble!

But these are not all the surprises that were discovered in my teeth. Elena Popova told me that when she decided to clean my teeth from traces of caries, she was surprised to find healthy dental tissue under the destroyed tooth bone. No caries had developed in my teeth, which is also fundamentally impossible. Caries did not penetrate the tissue of my teeth; it only managed to "take over" a small area, and that was the end of its victorious march through my teeth. This also does not happen in nature, and the reason for both the first and second miracles with my teeth is very simple. I just really wanted my broken teeth to become whole and strong again, and it was enough for the bone and nerve tissue of my teeth to fuse together. In the case of tooth decay, I really didn't like the smell of burning bone and the screech of the dentist's drill, and my desire to avoid this in the future led to the fact that the development of tooth decay stopped!

* * *

Around the same time, something happened to me that had certain consequences. And the reason for these consequences was the actions of an eye doctor. When I was a child, my right eye was, as doctors say, lazy. My left eye was dominant with a visual acuity of 1, while the visual acuity of my right eye was 0.9. In

principle, this is a very common phenomenon that is not outside the norm. However, the ophthalmologist made the wrong decision, which she later admitted, but that did not change anything for me. I was prescribed glasses with black lenses for my left eye and regular lenses for my right eye to force my right eye to be active. I subconsciously sabotaged this "treatment" in every way possible. Every time I left the house, I quietly and peacefully put those glasses in my pocket, and before I returned home, I put them back on my nose.

My little trick worked for a while, until I was caught red-handed. After that, it was explained to me in no uncertain terms how important and necessary it was for me. I was given my word that I would no longer take off my glasses under any circumstances. I had simply fallen into a "trap". My mother knew very well that if I had given my word, she had nothing to worry about. Since I was little, I had never broken my word. Often even to my own detriment, as happened to me in the case of the glasses. I started wearing glasses all the time, even though I personally didn't like it very much. And one day, which for me was far from a wonderful day, I felt a dagger-like pain in my right eye.

When I came home with a bleeding eye, I scared my mother, and they immediately took me to an ophthalmologist, who found that several eye muscles in my right eye were paralysed, and as it turned out much later, one of the muscles had even ruptured from the strain and there was a scar to remind me of it. The doctor apologised to my mother for the consequences of her actions, but that didn't change anything for me. For many years, some of the muscles in my right eye remained paralysed, which caused me a lot of unpleasant moments as a child. When I realised that I could heal others, I restored these eye muscles in myself, but... that was in my future. At that time, I suffered from the consequences of the doctor's mistake. After this incident, I became more careful when giving my word, knowing that I would have to keep it, no matter what.

Many unusual things happened to me during my childhood, and not only that – I often found myself in critical situations that would have ended tragically for many others. But I was always "lucky" and everything passed without serious consequences for me. I absorbed the world around me like a sponge, "thirsty" for everything new and unusual. I studied the world and admired its beauty and uniqueness with childlike spontaneity. My childhood years remain in my memory as something pure and beautiful. When everyone around me seemed so wonderful and good, etc. And although the future brought me many disappointments in people, I never stopped believing in goodness, in people. It was only through my own experience that I came to the same understanding that I read much later in the Slavic-Aryan Vedas:

"One must respect those who are worthy of respect, love those who are worthy of love, and trust only those who have proven their trustworthiness through their actions..."

When I was still a child, I began to create my own world, and gradually it grew, first with new "countries" and "continents," and then with new "stars," galaxies, and universes, and not just imaginary ones... But that is yet to come. In the meantime, the world continued to surprise me. I would like to tell you a little more about one such surprise, as it belongs to an unusual, special category. When I was about ten or eleven years old, I had a "dream". I fell asleep and... suddenly found myself fully conscious, standing on the edge of the roof of our five-storey building. Everything was absolutely real, I could feel the wind blowing, caressing my hair. I could smell the scents, hear the sounds, the colours around me were much more vivid and intense than usual. Everything around me was more three-dimensional, deeper, more real. I stood on the edge of the roof and knew I had to step off and fly... but I knew I couldn't fly, and I didn't take that step. All my rich experience in "flying" that I had already gained and my inner voice told me: "You will crash or at least break your arms and legs." But despite this, something inside me was pushing me to take that step, inexplicably

attracted me. And I decided to compromise - I went down the stairs and went outside to test my "flying abilities" in optimal conditions.

I jumped into the air and descended incredibly slowly and gently towards the ground. This surprised me, and I pushed off from the ground and was back in the air. This time, I rushed upwards internally. I rose a few metres above the ground... there were the surrounding trees below me. And in my soul there was tension as I waited for the moment when my "Carlson-like propeller" would turn off and I would fall to the ground. But for some reason, I didn't fall; the laws of gravity did not apply to me, for reasons I did not understand. I kept expecting some kind of trick, but nothing happened. I was "floating" in the air, as if in a thick substance. The feeling was absolutely incredible. My whole being began to fill with excitement at what was happening, and something in my chest kept pushing me upwards. I rose above the houses, going higher and higher, all the while feeling this force pushing me upwards.

The surface of the Earth was receding, and the houses looked like toy houses peeking through the gaps in the clouds. And all the while, one question kept running through my head: how long would this last, and would I fall back down to our sinful Earth like all those who were born without wings? When I woke up in my bed in the morning, I didn't understand what was happening to me. I had had a strange "dream", so strange that I couldn't decide whether it was a dream or reality. This question remained a mystery to me behind seven seals. The answer came from a direction I had never thought of.

Shortly after the incident, I was in Moscow with my mother and was returning home by plane. As usual, the plane landed at Mineralnye Vody Airport above the neighbourhood where my family had lived since 1967. The landing path of the planes always passed over residential buildings, including our house. The sounds of the planes coming in to land became familiar to us, and no one paid any attention to them anymore. In July 1972, for the first time in my life, I observed what was happening not from the surface of the earth, but from the window of an aeroplane. My seat was right next to the window on the right side of the aeroplane. My nose was practically glued to the Plexiglas of the window. The surface of the Earth was gradually approaching, and at one point, through the gaps in the clouds, I saw our house and... something incredible happened. The houses in the gaps in the clouds looked exactly as they had during my "dream". When this happened to me, I was in a state of shock for some time. The shock of realising what had happened to me during my "dream" was quite natural. When you receive such unexpected confirmation of everything that happened in your own, albeit very strange, "dream," it would be impossible, or at least strange, to expect any other reaction.

There have been quite a few "accidents" in my life, but when there are too many of them, one cannot help but wonder: "Are they really accidents?" It so happened that my father was given an apartment because of his work in the city of Mineralnye Vody. He could have received an apartment in another city in the Kavminvodsk group, but he received it in Mineralnye Vody. My father did not want to move anywhere from Kislovodsk at all; he was born there, we were all born there, all his friends live there, my brother went to first grade there, not to mention that Kislovodsk itself is a beautiful city, located in one of the most amazing corners of the North Caucasus.

But there was no choice — the construction trust where he worked had no plans for housing projects in Kislovodsk in the near future. And it was unthinkable to continue living in the conditions we lived in in Kislovodsk, so my father agreed to move after a family council. I still remember how all our belongings were loaded onto an open truck, we all sat on the back on top of the bundles and suitcases and... set off for our new home, buffeted by the May wind, in a truck that was travelling at what seemed to us at the time to be breakneck speed. For us children, this trip was quite an adventure. That's how we ended up in the city of Min-Vody. This city had a large airport, located just

outside the city. The presence of Snake Mountain near the airport and the location of the runways meant that all planes coming in to land had to fly over a residential neighbourhood. And it so happened that the landing path passed right over our house. It was in this house that my father got an apartment. An accident? Perhaps. But if it hadn't been an accident, I wouldn't have been able to see the same picture in the airplane window that I saw during my "unusual dream". And then I would have had nothing to compare this "dream" with, and everything that happened to me would most likely have remained a "strange dream". But after I saw exactly the same picture that I had seen during my "dream", I had no doubt that what happened to me then was real.

* * *

I can't say that I realised what was happening to me. But I was already convinced that what had happened to me was real because I had received irrefutable proof of it, and then no one else could not believe me. And these are not empty words; I was very stubborn as a child, and if I was sure of something, it was simply impossible to change my mind with words alone. I remember my first "scientific conclusions". Like any boy, I had a lot of experience with cuts, scratches, etc. And quite often I had to observe my dried blood. Somehow I noticed that rust on metal looks just like dried blood. From this, I made one of my first "scientific discoveries." I told my mother that there was iron in blood. At the time, I was about five years old and was incredibly excited about my "discovery." I hurried to share it with my main authority figure — my mother.

When I solemnly informed her of my "great" discovery, she calmly told me that I was wrong. I tried to convince her that I was right by pointing to the dried blood and rust, but she was adamant. None of my arguments convinced her; she continued to convince me that I was wrong. Nevertheless, offended by her unwillingness to see the obvious, I stuck to my opinion. My attempt to share with her my discovery that our Sun is just one of the stars ended in the same way. All this, of course, made me very sad, but nothing more. Later, when I was already in school and learned from my textbooks that I was right, I asked her what the reason for these answers was. I asked her, "Didn't she know about iron in the blood, as a medical professional, and that the sun is one of the stars in the universe?" Her answer was simple and surprised me. She told me that of course she knew about it, but the reason for her answer was that she wanted to build my character. So that I wouldn't change my opinion just because someone I or someone else considered an authority claimed the opposite without providing any evidence for their position.

Before school, she was an authority figure for me, and in this way she instilled in me independence of opinion. For which I am very grateful to her. Who knows how things would have turned out in my life if she hadn't been there. At school, and later at university, I was already prepared for the fact that not everything taught there is the ultimate truth. And the fact that you see and understand things differently from the majority does not mean that you are wrong and the majority is right. And they are right only because the majority cannot be wrong. They can and do make mistakes...

When I was about fourteen years old, I had to go through an experience that few people are familiar with. In the summer of 1975, I had an unusual experience. One evening, I felt tired and my eyes were closing. I lay down and fell asleep instantly. Two hours later, I woke up and felt cold. The thermometer confirmed that I had a high temperature. There seemed to be no reason for me to have caught a serious cold. I had not been lying on damp ground, nor had I been exposed to a draught after sweating. Nevertheless, my temperature continued to rise, and antipyretic tablets had no effect on it. Around ten o'clock in the evening, my temperature rose to 40.5 °C. In fact, I have always tolerated fever easily. At 40°C, I felt a little weak, and that was all. After taking another antipyretic tablet given to me by my mother, I fell asleep quite quickly. During the night, I woke up because I was short of breath. When I woke up completely, I noticed that my mouth was dry.

My lips were chapped and unusually dry. My lungs and throat felt "dry," and my breathing was very rapid, like my pulse. But the most interesting thing was that I could feel blood, hot as boiling water, rushing into my arteries with every beat of my heart, and the bubbling blood spreading like molten metal throughout my body.

The sensation of boiling water flowing through my own veins was very unusual. I had the feeling that the bed was spinning with me. I don't know what my temperature was at that moment. The sensation of a temperature of 40.5 °C was nothing compared to this sensation. It was the sensation of magma flowing through my blood vessels. I was completely calm and thought of myself as an outsider. The thought occurred to me that another half a degree and my blood would coagulate. I knew that at 42 degrees Celsius, blood proteins coagulate. And I thought about the possibility of dying from this, as if it did not concern me. Then I seemed to fall into something, and it was not until morning that I woke up in my bed, feeling fine. Taking my temperature showed that I had 36.6 °C. I got out of bed and went outside, where my friends were waiting for me. Everything that had happened was incredible. I had never heard of anyone else experiencing anything like it.

Many times in my life I have found myself in critical situations, but I have never felt fear of possible death. And this is not due to childish ignorance... Over time, my experience was supplemented with more and more strange things. Communicating with other people increasingly convinced me that many of the things that happen to me do not happen to others. Of course, I realised that it was entirely possible that my acquaintances and friends were not telling me everything that happened to them. Nevertheless, I began to suspect that what was happening to me was, at least in many cases, strange.

* * *

"Everything reached a critical mass when I was already a student. After completing my first year, I worked in a student construction team during the summer. I was a member of the brigade, so I had to finish my exams early in order to travel with the group to our future work site and prepare the camp for the brigade's arrival. It was my first time in the Arctic Circle, in the town of Urengoy. The summer tundra is simply unique. I couldn't even imagine such beauty in a perpetually frozen region. In summer, the tundra is a land of lakes and swamps, or rather marshes. Their beauty is majestic and deadly. Our construction team's plans changed and we moved to Nadym. I was unlucky because I was a good cook and had to cook for the whole team. My working day started at four in the morning and ended at midnight. And so it was every day: first I had to swing an axe, chop wood for the whole day and feed my "uncles" in three shifts, buy food for each day and carry it to the camp on my back through the sand, and in between all that, wash the dishes. Every day, I was assigned an assistant who, after a day of work in the kitchen, could barely crawl to his bed. In short, I was "on the go" in the literal and figurative sense of the word.

With the money I earned on the construction team, I decided to treat myself and bought a good FED camera and flash. It was 1980, my second year at university. On the birthday of one of my fellow students, I was asked to bring my camera, which I did. I started taking pictures with the flash. The camera behaved very strangely. The flash went off twice on the third try. I couldn't understand what was happening. My classmate also had a camera, but without a flash.

When he saw that I had stopped taking pictures, Sergei Pokhylyko (my friend's name) asked for a flash for his camera. He made my flash work like clockwork, and this convinced me that the problem was with my camera. There was no other logical explanation for this. So I took my camera to the warranty service centre, where I explained the problem.

Leaving the seminar feeling lighter, both literally and figuratively (without my camera), I was already happy that I would soon have a properly working camera in my hands. A few

days later, after calling the repair shop in advance, I went to pick up my poor camera in high spirits. In the workshop, the technician who had been working on my camera came out to me and told me that he had not found any problems and that my camera was perfectly fine. I believed him, of course, but I asked him to test his conclusion in practice. He kindly agreed and personally demonstrated how my camera worked with the flash.

My soul felt a little better, but... a little "worm" of doubt continued to gnaw at me inside. And to dispel all my doubts, I asked for the opportunity to see for myself. And then the inexplicable began. When I pressed the shutter button, there was no flash. I was much less surprised by this than the foreman and the witness, the receptionist. After looking at me and my camera in surprise, the foreman repeated my actions and... the flash went off again. Each of my actions ended with the opposite result. The receptionist joined in the "scientific experiment," and a little later, so did the second foreman, who was probably the highest authority in the workshop.

The result was the same. When I pressed the button, nothing happened. I was already joking about the psychological incompatibility between me and the camera when the chief technician of the workshop suggested that I try pressing the button with the insulated handle of a pair of pliers. And to their great relief, the flash finally worked. They immediately began to explain to me intelligently that I had experienced a rather rare occurrence. I had a powerful static electric field, a short circuit in the flash's synchronisation contacts, which was the reason for the camera's strange behaviour in my hands. And that it was necessary to replace the synchroniser cable with another one with more powerful insulation. But at the moment they do not have it and I will have to call periodically to get the necessary wires.

When I got home, I said to myself, "I pressed the famous button on the camera. To my great surprise, the flash worked. I immediately began experimenting with it. If I thought the flash should work, it worked. If I thought the opposite, nothing happened! As a result of this experiment, I made my first conclusion, regardless of anyone else's opinion, that the content of my thoughts influences what happens around me, at least on electronic devices. I demonstrated my discovery to my classmates and friends. The future radio physicists just waved their hands and avoided any substantive comments.

The lightning incident was the last straw that made me look at what was happening to me from a completely different angle. From the reactions of the people around me, I realised that what was happening to me was not normal for everyone, but rather the opposite — nothing like this had ever happened to anyone I knew.

3. My universities

During our third year at university, most of the laboratory work was related to radiating and transmitting equipment. We studied practically all types of electromagnetic radiation - from light waves to long radio waves. Each lab session lasted two pairs of academic hours. This is well known to anyone who has studied physics at universities and institutes. I mention this for one reason only. If, for some reason, the experimental data from the lab work did not allow the desired theoretical results to be obtained, the teachers required the entire experiment to be redone. This meant that all participants in the laboratory work (usually two or three people) had to do everything again in their free time, when the equipment was not occupied by the programme. In short, it was an unnecessary headache for everyone, including the teacher.

I brought all this uninteresting rubbish only because I and everyone who worked with me in the laboratory had to do it very often. The fact is that the experimental data obtained in my presence did not "fit into any loopholes", even though all the data was taken very carefully, I liked to do everything carefully, the measurements from the instruments were made as required by the conditions of the experiment, but... after processing the data, nothing resembled what should have been obtained, not even close. Sometimes even the instruments stopped working. Before my "appearance" in front of them with my companions in misfortune, all the instruments worked normally, and after us they also worked normally, but only in the presence of my group of "discoverers" (I was almost always the senior member of the group) did the instruments rebel and "refuse" to reveal their "secrets". And this happened almost always and everywhere I was present. Intuitively, many of my group members did not want to do laboratory work in my company. Because all the problems arose only where I was present.

After about three months, a "truce" ensued, the devices "calmed down" and did not express their "joy" so energetically in my presence. And the fact that the devices reacted so "joyfully" to me was quickly learned by everyone, and not just intuitively. One of my fellow students noticed that when I walked past the receiving and transmitting equipment, the needles on the recording devices began to "quietly" go crazy, if such a thing can be said about devices. When others passed by the same devices, no "excitement" was observed. As a result of these practical conclusions, everyone began to ask me to go somewhere with their "biofields"; no one wanted to do the same laboratory work repeatedly. Of course, they did not send me far away, after all, I was the leader of the group and the course, and it turned out that I was respected by many students and teachers because of the principles and positions I had always held, not for show. My words did not differ from my actions.

I wasn't physically weak either; I could easily lift a hundred-pound weight or a two-hundred-pound weight. It was enough to "spin" someone around a few times or just squeeze their chest, and no one wanted to do it again. Anyway, I was "respected" for being myself. During the first year, they tried to provoke me in some way - they poured cognac into the tea pot, expecting that I wouldn't notice and would "sip" the cognac along with the tea. They offered me money for every swear word, but pretty soon everyone realised that it wasn't about "swearing" but about my position, and then they respected me.

It got to the point where if someone spoke in my presence without noticing me, they would ask me to excuse them. This shows that people always respect someone who has their own convictions and who does not change them depending on the situation. At that time, I did not realise what was happening to me and what these "biofields" were. I just became more and more convinced that what was happening to me was not happening to everyone else, that it was not a common, universal phenomenon.

* * *

Realising this ultimately leads to a desire to understand what it is! And naturally, this desire arose in me. I started looking for books, publications, samizdat on topics related to the mysterious and incomprehensible phenomena that happen to people. In Soviet times, who still remembers them, such literature was banned. It was almost impossible to find anything on the subject. And the few printed materials that I managed to find, unfortunately, did not provide answers to the questions that interested me. They contained even more absurdities than modern science...

I found materials on various occult disciplines. My cousin sent me a printout on palmistry. I decided to figure it out for myself and began studying the lines on the hand and what they mean. I immediately tested its accuracy in practice, luckily I had no shortage of willing subjects. Many of my classmates, and even teachers, listened to my explanations

with interest. In addition, many of them were surprised at how accurately I described their character and their life by studying only the lines on their hands. At that time, I did not know that the lines on the hand, or rather the pattern of the lines, are a reflection of human genetics and essence. I did not know that the lines are only a key, a code that opens the "door" to human destiny, the possible variants of a person's life, genetically determined by nature, and the realisation of these possibilities through the fulfilment of that person's essence through their genetics.

The lines on a person's hands allow information about them to be "activated" and their past, present and future to be "read". In other words, the lines on the hands are used to "tune in" to the person, and ultimately, the removal and scanning of information is not done through the lines on the hands, but only through their mediation. In this way, palmistry provides only a method of entering a person's information field, and only when the scanner has natural data does this method of entry allow access to information about the person. This is only one of the methods of entry. If a person does not have natural data, no matter how many times they look at the lines on their hands, no matter how many times they look at the palmistry manual, the interpretation of their lines will only be general phrases that do not reflect the real life of that person.

I realised some things later, but I saw the essence of what was happening quite quickly. After I began to describe very accurately events from the past of people I knew nothing about, many of my fellow students and students from other faculties whom I knew began to ask me to make copies of palmistry printouts for them. And I did. And what a surprise it was when it turned out that they had not gained anything meaningful from such readings. Some of them even accused me of withholding and not making copies of "everything" for them, of keeping the most important things for myself. I did not understand such an attitude, because I myself had given them everything I had. Gradually, I began to realise that the problem was not in the method of introduction, but in the person using this method. The method of introducing the information field can be different: lines on the hand, coffee grounds, astrological data.

All these methods of entering the system only help a person to tune in to a specific person, to their information field (by information field I mean the field created by a specific person who has specific genetics, in which their essence is located, with the memory of all previous incarnations and the imprint of all actions and events performed by this person up to a certain point, as well as events and actions that may still happen). In principle, these methods of entry are not necessary when a person understands the true essence of the phenomenon. The person can be scanned directly, without such "crutches". At the initial stage, these methods of entry allow, to a certain extent, to simplify the "connection", facilitate the adjustment to a specific person, but over time they begin to slow down the development of the scanned person. This is equivalent to using crutches after a broken leg has healed.

That's how I realised I needed to look for ideas to understand what was happening to me. And everything I came across (not everything, of course, and I think that's a good thing), to my great horror, did not bring me any closer to understanding what was happening to me. It's like going to I don't know where and bringing back I don't know what. But I had a huge desire and no choice, so I "went" to I don't know where to find I don't know what. And, most interestingly, I succeeded.

* * *

As a student, I was a member of the board of the student club at Kharkiv University. I spent a lot of time doing amateur art, organising hobby clubs and various student events. Thanks to this, I met many people, both students and lecturers and researchers. And many people asked me if I knew

someone with extraordinary abilities. After some time, through one person or another, I managed to arrange a meeting with someone who possessed something unusual. I was given the time and place of the meeting with this person. It seemed to me that just meeting a person with paranormal abilities would dispel all my uncertainties like morning fog under the rays of the rising sun.

The man I was waiting for was a little late. I only knew his name (if my memory serves me right, it was Vladimir) and had no idea who he was, what he looked like or how old he was. But when he finally appeared, I immediately thought it was him and approached him. It turned out that he was the one I was waiting for. We talked for a while, but unfortunately he couldn't answer my questions clearly, speaking in riddles and mysteries. It is quite possible that he was afraid of me, perhaps wondering if I was a KGB mole. In any case, I was quite disappointed with the results of the meeting with a man who could have done something. However, he tried several methods to influence me. He suggested that I relax and trust him, which of course I did not do. I had no reason to trust him, just as he had no reason to trust me. Perhaps that is why it did not work for me, even though I felt his influence on me.

We talked for an hour and a half or two hours about many general topics. He "probed" me with his methods, saying something and watching how I reacted to it. It was already late in the evening, and on the way home we reached the intersection of the Kharkiv metro line together, after which we said goodbye and each went our separate ways. He was probably as disappointed as I was, or maybe even more so, I can't say, but I was very upset. I never came close to understanding what was happening to me. Of course, this man did not "rule the world," but I had no intention of waiting for "the time" when another person with clairvoyant abilities would appear on my "horizon." My attempt to get an explanation of what was happening to me from someone who knew what was going on was unsuccessful. It was difficult to determine how much this person understood what was happening to him and could explain it to me. Most likely, he was using his natural abilities without understanding their essence.

Nevertheless, I am grateful to him for encouraging me not to wait for "manna from heaven" from someone else, but to try to understand what was happening myself. I made this decision and did not delay in realising it. As I mentioned earlier, I knew many people at university. Students were always curious and always ready to try something unusual on themselves.

A day or two after my meeting with the psychic, I decided to try out on other people the tests he had tried on me. I approached a group of boys I knew and suggested that they take part in an unusual experiment. The first to respond was a girl whose name I unfortunately don't remember. I asked her to stretch her arms forward with her palms facing up, placed my right hand on her right palm, and began to imagine a warm ball appearing on her palm. I accompanied my actions with the words: "You have a ball in your palm, it is solid and warm, and your hand is stuck to it, your fingers are gripping it tighter and tighter, etc." I was surprised to notice that the fingers of this girl's right hand were bent and held in a position as if she were holding an apple in her hand.

When I asked her what she felt, she told me that she felt a warm ball in her palm, and her fingers, against her will, wrapped around it and she couldn't do anything about it. I was as shocked as she was by the result. And I continued my experiment with even greater inspiration. Gradually, a crowd began to gather around us, but I was so enthusiastic about the successful start that I didn't even pay attention to them and continued my "scientific" experiment. I imagined that the balloon was getting lighter and lighter and was starting to pull my hand up. Again, I accompanied my actions with words. And again, I was surprised to see the girl's hand rising higher and higher, as if some invisible force was pulling it upwards. And it was pulling her up so hard that she had to keep her balance. It looked as if she was about to lift off the floor and fly into the air.

the air. I was as surprised as the girl and the passers-by that I was doing something.

An unusual feeling of pleasure and joy filled me from head to toe. And I continued the experience I had started. At one point, I decided to change the direction of my hand and imagined that the ball in my hand was getting heavier and pulling my hand down. As soon as I imagined this, the girl screamed. I immediately stopped what I was doing and asked her what had happened and why she had screamed! The girl's answer surprised me more than anything else that was happening to her. She told me that her palm had fallen into a vision that began to tighten, and she felt her bones begin to flatten in the vision, and she screamed in pain.

I apologised to her for the trouble I had inadvertently caused and thought about what had happened. The only reason for what happened was that I had created two forces—one pulling my hand up and the other pulling the same hand down. The palm of my hand fell between the two "fires," and these forces began to crush my hand.

* * *

Unexpectedly, I witnessed a genuine manifestation of the power of thought, and this manifestation was very tangible. Some may argue that this was a manifestation of ordinary hypnosis. But first of all, what is hypnosis? Modern science merely observes this phenomenon without understanding its essence. A little later, I will present my understanding of hypnosis, but in the meantime, I will return to my "thorns to the stars" in both the literal and figurative sense.

What I used in my first attempt was a combination of verbal influence and direct impact on the person. The words helped the person to enter the right state more quickly, to comply with what was happening. The words were only an auxiliary tool in this phenomenon, but by no means the main one. This is confirmed by the fact that I did not even tell the girl that the balloon was pulling her arm down. I simply moved my arm down while her arm continued to move up. I also did not mention that her arm was in a sling that was beginning to contract and squeeze her arm. What happened was a surprise to both of us. When a person is hypnotised, such a thing is simply not possible. The reason for this was that without removing the influence that was causing the arm to move upwards, I had created another influence that was causing the same arm to move downwards. As a result, the girl's palm ended up between two "lights".

It was a surprise to me that the power of thought has such a real, material manifestation. And although I understood that such a manifestation of "power" is most effective, "demonstrative" and most accessible to the understanding of most people, I personally considered it unacceptable to use such methods to convert to my "faith".

Unfortunately, our civilisation's understanding of power is very primitive. If a person writhes in pain, it means that they are experiencing a manifestation of "power". If there is nothing like that, then there is no manifestation of power. Is it more pleasant for a person when what is happening to them is accompanied by pain or other unpleasant sensations? Is the sensation of pain so important as "proof" of the reality of the impact, rather than when, after the impact, very real problems disappear, whose disappearance is confirmed by real instruments, and the person does not experience any unpleasant sensations? I will return to this somewhat philosophical problem. In the meantime, I will continue my story.

* * *

After I realised that the power of thought is real and can harm people, I became very careful with the use of this power, not allowing any negative side effects. Before continuing, I would like to draw attention to one more (but not the last) "incident" in my life. It so happened that the first person on whom I "tried" to use my power turned out to be very sensitive to such

influence. Who knows how my life would have turned out if that girl hadn't reacted to my influence! Would I have tried something similar on someone else or not? I don't know. And even if I had tried, could I have hoped that the second, third, fourth person would be sensitive enough to such an influence? Of course not, but it so happened that my first attempt turned out to be unexpectedly incredibly successful and inspired me to new "exploits" in the name of truth...

After such an unexpected experience, I stopped my acquaintances (I had many) and asked them to participate in the experiments. Almost all of them agreed; they were all interested in participating in something unusual. Some of these people reacted very strongly, others moderately, and still others did not react at all. I was most interested in those who reacted very strongly. Among those who reacted strongly, there were both boys and girls. However, the girls were more susceptible. Many of them showed great interest in what was happening, and soon I had many volunteers to help me with my experiments.

I conducted various experiments: attempts with a ball in the hand, "freezing" the feet to the floor, immobilising the arms or legs when a person could not move or move their arm or leg. I created barriers in front of them, which were like stone walls to them. From a distance, with my influence, I swung them in all directions, and the amplitude of the body's deviation from the vertical position exceeded the limits of the human body's capabilities. I tried to influence both one person and a group of people at the same time. And I succeeded, I acquired new skills and discovered new methods for such influence. It turned out that it was possible to bring a person into a state both with the help of words and without them, only through influence. It was possible to influence by directing energy through the hand(s) or only mentally.

I could put a person into a trance using hypnosis and bring them out of that state with my thoughts or by touching the relevant parts of their brain, doing all this both in close proximity to the person and from a distance of tens of metres — as far as the university corridors allowed. And I discovered an important truth — there are several methods for putting a person into a trance, but the trance state was achieved in the same way. Methods of inducing a trance state that seemed so different at first glance were nothing more than different keys that opened the same door. The important thing was that the "door" was opened, but which key was used was, in principle, irrelevant. Even ordinary hypnosis is accompanied by the influence of one person on another (others), and not just with words.

In order for words to acquire power, one must fill them with power, and then those same words are transformed from ordinary vibrations in the air into "magical" words. And their "magical" power affected not only those who understood them, but also those who did not understand a single sound. The magic of a word is not in the word itself, but in the one who utters it. When spoken in one state, the word has no effect other than the usual one. But when the same word is spoken in another qualitative state, it "suddenly" has an incredible effect on people, and not only on them — on animals, plants, and even inanimate matter. So the question is not about the word, but about the speaker. And not every speaker acquires "magical" properties.

Thus, thanks to His Majesty Chance, and at the same time, naturally, I managed to discover a new, amazing world of human possibilities, which I actively studied as a student. I made another discovery for myself again "by chance". Once, one of my volunteer assistants asked me if I could tell whether he was sick or not. "How should I know that?" I replied with surprise. I don't know why, but for some reason this man really wanted to hear my opinion about his health. "Give it a try anyway," he said, "what does it cost you?" So I thought, "Why not give it a try? No harm done." I knew human anatomy and physiology quite well, so I decided to give it a try.

I had never seen anyone else do this, so I decided, at my own risk, to

act on my own. I began to "simply" run my hand over this man's body, mentally tuning in to his internal organs. I was surprised to find that if I visualised an internal organ, I could feel it in my hand. I could "feel" this organ, enter it, etc. But at the same time, I wasn't sure if this was just my imagination playing tricks on me. Whether this was information about the condition of the organ or my imagination could only be determined through practice. The man seemed, from my point of view, completely healthy. The only thing that seemed strange to me was his liver. And it was not clear to me what was wrong with his liver. I had a good understanding of liver diseases, I knew what physiological and morphological changes cause diseases in liver tissues. But from my point of view, I did not find anything like that in him.

Although it didn't really matter what I said or didn't say — I didn't claim to be able to do such a thing — I didn't want to be wrong either. Anyway, I had to give an answer, so I said what I thought was appropriate for the condition of his liver. I told him that, in my opinion, he had a liver problem and that the problem was due to a lack of an enzyme that breaks down ethyl alcohol. At first, he was confused, and I thought I had hit the nail on the head, but suddenly he said, "You know, you're right. When I drink even one glass of beer, I lose consciousness and fall into a state close to a coma." His answer surprised me immensely because it was the first time in my life I had done something like this, and I hit the nail on the head the first time. Of course, without sufficient knowledge of human anatomy and physiology, this would have been impossible, but nevertheless, I had the necessary information and was able to determine everything correctly.

I was still in shock from what had happened when the same man immediately asked, "Heal me, please!" When I replied that I didn't know how to do that, he simply said, "Try." So I tried, and... I did it!

* * *

Rumours about my ability to heal with "biofields" quickly spread throughout the university. Many of my acquaintances began to ask me what was wrong with them and beg me to free them from it. I destroyed stones in the gallbladder, stones in the kidneys, removed stomach and duodenal ulcers, removed varicose veins, etc. One of my earliest successes was the treatment of a cancerous tumour.

One day, when I entered the dean's office for work, I saw a woman crying there whom I knew worked in the rector's office. Later, the dean's secretary explained to me that this woman was in great distress. Her husband had undergone open-heart surgery, but nothing had been found. It was determined that he had a cancerous tumour the size of a child's head, which had "settled" on his abdominal aorta. Removing the tumour in this position was simply impossible, as part of the abdominal aorta would also have to be removed, which was impossible. The surgeon who performed the operation told his wife that nothing could be done and that her husband would die not even from cancer, but from the fact that the cancerous tumour would "simply" block the abdominal aorta as it grew, thereby stopping the flow of arterial blood to the lower torso. This would lead to gangrene and death.

When I was informed about this, I met with this woman and suggested she try my method, since medicine could offer nothing else anyway except to sit and wait for the man to die. She agreed to try, but asked me not to tell her husband about the cancerous tumour because he was very sensitive. According to the proposed story, I told him that I was removing the fluid that had accumulated around his lungs in the diaphragm area and was preventing him from breathing properly. Under this cover, I worked on his cancerous tumour. In principle, this situation was ideal because it ruled out the influence of suggestion or self-hypnosis on the course of treatment. If this man suggested anything to himself, it was that fluid had to be drained from his lungs, which had never been there. Unconsciously, this was a pure experiment in the field of cancer treatment. My patient was very sensitive, and I managed to find

the right strategy for destroying the cancerous tumour and... after four months, medical tests showed that the cancerous tumour had disappeared without a trace.

On his fiftieth birthday, which he celebrated in June 1983, the surgeon who performed the operation said that he would never have believed what had happened if he had not seen with his own eyes the tumour that had been "sitting" on the abdominal aorta.

* * *

June 1983 - the summer session of the fourth year was over, or rather almost over, because all the boys had to go to summer military camps, take an oath and return to university to take their final exam - at the military faculty of our university. All this, of course, ruined the last summer holiday. Our military camps were on the Black Sea coast, not far from the town of Ilyichivsk, which had "grown up" near the commercial seaport of Odessa. It was the first time I had seen the sea, and the impression was extraordinary. In just one month of military camps, I only managed to swim in the sea a few times. And the heat was still intense! I have very fair skin, so ten to fifteen minutes in the sun was enough for me to get blistered and look like a boiled crab in a few days, literally and figuratively. I didn't like that prospect very much, so after swimming in the sea, I would immediately get dressed to prevent severe sunburn.

There is a funny story related to the whiteness of my skin. When I was at a medical examination for a construction team, the doctor looked at my skin and began to examine my eyes carefully. This surprised me, and when I asked him what was wrong, he said in amazement, "I thought you were an albino because only albinos can have such white skin, and I checked the iris of your eyes to make sure." I suppose he thought I had dyed my hair, eyebrows and eyelashes, but there was no way I could change the colour of my eyes, which had been brown with a greenish tint since birth.

My white skin in particular caused me a lot of problems as a child. When you're in the water, you don't feel the sunburn, but as a boy I often got so badly burned that my back turned into one big wound, and it got to the point where the shirt I was wearing would dry out so much on my back that someone had to pull it off with force. It's not a pleasant feeling, I must tell you. So the hot Black Sea sun was not for me.

In the military camps, I had no time for experiments. After we returned from the camps, we took the final exam in military science, which I passed with distinction, as well as most of the other exams from the fourth-year summer session, and I went home for what remained of the summer. In the fifth year, we had very few classes, and most of our time was devoted to writing our thesis. In other words, I had a lot of time on my hands, and I used it not only to write my dissertation on the topic of electron bremsstrahlung at the boundary between vacuum and medium, but also to continue my own research on human abilities.

I continued to explore a completely unknown world, a world that was a mystery not only to me. I came up with new experiments all the time, and there were many willing helpers, many of whom wanted to participate in something unusual. In addition, many of the experiments were accompanied by friendly amusement. It was impossible to hold back laughter when watching a healthy person unable to lift their foot off the floor for no apparent reason. To observe his reaction, the surprise on his face after unsuccessful attempts to lift his own foot off the floor, when just a second ago that same foot had obeyed without any problems... In short, you have to see it for yourself to understand the explosions of laughter from random and non-random spectators watching the event. What's more, the "victims" themselves were doubled over with laughter.

I realised that at a discreet distance from a person, it is possible to hook them like a fish and, for example, pull them towards you, so if you don't do it carefully, the person

to fall, and if done sharply - to fly off in the desired direction, like a ball off a wall. Of course, I did not bring the situation to a critical level, my task was not to study the possibilities of striking from a distance, but to study the possibilities of remote influence of one person on another (or others). I studied the methods of hypnosis, when a person is immersed in a hypnotic sleep through verbal influence or just mentally, or through energetic influence on the relevant parts of the brain, which I discovered myself. I learned how to put a person into a trance without any immersion in hypnotic sleep, when the person completely retains their individuality, the ability to think adequately about everything except what has been suggested to them mentally or verbally. I did not know whether others had studied something similar or not, whether they had come to the same conclusions as me — I did not know at the time. But that was not important to me; what was important to me was to understand for myself, to understand for myself the essence of what was happening.

Perhaps I was "reinventing the wheel," perhaps I accidentally discovered something new. That wasn't important to me; what was important was to understand, to penetrate and comprehend the essence of what was happening. In a similar way, I was also interested in treating people. I was interested in understanding what a living organism, a living cell, is. How does a living organism function, why and how do diseases arise, and how is it possible to restore damaged organs and tissues to a healthy state? As a result, I was often able to help people with their health problems. People also reacted differently to the therapeutic effects. Some reacted almost instantly, some reacted the next day, and some reacted after a week. The speed of the changes also varied. Again, the speed of the recovery processes varied widely. And all this did not depend on whether a person believed in such treatment or not.

There were cases when a person fanatically believed in the treatment, but it did not help them much, as well as cases when a person was a stubborn sceptic, and yet the problems "disappeared" without a trace. And the changes in the human body were quite unusual. For example, a person had a long-standing chronic peptic ulcer of the stomach and duodenum, and... after my work, not only did the "fresh" ulcer disappear, but also the scars from all the old ulcers. After the treatment, the doctors could not find any traces or symptoms of the disease in a person whom they had been observing for decades. The atrophied organs were "transformed" into completely healthy ones. For example, after treatment, no calcareous cavities were found in the lungs of a tuberculosis patient, etc.

It is interesting to note that the calcareous formations in the lungs are not part of the living organism, but have arisen in place of dead lung tissue. Dead matter within living matter disappears, and dead lung tissue that died many years ago reappears where it should be according to nature's design. The dead matter disappears and healthy tissue appears, and no one would even be able to tell that something had ever happened to this person's lungs, especially tuberculosis, etc.

* * *

Sometimes things happened that became clear to me later. For example, among my fellow students there were some hardened sceptics who tried to prove me wrong. One day they asked me to conduct an experiment to prove the "wrongness" of my positions. They suggested that I diagnose the illnesses of my fellow student Yura Karpenko. He stood in front of me, I was blindfolded, and I began to scan his body. I started the scan by describing the problems I could detect in him. I could feel his organs, his presence in front of me. When I finished, they asked me to take off the blindfold and... he was not where he had been before I blindfolded him. I was surprised because I could clearly feel his presence, but he was not there. In this way, they tried to prove me wrong, but for some reason they did not pay attention to the fact that I had accurately described all his problems. They only paid attention to the fact that he had left the place where he was standing

at the beginning of the experiment, while I continued to describe his condition.

At that time, I had not yet heard of the Kirlian effect, nor did I realise that a person, like any other living being, leaves their imprint on the place where they have been for at least a second. And the longer a person remains motionless in one place, the longer that imprint remains there. Therefore, if you tune in to the place where that person was, you can "remove" any information about that person, not just about their state of health.

Later, I realised and proved in practice that it is possible to obtain any information about a person from their photograph, voice, or image, not only when you have seen or heard this person yourself, but also when this is done by another person who only had to think about it. However, for me, this issue has always had an ethical side to it. I considered such viewing possible only at the request of the person themselves, with rare exceptions. And such a rare exception, in my opinion, could only be a threat to my life, the life of my loved ones or someone else. In all other cases, a person has the right to privacy. For now, let us return to the sequence of events...

* * *

As a result of my experiments, I discovered the existence of telepathic transmission of information and even telepathic control over another person. Orthodox science completely rejected the existence of telepathy as such, denying its very existence. Based on my personal experience, I became convinced that telepathy is real. On the one hand, I understood the scepticism of orthodox science. Very often, people studying paranormal phenomena had nothing but enthusiasm. Very often, parapsychologists were psychologists and psychiatrists who had personally experienced or witnessed paranormal phenomena. But despite this, they remained blind, moving forward on a hunch.

For experiments with telepathy, they developed card tests based on statistics and probability theory, which in themselves are not flawless from the point of view of truth. Moreover, when the positive results exceeded probability, sceptics always found an "explanation" for these facts. It did not matter that they were wrong; what mattered was that there was no way to refute their arguments. Therefore, I decided to conduct a flawless experiment to prove the existence of telepathy. And I think I succeeded. I decided to put a person into a deep hypnotic sleep, where that person could only respond to my voice, but not to anything else. After putting the person in this state, I stood behind them, ten to fifteen metres away, and without moving or saying a word, I mentally ordered them to stand up and walk forward, avoiding all obstacles in their path. My eyes became the eyes of a person in a deep hypnotic trance.

My brain signals controlled the movement of this person's body, and at first my control over the other person's body was clumsy, the body moved jerkily and did not always obey. But over time, I learned to control the other person's body quite well. The feeling is comparable to learning to drive a car. You have to get used to the sensitivity of the accelerator and brake pedals so that the car doesn't jerk. It's the same with controlling another person's body — you have to find the right control signals. Once this task was accomplished, I "walked" the person according to the diagram I had been given on a piece of paper. I was given the task of leading a person between randomly placed chairs, taking them to the piano, putting them on the chair, opening the piano lid and making them play something. And I did it. The test subject, or rather the research subject, in a trance-like state, walked between the chairs, sat down and began to play...

This girl did not know how to play the piano (neither did I) before entering this state, and could not play after leaving it. She played a melody that was unfamiliar

known to any of the several professional musicians present at the experiment. The music was close to classical, something reminiscent of Beethoven's music. After coming out of the hypnotic trance, this girl had absolutely no memory of anything she had done. She only remembered closing her eyes and immediately opening them again. This experiment was conducted several times with the same result. What's more, in subsequent experiments, I didn't have to spend time learning how to control another person's body.

From the very beginning of my training and development of my abilities, I have always tried to prove to sceptics that the influence of one person on another exists and is real. It seemed to me that people were simply mistaken and needed only to be helped to open their eyes, to be introduced to an incredibly interesting world that holds the key to unlocking the secrets of nature. I almost always succeeded. The sceptic was forced to acknowledge the facts and... nothing changed. Many people said to me, "Prove it to me personally and then I'll believe it!" And I did. But as a result, nothing changed; these people continued to spread false ideas to others, the falsity of which they themselves could see for themselves.

It was difficult for me to understand why people who call themselves scientists are not interested in the truth! Personally, I found this strange. At first, I spent a lot of time and energy trying to prove to such people that I was right, but then I realised that many of them did not need the truth. It was even dangerous for them, because the truth could cost them their cushy jobs, their "scientific" reputation, etc. I have always been outraged by the fact that all these people, neither at school nor at university, required teachers and professors to prove to them personally the accuracy of certain statements. They absorbed everything blindly, without any objections. And they rejected real facts confirming my assumptions with the words: "Of course, it's interesting, but I would like to be convinced of this through my own experience." And I proved it based on their personal experience, but even their own experience did not change their positions.

Often, after I proved something to these people, they simply disappeared from my horizon and often denied knowing me. This dishonesty annoyed me, but nothing more. My task was not to obtain diplomas, but to learn the truth, first and foremost for myself. I was well aware that I had opposed almost everyone in science. This was because my results and understanding of the nature of things contradicted most of the prevailing ideas in science. But that didn't bother me; I had been stubborn since childhood, and it was simply impossible to make me change my beliefs with the phrase "it is so because it is so" just because some doctor of science or academician had said so.

* * *

I became convinced of the ignorance of some "scientists" during my second year of study. The thing is, as a boy, I used to invent various devices and machines. After my first year at university, I thought about the problem of laser beam divergence. During the summer holidays, I managed to solve this problem. Instead of dealing with the side effects that cause beam divergence, I decided to amplify these side effects, increase them and make them controllable. With this approach, I managed to solve the problem and achieve beam divergence. I made drawings of my laser machine and a number of other devices and... I brought them with me at the beginning of the lesson. I wanted to clarify some details, as I was not a laser specialist.

One day, I gathered my courage and went to the dean's office. I talked to the dean and asked him to invite someone from the quantum radiophysics department of our faculty. He did so, probably to get rid of me quickly — he invited one of the department staff, and I told him my idea and showed him the finished drawings. He listened to me for about ten minutes, looked at the drawings and said, "I don't know what's wrong here, but this is not right. This is all metaphysics." Something is wrong here — and that's all a

of the leading specialists in laser technology?! If it's not right, what is it and why? I didn't even think he understood anything.

I was upset, but not for long. I checked the calculations again, checked the physical concepts. I found no mistakes. I gathered my courage again and went to Professor Tretyakov during the holidays. Within a few minutes, I explained my idea to him, and he replied: "Young man, congratulations, you have discovered nonlinear optics, but unfortunately for you, it was recently discovered by the Japanese." "Metaphysics" turned out to be the discovery of nonlinear optics. It didn't matter much to me that someone had already made this discovery before me. What mattered to me was that my idea was correct and did not contain any fundamental errors. Besides, nonlinear optics was not the basis of my idea, but only an auxiliary element. However, Professor Tretyakov sensed the familiarity in my muttering amid the noise of change. Later, after the distribution among the departments, I found myself in the Department of Theoretical Radiophysics, which he headed at the time.

I would like to say a few kind words about this man. In my opinion, he was a true scholar. Unfortunately, I did not have the opportunity to talk to him often. He was very busy and was responsible for other students' coursework and dissertations. We had several conversations, including about my personal research on human abilities. He was not sceptical and was open to new things. Once, in a conversation about physics, he said something to me that I still remember: "Never get on the 'rails' of this or that theory. Their creators were not stupid and squeezed everything they could out of their ideas. If you don't want to collect the 'crumbs' of their ideas, always stay outside their ideas, not inside them. Only then will you be able to see their shortcomings and perhaps go further than them." I remembered these words forever, they completely resonated with my own ideas, and I subconsciously followed them always, even when I didn't realise it.

* * *

As I moved from course to course and passed exams with "A" or "B" grades, classical science never answered the questions I had in high school. From my third year at university, I began to search for the truth on my own. During my fourth and fifth years, I became personally convinced of the correctness of the path I had chosen. In less than three years, I managed to find answers to some questions that had excited me since childhood. I still didn't have the full picture, but I felt I was on the right track. I continued to search for the truth by exploring my own abilities.

Sometimes I have had to participate in blind experiments. In one of these blind experiments, I was asked to identify something unknown that was in the room. I began to scan with my hand and felt some kind of energy. I could feel the boundaries of the drops, etc. After a few minutes, they told me that I had accurately identified the magnetic lines of a small magnet placed under the seat of the sofa. So unexpectedly, I learned that I could sense magnetic fields, and therefore electromagnetic and electric fields. Before that, everyone thought that humans couldn't sense them, let alone distinguish the lines of force so clearly. More and more "pieces" of the mosaic were forming into a single picture, but I still wasn't fully "mature".

In the midst of all this, the time came to defend my thesis, so I put my research aside for a while and focused on my thesis. Most of my thesis was based on mathematical physics formulas, and I did not feel any sense of truth in the mathematical games of the mind. But I did what was required to defend my thesis. In my fifth year, I was offered the opportunity to defend my thesis in economics as well. The professors from the economics department saw a spark in my thinking about economics. When I realised that I would have to take several additional exams in subjects that we did not study according to our faculty's curriculum, I decided to decline. I was simply too lazy to

spend time studying and taking additional exams. In five years, we had to take about fifty exams and earn approximately the same number of credits. Sometimes I regret not accepting the offer and defending my thesis in economics.

In any case, I prepared my dissertation, passed the exam on scientific communism with an "excellent" grade, and received a "good" grade for my dissertation, although I don't think I prepared it any worse than the others. In our department, they couldn't give everyone an "excellent" grade, and the dean's office didn't like me very much. I caused them a lot of headaches with my pedantic questions, and everyone knew about my experiments and their results because I didn't hide anything from anyone and the whole university was "buzzing" about my results.

Yes, speaking of experiments, I would like to mention some phenomena that I encountered during my student years. As I wrote earlier, during my first year at university, I lived in a student dormitory, where I was assigned as a foreigner. After moving on to my second year, I decided to move into a flat, as life in the dormitory did not "resonate" with me. And although I achieved a certain degree of order – in the room for three where I lived, the lights were turned off at 11 p.m. – I still did not have the opportunity (or the right) to require everyone to observe the daily routine and keep quiet at least at night.

I rented a room from an elderly lady who had sore feet. She had ulcers on her feet that would not heal because of poor circulation. These ulcers caused her a lot of problems and were painful on top of everything else. Usually, people always talk about their ulcers, especially when they constantly prevent them from forgetting about their existence and remind them of the pain. But listening to them constantly was not my "goal" in life. That is why, after listening to such a wonderful and "informative" first-person account dozens of times, I was so "impressed" by the global nature of the problem that I decided not to look at what was happening outside. I remembered what I myself had always used for cuts and burns, which were not uncommon in my life as a boy. My mother would smear my "hero's" wounds with salicylic-zinc ointment, after which they would heal amazingly quickly.

So, "imbued" with the global nature of the problem, I remembered the miraculous ointment and suggested to my landlady that she try out all the possibilities of this ointment on herself. When the old woman learned that a jar of this ointment cost 5 kopecks, she expressed disbelief in its ability to work miracles. She told me that she had tried all the ointments prescribed by the doctor, and none of them could help her, even though many of them cost 3-5 roubles per jar. On the one hand, I wanted to help her, and on the other, I wanted to get rid of such "instructive" stories. So I suggested she try it, as it couldn't get any worse. No sooner said than done. In order not to put off such an important matter, I myself went on an "expedition" to the pharmacy. After visiting several pharmacies, I finally found this "miraculous" ointment. After a short application of this ointment, all the sores disappeared, much to my delight. In addition, her mobility returned.

The old woman even started shopping on her own, which was only to my advantage. After this incident, I began recommending this ointment to everyone as a miracle cure, but "for some reason" it did not have its "miraculous" effect. For some time, to my delight — not long, I couldn't understand what was happening. It was only a few years later, when I began my "metaphysical" research, that it became clear to me that the problem was not with the ointment, but with me. My unconscious (at that time) desire for the sores on this old woman's feet to heal and disappear was enough to charge the ointment with my energy with this programme. However, in my ignorance, I attributed this effect to the action of the ointment, not to myself. This misconception was due to the fact that in my own cases of using this ointment, there was a quick recovery. Simply, when my mother used this ointment on my "battle wounds" and told me that everything would heal quickly and be better than it was, I believed it, thought about it, and the "miracle" happened. Only

At that time, I did not associate this "miracle" with myself or with my mother's influence in any way. I only saw the result and attributed it to the ointment. How could I have known that nothing similar had happened to other users of the ointment! And since I didn't know that, I naturally attributed what was happening to me to the action of the ointment.

This example illustrates how a lack of complete information leads to incorrect conclusions and assumptions.

I was lucky that I was able to clarify the situation with the ointment's effect quite quickly and realise that it was not the ointment, but me, my thoughts about the restoration and healing of tissues, that transformed the ointment, turning it into a carrier of the healing programme. But at that time, I did not understand all this and was very pleased with the fact that the ointment had "cured" my hostess. After her recovery, I told her that sometimes a five-kopeck ointment helps, while a five-ruble one is useless. Price does not always determine effectiveness. I misled myself and others, not out of malice, but out of ignorance (this applies to the effectiveness of the ointment).

I was pleased with the "miraculous" cure for another reason. Before she got rid of her ulcers, buying and delivering food for my landlady was entirely on my shoulders, literally and figuratively. It wasn't very difficult for me, as I was already managing to get food for myself anyway. Sometimes I just had to buy something for her. And anyone who still remembers the Soviet era with its shortages and huge queues will understand me well.

My budget consisted of my scholarship, and although it was larger than that of most students at the time, who received a scholarship of forty roubles (increased to forty-five), in our radio physics faculty the usual scholarship was fifty-five roubles, and I also received an increased scholarship - a full sixty-three roubles in the initial courses, and in the upper courses - a full sixty-eight, I still could not afford to buy all my food on the black market. Due to the practical absence of meat in Soviet shops at the front entrance and the lack of goodies among the then "elite" - butchers and similar "comrades" who bought food through the "back entrance" — two or three times a month I bought meat, sunflower oil and everything necessary for making borscht at the Blagoveshchensky market in the glorious city of Kharkov. These commercial and monetary transactions caused quite serious damage to my financial situation. In any case, "socialist" budget planning bore fruit - I never found myself "without money".

Of course, my parents could have sent me money, but that was unacceptable to me. I considered myself an adult, a man, and I was convinced that it was not my parents who should help me, but I who should help them. And even though I couldn't help them financially at the time, I wasn't going to be a burden on them. To earn some money, after the first year I joined a student construction brigade. When I decided to leave the dormitory to find an apartment, I wanted to go and work part-time at the department, and only after quite intense discussions with my parents, especially my mother, did I agree not to do so, and for them to send me money for the flat, first 25 roubles, and later 30 roubles. This was a big compromise for me, as anyone who knew me even a little could confirm. Later, if I needed money, I worked part-time, initially using my skills in woodworking, metalworking, and later in healing.

4. Life is a good teacher.

Most of my patients during my student years did not pay me for treatment. Especially at the beginning of my medical practice. My patients were my acquaintances, acquaintances of acquaintances, and relatives of acquaintances. Usually, once I started working with someone in the family, almost everyone else in the family would also come to me with

their problems. I have always felt uncomfortable talking about money; I believed that people should offer as much as they could afford. I thought that everyone understood the value of a saved life or restored health and should appreciate what I had done and thank me according to their means. I thought this way, and it would have been right if people had evolved to such a level of consciousness, but... unfortunately, there were almost no such people. The few who understood this were the contingent of those who paid me for my work. And although I was sometimes offended by the way people behaved after they had received what they wanted from me, the question of payment for my treatment was always difficult for me. I just felt uncomfortable asking for money.

But the interesting thing is that the people who didn't pay me a penny were the most diligent. When they needed something from me, they didn't care whether I was tired or not, whether I had eaten anything that day or not, whether I had time or not. They needed something, and that was the most important thing for them. Nothing else interested or bothered them, and I was too embarrassed to refuse them. One day, however, it was precisely this kind of selfishness that helped me. At the request of a university lecturer whom I knew from my work at the Student Club, I went to her home. Her son had a high fever and was experiencing severe pain from gallstones. I crushed the stone into fine sand, then widened the bile ducts and expelled the entire mass into the duodenum. The young man felt something hot rushing into his intestines. A few days later, he had a fever because of the scratches that were caused, intentionally or unintentionally, by the fact that the sand from the crushed gallstone had sharp edges and scratched the walls of the bile ducts as it passed through them.

So, that day I was very tired – lots of activities, experiments, treatment, etc. At first, the experiments and treatment took a lot of energy, and afterwards I felt exhausted, even though I have always been able to handle heavy physical exertion quite easily. This does not mean that I have always been resilient and distinguished myself with "enviable" perseverance, which many people knew about, especially my relatives. Since childhood, I had no idea that I possessed unusual endurance. I discovered my unusual endurance quite by accident. Or rather, it was my father who discovered it. The story goes like this. Once, an elderly neighbour from Kislovodsk gave me a pair of three-kilogram dumbbells. They lay unused for several years until one summer, when I had nothing to do, I stumbled upon them and decided to do physical exercises to strengthen my body and spirit. As they say, God (which I personally strongly doubt) did not bless me with strength, like most men in the Levashov family, but I have never done physical development exercises. So I decided to make up for lost time during my summer holiday.

I didn't have to make any special "sacrifices" for this. I took these three-kilogram dumbbells and started doing a few exercises with them, one of which was to lift the dumbbells from my waist to my shoulders and then up until my arms were fully extended. On the first day, I did each exercise a hundred times without stopping, on the second day two hundred times, and so on. On the tenth day, I did each exercise a thousand times and for about the same amount of time as on the first day. In short, I got lazy about "swinging" dumbbells a thousand times and decided to ask my dad to find me something heavier. When I asked him about it, he called me a liar, saying that what I was saying was complete fantasy and that such a thing was simply impossible, and at the same time asked me not to tell anyone about it so as not to embarrass him.

I was very offended by his remark, as I was naturally very sensitive (I will tell you in confidence – just as I am now, but I have learned not to show my sensitivity). The reason for his reaction was based on the fact that he was convinced that even an adult man who constantly does heavy physical labour is not able to lift a regular hammer weighing half a kilogram even a hundred times! And then suddenly a boy claims that

he can lift three-kilogram weights a thousand times without stopping. Naturally, I took offence and asked him to prove to me that I hadn't made it up. To his credit, he gave me that opportunity, and I am grateful to him for that. I put him on the sofa and, with an offended look on my face, did my exercises a thousand times in front of him. After that, he apologised to me — the kid — for his offence.

Many years later, when I told him this story about my father, an acquaintance of mine in the United States in 1997 or 1998 also told me that such a thing was impossible. And that if he didn't know me personally, he would have bet money to prove the inaccuracy of such a claim. The thing is, he was a professional weightlifter and a master of sports in the USSR. And as a professional, he believed that such a thing was impossible. I asked him for a few days, took some eight-kilogram weights (about four kilograms) and after about two weeks, in front of his eyes, I lifted these weights a thousand and one hundred times in half an hour (the total weight was 17,600 kilograms or about nine tonnes).

I told this story not to show how "powerful" and "strong" I am, but to show that I inherited a very resilient body from my ancestors, which is not my doing. And so, despite all my endurance, on that memorable day I was exhausted to the limit. But despite this, I agreed to come and make a gallstone, which I have already written about. After that, I literally fell to my feet and only with an effort of will did I not allow myself to faint immediately. To this end, I went to the window and pretended to admire the view from the window. I really didn't want anyone to see me struggling with myself. But my "contemplative" observation of the "beauties" of nature in the backyard of the residential building was unexpectedly interrupted by a request to work with the landlady herself. I found it awkward to refuse and, gathering all my willpower, I began the treatment. The first few minutes were incredibly difficult, but at one point something happened, something switched in me and it became very easy. The exhaustion disappeared, my thoughts became clearer and clearer, and the treatment became easy.

I couldn't help but think that I had found a "second wind." But it was something else, a kind of breakthrough to another level of my abilities. After that, I felt very comfortable both during the examinations and during the treatment. This does not mean that I was not tired, but after this "breakthrough" I could tolerate a level of stress several orders of magnitude higher than before and not be so tired. The consumerist attitude of others towards me has only once in my life led to something positive for me.

* * *

It is actually quite interesting to observe people's reactions to what you do and how you do it. If you don't immediately bring up the subject of payment for your work, assuming that the person should bring it up themselves, many people come to the conclusion that either the treatment is "fun" for you, or it's worthless to you, or you're a fool. To me, this approach has always seemed strange, at least to me. Is it really a sign of stupidity or something else to sympathise with a person, to want to help them, to relieve them of their suffering and illness, and often to save their life, without putting money at the centre of the issue? Of course, I got moral satisfaction and joy when I helped people with my treatment, restoring their health and lives. This was especially strong when I managed to deal with a new problem, find a more effective method of treating a disease I was already familiar with, and so on.

When you create something and it turns out well, it always brings joy, and every creative person, every artist, feels the same way. Anyone can become an artist, of course, in their own way, if they put their soul into their work, overcome themselves, and achieve maximum dedication to the work they do. It doesn't matter what you do — what matters is how you do your work. I can't speak for everyone, but personally, I almost always felt joy from what I did. When I was a child, I loved working with wood, and as a boy I made stools, chairs, etc. Of course, my handicrafts were not "works of art," but nevertheless I felt joy from the fact that under my hands a rough board was "transformed" into something

useful, acquiring the smoothness of human skin, beautiful shapes, etc., when something formless is born and you are the creator of this "miracle".

Of course, I soon began to see the flaws in the "miracle" I had created. But that was later, and at the moment of completing the creation, I felt like I was in "heaven." And the more difficult the task or problem that had to be solved, the more joy such a victory over myself gave me. Even if someone else could have done it or had done it much better than me. It didn't matter to me, but it was important to overcome myself, to reach and sometimes exceed the "ceiling" of my abilities. To overcome myself, to create something that I myself had considered impossible - that gave me joy and even a certain amount of pride in myself. But unfortunately, this doesn't happen every day. And every achievement is preceded by hard work, searching for the optimal solution to the task at hand, whether it's a stool or restoring the planet's ozone layer, for example.

And once you have solved such a problem, repeating the same thing becomes routine, hard work. This does not mean that I did not feel joy at the fact that, for example, I got rid of a chronic ulcer after having already done so once for someone else. But honestly, the second, third, and so on times solving the same problem were not as exciting as the first time. Such achievements simply became mundane and were nothing more than hard work. The victories over myself and the problems I encountered in my work, although they were quite frequent, were not an everyday occurrence. And the surrounding reality, the daily cares and problems, surrounded me every moment. It turned out that I was surrounded not only by my own worries and problems (which were enough), but also by the problems and worries of many other people. And often I was the only one who could solve other people's problems, so their problems became mine.

Some people may say, "Big deal—anyone can wave their arms around! It depends on how you wave your arms. If it's just simple arm movements, then it's not really a big deal, but if you "wave" your arms with feeling, then it may not be so simple. The whole point is that if you "wave" your arms correctly, then with each movement of the arm along the body, the brain receives information about the state of the internal organs and systems of the human body, the brain analyses this information and develops an optimal strategy and tactics for solving the problem, and then an impact is made. With the next movement of the hand, the changes that have occurred after this impact are perceived, how the organs and systems of the body have reacted to this impact and what qualitative and quantitative changes have occurred. The brain analyses all this and makes the appropriate adjustments for the next therapeutic action in order to achieve the optimal result.

This is only from the point of view of the strategy and tactics of proper "waving". As for the ease of this "waving", I can only give one example of its effect on a person who is doing such "waving" for the first time. A few years after the events described, a person whose brain I had rearranged for the ability to perform such a "wave" (the qualitative rearrangement of the brain will be described below) attempted for the first time in his life to break up a stone in his kidneys. This effect lasted about five minutes, after which an adult, strong and healthy man slept for thirty hours without interruption. After he woke up from this sleep, the first thing he said to me when he called me was, "I can't imagine how you can do such a thing for many hours every day!" That is, in short, what can be said about the "simple" waving of the arms.

Of course, most people will not believe it or will pretend not to believe it until they "feel" it with their own hands. In fact, I have often been surprised by this reaction. For some reason, almost no one demands proof and understanding, for example, of how a television works before buying one. No one reads the theory of radio wave propagation

radio waves, etc. Everyone uses this device without proof of how it works, even though there is no explanation of the principle of operation, or rather there is the so-called four-pole theory, which states that there is a "black box" with two inputs and two outputs. At the same time, the quadripole can be transformed into a tripolar or dipolar. When two inputs or two outputs are connected together, the result is either a tripolar with one input and two outputs, or a tripolar with two inputs and one output. When two inputs and two outputs are connected to each other, a dipole is obtained. The instruments record what happens at the inputs and outputs, regardless of their configuration. And yet, no one explains what happens inside this "black box". And on it, as well as on the three whales, "stands" all radio equipment, including computers. And yet no one demands proof and explanation of the principle of operation. It is enough for everyone to receive practical confirmation of the effectiveness from the experience of others, rather than from a personal understanding of what is happening.

When it comes to treatment, for these same people, neither practical confirmation of the reality of what is happening nor an explanation of what is happening and of many of the things that traditional "science" has not even attempted to explain is sufficient. They demand personal confirmation, and even when they receive it, at best they silently withdraw, and in other cases they deny that such things ever happened to them or that they even know who you are. And sometimes they lie outright. And the strangest thing is that they often "foam at the mouth," literally and figuratively, defending "positions" that have been imposed on them without any evidence and which, "for some reason," they have not challenged and have not sought confirmation of their legitimacy. Such selectivity in their demands shows how brainwashed most people are and how thoroughly their minds have been "washed." And the most interesting thing is that people are often not interested in the fact that the facts and information provided to them are incredible and, in principle, impossible for modern "science."

Nevertheless, many people fanatically and blindly defend illusions that essentially turn them into slaves. What is more, the illusions that turn them into spiritual and physical slaves are imbued with a slave mentality.

* * *

As a student, I encountered manifestations of this kind of spiritual slavery, which turned people into bio-robots when they were unable to think for themselves and uttered memorised phrases and words whose meaning they did not even understand and could not explain. Such "discoveries" struck me to the core, and I tried to help these people wake up from such a dream, but what surprised me most was that many of them did not want to wake up and free themselves from spiritual slavery. Many of them were content with this kind of slavery, which guaranteed them a piece of bread and spared them personal worries and "unnecessary" headaches. When you see and understand all this, you cannot help but admire what a creature that was not so long ago a human being can sometimes become. After all, we are all born free in mind and body. It is simply amazing how spiritually and physically free children are gradually forced to accept deliberately false ideas, which day after day, drop by drop, turn free-born children into adult slaves.

At that time, I still did not understand who was doing such things and for what purpose. I thought it was an incredible misunderstanding. At that time, I could not imagine that anyone would do such a thing consciously. Ever since my childhood, I have had a certain amount of naivety, or rather a desire to see the good in people and their actions. One of the first lessons I learned about the nature of some people was when I started treating people. As I mentioned, I have always been uncomfortable bringing up the subject of money. I have always tried to find an explanation for why people do not bring up the subject of payment. One such "excuse" I found was the assumption that many people find it difficult to believe that what I do can not only cure them of their illness, but even alleviate their suffering. I assumed that if they gave an explanation for what was happening to them

and what they experience is through self-harm or psychotherapy, which only creates the illusion that they are getting rid of the problem. I believed that the problem was not with the people, but with their ignorance (which is partly true). Therefore, I thought that I should work until the problem disappeared completely, and then, after seeing the results, which are confirmed by available medical research, people would realise the reality of what was happening and then pay for my work according to their means.

The only curious thing was that no one refused my help; on the contrary, many even tried to get it. "Scepticism" only appeared when I finished the course of treatment and the person had to react in some way. Many people simply said "thank you," even though I expected more from them, and they understood that very well. I found an explanation for this, assuming that they simply did not have the money. Sometimes this was true, but very often I later learned that the people whose lives or health I had saved had bought cars and so on, and had bought them on the "black market" for the money they had, and they had "suddenly" found the money for it, and quite a lot of money at that time.

This left unpleasant traces in my soul, but I still had a burning desire to help people. And some people continued to give me special lessons in "gratitude" and "appreciation." When I saved a man from dying of cancer and when the doctors confirmed the incredible fact that he had been saved from certain death, and all of the man's relatives and friends were celebrating this fact, his wife called me back into the kitchen to talk to me. I assumed she would thank me for saving her husband. She took out a pair of Czech-made jeans and offered to buy them for me for two hundred and fifty roubles. She said they were going to bring her several pairs, and I could choose the jeans I liked and that fit me. I was under two metres tall, and clothing had always been a problem for me. I thanked her for the offer, but everything was a little small for me. I didn't show any sign that I knew the real prices of jeans. For the price she wanted to sell me the Czech jeans, you could buy the best American jeans on the black market, not the ones made "A la Odessa". Czech jeans could be bought on the same black market for a maximum of 120-150 roubles. The wife of the man whose life I saved, without paying me a penny for my labour, thinking I was a complete fool, tried to "fob me off" with Czech jeans at the price of American ones. She "decided" and tried to get an extra hundred roubles out of me.

Such human behaviour shook me to the core. I could not even imagine such sacrilege. After this incident, I never saw these people again, even though they later tried to contact me. The bitterness of disappointment in people settled in my soul, but not for long. These people's actions are their responsibility; other people are not responsible for them. Each person is responsible only for their own actions and only when they perform them. Therefore, I did not change my attitude towards people in general, but only towards those who deserve it. And again, with an open heart, I began to help people and continue to seek the truth.

* * *

As a student, I encountered for the first time an unusual phenomenon that everyone knows only from horror books and films - vampirism. In horror books and films, however, vampires drink human blood, but I had to deal with energy vampirism, or rather, vampirism of life force. I cannot say anything about bloodsuckers, perhaps they exist and not only in clinical cases (mental disorders). Personally, I have not yet had to deal with bloodsuckers. But I have encountered vampires of human life force. It is also interesting that the first case of vampirism I encountered was quite curious. <https://...>

When I was in my fifth year, one day the secretary of our faculty, who knew that I was a therapist, asked me for help. The case was very unusual, and I had never encountered anything like it before. She told me that something strange was happening to her and that this strange thing

Something only became apparent after a visit from her friend. A friend visited her at work and "suddenly" realised that she needed to have regular "heart-to-heart" talks with her. After a "heart-to-heart" female conversation about this and that for about thirty to forty minutes, this "friend" kindly said goodbye and continued with her work. Everything "interesting" started a little later, when our dean's secretary returned home. When she got home, this very energetic and healthy woman could only make it to her bed and, completely exhausted, fell into a deep sleep until morning. She usually felt great when she came home from work and was able to do everything that needed to be done around the house, and she always felt well and had never felt so exhausted.

When this happened for the first time, she did not associate her condition with her friend's visit. She attributed it to the approaching menopause. However, when it happened several times, she noticed that she only felt exhausted when her friend visited her. Once she was convinced that this was the case, she came to me for help. We agreed that she would call me at the department when her friend showed up again. When that happened, I went to the dean's office "on business" and when I arrived, I greeted the women. The dean's secretary introduced us to each other and I joined in the "small talk". While doing so, I scanned what was happening and soon discovered the presence of a suction tube running from the guest to the dean's secretary's solar plexus. As the conversation continued, I mentally interrupted and blocked this connection. After a few minutes, I bowed to everyone and returned to my chair.

The next day, the dean's secretary thanked me and told me that after visiting her friend, she was no longer tired. A day later, she told me that her friend wanted to meet me. I decided to meet this woman; I was curious to find out what she wanted from me. Anyway, we met, and she told me an interesting story. She had recently become interested in esotericism, in seeking spiritual development and a teacher. She had met a "guru" from Kharkov who promised to "open" the door to spiritual development for her. "For some reason," this door opened for him only in bed, in a very "spiritual" way. The young woman was quite attractive, and he personally "opened" the way to "spiritual" development for her, while informing her that if she wanted to stay alive, she had to find donors of life force for herself, otherwise she would have none of her own.

After a few days, she began to feel exhausted and tried to resist all this for a while, but without success. And in order not to die herself, she found a few people from whom she could periodically feed so that she would not die alone from exhaustion. She knew it was wrong, but she was young and really didn't want to die. So, when after our "acquaintance" she realised that she couldn't feed off anyone else, she decided to ask me for help to free her from this "gift" from the "high-ranking" guru.

I saw that she was truly a victim, that her actions were an act of desperation and fear of death, and that there was really no way for her to get rid of him. So, I decided to help her and "break" the remote energy connection with this "guru". I blocked her "guru" in the same way I had blocked him before. Everything worked well, and I met with her a few more times in this regard, as a precaution. But one time was enough to free her forever from her energy slavery. I hope she has not fallen into the traps of other "great gurus" again.

Much later, I understood the mechanisms of "black tantra", what it is and what it is used for by the "bearers of enlightenment", and then this case was my first, but unfortunately not my last encounter with energy vampirism, "black tantra" and various parasitic systems, which turned out to be more than real.

* * *

But all that is yet to come. For now, I have completed my fifth year at the Faculty of Radiophysics, in the Department of Theoretical Radiophysics, which was considered elite within our faculty. I was not the last to complete my studies, and I was among the first to eagerly await the distribution of assignments.

anticipating the assignment. Everyone had already heard that the military commission had sent twenty-five candidates from our course to the army. When they called my name and I entered the dean's office, where the assignment commission was meeting, no one asked me anything. The dean simply said, "Levashov to the army." I was not asked any questions, nor was my opinion sought. The request for twenty-five boys had to be fulfilled, and they did not want to send their own to the army and were not interested in my right to choose my own assignment.

In principle, I was stunned by this: even the last people in the queue for assignment were asked about their preferences, as I later found out. Someone just needed my place "urgently," that's all. Anyway, I received my "assignment" in the army. Everyone, including me, realised that after serving in the army, a scientific career was out of the question. No one would take the time to refresh the old material and catch up on the new. Of course, I was very upset, and who wouldn't be! I did not yet know that thanks to my assignment in the army, I would have the opportunity to make a discovery for myself (and not only) that would be a turning point in my life and would allow me in the future to create myself and penetrate many secrets of nature.

But all that was still to come, and in the meantime, after being assigned to the army, I began to go through the final formalities. At the district military unit, we were given our passports and officer cards, we all underwent a medical examination and were assigned to our posts. We were given officer salaries and allowances amounting to over five hundred roubles, and we all went on leave before starting our service. I went home and spent some time with my family and friends, and then I went to the Black Sea for ten days, to the town of Sudak, where the girl I was dating at the time had a summer internship. It was my first time on a seaside holiday, and the second time I had seen the Black (Russian) Sea, which was a little different near Sudak, at least in that the bottom was rocky and the water was crystal clear. Thanks to this, it was possible to observe fish and other sea creatures, which was very interesting for me.

It so happened that although we lived between the Caspian and Black Seas, closer than many people, we did not go to the seaside during our parents' holidays. It was expensive for the whole family, given the prices on the coast. Every summer, our whole family would go to the village, or rather to the Kundryuchenski farm, which is lost in the salty steppes, and we would spend our holidays among the "sea" steppes. And although there were many large lakes, and I had to be on the shore of a large body of water, the sea is still the sea. Waves, water to the horizon... I don't think I need to go on. As a teenager, I learned to swim quite well in these very lakes, I could swim long distances without stopping, the only thing I didn't like was swimming very fast. I loved lying on my back and swimming, swimming while looking at the sky, it just mesmerised me, but sooner or later the opposite shore of the lake turned out to be "unknown" and the illusion of boundlessness disappeared, which doesn't happen with the sea. Of course, I didn't "crash" into the Turkish coast of the Black Sea, but nevertheless, swimming far beyond the buoys, I felt the illusion of the boundlessness of the sea. Naturally, swimming in the sea turned out to be much easier, but diving was more difficult.

The water near Sudak was crystal clear, as I already mentioned, and this sometimes brought unexpected, unpleasant surprises. Once, I dived deep enough and stayed down longer than I should have, as a result of which I had to urgently "surface". At the same time, the surface of the water seemed very close — just reach out your hand and that's it, but you rise, rise, rise, and the surface is still nowhere to be seen. In short, I reached the surface and was able to breathe. In this very effective and vivid way, I "got acquainted" with the optical deception of seawater. But it was not these impressions, despite their novelty to me, that became the most memorable and interesting for me. I brought up these impressions to tell you about some interesting little discoveries, far from the charms of the

seaside resort. The fact that I could heal became known quite quickly to many people in the small town of Sudak. In one family, where I was invited as a guest, they asked me to scan a person. I quickly established the presence and location of an active ulcer and the location of scars from past ulcers, which surprised everyone.

But that wasn't what surprised me. Every time I started scanning or treating an ulcer, his wife would get a strong electric shock and start jumping around comically. It all looked very funny, and it was hard not to laugh when I saw her reaction. Only the norms of propriety prevented me from doing so, although it was not easy. The most interesting thing was that this woman's unusual reaction did not depend on the distance between us; somehow her body transformed the field of my influence into an electric discharge. I had to learn to isolate her from my influence. As I realised after this incident, anyone in close proximity to me was affected by my influence. I did not rule out the possibility of this happening, and quite often people wanted to stand next to me. I was usually surprised by such requests, and when I asked what it was for, they told me that standing next to me for ten or fifteen minutes was enough to protect me from insomnia for quite a long time, etc. But I did not see how my influence affected the person.

This unusual reaction, which was very visible, allowed me to observe my effects so clearly for the first time. All I had to do was activate myself a little, and the woman immediately began to get electrified and jump up and down as if she had sat or stepped on a button. This 100% feedback on my effects, which was very visible, allowed me to learn to control my fields more finely. I could affect one person, while a person half a metre away from me was not affected at all. And another little curious discovery I made in the town of Sudak. During my stay there, I saw a poster inviting people to attend psychic experiments. I had never been to such a show before and decided to go.

The artist, whose name I did not remember, demonstrated the usual hypnosis of tourists and offered to demonstrate his ability to read minds and find hidden things, something similar to what the famous Ulo Messing had once demonstrated. I decided to experiment with him in turn. If the spectator hid an object in one place, I would mentally hide it and create false targets, which he would find. In a sense, I still feel guilty for disrupting the performance. After several unsuccessful attempts to find the hidden object, I finally "discovered" it for him, and he managed to extricate himself from the awkward situation with some dignity. He just kept repeating how unusually difficult it had been for him to work with the audience that day. He decided to take revenge by offering to tell the exact day, month and year of birth of several volunteers. The artist invited volunteers from the audience to think about their birthday. And he tried to telepathically "read" this information from their brains.

I had already learned a little about the mechanisms of telepathy, so I played another little "prank." I blocked the volunteers' signals and began mentally sending him different numbers of days, months, and years. He was again confused by his complete lack of understanding of what was happening on stage. When I was convinced that my tactic was working, I stopped interfering and let him demonstrate his abilities after all. After the performance, I approached him and tried to explain the reasons for what was happening on stage. But he, as far as I could tell, did not even "understand" what I was saying. For me, however, what happened was important: I learned new aspects of my abilities and understood many new things.

5. The Red Army is the strongest

Ten days later, I returned to Mineralnye Vody and spent the rest of my early leave reading books, treating friends and acquaintances, etc. And so, in

early August 1984, I left for the Odessa Military District, to its headquarters. Naturally, I found the district administration building and on the appointed day, the morning after my arrival in Odessa, I showed up there and reported by the specified telephone number that Lieutenant Levashov had arrived for further service. I was instructed over the phone to sit in the lobby and wait for someone to come down and receive me. My service began with a little inconvenience, as I arrived for duty in my usual clothes, since the military unit did not issue us uniforms. So, when a staff lieutenant colonel appeared after about 10-15 minutes and started looking for someone without success, I decided to find out if he was looking for me. I approached him in an appropriate manner and asked him about it. He looked at my "civilian" clothes with surprise and confirmed my assumption. He simply hadn't expected me without a uniform and therefore hadn't even noticed my civilian appearance. Anyway, he offered me a choice of several destinations.

I didn't care where or how I would serve, especially since I didn't know where the military units he was talking about were located, and he offered to send me wherever he deemed necessary. He was probably surprised by my answer and sent me as a platoon commander to 44219. I received all the necessary documents and went to that unit, which turned out to be the military unit where we had undergone military training and taken the oath last summer. This unit was located on the Black Sea coast, not far from the city of Ilyichevsk, located on the commercial port of Odessa. Basically, it was a suburb of Odessa, where even trams went. They told me how to get to Ilyichevsk, where buses and taxis also travelled. At the bus stop, which was not far from the "world-famous" Odessa Privoz (for those who are not familiar with this landmark of Odessa, I should mention that it is a market), I was offered to be the fourth passenger in the taxi (four people shared the fare), I agreed and with a breeze (it was a very hot day) I reached the gates of the military town where my unit was located.

With my suitcase, I arrived at the headquarters of my unit and introduced myself to the unit commander. I introduced myself to the commander of my platoon and others.

Officers who were at headquarters at that moment. The company commander had recently graduated from our faculty a few years earlier. Besides him, there was a graduate from last year whom I knew personally, and Yuri Milenko, my fellow student, with whom I had studied in the same group until the fourth year (before the distribution among departments). Milenko arrived a day earlier than me and had already been assigned to combat duty, which was constantly carried out by several officers. To begin with, I was accommodated in the unit's cabin, where Yuri had already settled in. The officers were allowed to live outside the unit, and places in the officers' dormitory were expected soon, but I decided to find and rent a room, and Yuri decided to join me. We found a room in a residential building, if my memory serves me correctly, on Parkova Street, across the road from which the Black Sea could be seen two or three hundred metres away. It seemed to be a resort village! But that was only at first glance. The first evening we splashed around in the sea, but then, when we started work, we had less and less time and desire to splash around in the sea after work. The funny thing is that during the first two weeks, I joined the officer formation in civilian clothes. The warehouse simply did not have my size, and the situation was really comical.

During the morning and afternoon roll call, a man in civilian clothes (I was the tallest among the officers, warrant officers and soldiers) stood at the front of the line in the first row. Towards the end of the second week of this "circus", the unit commander lost his temper and ordered the ensign in charge of the warehouses to open the wartime warehouses and find at least something for me there. After the briefing with the ensign, we went to the warehouse, where, after a long search, we found a suitable field uniform. I signed for it and in the evening I began to sew on epaulettes and other insignia. The next day, I reported for duty for the first time in an officer's uniform and began to take command of my platoon.

Field uniforms are only available with boots, so I wore chrome boots, which I also found with great difficulty (by the way, I had a size 45 foot, which was very small for my height, fortunately for me). Those who have served in the army will understand well what it is like to wear boots with trousers in the August heat of the Black Sea coast. My feet felt like they were in a bathtub. All the other officers and ensigns who were "lucky" with their size "cooled off" in shoes. According to the regulations, I was not supposed to be in field uniform under normal conditions, so they sent me to the glorious city of Odessa, to a military tailor's shop, where they sewed my everyday and parade uniforms to fit my figure. I also found and bought regulation shoes and other accessories. About three weeks later, I picked up the uniform from the tailor's shop, and only then did I begin to "meet" the requirements of the position according to the regulations.

Some may ask, "Who cares about such nonsense? First, the two years in the army are also part of my life and biography. And second, many of the things that happened in the army during those two years are directly related to events, some of which became key in my life. And who knows, if I had ended up in some closed institution by assignment, whether my life would have developed in the same way or not, most likely not, or it would have taken a different path. And although it would have been a similar path of learning, I doubt it would have been the same. Perhaps with the alternative, I would have arrived at the same concepts and discoveries, but most likely much later. Fate did it differently, and I received my first gift where I least expected it.

* * *

After about a month of service, a flat became available in the officers' dormitory and Lieutenant Milenko moved there, but I refused, as I have never been a fan of dormitories, especially when there were three of us in one flat. So I rented a single room, which suited me fine. The landlady, an elderly woman, invited me in for tea. As she was retired, she missed human contact and wanted to have a "few" words with someone. Once over tea, word by word, the conversation turned to the unusual, and I told her the story of Wolf Messing, which I had read about in a magazine. I recounted the content of the article, including how he first learned of his abilities as a child. The article recounted how, as a boy, he boarded a train without a ticket and when the ticket inspector came on the train, he got scared and instead of a ticket, he handed him a packet of sweets, and the ticket inspector stamped it as a ticket and also said that with such a ticket he could not get on the upper shelf or under the shelf (I don't remember exactly), which surprised Wolf very much.

During the conversation, I must have subconsciously entered a state of influence, and as a result, something happened that surprised me. During this conversation, I moved my hands, to which my hostess reacted in the most unexpected way. She looked at me in surprise and asked, "Why did your slipper suddenly jump?" I looked at my slippers - they were where they had been before, i.e. on my feet. Another movement - and another exclamation from the lady: "...look, the other one jumped too!" I decided to do an experiment and immediately went to my room, where I cut several pieces of paper to a size close to that of money. I returned to the kitchen and, keeping my hands behind my back, said the following to the hostess: "I will take out a banknote from behind my back and you will be so kind as to tell me its value." She agreed, and I took out one of the banknotes and gave it to her, thinking it was a hundred roubles. Imagine my surprise when she calmly said, "I haven't held a hundred-rouble banknote in my hands for a long time." I was so surprised that I asked her if she was mistaken. The hostess looked at me with a smile, held the paper up to the lamp and said, "This is the first time I've held money in my hands. Look, there are watermarks and Lenin's face!"

Her answer shocked me even more, and I started pulling out other pieces of paper from behind my back and thinking to myself - ten, twenty-five, fifty roubles - and each time she told me exactly how much they were worth. I took out several pieces of paper from behind my back at once and told her that it was a wad of five thousand roubles, and asked her to check it. And again, as if nothing had happened

, she shuffled the papers in a completely serious and calm manner and told me that everything was correct and that there really were five thousand in the wad. She even asked me where I got such a large sum of money. Everything that was happening shocked me, but I did not stop with the experiment with the documents. I imagined that her television was becoming invisible, and she immediately said, "Look, the television has disappeared somewhere, and the vase of flowers that was on it is hanging in the air!" Then the wardrobe became transparent to her, and the things in it seemed to be hanging in the air. Under my influence, the walls of the house also became transparent, and then I decided to test another of my premonitions. I asked her to look at my hand and imagined that my hand was becoming transparent and that the bones and vessels of my hand were visible. Almost immediately, my hostess looked at my hand with eyes wide with amazement, even more so than at the sight of things flying in the air, and said: "Look - your hand has become transparent and I can see the bones and vessels!" It is also curious that the landlady of my apartment was not particularly educated or intelligent. And yet, under my influence, she saw and conveyed in detail things that she could not have known or thought of.

It was incredible, but it was a fact, and I realised that under my influence, a person could "see" the invisible with the naked eye. Now I had to test this discovery on other people and see if it could be repeated.

* * *

Several times a week, I had to conduct political training with the soldiers in my platoon. And once, after quickly presenting the necessary material for some "very" interesting plenum of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, I offered those who were interested to participate in an experiment. All my soldiers immediately woke up and looked at me with interest. I conducted the tests I already knew and selected the most sensitive soldiers. Then I tried to put them into a state similar to that in which my mistress saw the invisible, and found that not all of them could enter this state. But some did. My political lessons then became very popular among the soldiers, and many asked when I would do something "special" again. Usually, after a brief presentation of uninteresting material about party congresses, conferences, and their decisions, I moved on to my experiments, which everyone eagerly awaited (including me).

Soon, rumours of my "political lessons" spread among the soldiers, warrant officers and officers. And many asked me to show them something. Then, every evening, one officer or warrant officer would stay in the barracks to stop any unauthorised relations. Several times a month, I was on duty. The task was simple - to sit in Lenin's room and monitor compliance with the regulations. After the other officers and ensigns went home, a guard and the so-called leaders (I just told you about their duties) remained in the unit. In their free time before going home, the soldiers often gathered in groups and asked me to show them something. Over time, the "stars" of this original genre emerged among the soldiers, sergeants, ensigns and officers.

I came up with new experiments and immediately put them into practice. Using my skills and abilities to influence people, I never humiliated anyone or forced them to do anything offensive. That's why everyone agreed to participate in my experiments with great enthusiasm. It was always funny, but never offensive, and everyone without exception — the audience, the participants, and I — got a healthy dose of fun. In addition, my experiments brought some excitement to the daily lives of the soldiers and officers. I had to go on duty at the unit, first as an assistant and then as an officer on duty. Sometimes there were ten shifts a month, we were on duty at 6 p.m. and handed over to the next unit at 6 p.m. the following day. To be precise, the handover began at 6 p.m., and sometimes it took two hours to complete, after which we had to walk back to our quarters. During these daily shifts, we managed to sleep for four hours at best.

four hours at best. There was a bed for resting in the duty room, which was located behind a plywood partition. The assistant duty officer's rest time was during the night, and it was possible to rest at least a little.

The duty officer's break time was after morning dress, and he had to "rest" amid the hustle and bustle of headquarters, constant phone calls, and personal orders from the unit commander, chief of staff, and other senior officers. Those who have served and heard the unit commander demand his car from the fleet to headquarters, especially when he gave the order five minutes ago and the car is still not there, will understand me well. When everyone left the service, the assistant or duty officer was always in the duty room and "sat" on the phones. You sit and look at the phones and remember a joke about a Chukchi who sits and looks at the phone and says: "Phone-phone-phone, Chukchi wants to eat. " At night, the phones were completely "silent", sometimes only calls from the guardhouse or the units could be heard. But in the morning and until noon, the phones did not remain silent for a minute.

Once, during the "dead season," several officers and warrant officers approached me and asked me to show them my wonders. I called my "stars" from the units, selected those among the warrant officers and officers who reacted well, and began my "performance" in the frontline service of the unit. This time I decided to come up with something new. I created brick walls in front of them and asked them to walk through them, with the same result as if I had asked them to walk through real stone walls. I imagined cutting off my head and holding it under my arm. I created my doubles and sent them to the four corners. And I did many other things, both very funny and not so funny (removing my head).

When I later asked the participants in my "show" how they saw my actions, the answer surprised me. When I imagined cutting off my head, they saw everything in great detail. They saw how I separated my head from my body, how I took it under my arm, they saw blood flowing, they saw the eyes and lips of the "cut-off" head moving. This was a reality I had never imagined, and I was glad that no one went crazy from what they saw. But most often I did something funny: I "glued" my feet to the floor, my hands to the walls or to each other, created a company of my little doubles and ordered them to march on the table. I myself, the participants in the experiments, and simply the spectators were doubled over with laughter. Once I decided to "move" my assistants into the past, to the time of the dinosaurs. When their usual reality disappeared and they found themselves in the past of Earth, their reaction was unique. Especially when they saw the Tyrannosaurus Rex or T-Rex. Seeing and hearing the roar of the T-Rex, they reacted in different ways. Some quietly slid down the wall, some turned into motionless statues, some quietly moved away from the dinosaur and, once they reached a "safe" distance, began to "break" world records for short and long distance running at the same time.

All this and much more was incredibly funny, because all the participants in the "performance" were fully conscious, continued to think independently, had their own opinions, and acted within the realities I transported them to. All this was very interesting. Yes, by the way, I found some practical applications for these effects. For example, I discovered that my landlady had started "borrowing" money from me, sometimes ten roubles, sometimes twenty-five. She had obviously decided that I "had no money" and would not even notice ten or twenty-five roubles. I was obviously not happy with this "side effect" of my experiments with money and decided to put an end to this misunderstanding. I "simply" created an invisible wall at the entrance to my room for the landlady. After I did this, the "mysterious" disappearance of money stopped. After a while, the landlady expressed her dissatisfaction that she could not enter my room and "clean" it in my absence. I was not very happy with this kind of "care" and decided to find another flat to rent. With the help of my brother, who lived with me, I rented a two-room flat until the end of my service.

In between all this – serving customers, finding a flat, etc. – I continued with my experiments. One day, observing how different people reacted to my influence, I pondered the question: why does one person see everything I create, while another, even a very sensitive one, does not? After all, everyone has the same number of neurons, an identical brain structure, etc. The ability to see and react did not depend on education or mental abilities. So I set out to understand the reason for this phenomenon. I did something very simple: I put one person in an "active" state and compared their brain to the brain of a person who was not in that state. I compared... and found qualitative differences between the brain of the person in the active state and the brain of the person in the passive state.

The next logical step was the desire to create qualitative changes in the human brain in a passive state. The first attempt was successful, working on the principle of "image and likeness," much to the disappointment of believers, but not in the divine, but in the very human: after ten to fifteen minutes of creating a qualitatively new brain in a person in a passive state, I achieved the desired result. Both began to see identically and synchronously. Inspired by such luck, I had to make sure that what had happened was not a coincidence or some kind of psychic phenomenon. I tried again... and it worked again and again. The only difference was in the amount of time I had to spend transforming the brain of a particular person. Every person has different genetics, essence, education and upbringing, talents and qualities, so I needed different amounts of time and effort on my part to "bring" the brain of a particular person to the desired state of quality.

To make this process easier to understand, I often use the example of a mosaic. Each person has a different number of "mosaic fragments" needed for brain transformation. For a quality brain transformation within two or three minutes, a person must have at least ninety-five fragments of the mosaic out of the required hundred. Some people have only five fragments out of the hundred needed for a quality brain transformation, and I had to "add" the missing ninety-five fragments to achieve this transformation. When I did this, new qualities always appeared, and these new qualities were not illusory. After the brain transformation, for example, a person acquired the ability to see the internal organs of others. I discovered this in my first experiment with my landlady. And it was not just my suggestion. In this state, a person saw not just internal organs, but the internal organs of a specific person, with all the peculiarities and pathologies of that person, and not of someone in general.

This discovery became the key with which I began to discover the laws of nature one after another. But that would happen a little later, and at that time there was only the Beginning, and that Beginning with a capital letter, at least for me.

6. The Red Army. The end

Serving in the army as an officer in the electronic warfare forces was probably different from serving as a lieutenant in the motorised infantry or tank forces, but it was not a "piece of cake," as some people might think. I had to be on duty almost all the time, and even in the summer, although the Black Sea was just a few hundred metres outside the unit's fence, I didn't feel like swimming. Of course, I could have told the company that I had gone to the motor pool and arranged with the ensign on duty there that if anyone looked for me, they should tell the officer on duty that I had "just" gone on combat duty, and on combat duty... I don't need to continue, it's clear enough, and go swimming in the sea. But I had no desire to do so. Not because I was a fan of the service, but because it did not resonate with my soul. On my days off from service, I preferred to sleep well and do housework.

Yes, I moved from my first flat to another one, where I was my own boss. For the entire period of my service, I rented a flat that was much closer to my workplace and further away from the sea. Although this did not really matter, because I had neither the opportunity nor the desire to "escape" to the sea. The apartment had two rooms, which I did not need at all. But my brother Vladimir "helped" me when he flew to Odessa on business and visited me. He immediately looked for a flat and found me a two-room apartment and paid for it in advance, presenting me with a *fait accompli*. So I moved into an unfurnished two-room flat. I brought a bed and bed linen from my unit, bought some things for the kitchen, and my life was organised. Luckily, the owners of apartment had left a refrigerator and a kitchen table with chairs. I usually went to my apartment during my lunch break and at night if I wasn't on duty.

On rare weekends, I would go to Odessa, to the famous "Privoz" market, and buy everything I needed for my culinary experiments. These "experiments" were nothing special, but my salary allowed me to buy delicacies that I couldn't afford as a student. I can only say that the sausages from Privoz were simply wonderful. There was a large selection of sausages at Privoz, and I usually walked around and chose the ones that looked good to me. I usually tried the sausages I liked, and soon I knew which sausage maker had which sausages, and they already knew me. I bought meat, aromatic vegetable oil, country sour cream, in short, the picture is clear. As a student, I couldn't afford it. allow, but now I could afford a little pleasure. When I was a student, I saw how the vendors at the market chased away students who were walking among the rows and "trying" the merchants' goods. After "sampling" from ten or twelve vendors, the students tried to fill their empty stomachs this way, because in most cases they quickly "drained" their scholarship money and then looked for a way to "get" to the next one. So I really didn't want anyone to take me for such a "taster" when I was a student, or later on. If for some people such a thing was fun, for me it was humiliating. No matter how hungry I was, I considered it unacceptable to be humiliated in this way or even to have a hint of such a thing. I often went to the market in uniform, and no one would have thought that I wanted to "eat" the "poor" merchants. Now it's funny to remember my feelings and thoughts from that time, but that's how it was, and that's how I felt.

The life of an officer was not unbearably difficult for me, as young men who have been through the army say. Of course, I was an officer, not a soldier, but I don't think it's only important who you serve, but also how you serve. I have heard about the difficulties of service from both officers and soldiers. Of course, there was a lot of nonsense and stupidity in the army, but there was also a lot of what is really necessary and what really makes a boy a man. In our unit, there were officers who treated soldiers as a stepping stone for their careers. For example, the officer on duty or the assistant officer on duty, checking the guard duty according to the regulations, would every time announce an "alert", which meant that both the resting and the awake guard shifts would get up "in a flash", on command to attack the guarded object and move to that object. The soldiers did not respect such officers, and I sympathised with them on this issue. But that does not mean that I myself was complicit in any way, quite the contrary. I just tried to act fairly, as I myself realised.

When you spend seven to ten days a month on guard duty, you quickly learn many nuances of the job. As a "green" lieutenant, I would go to the guard room, pick up the guard room chief or the guard commander and a guard from the night shift, and go to check on the guards. When I approached the guarded sites, I almost always heard audible signals, the purpose of which I understood quite quickly. Those who remained in the guard room used these signals to warn the guards of the approaching inspector, and when I reached each guarded site, the guards reported to me in a cheerful voice that there were no incidents. I, and not only me, was simply and not without wit "led around by the nose". It was very witty, but the role of the "fool" did not suit me very well.

So I changed my tactics. Instead of running around the guarded sites in vain, when I reached the guardhouse, I went straight to the guard commander's office, where there was an electronic diagram of the guarded sites. It had lights, each of which lit up when the guard, circling the site along a given route, pressed the next button. Therefore, from the guard room, it was possible to observe the guard's movements around the guarded site.

So, knowing the distances between the points, I sat down in front of this diagram and watched the bulbs. If, after the time needed to move between two points on the sentry's route, plus the time needed to smoke a cigarette and add the speed of the "turtle," no other lamp lit up, I sounded the alarm. And the most interesting thing is that the soldiers never thought my actions were wrong. Very often, when I asked them to send me the poor sentry after the shift, the soldiers would say to me, "Lieutenant, you shouldn't do that, we'll manage on our own." I think that sentry didn't sleep at the appropriate time for rest and was cleaning the guard room with a mop. Sometimes the sergeants and soldiers in their second year of service would leave the barracks to go to the seaside or to visit their girlfriends. They would usually put their outer clothing on their bunk and cover it with a blanket. If you didn't walk between the bunks, you wouldn't notice such a change. The duty officer in the company always had a ready answer that a certain sergeant, petty officer or soldier had gone to relieve himself. Knowing where they had gone to relieve themselves, I gave the duty officer half an hour for the "reliever" to report his arrival in the duty room.

I knew that as soon as I left the company, a representative from the company would rush to the "relief" and interrupt the "relief" of the absent person, regardless of the degree of "relief". Then, after appearing in the duty room, the young man "caught" in unauthorised absence would come to me and I would determine his punishment for the offence, which most often consisted of washing the floors in the unit's headquarters. I never reported the incident to either the company commander or the unit commander because I had already punished the offence. The men I punished always thought that since I had "caught" them, the punishment was fair, and they always washed the floors themselves. Other officers sometimes acted differently in similar situations and reported to the unit commander. As a result, the entire unit stood on the parade ground for a good hour and a half, listening to the speeches of the unit commander, and as a result, the next out-of-line duties were very often given to those who were not responsible for the incident. During this time, the entire unit, including the officers and non-commissioned officers, stood at attention. I think the picture is clear...

During the so-called park day on Saturday, I gave the soldiers in my platoon a work plan for the day and set a condition that if they finished all the work before the appointed time, the rest of the time would be their personal time. The condition was only to check the quality of the work. This arrangement encouraged the soldiers to do their job well, motivating them to do everything quickly and efficiently, rather than "dragging their feet" and pretending to be busy, because usually, if they finished a job ahead of schedule, they would immediately find a new one. If they finished that one too, they would be given another one, even if it was meaningless work. In this way, the soldiers' initiative, desire and need to get things done quickly and efficiently were "killed".

There was one soldier in my platoon who was simply a troublemaker. He had military ingenuity, but in reverse. For example, when one of the posts was on combat duty, he decided to warm himself up in the heat of a diesel generator. According to the instructions, you cannot stay there for long while the diesel is running because of the high carbon monoxide content. So my "Turk" decided to sleep on the camouflage nets lying in the diesel room. And so as not to burn, he put on a gas mask. It would have seemed clever, if not for one small "but". A gas mask does not protect against carbon monoxide. If the ensign, the section chief and his direct

commander, had not happened to look into the diesel installation, the "clever" soldier would have been a "warm" corpse.

But the "adventures" of the brave soldier did not end there; he somehow inexplicably caused a fire in the station, which was on combat duty. Fortunately, the fire was quickly discovered and extinguished. As a platoon commander, I was financially responsible for my platoon's equipment, and together with the head of the affected section, I had to restore it after the fire. The station cost many millions, and one can only imagine what would have happened if the fire had not been extinguished in time. Some of the equipment damaged by the fire was written off due to wear and tear, but some of it had to be paid for out of my own pocket by me and the station chief. The "hero" received only a few extra shifts. After this incident, the grieving soldier was not allowed to work with the equipment. He was assigned to serve in the boiler room, where he distinguished himself again by nearly blowing up the barracks' heating boiler. He fell asleep again in the heat, and when it was discovered that the temperature in the boiler was in the red zone, a little more and... the boiler would have exploded along with the sleeping soldier. Fortunately, this soldier was completing his second year of service, and I did not have to observe his "inventiveness" during his second year of service.

* * *

My brother came to visit me several times and really liked Ilyichevsk and Odessa. This prompted him to quit his job and find work there, so the second room, as well as the entire flat I rented, were very useful to him, because I spent about seventy percent of my time on duty or at work, and the rest of the time I spent at work was mainly in the evenings and at night, when I preferred to rest. In fact, in the best case scenario, I, like all the other officers and ensigns who were not on duty, did not get home until eight o'clock in the evening or even later. After eating the dinner I had prepared, I did the necessary household chores, such as washing and ironing my uniform, cleaning my boots and shoes, because otherwise the unit commander would scold me for creased trousers or dust on my boots or shoes. Creased trousers meant that there were no clear "creases". In my spare time, I read a lot, and luckily a corporal from my platoon, who had previously served in East Germany, had a very good library. I also read a lot during night duty when I had to "sit" on the phones. Or rather, on the phones, ready to answer any call immediately, both on the unit's telephone exchange and on the external lines.

After ten o'clock in the evening, practically all the phones "went to sleep" until six in the morning. And the officer on duty or the assistant on duty, as I was during the first few months of my service, "guarded" the phones as they fell asleep. Reading books in such a situation was simply a salvation. But after a few hours of reading, regardless of the content of the book, my eyes would start to close on their own. Strong coffee or tea didn't help much either, and I had to put the books aside. To chase away sleep somehow, I had to go out onto the veranda of the headquarters to let the fresh sea breeze refresh my sleepy brain a little. This helped for a while, but as soon as I sat down at the duty desk and stared at the silent phones, the sleepiness returned very quickly, and there was nothing I could do about it. So the walk in the fresh air while checking on the duty roster was a lifesaver. After that, you feel refreshed for thirty to forty minutes, and then sleep quietly creeps up on you again. Fighting sleep was not a pleasant task. It was impossible to fall asleep, but sitting in the duty room at night, in complete silence, it was very difficult not to fall asleep, especially if you were on duty every day or every other day. If you managed to sleep for four hours during your shift, that was very good.

In fact, ever since I was a child, I have loved sleeping in complete silence, even with the television on.

The neighbouring room, with the sound turned down low, prevented me from falling asleep quickly. I also liked to sleep in a dark room; if light entered my eyes or even a sliver of light came through the closed door, I found it difficult to fall asleep. As a student, I "stuck" to the same habits. So it's easy to imagine how I perceived the situation when I had to rest behind a thin plywood partition, under the ringing of telephones and the "quiet" orders transmitted by the voice of the unit commander or other officers. I think the situation is clear...

I had to learn to rest under any conditions. Thanks to these "comfortable" conditions for rest, I learned to switch off from everything and everyone in almost any conditions. Regardless of the sound "accompaniment," the external lighting, and the position of my body, I could switch off for the necessary time and literally return to an active state in seconds. After prolonged "training," I could switch off while sitting on a chair in the duty room and immediately switch on at the sound of the door opening or any other sound that I considered worthy of attention. I got to the point where I didn't hear the ringing of phones or the rustling of voices, but woke up to the quiet ringing of the alarm clock. So, when life forces you to, you can get used to almost anything.

To a certain extent, I had prepared myself for this as a student when, while preparing for exams, I would switch off for ten minutes every fifty minutes, responding only to the sound of the alarm clock. This allowed me to quickly absorb vast amounts of information. Such student skills were useful to me and developed even further in the army. And I consider it a very positive asset. And so, the service was,

Although it was a little stressful, it wasn't a negative thing for me; in many ways, it was quite the opposite. The army, which in principle should have been the grave of my scientific career, actually did a lot for me. Of course, I didn't deal with wave process theory, as is customary in the classical school of theoretical physics. To my horror, the mathematical equations that theoretical physicists "play" with are more of a mind game than science in the full sense of the word. The postulates introduced into science remain forever blank spots that scientists ignore, forgetting that there is nothing behind them. So, after I joined the army, my scientific career in this particular field, which I was not interested in anyway, "died". But a chain of random and not entirely random events happened to me only because I was in the army. And that is why I am extremely grateful to the dean of my faculty for the fact that some of the swamp dwellers needed my place, and some of them did not want to go to the army, and only because of that did I end up in the army!

The large number of work tasks also had a positive side. By the end of 1984, I had almost two weeks off work! And I decided to use them for New Year's. My unit commander allowed me to use my leave and even gave me permission to go to another city. For those who are not familiar with army rules, I will explain the situation a little. An officer or warrant officer, even on their day off or on an official holiday, must be within reach of their superiors. An officer, even if going on a date with a girl, must inform where and how they can be found or where to call in case of an emergency. Of course, not everyone does this all the time, like when they go to Odessa for a few hours, but if someone starts looking for them and they can't be found quickly, that officer or warrant officer won't have a good time if something serious happens. An officer could be searched for even on his day off if there was an incident in his unit. So, after I officially received almost two weeks of leave, I couldn't just go wherever I wanted. So first I got the "green light" from the unit commander, and then I got the relevant documents from the office. After all, as an officer, I had an officer's card, and without such documents I could be stopped by any patrol and sent to the officers' cell. But I had these documents and didn't need to worry about that. Incidentally, during my service, not once did a military patrol check my documents, even though I "bumped" into the patrols and they bumped into me. But nevertheless...

* * *

After buying my plane ticket, I went to the airport in Odessa. There was a bus from Ilyichevsk, and knowing the schedule, I arrived at the bus stop with plenty of time to spare. But for some reason, the bus I needed didn't show up on time. At first, this didn't bother me much, but when there was less than an hour left before the plane took off, my holiday relaxation slowly began to "evaporate". With each passing minute, this relaxation disappeared more and more, and I decided to "catch" a taxi. I remember that I couldn't get a taxi for a long time, and when I finally got into the back seat of the car, there were thirty, thirty-five minutes left before the flight. Tickets before New Year's Eve have always been a problem, and I really didn't want to miss my flight. And although the distance from Ilyichevsk to Odessa airport was relatively short, I was still worried and really wanted to be on time for the flight. I even had a fleeting thought that it would be nice if the plane's departure was delayed. When I got to check-in, it turned out that the flight was delayed. At first, I was very happy about this turn of events, but when it turned out that the plane I needed had not yet arrived in Odessa due to weather conditions in Odessa and Kharkiv, my joy at the flight delay was replaced by irritation.

Sometimes it is interesting to rejoice and mourn over the same event, depending on whether you like it or not. In this case, I received a whole range of reactions to the same event. At first, it made me happy, and then it made me sad. When I was late for my flight, the only thing I wanted was for my flight to be delayed. And when I found out that my flight was delayed and why, I was very upset. Such is human nature...

The plane didn't leave without me, but it couldn't leave with me either. And that was the second "part" of the situation that didn't suit me. But, anyway, I had to "hang around" while waiting for my plane, and that prospect didn't suit me as well as it would have suited anyone else in a similar situation. With every passing minute of waiting, this "prospect" suited me less and less, and I began to think how nice it would be if the "damn" fog that covered the airport in Odessa with a continuous veil would dissipate and my plane could land and I think we all know what would have followed that "and". And

Imagine my surprise when, after fifteen to twenty minutes, the milky fog over Odessa Airport cleared and a sunny "thaw" set in. Something similar happened in Kharkiv, which I learned about later, of course. After the scheduled flight time, the flight from Kharkiv arrived in Odessa, and shortly afterwards announced boarding for my flight. I was quite pleased with this turn of events and the fact that I did not have to sit at the airport for a day or more waiting for the flight. I also thought about how lucky I was that this had happened.

After spending my extra holiday in Kharkiv, ten days later I found myself back at the airport, only this time in Kharkiv. That day I arrived at my flight on time, but nevertheless another disappointment awaited me. The planes weren't flying, the weather was bad in Kharkiv and in Sverdlovsk, from where the plane was flying to Odessa, with a stopover in Kharkiv, and in Odessa itself, where I was actually going to fly. In short, the situation was unimaginable. Once again, I was sitting in the airport lounge, and time was not flying. Who would want that? No one, including me. And naturally, I started thinking again about the clouds and fog that cause so many problems, forcing people to sit and wait for time to pass, both literally and figuratively. Of course, I really wanted my "crowing" not to last long. And again, to my great joy, a few hours later the weather cleared up and I flew to Odessa.

At first, I did not attribute this luck to myself in any way. I returned to my unit on time, without being late, and boasted about my luck. And very soon I had to seriously doubt that "Lady Luck" had accompanied me in these events. These doubts

appeared in me after one of the officers from my military unit returned from leave almost two weeks later than planned. He was late from his leave for one simple reason. Due to the thick, almost milky fog at Odessa airport, the weather had been unfavourable for flying for almost a month. During that month, the fog cleared only twice for a few hours. First, for three or four hours when I left Odessa, after which the fog again covered the ground with a thick blanket. And the second time when I returned from my holiday to the unit, after which the non-flying weather continued for another two weeks. It turned out that flying weather appeared for a few hours only when I had to fly. And I suspected that all this was not accidental and that I was probably the reason for my luck. Of course, the probability of something like this happening by chance exists, but it is negligible. And I suspected that probability theory had nothing to do with it. All that remained was to obtain new confirmation of my direct involvement in such phenomena in order to confirm or reject my assumption. After this incident, I began to carefully observe my desires and their consequences, and not only those related to the weather.

As for the weather, if I concentrated or wished hard enough, <http://> it would stop or start raining, clouds and little clouds would appear or disappear, all I had to do was visualise the process. Once I realised that my desire affected the weather, I tried not to interfere with it unnecessarily. But since then, I have almost never had to sit in airport lounges waiting for the weather to clear. On "my" flying days, there was always time to fly, even when there was no time to fly before or after "my" flying days. So very soon the possibility of "chance" in what was happening with time, at least for me, was removed from the "agenda". It was like in that fairy tale about Emel: "By the will of the pike, by my will. " .

I didn't have a magic pike, or I didn't know anything about it, just my "desire", which was enough for unconscious (at that time) control over the weather. And although, as the song says: "...nature has no bad weather, every weather is a blessing. " , I personally have never liked the tedious drizzle of cold rain when low leaden clouds hang over the ground for many days. For some reason, such "blessing" did not resonate with my soul. And although I understood the necessity of such weather, sometimes I could not bear the tedium of this "blessing" and organised for myself, and hopefully for everyone else, a periodic break from such "blessing", and so it happened that I organised this break on weekends and holidays, especially if I had an event planned and had to be outdoors.

* * *

But all that happened later, and for now I am still in the army and my discoveries of a new, unusually beautiful world are still continuing. My brother not only took care of for an apartment for myself, as I mentioned earlier, but also "informed" the local population that I could heal people. In my unit, many people knew not only about my ability to influence people, which many were convinced of not only as spectators, but also about my ability to heal. Many soldiers, officers and ensigns turned to me for help. I tried to help them as much as possible. With the light touch of my brother, who always had a talent for establishing contact with almost anyone very quickly, the residents of Ilychevsk began to come to me with requests for treatment. And so, after evening service, if I was not on duty, civilians, as the military like to say, would come to me. My brother would describe to people in very colourful terms what I could do and often asked me to prove to these people that he was not lying and that everything he said was true. Many times I asked him not to create such "advertisements" for me, so that I wouldn't have to prove to anyone that I wasn't a fraud and that he wasn't a liar. But he was incorrigible in this regard. He told people not only that I could heal, but also about my other "oddities". And there is a very funny story related to this.

One day he told his friends that I could stick needles under my fingernails without even

dilating my pupils. And, of course, they didn't believe him, so he asked me to prove to them that he wasn't lying. He really wanted me to do it, saying that it was very important to him, otherwise these people wouldn't take him seriously, and he needed the opposite for his work. Anyway, he convinced me to do it. But before I continue describing my demonstration, I would like to clarify the situation with the needles that are stuck under the fingernails.

As a boy, I was shocked by a film about Kamo, the "fiery" revolutionary of the "Great" "Russian" Revolution. In the film, Kamo pretended to be mad in order to avoid prison and hard labour. The doctor who conducted the medical examination to determine whether he was insane stuck a needle in his back and observed his reaction. Kamo showed no signs of feeling pain and continued to talk to his tame sparrow as if nothing had happened. The only thing that gave him away was that his pupils dilated with each prick of the needle. The doctor who saw this was so shocked by Kamo's willpower and determination that he confirmed the diagnosis of insanity that Kamo had feigned. After watching the film, I was very impressed by the story and thought to myself, "Would I be able to endure the pain and not show it? Of course, I didn't want to disfigure myself in a test of my own fortitude. Until then, I had been through a lot of trouble and didn't seem to show any weakness of spirit, but I didn't know how strong my "spirit" was. So it would be easiest to try something similar to what was mentioned in the film.

But it was a bit tricky to insert the needle into the nerve nodes on my back, and it was only possible with someone else's help. And I didn't want to do it! What if my "spirit" wavered and others found out? So I immediately ruled out the possibility of outside help. I didn't want to be a laughing stock. So I had to rely only on myself.

And then I remembered that the most nerve endings are under the fingernails and in the eyes. I didn't want to pierce my eyes, so I chose my fingernails. I also remembered that one of the most refined forms of torture is to stick needles under a person's fingernails. This fact solved the dilemma. By sticking needles under my fingernails, I could achieve the desired result. I could test the strength of my "spirit" and not cause myself serious bodily harm. At the same time, I could do it myself and watch my pupils in the mirror - would they dilate or not when I stuck the needle under my fingernail? Choosing a suitable moment when no one was at home, I began to experiment with my "strength" with some excitement. I took the needle, disinfected it with cologne so as not to accidentally get an infection under my fingernails, and, staring at myself in the mirror, I stuck the needle right to the base of the nail. It seemed to

it worked, but I wanted to make sure my pupils wouldn't dilate. Now confident that I could do it properly, I asked my brother to be an independent observer and repeated the experiment in his presence. He confirmed that my pupils had not dilated during the process. That was exactly what I needed.

I won't say that when I put needles under my fingernails, I didn't feel any pain; there was pain. In fact, I've always been very sensitive, but during these experiments, I didn't let the pain "take over" my will, and I even tried to smile. I succeeded and was pleased with my results. I didn't want to show off to others; I didn't need cheap authority. I wanted to test myself for myself, and I succeeded. The only one who knew about it was my brother. And so, ten or twelve years after my experiment, my brother mentioned it and was declared a liar. One day after my service, my brother and I went up to these people with needles and cologne. The upcoming observers advised me not to do anything "stupid," but I decided to show them the "trick" anyway. I stuck a few needles under the nails of my left hand in front of them (I am right-handed) with a smile and a request to look at my pupils. When I did this, one of the spectators said that it was an illusion and that there were no needles under my fingernails, that I had simply created an illusion and that she had already heard about this from other people and that I shouldn't take everyone for fools!

I responded by suggesting that she check for herself and remove the needles with which I had "forced" them. This woman, absolutely confident in her righteousness, calmly approached me, grabbed the needle and tried to pull it out. And then the unexpected happened. When she realised that the needles were real and that I had actually stuck them under her fingernails, she fell into a deep faint and I had to revive her. Unfortunately, the story with the needles and my brother did not end there. A few years later, in the winter of 1991, it had an unexpected continuation when I came to visit my relatives in Min-Vody.

At that time, my brother was working at the local architectural office and once boasted to the local KGB officers that I could stick needles under my fingernails without my pupils dilating. They accused him of lying again, and he started persuading me to prove the opposite, because otherwise everyone would laugh at him. It turned out that I had been invited to a racehorse auction by the director of the stud farm in Tersky, and the infidels from the committee would also be there. There were many foreigners at the auction and, of course, there were also committee members among the "audience". I promised my brother that if we saw these people, I would demonstrate to them what I wanted to see. We met them, and my brother introduced me to them as "the one" who calmly sticks needles under their fingernails. They began to say that they believed it and that no demonstration was necessary, but I saw in their eyes that this was not the case. I demonstrated before their very eyes how I stuck needles under my fingernails and asked them to watch my pupils.

This time no one fainted, but afterwards I told my brother that I would not do it again and that if he wanted to boast about something, he should boast about something he could do himself, otherwise next time he would prick himself. It wasn't that it was difficult for me to do, I just thought that such actions were completely unnecessary because I was doing it for myself, to test the will and strength of my "spirit," not to impress anyone.

* * *

And now I will return to my life in the army for one simple reason: my research and discoveries of the unknown to me, and as I later realised, not only to me, were of enormous importance for understanding nature. From time to time, conducting my "demonstrations" for the sceptical officers and warrant officers of my unit, who had not seen this for themselves but had only heard about it from others, I tried out different ways of influencing people, studied how the human brain reacted to my influence, and came up with new and new ways of brain restructuring. There were many soldiers, ensigns, and officers who wanted to try it. My "performances" brought some excitement to the daily routine of the service, and the charge of good laughter was always welcome. I "threw" my volunteers into the past and present and asked them to convey their feelings during such movements.

One day during a training exercise, when my platoon and I had moved to our designated positions and my posts were deployed for combat, I had an idea that I decided to test after the lunch break. In field conditions, my platoon set up posts near a forest belt, and I decided to find out how plants react to people and their behaviour. I asked the smokers for lighters and asked my volunteer assistants to observe what was happening. I lit a leaf on a tree with a lighter. The tree reacted to my action by changing its "aura" from bluish-green to deep red. Most likely, this was the tree's way of "screaming" in pain. And this "cry" of pain was heard by other trees in the forest belt. Or perhaps this was the tree's way of warning the other trees that I was causing it pain. Because as soon as I approached other trees, where I had not even thought of burning the leaves, their "aura" changed in the same way as it did with the tree where I had burned a leaf.

When I asked the others to approach the trees, none of them changed their "aura," but only when I tried to approach them. The tree remembered me very well.

well and could distinguish me from any other person. Not only did it remember me, but it also "transmitted" my data to the other trees in its own language, thanks to which all the other trees in this forest belt received the characteristics of a "particularly" dangerous "criminal". That's pretty good for a brainless plant, isn't it? Plant organisms have their own sensory organs, they feel pain, joy, sadness and many other things that we are used to considering inherent qualities and abilities. They have their own consciousness, different from ours, and they also do not want to die, just as many people fear death. That is why I recommend not harming plants unless necessary. My discoveries have allowed me to look at the natural world around us in a completely different way. Every living thing, plant or animal, has different levels of consciousness and a whole spectrum of senses that we humans had no idea about, considering ourselves and our abilities to be the crown of nature's creation, without understanding even a fraction of that nature, including our own nature.

In between these discoveries, my service went on as usual. After work, I treated people, and towards the end of my military "career," a member of the faculty where I had studied before the army approached me, knowing that I could treat people and that I had already had success in treating patients with stage IV cancer. She asked me to help her neighbour, who had already been discharged home to die and had been given no more than a month to live. She felt sorry for his two children and sought me out through acquaintances. I agreed to see this man, and when he came to me, he could no longer walk on his own and had to be supported by two people.

Spring 1986 was approaching, and I had a few months left before I was discharged. The next inspection was approaching, which always brought extra hustle and bustle to our military unit, as it did to every other unit. Sometimes I had to return from duty after ten o'clock in the evening, so I had to work with him during my lunch break. However, the intensive work with this man paid off, and after four months he returned home completely healthy. He travelled alone and carried his own luggage, which he told me about when he returned home. I managed to destroy his cancerous tumour along with the metastases, but he was still quite weak.

I mention this not because he had cancer, but because this man's story has an unexpected continuation. I will tell you about it when the story unfolds.

* * *

During the last inspection before my dismissal, something funny happened. The commander of our unit decided to form two units of officers and warrant officers who would take turns. And I was "lucky" enough to be on duty in the unit every other day. Everything would have been fine if I could have rested at least a little after the shift change, but since I was still a platoon commander and responsible for its readiness for training, after the shift change I often went not home, but to the location of my company and platoon. Those who have served in the army know what madness reigns in the units during inspections, when at any minute the inspectors can announce a combat exercise and the start of training. So even after my shift, I sometimes didn't get home until after midnight, only to be back at the unit in the morning and on duty again in the afternoon. Let me remind you that the duty officer's break is from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. During the inspection, it is not possible for the officer on duty to rest at the designated time.

After several such duties, only with sheer willpower can a person refrain from immediately quitting. During the handover of duty at the unit, the old officer on duty hands over his service weapon and at the same time has to dismantle his pistol and test the trigger, pointing the barrel at the floor or ceiling at a 45-degree angle, as required by the instructions. While I was preparing my weapon to hand it over to the new officer on duty, one of the officers interrupted me with a

question. After answering the question, I returned to my interrupted examination. And since I had in mind what I wanted to do before I was distracted by the question, I returned to the interrupted lesson, pulled the slide of my pistol, pointed it at the floor, and pulled the trigger. and pulled the trigger. The shot ricocheted off the floor and lodged in the ceiling. A deathly silence fell over the headquarters. The frightened unit commander jumped out of his office. At first, he and many others thought that someone had shot someone else or committed suicide.

I looked at my gun in bewilderment and couldn't understand how the bullet could have been in the barrel when I had removed the magazine! The imperfect action in my head had come true. This time everything ended well, no one was hurt, only the new officer on duty was very frightened, even though the bullet fell on the floor between my feet. I was reprimanded for careless handling of the weapon, and that was the end of the matter. I was lucky that I had even checked my weapon according to the instructions, otherwise in such a situation, when there were many people in the duty room, someone could have been seriously injured by a stray bullet.

In May, I received my next military rank, becoming a senior lieutenant. The commander of the unit and an officer from the district administration suggested that I consider staying in the military, and I promised to think about it, but this was more a gesture of politeness than a reflection of my inner feelings. After a while, I was discharged from the reserve and left for Kharkiv.

7. The miracles continue

Strange as it may seem, it was precisely this unexpected turn of fate, when instead of ending up in a research institute I ended up in the army, that allowed me to make a huge breakthrough in my understanding of nature and myself, of my abilities. Who knows what would have happened if I hadn't ended up in the army by chance, or rather by the will of the dean of our faculty. Would I ever have "stumbled upon" a person as susceptible to my influence as my landlady turned out to be? Maybe yes, maybe no. Thanks to the time I spent in the army, I was able to find ways to qualitatively change the human brain, to create new senses that nature did not create, and much more. And although I thought that being sent to the army would be the end of my scientific career, in fact, thanks to it, my scientific career had only just begun. In the army, I discovered the path to true knowledge of nature.

When I returned to Kharkiv, I accepted an offer from a man I knew before the army and got a job in his department. My new workplace was the All-Union Scientific Research Institute of Technical Aesthetics (VNITE), Department of "Functional State of Man". There, I studied the functional state of people in various stressful situations at work, measuring biopotentials at biologically active points using a specific methodology. Initially, I worked as an engineer, and then as a junior researcher. My new job was in the Stateprom building, next to the Kharkiv University building on Dzerzhinsky Square. I quickly re-established contact with all my friends and people who were interested in my research when I was a student. Working at the institute gave me a lot of freedom to do my own research. I conducted new experiments, trying to understand more about the nature of what was happening.

One day, shortly after I was discharged from the army, I was invited to visit my former classmates, a married couple with whom I had studied in the same group until my fourth year, when we were assigned to different departments. One thing led to another, and the conversation turned to my experiments and research, which they had heard about from others. And as usually happens, the question arose as to whether I could show them something. I tried it, and my former classmate reacted wonderfully to my presentation. I made some adjustments to her brain and

she began to see money instead of paper, her husband's internal organs, etc. I decided to conduct a new experiment. I created nine doubles of myself and asked her to determine where my true self was. The idea for such an experiment was inspired by Russian fairy tales, in one of which Ivan Tsarevich, if my memory serves me correctly, had to guess which of the ten Vasilisa the Beautiful was the real one. But when my former classmate saw ten copies of me, she was clearly frightened and refused to determine which one was real, for one simple reason: according to her, I couldn't possibly be ten copies!

It was a funny situation. But I really wanted to understand how a person feels when they touch the double I had created. Was it just a hologram, or something more? To get an answer to this question, I had to do some tricks. I removed eight of my doubles and... made myself invisible to her as well. By that time, I already understood how vision worked and "simply" created a state of invisibility around myself. After all these manipulations, only one of my doubles remained in front of the young woman, who was unaware of my "little" tricks. So, for her, I was once again a "single" copy, which was consistent with her perception of reality. My voice was also heard from the position of my visible double, and I asked her if everything was all right and if she was afraid to pat me on the shoulder.

She replied that everything was fine and that she had known me for more than a day, and calmly approached my double and patted him on the shoulder, as if it were my real shoulder, on the same level as my real shoulder. In doing so, she was completely sure that it was me. You should have seen the jaw drop of her husband, as I mentioned, also a former student of mine, when his wife, fully conscious and sane, walked past my real double and patted the shoulder of the "empty space". It took a tremendous effort not to burst out laughing at the sight of him. I had not managed to find out everything I wanted to know in this experiment. My former classmate's fear of my doubles prevented me from doing so, but nevertheless, with the help of my cunning, I managed to understand that a person brought into a certain qualitative state of consciousness not only sees other planes of reality, but also perceives these planes as clearly as the physical, dense reality familiar to most people. It is curious that the participant in my experiment was absolutely sure that it was me she was patting on the shoulder. Her senses — sight, hearing, touch, and probably all the other senses — confirmed with absolute certainty that she was patting a real, physically dense person on the shoulder. I had not even expected such a result from my experiment. My research into nature continued to surprise me, and this was not the last surprise.

* * *

I also continued to treat people. In particular, the story of a cancer patient whom I had pulled out of the grave while still serving in the army had an unexpected continuation. The summer of 1986 was the first summer after the Chernobyl accident, and the sun that summer was very "evil." My patient decided to sunbathe, and... his lymph nodes started a revolution. He was still very weak after his illness and sought me out again, asking for help with a new problem. I pulled him out again. In January 1987, he sought me out again through acquaintances, and we met. This time he underwent another medical examination, which showed that he was healthy. I was pleased with the result of my work, but events took an unexpected turn. This man told me that there was nothing wrong with him, which was confirmed by medical tests, which meant that he had nothing wrong with him.

Then I reminded him of the medical reports he had brought me the first time, and the reports on his lymphoma that he had brought me the second time, and that all this medical data had been provided to me by him, from the hospitals where he had been treated. But no logic had any effect on him. He continued to insist that there was nothing wrong with him and that I had done nothing for him. And he asked me to return the money he had paid me for the treatment. When he said that, everything became clear to me. This man had decided to take his life back and

his health from me and get back the money he had paid for it. I was very surprised and angry at such behaviour and such arrogance. I told him I would give him his money back, but on one condition. If there was nothing wrong with him, if he did not have terminal cancer and I had not "removed" anything from him, I would return his money and nothing would happen. But if he really had all the things I was working with, then I would return his money and he would get everything back. I repeated my conditions several times, thinking that no sane person could claim what he was saying. But he stubbornly kept repeating: I had nothing, and you didn't take anything away from me. Obviously, this man, having assured himself that he was sane, could not even imagine that he might disappear somewhere.

I met him once more, gave him the money and said the following: "If you had nothing, nothing will happen to you, but if you had the illnesses I worked on, exactly one year after this day they will return to you in the state they would have been in if it weren't for my work." I suggested that he think it over once more, but the man continued to insist on his position. I gave him the money and forgot about him. I told this story to a woman from the Department of Radiophysics who had asked me to help him. She apologised for the fact that he had turned out to be such a swindler and a despicable person. I was saddened not by the fact that I had to return his money, but by the fact that I had spent so much time and effort on such a dishonourable person. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before in my practice; sometimes people didn't pay, sometimes they said that my treatment hadn't "helped" them, and then it turned out that they were just lying so they wouldn't have to pay for my work. But for the first time in my practice, someone said that there was nothing wrong with them and that I hadn't removed anything from them.

Observing people's behaviour, I realised one thing about myself: not everyone who wants help deserves it, and not everyone should receive it! My subsequent life experience fully confirmed the correctness of my conclusion. And the story with this man ended as follows. When, a year later, I happened to meet the same employee-neighbour with the "tail," she said to me: "I am one of the people who do this: "Did you know that my unfortunate neighbour was healthy exactly one year from that day, but when he woke up the next morning, he could no longer move on his own, and by the evening of the same day, he had passed away." All the things he "never" had and that I "never" took back to him in one night! I don't know what this man was thinking on the last day of his life, perhaps he regretted his greed and meanness, but I think he remembered my words well, especially since they were spoken in the presence of several witnesses, including his wife's brother. His meanness and greed were punished, and I did not regret what happened to this man, believing that he got what he deserved. There was only one thing that surprised me about him. I had no idea that what I had said would come true, day after day, just as I had said. It turned out that what I said had real power, and I wondered if I should be more careful about what I said and how I said it. What happened was another unexpected discovery for me...

The incident with this man did not change my attitude towards people in general, but I just realised that people are very different and not all of them are good people.

* * *

I continued my work at the institute. There were several professional psychologists in our department, and many of them showed great interest in my experiments and research. Some of them even became my associates, with whom I shared my new discoveries and thoughts. Everyone in the department knew that I could treat patients and conduct my own research. As long as it did not interfere with my work in any way, no one had any objections; besides, I did all my work after hours, in my free time. In principle, almost no one was interested in what I did after work; the main thing for them was that I did everything that was required of me in my job. The head of my group, whom I had known since my student days and who was very interested in my experiences and abilities, once told me that a man who was himself a healer and who wanted to meet me before

He said he had a group he was working with and that he often invited interesting people to his classes.

This man called me at work and we agreed to meet at his flat. The man's name was Yuri Yurievich, he was short and at that time he was about forty years old. When I arrived at his flat at the agreed time, his group had already gathered. They were young people, men and women under thirty, no older. Yuri, as he suggested I call him, invited me to tell them about my experience. I told them about the methods of influencing people that I had discovered and how I had learned to rearrange another person's brain, which opened up fundamentally new possibilities, such as the ability to see a person's internal organs, to travel into the past, present and future, and so on. My story aroused great interest in these people because none of them could do it, including their teacher. The question immediately arose as to whether they too could undergo such a brain transformation. I saw no reason why they couldn't, and I offered to test those who wanted to do so to see if they were ready for such a transformation. Several people had excellent responses, and after testing, I had their brains transformed. Probably everyone doubted the veracity of what I had said, but when the first person who underwent my transformation "suddenly" began to see the internal organs of others and accurately described the health problems of the rest, everyone present literally went crazy. Like little children, they all began to beg me to do the same to their brains. Several people had gone through this, and each of them had begun to see the internal organs of others. Anyway, these people asked me to come back, and a few days later I returned to Yuri's flat. I must admit that he was a hospitable host and an excellent cook (I later learned that he was a professional chef).

After the tea party with the cake I had brought with me, everyone went from the kitchen to the room where large paintings of the starry sky hung on the walls. The entire decoration of the apartment was done in a spirit of mystery and intrigue. This time, more people came who had already heard about the reprogramming of my brain from the first "victims". Once again, I reprogrammed the brains of several people. For some people, the restructuring happened very quickly, literally in a few minutes, while for others it took half an hour. Anyway, several people went through the transformation and felt great. As a result of all this, my "popularity" among these people grew rapidly, which did not please Yuri at all, as he did not want to lose his authority. He said that all this was very interesting, but he and his group had learned to leave their physical bodies and travel in space. That when they left their bodies, they saw many holographic messages from other civilisations, and when they returned to their bodies, they sketched these messages and had already collected a large collection of them.

I, who have a habit of analysing everything at once, expressed my opinion about it. I said that this method has several significant drawbacks. The first of them is passivity. The essence, located outside the body, is passive, it cannot perform any active actions, but only observes. Second, the scope of the essence's exit is limited by the capabilities of the thread connecting the physical body of the person with their essence. Third, there is a possibility of damage to the human brain during the entry and exit of the essence from the physical body. And finally, fourth, there is a possibility of damage to the thread connecting the physical body and the essence due to external causes, which will immediately lead to death. And that it would be right to go out into space in full consciousness, when the essence has complete control over the capabilities of its physical body and actions can be active rather than passive.

The teacher responded to my speech with the words: "It's good to say what's better - what's worse, to do something similar and then criticise it. And with that, he put me in

a position from which the only way out was to prove myself right. Yuri wanted to restore his authority in the group, and this was the perfect moment to "shame" me in front of everyone. The situation was, I must say, quite silly, but I didn't have much choice. I tried to say that I had never "gone out" into space and needed to prepare for it, to which Yuri said he was ready to help me and gave me a photo of a drawing that one of his boys had drawn after one of his out-of-body experiences. And I had no choice but to proceed with proving the case. Everyone present looked at me with curiosity, waiting to see what I would do.

I looked at the photograph I had been given and... I began to think. In my hands I hold a photograph of a drawing made by someone after leaving the body. So the original message should be, in theory, a hologram, and what I see before me is only a transfer of that hologram to the extent of the drawing talent of the person who received the message. And so the first thing I have to do is to restore the original hologram through this image. By transferring my energy flow through the photograph, I... restored the hologram, and it was immediately seen by all those I had restored. The notable success encouraged me, and I began to ponder why someone would send such messages into space. And I came to the following conclusion. This hologram, in theory, should contain information about those who sent it: who they are, what they represent, and the coordinates of their planetary system. The only problem that needed to be solved was what to do with all this information! Since there was no one to turn to for advice, and it was unlikely that anyone could give advice in such a situation, I decided to act according to my own judgement and assumptions.

My thoughts on this matter led me to nothing but the assumption that what would happen if I directed my energy through this hologram again and saw what would come out of it? That's what I did. I directed the flow of energy towards the hologram and... Unexpectedly for me and everyone present, the hologram "flashed" and a humanoid creature appeared in its place! The creature turned out to be a woman, two and a half metres tall, with perfect body proportions. The external differences, at first glance, were the bright blue colour of her unusual hair and the lilac colour of her eyes. No one had expected such a thing, and most of those present were literally speechless with surprise. Everyone stared at this "unknown" creature with glasses, if one could say so about seeing directly with the brain.

The pause was a little longer, and I decided to turn to the creature. At that time, I already had some idea about telepathy, but I had no idea about telepathic contact with beings that are not from our world. I must have been like a clumsy bear when I tried to make mental contact, and my actions were wrong because the creature seemed to shrink into a point and disappear. I felt irritated with myself, thinking that perhaps I had done something wrong with my clumsy actions that caused the creature to "disappear." My irritation with myself was so strong that I decided to immediately correct my mistake and apologise for my ignorance. And I could think of nothing better than to try to bring the creature back. I "pulled" the creature back again, without even knowing where it had come from, and when I did so, I apologised for any overlaps that might have occurred due to my inexperience and ignorance.

Probably, without realising it, I did something that aroused the interest of this being, and so began my first "diplomatic" relations with another civilisation. I had to quickly "figure out" how to transform Earth thought-forms into "theirs" and vice versa. At first, communication was a little difficult: thought-forms were translated in both directions with distortion, as when translating from one language to another with the help of a computer. But quite quickly, using the method of analogies, I managed to create a telepathic thought-form converter, after which communication became much more effective and "business" became more fun.

After creating a telepathic thought-form converter, I "released" it to everyone who had undergone brain transformation, after which the "translation" of thought-forms went much better. It is interesting that even with the telepathic thought-form converter, the "translation" is performed at the level of development and education of the recipient. Thought-forms do not consist of words; words are sound analogues of thought-forms. People do not think about how they think. Thinking is a process of creation by the human brain of thought forms, which are volumetric holograms. The sounds produced by human vocal cords have a very limited ability to convey the entirety of thought forms. And the poorer the vocabulary of a particular person, the greater the part of the received thought form that is outside the verbal order. Every person's brain works on the principle of similarity. The brain produces words whose images are closest to what the thought-form contains. The more multifaceted a person is, the greater the number of images their verbal equivalent has, the more complete and accurate, accessible and simple the meaning of the thought-form will be conveyed by that person. And not only thought-forms of another civilisation, but even thought-forms of the person themselves.

If a person is able to see the processes taking place at other levels of the brain when he (the person) thinks, and the words with which he tries to convey his thoughts to others, then there will always be a huge difference even between the thought-form of the person himself and the semantic content of the words used to convey that thought-form. The comprehensiveness of a person's development, their education, and their ability to think abstractly and independently determine how fully and accurately verbal expression reflects the thought-form. Therefore, every person who accepts a given thought-form will accept it at their own evolutionary level. And this factor must be taken into account in such work.

To give a clearer idea of this phenomenon, I would like to give the following example. If you put ten randomly selected people in a room and ask them to draw an apple that is in front of everyone's eyes, there will not be a single drawing of an apple that fully reflects the real apple. Instead, each person will depict the apple they see according to their best talent as a draughtsman and artist. The images of the apple in the drawings will differ, but in all the drawings, anyone who does not see the apple itself but knows what it is, will be able to identify what is depicted in the drawing without fail, if the person who drew the apple was in their right mind and drew an apple and not something else.

Yes, speaking of common sense. When the above happened, although I was delighted by what had happened, I did not jump to conclusions about what had actually happened. I thought it was necessary to clarify it for myself first. So I decided to analyse what had happened and, to that end, I put forward several possible explanations for what had happened, trying not to miss any of them. As a result of the analysis, I created several working hypotheses about the possibility of what had happened and began to examine each of these hypotheses in depth. And here are what those hypotheses were:

1. I lost my mind.
2. Everyone else went mad.
3. What happened was the result of my coercion of everyone else.
4. They're just playing with me.
5. What happened was a real event.

These were the five versions of what happened that occurred to me as possible explanations. And I began to "work through" each of these possible versions.

About the fact that I was losing my mind. Is it possible? Without a doubt, it is possible! But if a person goes off the rails, it is usually noticed by others. So I started observing how other people reacted to me. At work, everyone reacted to me in the same way, as did

before. But I was still working very little, so I decided to cross paths with my friends, who had known me for many years, since my first year at university. Of course, I didn't tell anyone what had happened, I just chatted with them as usual. If a person loses their mind, it shows in almost everything - in the way they behave, what and how they talk, how they react to what is happening around them, how they react to what others say, and so on. Observing everyone else and their reactions to me, I came to the conclusion that there was nothing wrong with my sanity for the time being. Thus, the first hypothesis about the possible scenarios of what had happened was ruled out.

The second hypothesis was that everyone else had lost their minds. Theoretically, it was entirely possible that another person's brain could be damaged under my powerful influence. This possibility cannot be ruled out. But what is madness according to its own definition? Madness is when a person's brain reacts inadequately to the reality surrounding them, to what is happening outside of them and to themselves. In other words, every person goes mad in a different way, and no two people's madness is the same. Furthermore, if a person loses their mind, this applies to everything, not just the situation described. A person cannot be crazy about one thing and completely sane about everything else at the same time. With madness, the integrity of a person's perception of the world is lost.

During and after the event, all the people who witnessed it behaved quite normally. Moreover, they all saw something. The only difference in their descriptions of the female creature's appearance was the mention of different hair and eye colours. Some said they saw a female creature with bright blue hair and lilac eyes, while others said a little later that her hair was purple and her eyes were dark blue. In all other respects, their descriptions completely coincided. The "contradictions" in the descriptions turned out to be no contradictions at all. It turned out that the colour of this female creature's hair and eyes changed depending on her emotional state!

It was impossible to think of such a thing; the "contradictions" turned out to be phenomena that only confirmed the reality of what was happening. I could not even imagine that the colour of the eyes and hair could reflect the emotional state of a being. Such a thing would never occur to a human being from our planet. Later, it was possible to understand the emotional state of the being just by the colour of its hair and eyes. Of course, this happened when the connection between the colour of the hair and eyes and the emotional state of this female being had already been established through observation. These and other factors, which I will mention later, allowed me to conclude that the others were not crazy either.

The next hypothesis that required careful consideration was the possibility of my assumption about what was happening to everyone else. Once again, I repeat that such a thing is possible. Many times I have been convinced in practice, in my own experience of working with people, that I can influence a person in such a way that they begin to see money instead of documents, etc. But if I did create something, I had an excellent idea and I myself knew what I was suggesting to others. For example, I knew what money looked like and what it meant before the person under my influence saw money instead of pieces of paper. In this case, what happened after I directed my energy towards the recreated hologram was no less unexpected for me than for everyone else, and perhaps even more so.

I was not prepared for such a turn of events, and the appearance of the female creature that appeared had nothing to do with that of the drawing or the hologram. Besides, you cannot indoctrinate others into something you have no idea about. It's just impossible. And in this case, from the very beginning, many things happened that I didn't even think were possible, and I didn't even know could happen, which I will mention a little later. Anyway, the version of my proposal to everyone else quickly lost its relevance.

Next in line was a version of a joke on the part of those present at the event. The possibility of such a joke cannot be completely ruled out, despite the apparent absurdity of such an assumption. To rule it out with complete certainty, I decided to conduct an experiment within the experiment. I performed brain transformation not only in Yuri's group; there were people who had undergone brain transformation that no one knew about except me. In other words, I had two groups I was working with. One group did not know about the existence of the other group, and I did not tell anyone in this experiment about what was happening in my work with the other group. No one but me knew about the existence of the duplicate group. I was the only one who had information about what was happening in the work with each group. And yet, events unfolded consistently, which completely ruled out the possibility of any deception on anyone's part. Furthermore, the fact that I was working with different, independent groups, while the sequence of events remained the same, was further proof of the reality of what was happening. In any case, after analysing the possible scenarios of what happened, only the last version of events remained. And this version states that **the event was REAL!**

When I finally came to a conclusion about what had happened, I stopped being sceptical about it and began to "develop" a new field of activity – outer space – using a fundamentally new method that I had to develop myself.

* * *

Before continuing with the story of what happened, which I myself would have considered complete fiction some time ago, I would like to describe some of the events that accompanied my reality check. As I already mentioned, I had a second group that I worked with in parallel with the first. At that time, I did not have my own flat, so I worked with the first group in Yuri's flat and with the second group in the flat of a woman for whom I performed a brain reorganisation. Her husband was a career military man, at that time he held the rank of major and worked at the Marshal Govorov Military Academy, if my memory serves me correctly. Their home was located in a privileged building for employees of the district committee on Leninsky Prospekt. After we had agreed on the next "communication" session, I visited this building. The hostess's husband was very distant from what was happening at the contacts, and at one point he thought that everyone present, including his wife, had gone a little "off the rails". But since no one was harmed by it, he had no objection to what was happening in his house. Once, when he had nothing else to do, he decided to attend the contact. He quietly entered the living room of his apartment, settled comfortably in an armchair and... listened.

It so happened that this was during another contact with a female being with whom I had my first contact. Her name was Ioloya, or Oya for short. During this memorable contact, I asked about the civilisation she was leading at the time. In general terms, she was at the top of the hierarchy of the civilisation's planetary system. Her civilisation was much more advanced than the civilisation on our planet at that stage of development. The women of her civilisation had perfect body shapes and were incredibly beautiful. And "our" major, reclining in his chair, hearing this, began to daydream a little. He imagined himself among all these "beauties," that he, like King Solomon, was enjoying all this unimaginable female beauty.

I think it is unnecessary to continue describing what he dreamed about. And although it is said that dreaming is not harmful, in some situations it can turn out to be just the opposite. It seems that the "flight" of his imagination had gone far beyond what was permissible by decency, and not only ours. He could not imagine that all his thoughts were formed in the form of volumetric holograms and therefore were no secret to those who were able to see these holograms. During a communication session, I usually

"short-circuited" the telepathic contact with Oya to the man's wife's brain, which allowed everyone present, especially those who were unable to receive telepathic information, to hear her verbal interpretation. The telepathic converter allowed the information coming from Oya to be transformed into sounds and words familiar to us. After some correction, the information was transmitted quite accurately.

And so, there was another exchange of information when our brave major filled everything around him with very "colourful" thought forms. His fantasies were obviously excessive even for an alien being and exceeded all acceptable limits. According to the Oya civilisation, such "fantasies" are a serious breach of etiquette and are equivalent to the actions themselves, and there is a serious punishment for such a thing, which is nothing less than a partial evolutionary reversal to the point of evolutionary distortion. When such a punishment is imposed on an Earth human, it ultimately leads to the death of their physical body. Oya asked me to punish this person, and I tried to smooth things over, but I guess I wasn't very good at it. I learned about it very recently, and in a way I could not have imagined.

It so happened that the next day, I and several other young employees from the department where I worked went to a sponsored collective farm, where we were assigned a very "responsible" task - to mow the wheat that had been "sown" along the roads during the transport of last year's harvest from the field to the elevator. The wheat along the roadsides was growing quite luxuriantly, so we sharpened our scythes and began to mow. Although I was not a farmer, I was good at mowing and even enjoyed it. The smell of freshly mown wheat stalks, the fresh air, the birds singing. This idyll was rarely disturbed by the sounds of passing cars. On the second day of this rural life, I decided to call these people and see how things were going. When I got to them, both the brave major and his wife were on the verge of panic. They tried to reach me at my workplace at my institute, but they were told that I was at the collective farm. The reason for their panic was as follows. Oya, seeing that I was "not taking seriously" the gross violation of ethical norms, decided on her own to punish the "criminal" in my thoughts. When the well-meaning couple went to bed, she appeared alone and told the woman that she had come to punish the man. The unfortunate woman tried to wake her husband with screams, but her vocal cords did not obey her. She tried to push him with her hand and wake him up - the same result, her arms and legs did not obey her. Oya put her hand into the woman's physical hand and began to direct her energy through it to the heart of the brave major. Before the woman's astonished eyes, his heart contracted and began to move. In the morning, her husband felt pain in his heart and immediately went to the medical centre at his academy. There, after doing a cardiogram, they immediately raised the alarm. In the evening of the same day, I called them. After clarifying the situation, I worked on his heart. The next day, his cardiogram was normal. But they were not happy for long. During the night, the same thing happened again. The next morning, the cardiogram was bad again. I worked on his heart again, and it was normal again.

My stay in the fields of my homeland came to an end, and I went straight from the collective farm to stay with these people. This time, the brave major did not smile at what was happening, but was mortally frightened. I asked Oya to contact me and began to explain to her that this man did not know that he was offending anyone with his thoughts, he didn't even know that his thoughts were material and visible to others, that he was just fantasising and nothing more, that he didn't understand many things, and that I wanted to ask her to forgive him for such an oversight and that such a thing would never happen to him again. He immediately and fearfully confirmed what I had said. Then Oya forgave him for his mistake and never did anything like that to him again. I called these people a few more times to check on his condition, but after this incident, his wife became afraid of contact, and I left them alone. It is interesting how quickly the woman's husband went from being an ironic sceptic to a frightened "enlightened" person.

But even this tragicomic situation was irrefutable confirmation of the authenticity of contact with a being from another civilisation, rather than with astral beings from planet Earth, with whom contact with the "higher mind" most often takes place. This example clearly shows that our ideas about morality – what can and cannot be done – are very different from those of other civilisations. And that there can be quite serious punishment for fantasies that are "harmless" from our point of view, which, as most people think, do not leave the confines of their heads and therefore allow themselves many things in their thoughts that would never be allowed in actions or words. As you can see from the example, you have to be careful with your thoughts because you don't know who might be around and how they might react to "harmless" thoughts.

All this would never even occur to someone born and raised on our planet. I have read many science fiction books, but none of them contained anything like this, nor did they contain many other things that I had to deal with in my contacts with other civilisations. Almost all science fiction writers simply transfer earthly concepts and ideas to what is happening in the universe with other civilisations. If it is "Star Wars", then the warring parties necessarily use weapons similar to those on Earth, only more powerful. Instead of bullets, alien weapons fire clusters of deadly energy or rays. Instead of pistols, they use blasters, which even look similar. Of course, how can Earth's science fiction writers know that the weapons they write about in their fantasy works exist on planets whose civilisations are not so different in their level of development from the level of development of modern civilisation on Midgard Earth (our planet)? How do they know that there are no galactic empires in the universe where emperors act in the same way as earthly emperors of the Ancient World and the Middle Ages, when power was passed down by inheritance and there was sometimes a deadly struggle between possible pretenders to the throne?

Everything similar exists on Earth in Midgard, on planets of the same level of development, and on planets that have just completed their planetary evolutionary cycles. Such civilisations resemble young "roosters" that strut even in front of a fox or a hawk, instead of moving their feet. It is appropriate for them to rattle their "rattles" only in the nursery, in front of newborn civilisations.

Unfortunately, "Star Wars" also exists at higher levels of civilisational development. But at these levels, "Star Wars" itself is of a completely different nature. At other levels, no one travels through space in military spaceships and shoots with laser cannons and blasters. Depending on the level of development of the warring parties, these wars are fought on a planetary, galactic, etc. level and according to completely different laws and principles, which few people on our planet even have any idea about. Furthermore, all civilisations that have completed the planetary cycle of their development have hierarchies based on the principle of levels of development, rather than on the principles of inheritance or the "principles" of the biggest purse. Only those intelligent beings from these civilisations who have the appropriate levels of evolutionary development become leaders of civilisations or their unions.

Perhaps it is time to explain what lies behind these concepts of "appropriate levels of development." It means the following: every intelligent being occupying a hierarchical position has a level of development sufficient to solve **all** problems arising before a civilisation or union of civilisations. The hierarchical position of an intelligent being is the level of responsibility that this being is capable of assuming by virtue of its real capabilities to solve the urgent problems facing its civilisation or union of civilisations. This is the level of personal responsibility for the fate of a given civilisation or union of civilisations, which (the level of responsibility) is supported by **the real capabilities** of the intelligent

to resolve **all** emerging issues and problems. The evolutionary level of development cannot be stolen, transferred, or bought. The evolutionary level is achieved **only as** a result of the personal development of the intelligent being, through enlightenment with knowledge and awareness of personal capabilities.

Isn't it "a little" different from what has been observed on our Earth in Midgard at least during the last thirteen thousand years! And especially during the last millennium - during the last Night of Svarog. But one should not get carried away by these contacts. Contacts can turn out to be very bad for the contactee. Very often, when contacting a person, an astral being may appear and play its own games with that person, the main purpose of which is to steal that person's life force.

Astral beings should be understood as entities of extinct animals and intelligent species (this includes the entities of some humans) that are unable to incarnate in new physical bodies and adapt to the conditions of existence without them, which very often leads them to parasitism. But this is a special topic, and I will return to these phenomena more than once as my story progresses.

8. It's not that simple

For now, let us return to the events of 1987, to that moment in the unfolding of incredible events that I had not even read about in the numerous science fiction books. It was only when I encountered, by chance or not, other civilisations that I realised how childishly naive the attempts of Earth's science fiction writers to convey life on other worlds seem. This in no way diminishes their talent as writers, but one immediately notices the mundane nature of the perceptions and concepts they portray in their works. And although this is natural, one still regrets it. Before my first contacts, the books of science fiction writers were sometimes perceived as revelations, but after them, these revelations began to seem naive and were not even perceived as such. And yet, even despite all this, the significance of science fiction books, in my opinion, is simply enormous. They help people learn to think outside the box, without which there can be no progress at all!

When the essence of what had happened became clear to me, I plunged headlong into the vast world of the universe that had so unexpectedly opened up before me. I am very grateful to Yuri for his provocation. Without it, who knows when I would have turned my gaze to the stars. And so, I was placed in circumstances that pushed me to take this step, and I took it, and very successfully, even though at that moment I was a blind "kitten". I was also lucky that during my first contact I did not encounter any "cosmic" parasites and had time to deal with all this in a "calm" environment. During my contacts with Oya, we discussed many issues; I was interested in learning literally everything about her civilisation. To some people, all this may seem like the "ravings" of a madman, but no matter how much many people would like it to be so, there was nothing delusional about it. And very soon, serious confirmations of the reality of what was happening began to appear. For example, I, and not only me, was interested in the structure and operating principles of the spaceships that were in the Oya civilisation. She described their construction and methods of control.

The bases of their ships, which enter and exit space, are... huge organic molecules with a spiral shape like DNA and RNA molecules. The difference was in their enormous length and in the fact that these huge spiral-shaped organic molecules had heavy metal compounds on their free electronic bonds, of which only two were known on Midgard Earth, at least at the current stage of civilisation's development. And very soon, just a few months later, this information received the most real confirmation. But everything was fine. In addition to the established "diplomatic"

relations with the Oya civilisation, I decided to expand my extraterrestrial contacts somewhat.

Since Yuri no longer wanted to give me the keys to other civilisations collected by his group, I decided to embark on a free search myself. My motives for doing so were very simple. If any of the stars has a planetary system and if any of the planets has intelligent life, then the star's radiation will overlap with the radiation accompanying intelligent activity. Therefore, if a photograph of the real starry sky is taken and scanned for the presence of radiation accompanying intelligent life, it is possible to determine the location of the stars on whose planets intelligent life has arisen. The first thing to do is to determine the position of such stars in photographs of the starry sky. I found the appropriate photographs and scanned them for the presence of intelligent life. In the first photograph, several stars shone with the "light" of intelligence. I marked these stars and began to consider what to do next. I had no idea how or what to do. So I had no choice but to try everything at my own risk.

Previously, I had to move myself and other people into the past, present, and future, with the movement taking place not only on the time scale but also in space itself. In this case, the distance between my actual location and that of the people being moved, and the actual location of the point of movement in space on the time scale, was irrelevant. The reality of the present around us simply disappeared and the reality of the past or future appeared. And you became a mere observer of what was happening, just as a person observes what is happening around them in their ordinary life. To realise this, it is necessary to "only" have an understanding of the processes and their corresponding qualities and potential. Using this experience as a starting point, I thought that travelling in this way within our planet and travelling to another planet are essentially no different. To make such a movement happen, I needed to have coordinates for movement in space (which I already had) and the corresponding qualities, as well as sufficient potential. I just had to hope that I possessed the necessary qualities and had enough potential to make this movement happen. In such a movement, two points in space seem to overlap. In short, the idea was sketched out and all that remained was to verify the correctness of the assumptions in practice. It is difficult to say what would have happened if, at the time of such an "experiment," I had not possessed the necessary qualities and potential. It is entirely possible that it could have led to brain damage, coma, or even death. But I was fortunate. I already had everything I needed to carry out what I had planned, and everything went without any undesirable consequences.

First, a "jump" to the star selected by scanning, then determining which of the star's planets has life in the same way. And finally, the last jump to the surface of the planet itself. And there it is. All around is the landscape of another planet. At the point of departure, this planet was a desert. There was sand everywhere, which at first glance did not differ much from the sand on our planet. The "sun" there turned this planet into a red-hot "frying pan". The "normal" surface temperature of our planet would be quite low for this world, and the Earth itself would be perceived by the life there as a "refrigerator," and our beautiful Sun would be a little "cold," if I may say so about the star.

But everything is relative, and so the concept of more or less "cold" stars in relation to a particular star is a normal definition. To my surprise, the sky there was blue in colour, which clearly indicated the presence of oxygen and other gases from the Earth's atmosphere in the atmosphere of this planet. Given my somewhat unusual way of "travelling," this was not essential, but it was nevertheless pleasant. If it had not been so, who knows how my experiments would have turned out for me. I found myself in the situation described in the saying, "If Mohammed does not go to the mountain, the mountain goes to Mohammed."

Mohammed." The only difference is that I am not Mohammed, and the other planet is not a mountain! But essentially, it is the same. I did not disappear from our world, but appeared simultaneously in another. After finding myself on another planet in such an unusual way, I began to study it. There were no signs of intelligent life on the planet's surface. Only later did I realise why. Unfortunately, I did not become the "discoverer of America"; this "America" had long since been "discovered" by the intelligent beings of the planet itself and, as it turned out later, not only by them.

It turns out that the scorching planet is not only habitable, but also has its own intelligent race. So the search for intelligent life has not failed. We soon discovered creatures that resembled kangaroos in some ways. They had powerful tails, torsos similar to humans, upper limbs that resembled arms, and palms with six fingers that did not resemble human hands. The heads of these creatures were round, with straight mouths and straight black hair. They did not have noses in our sense of the word. These creatures communicated with each other through whistling sounds. And the most interesting thing was that they paid no attention to me... they paid no attention to me at all. They simply did not see me. When I realised that they could not see me, I became upset and strongly wished that they would see me after all. So I tried to flatten myself on that planet. And strange as it may seem, I succeeded! I materialised on that planet, but I did not disappear from ours. I existed in two places at once, and the second "me" did only what the first wanted to do. It's like having two physical bodies at the same time. And one of them — the earthly one — continued to be the "main" one. And the most interesting thing is that everything that happened to my second physical body, I felt in my earthly one. In this way, the materialised body was only a part of me, a temporary extension that I could assemble and disassemble at will and as needed. It had no separate consciousness; my earthly consciousness controlled both my earthly physical body and the second one that had appeared on another planet, many light years away from our Earth Midgard. The accidental discovery of such possibilities was a pleasant surprise for me.

After materialising on another planet, I did not move for some time, but immediately after my "solidification," I was surrounded by kangaroo-like creatures. They touched me and behaved seemingly calmly. Seeing their behaviour, I decided to move (I did not even know yet if I could control my newly created body). It turned out that I could control it freely. But when the local creatures saw that I had started to move, they immediately backed away from me and quickly disappeared beneath the planet's surface. I did not understand the reason for this reaction to my movements. I wanted to follow these creatures, but when I approached the place where they were hiding, a force dome appeared above the surface of the planet. I did not know the nature of this force dome, but I assumed it had a protective function. I did not want to test the accuracy of my assumptions. Besides, there was no need to do so. I found a simpler solution to overcome the force field.

It suddenly occurred to me that if I could materialise on the planet, why not do the same in the protective dome? So I did just that. I 'disassembled' myself on the surface and 'reassembled' myself in the protective dome beneath the planet's surface. It turned out that there was a huge city there, traces of which were not visible on the planet's surface. Seeing me inside their city, these beings became alarmed, and in order not to aggravate the situation, I decided to find out the reason for this strange behaviour.

After determining which of these creatures was the leader, I asked him to explain the reason for such behaviour. Before that, I had to "tune" the telepathic converter to understand the speech of these creatures. The leader of these creatures was called Tsori, at least that is how the name sounds in the closest interpretation of the Earth language. It turned out that the local civilisation was under constant attack from a humanoid civilisation, whose representatives were almost impossible to distinguish externally from the inhabitants of Midgard Earth. The aggressors attacked

the cities, destroying them (an example of the actions of a civilisation at the very beginning of its development, which had not even completed the planetary cycle of development), which was the reason for hiding their cities beneath the surface of the planet. The reason for this aggression was simple: this planet synthesised biomass, which was the basis for the creation of zero-emission spaceships, or simply flying "saucers". In other words, the planet had the most valuable strategic raw materials, and the local civilisation only hindered the "great" plans for the development of these raw materials. In short, the situation is familiar to many people in many ways and to our earthly "deeds". Only the scale is a little different, as we are talking about a galactic scale.

Having clarified the situation in this way, I was motivated to resolve the misunderstanding, as it seemed to me at the time. At that time, I could not imagine that an advanced humanoid civilisation could pursue a policy of galactic genocide. Such a thing simply did not occur to me. I wanted to believe that there could be nothing bad "there," that "there" was only light and perfection, but it was time to grow out of my "short trousers." And this "growing up" happened in the most unusual way. I really wanted to resolve the "misunderstanding" that had arisen. To this end, I figured out when and how the uninvited "guests" appeared and decided to use the time displacement method I had already used on Midgard Earth. Six humanoid beings emerged from a spaceship that had landed on the surface, and upon closer inspection, they turned out to be almost indistinguishable from Earthlings. I tried to establish telepathic contact with them.

When it happened, I started telling them that instead of destroying the local civilisation, why not try to find mutually beneficial relations, etc. When I started talking, their boss looked at me in surprise and asked me who I was and what right I had to come to them with my stupid advice. I tried to explain that what was happening on this planet was an unfortunate misunderstanding that needed to be corrected as soon as possible. In the course of the dialogue, it became clear to me that their actions were by no means a misunderstanding and that they understood perfectly well the essence of what was happening. They must have been tired of listening to my tirades, because I noticed that one of them began to take out an object that looked very much like a weapon.

.....¹
.....
.....
.....

*

During all these incredible and seemingly impossible events, I learned many things about the civilisation of kangaroo-like creatures that are simply impossible to imagine. For example, these creatures reproduce in a very different way. Two completely different species participate in reproduction. And reproduction is not sexual, but rather the overlapping of one field of the genetic code with another. In other words, reproduction takes place at the field level, when the field of the genetic code of creatures resembling Earth butterflies is projected onto the genetic field of kangaroo-like creatures, resulting in the simultaneous birth of two species: both kangaroo-like and butterfly-like. This type of symbiosis between the two species allows them to continue their evolution. Nothing like this has ever happened on Earth in Midgard, and it is simply impossible to imagine such a thing. These creatures have no male or female individuals, nor are they hermaphrodites. Every creature can become a mother, but not in the sense of the word with which

¹ The author believes that it is premature to publish the omitted text at this time. - *N.L.*

We are all used to it. The biomass created by the planet of these creatures, which is the main raw material for zero-link spaceships, serves as a source of food for these kangaroo-like creatures, as well as most likely for many other species of living organisms on this planet. It was somewhat symbolic that I, the humanoid from Midgard Earth, helped these creatures against the humanoids from another planet who wanted to destroy this civilisation for strategic raw materials! But what happened was what happened.

.....
.....
.....

Of course, "accidental" situations can arise, but in principle all "accidental" situations turn out to be logical when examined in detail. However, very often people do not compare all the events and their actions that preceded such an "accident". People almost always bring it upon themselves, bringing it upon themselves with their entire previous life. Generally speaking, evolutionary development is based on the principles of free will and the measure of responsibility that a particular being is ready to take on and for which it is prepared. Very soon after the events described above, I myself realised this. And my enlightenment happened "by chance".

* * *

I was constantly coming up with new ways to transform the human brain. I tried out each new idea on myself first to see what would come of it. Once, after another such rearrangement, I unexpectedly discovered the presence of some kind of creature in my actions. It seemed that the new changes allowed me to see this creature, which was invisible to me and to everyone else who had undergone my brain rearrangements. I asked this creature what it was and why it was observing my actions. It said that its name was Terrius and that its job was to observe me and my actions without revealing itself, and that the latest changes I had made to my brain no longer allowed it to observe secretly. At first, I didn't like this. Why would anyone secretly observe me and my actions? I don't keep my actions secret, and I didn't understand this behaviour and the need for secret observation.

I immediately asked this question. And Terrius answered me as follows. His task was to observe me secretly and draw conclusions about my readiness for further development and my potential. If I did everything right, he would reward me with sixteen crystals, which, according to those who had sent him, would bring me to my maximum potential. This meant that, in the opinion of those who had sent Terrius, the sixteen crystals had to correspond to the ceiling of my development, as I later understood. But at first, I was delighted and was in seventh heaven. I couldn't even imagine that anyone other than myself was interested in my actions. And naturally, my first question was whether I had already earned the crystals and, if so, how many. Terrius replied that I had already "earned" eight crystals. At that time, I had no idea what these crystals were, but I was very happy about it. Naturally, I asked Terrius to give them to me if I had already earned them. To which he replied that he would not be able to withstand the pressure if he gave them all to me at once. I childishly pounded my chest with my fist, saying that I could handle it and everything would be fine, and that if there were no other reasons why this couldn't happen, I would be very grateful if he gave them to me all at once.

As a result of these "diplomatic" negotiations, Terrius gave me four crystals that I had earned. But it turned out that I had overestimated my ability to adapt my body to the effects of these crystals. Because the next morning, my appendix, which had never bothered me before, started to hurt. When I next contacted him that evening, I informed Terrius of the discomfort. He told me that the reason for my reaction

are toxins that have appeared in my body after the introduction of the crystals. And that these toxins are the result of the changes happening to me. He injected another crystal into my appendix, after which the unpleasant sensations disappeared and never returned. During the contact, I also asked Terrius why he wanted to monitor my actions. After all, in my ignorance, I could do something wrong and cause a problem. His answer upset me at first, but after thinking about it, I realised he was right. He told me that if I started doing something wrong, he would stop me and not allow anything irreparable to happen. And that I shouldn't worry about it. After thinking about it for a while, I understood this kind of answer. If I act independently, my actions and decisions are based on my own understanding, based on my own experience, perceptions, knowledge, moral and spiritual concepts. Every action I take in this scenario is the quintessence of everything I am. In this case, my actions are based on my own understanding of what is happening and my responsibility for the consequences. If someone tells me what to do and how to do it, I may be able to do it if I have enough potential, but my actions will not be accompanied by a deep understanding of what is happening. And if I ever encounter a problem whose solution has not been explained to me, I may find myself in a situation where, due to my ignorance, I really do "mess things up".

When I realised all this, I saw the correctness and uniqueness of this approach. Only through complete awareness and enlightenment with knowledge can a person understand the truth and the extent of their responsibility for their actions. That only in this way is it possible to develop truly, and that such observation of the observer or observers is the only correct one. The evolution of consciousness and possibilities can be compared to a biathlon. A person with a certain evolutionary speed "runs" from one key point in their development to another. Talent, personal qualities and abilities determine how quickly a person reaches the next key evolutionary point in their development. Once they have reached the next key point in their development, they face qualitatively new or new tasks, which they can only cope with correctly if they can correctly and fully assess the tasks at hand, develop effective tactics and strategies for solving them, and possess the necessary qualities and properties to implement these solutions in life. If everything is correct, there is a transition to a new qualitative level and the evolutionary "journey" continues to the next key evolutionary point, and so on and so forth.

In the event of an incorrect or suboptimal decision by the "shooter," the qualitatively new evolutionary "targets" at the key point are not "hit," and the "shooter" receives punitive evolutionary "rounds," after passing through which he finds himself again at the same key evolutionary "point", where he is again faced with the need to correctly solve the evolutionary tasks that have arisen - to hit all the evolutionary "targets" in the "bull's-eye". And so it will continue until all key evolutionary "targets" are "hit" with the first "shot". And then - again, an evolutionary "run" to the next key evolutionary "point". What is not an evolutionary "biathlon"! Thus, thanks to my own reflections, I came to understand the evolutionary mechanisms, which gave me confidence in the correctness of all my previous actions.

* * *

Meanwhile, events unfolded in their own way. It so happened that "by chance" in my work at the institute I had to measure the biopotentials of people in various stressful situations using a special method that required a good knowledge of the so-called Chinese meridians and the location of biologically active points on the human body. Therefore, when I decided where to place the first four crystals in my body, the idea immediately came to me - in my biologically active points! Checking the location of the crystals confirmed my hunch. I began to reflect on this discovery. And the more I reflected, the more I wanted to verify the correctness of my assumption. And, of course, I wanted to do it immediately. First

I set myself a goal: in which biologically active points should I place the following crystals? These points appeared brightly during the scan. I immediately wanted to verify the accuracy of the scan. But I didn't have the next crystals on hand, and I didn't know when Terrius would want to give me the rest of the crystals. So I came up with a "wild" idea, which in the end turned out to be not so wild. I decided to scan one of the crystals and create such a crystal myself.

After scanning the crystal I already had, I focused on the next biological point and began to create my own energy crystal. At first it was a little difficult, but somehow I managed to concentrate and... In one of the biologically active points of my body, an energy crystal created by me appeared. This quick and unexpected success gave me wings. I wanted to tell everyone about my success, but I understood perfectly well that no one would understand me. At best, they would think I was crazy. I knew I wasn't, and trying to prove to someone what people couldn't imagine was just silly. So I put my joy aside for better times and came down from the "Olympus" of enthusiasm from such an unexpected success to the "wrong" land of reality. I decided not to stop there and very quickly and easily created a few more power crystals and placed them in the corresponding biologically active points. At first, I doubled the number of power crystals, and it wasn't difficult. Then I doubled their number again, and then again, and again... and again. Within a few days, I created a huge number of power crystals within myself, placing them in all the biological points of my body. I created entire systems of crystals connected to each other in a common system.

After a while, I had nowhere to put crystals – both literally and figuratively. My "crystal" fever had reached a dead end. The question arose: what should I do next? I had to stop and think about what the crystal of power itself represented! After tuning into the crystal itself, I managed to unfold it and the essence of the crystal of power and its nature became clear to me. For obvious reasons, I will not reveal the essence of this insight. After receiving this insight, I decided to unfold all the crystals of power that I had at that time. As a result of this unfolding, I received a qualitatively new crystal of power or, as I called it, a crystal of power of the second order. And then, using this new power crystal as a template, I began to create new crystals and place them in biologically active points on my body. I did this transformation many times, began to create power crystals for different purposes, and so on and so forth. I continued to improve the brain structures I had created, creating something similar to the biologically active points of the body in the cerebral cortex, transforming the brain to a qualitatively different level of functioning and capabilities. At the same time, new energy points appeared in the cerebral cortex, in which I placed the energy crystals I had created. I also did many other things that are beyond the perception of modern humans from Midgard-Earth.

At one point, I thought about how the capabilities of an intelligent being are somehow limited by the size of its brain. The simplest option, which was completely wrong, was literally on the surface. One would have to physically increase the volume of the brain, which would lead to an increase in its capabilities. But even if we assume that it is possible to physically increase the volume of the brain, such an increase cannot continue indefinitely. So this path was not suitable from the outset, at least not for me. I saw neither the possibility nor the point in increasing the volume of my skull. I was completely satisfied with the one I already had. As a result, I began to look for another way out, another principle for increasing brain capacity. First, I needed to understand how the brain works. On a physical level, the brain is a colony of neurons — the nerve cells in our body. Neurons have extensions called axons, through which they receive signals from the outside world and from within the person themselves. In short, I realised that the physically dense brain is only the foundation, only the tip of the "iceberg" — what our brain actually is. All thought processes, our memory, consciousness,

everything that human beings relate to the concept of "mind" - all of this happens on other material levels (not physically dense) of our brain.

.....
.....

As a result of all this, I managed to create a qualitatively different brain, which was useful to me in my new activities related to the events that continued to unfold.

*

One of the curious events that occurred at that time was related to the actions of a creature named Yoor. It was a humanoid creature with a single eye in the centre of its forehead. This cyclops secretly observed my brain rearrangement activities and "borrowed" my methods without permission to use them. He simply stole, to put it in earthly terms. The question may arise: who needs the childish games of some person from an underdeveloped planet? I didn't think that what I was doing could be of interest to anyone but myself and the people whose brains I had rearranged. I first learned about the significance of brain rearrangement from Terrius when, as a result of another rearrangement, he lost his cloak and became visible. He then told me that if I could comprehend and understand what I had done, it would be a discovery for the entire cosmos. He was probably referring to cases where someone accidentally achieves a result without understanding in the slightest what happened or how it happened. In my opinion, I understood what I was doing and how I was doing it, but I certainly did not suspect that my brain transformations could be of interest to anyone from other planets, and even less did I think or imagine that these brain transformations of mine could be a discovery important to many other civilisations in the Great Cosmos. Such a thing did not even occur to me, and how could I have thought that what I had created could be interesting and important to other civilisations? Such an idea was simply absurd from my point of view.

But not everything that seems absurd is actually absurd! It turns out that the idea of rewiring the brain and its implementation is a "gold mine" that is important not only for our planet. It turns out that such things happen, no matter how incredible they may seem at first glance. So my brain rearrangements have become strategically important to many civilisations, whether I wanted it or not. And so, the appearance of Yoria during my brain rearrangements was a consequence of this increased interest. "Industrial" espionage, as it turns out, exists not only on our planet. Only it is carried out on a different qualitative level. Anyway, Yorii operated on the principle of "industrial" espionage, and this was unacceptable for several reasons. First, I not only gave life to the brain transformation, but as the creator of the transformation system, I was also responsible for whose hands this system would fall into and for what purposes it would be used. Second, theft in any form is a negative manifestation, and such actions could not be taken by the Forces of Light. This means that the actions of Yoor and his civilisation belong to the Dark Forces, which made it unacceptable, at least to me, that the possibilities for brain transformation that I had created would serve the purposes of the Dark Forces.

.....
.....
.....

After completing this work, I had to consider the fact that for some activities, my systems are not always able to withstand the load. First, I had to restore my "charred" nerves. A simple recovery would have brought me back to where I was before I started this work, and the problem with the load level would not have disappeared. So I decided to make a qualitative change to my entire nervous system, and I succeeded. Since then, I have been periodically transforming not only the structures of my brain, but

the entire nervous system of my body, trying to achieve harmony and balance between them. I really didn't want to experience the feeling of molten metal flowing through my nerves again.

9. Through the thorns to the stars

Once, I had the idea to find the galactic centre of our galaxy. I managed to find this centre without any difficulty, but it was surrounded by a force field that prevented anyone from approaching it. Such an approach is quite understandable. After all, the hierarchical centre is designed to solve problems at the level of entire civilisations and unions of civilisations. They do not have the opportunity or the need to devote their time to solving tasks at another level. That is the level of responsibility of others. If everyone wants to understand for themselves what two times two is and has to answer such a question, there will be no time for anything else. And there is no discrimination in this; everyone has to cope on their own, as far as their abilities and understanding allow. This does not mean that they are unable to answer how much two plus two is, but simply that if they answer this question for the billions of people who ask it, the more significant problems that they and only they are able to solve will remain unsolved. Therefore, those who are able to answer how much two times two is, answer this question, and those who are able to solve problems on a galactic level deal precisely with these tasks. This is the essence of the hierarchical system of the Forces of Light, and that is why there was a dome of forces around the galactic centre.

.....
.....

We could go on endlessly describing contacts, visits to different planets and civilisations, but for most people, the things described above probably seem like flights of fancy or madness. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to confirm everything stated above. And I understand this very well, as I am neither a fantasist nor a madman. Therefore, I will proceed to the facts that served to confirm the reality of what was happening, first and foremost for myself. After all, I did not want to become a prisoner of my own, perhaps beautiful, but still illusions. And I can say that I was lucky in this. At the end of September, I was on a business trip to Kiev. The reason for my trip was my ability to relate to people. The ministry in Moscow learned about my abilities and told the head of one of the large industrial associations in Kiev about them. His daughter was seriously ill, and he hoped that perhaps I could do something to help her. She was suffering from a severe form of multiple sclerosis. And in September, I made my second visit. This time, they offered me accommodation with them for convenience, so that I would not have to spend time travelling to and from the hotel every day, and also because they did not want to draw too much attention to my arrival. During my first visit, the whole family trusted me, and it so happened that I even reorganised their son's brain, after which they thoroughly "got into character" and did not consider me crazy.

I must give credit to the fact that the head of the family turned out to be a very progressive person who thought in a non-trivial way. Therefore, he did not perceive what was happening as "quiet" madness, and most likely for this reason he shared with me the information he had. Before becoming the general director of the scientific-industrial association, this man was a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Ukraine, so he still had connections and a dacha belonging to the Central Committee. On weekends, he would go to the Central Committee's villa and "talk" to his former party colleagues there. And this is what they told him. All members of the Central Committee of Ukraine, together with their families, went on holiday at the same time, all to the Far East. The emergence of such "great" love for

The Far East was explained to everyone at once and to such an extent that all members of the Central Committee, together with their families, went on "holiday" to these regions. It turned out that things in the fourth reactor of the Chernobyl nuclear power plant were very sad. A very rapid and uncontrollable increase in the concentration of plutonium was observed in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, and on 9-10 October, the plutonium was expected to reach a critical level, which would inevitably be followed by a thermonuclear explosion of enormous power. It was simply impossible to evacuate Kiev and the inhabitants of the region in such a short time, so the "servants" of the people decided that it would be best to go on holiday themselves, together with their families, and not cause unnecessary panic.

Obviously, the "servants" of the people did not study very well at school or had a "special" level of intelligence, because a holiday in the Far East would not allow them to free themselves from the "stress" of working for the good of the people for one simple reason. Each of the four nuclear reactors contained four hundred tonnes of enriched uranium and plutonium, diluted, of course. The cooling system had about eight thousand tonnes of heavy water. So, if a chain reaction with plutonium started in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, the atomic explosion would cause a thermonuclear reaction in the heavy water, and the thermonuclear explosion would cause similar explosions in the other three reactors. So you get the picture. In such a scenario, no "rest" in the Far East would help for one simple reason: it is unlikely that after such an explosion, the planet itself would continue to exist.

By giving me such top-secret information, this man was certainly taking a risk. But if what was going to happen had happened, it wouldn't have mattered. So he had a small hope that my "connections" there were real and that I could somehow save the situation. Anyway, I learned about the situation with the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor and immediately reacted to it in the way that seemed to me to be the only right one at the time. I contacted the hierarchical centre of a huge association of civilisations that united the civilisations of three hundred universes similar to ours. After contacting this centre, I asked them to help me in the current situation, to which they agreed. They said they would send a spaceship with special equipment on board to solve such problems. Early in the morning, around five o'clock on 10 October 1987, this spaceship appeared above Chernobyl, from which a cone-shaped light emerged and the plutonium simply "disappeared" from the sarcophagus! When I asked the commander of the spacecraft why they had not destroyed the enriched uranium in the sarcophagus in the same way, they replied with a few words: "We helped you with what you are unable to deal with at the moment, and then you can solve your problems yourselves." Personally, I find the answer comprehensive and the actions fair. But, anyway, no super explosion happened either that day, or the next, or any other day. Of course, the whole thing seemed simply impossible for anyone to believe. But did it really matter whether anyone believed it or not? The important thing was that what happened was what happened, there was no explosion, and the Earth remained intact.

When I returned to my institute after some time, I told several people who were familiar with my research about what had happened. Of course, even they took my words with a grain of salt. And I myself thought it was unbelievable. There had been no explosion, nor had there been any reports in the media about the critical situation with the sarcophagus.

I received confirmation of the reality of the events from one of the employees in our department, who knew about the incident from me. One day she came to work in a state of shock. She took me aside and told me that she had watched the programme "Vzglyad", which said that many people had seen a spaceship in the sky above Chernobyl at around five o'clock in the morning, from which a cone-shaped light was descending. Among the eyewitnesses were engineers, students, workers and other residents who were at work early in the morning and observed the UFO in the sky. I myself

did not see the programme, but that did not matter anymore. The main thing was that the facts I had told people long before the programme were completely confirmed. And I was very happy that my words were confirmed by people who did not know at all what exactly they had seen in the sky above Chernobyl.

Several years later, I received confirmation from a place I would never have imagined. In January 1991, I was travelling through Kharkiv and one evening in the flat where I was staying, I told a group of people the whole story. Among those present was a military man who, after my story, approached me when I was alone and said that he would never have believed what I had said if he had not been on duty that day. Everything I told him, he knew from the reports that had passed through him in Moscow. He told me that I could not have obtained this information in any other way than the one I described, because only a few people knew about it, and I was obviously not one of them. The leakage of such information at that time was impossible, and his story is undoubtedly a confirmation of the truth of my words. But most importantly, he confirmed the information about the critical situation with the plutonium in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor. And that in an attempt to save the situation, a tunnel had been dug to the sarcophagus in order to pump a special concrete solution into the sarcophagus under pressure to prevent the critical concentration level at which an explosion occurs, and that a cone-shaped light did indeed strike from the spaceship that appeared, after which the plutonium disappeared!

I couldn't even imagine such confirmation of the reality of what was happening. Although this confirmation of reality was followed by events that were not very pleasant for me. As I understood from this man's words, he was most likely an officer of the GRU. Therefore, it was his duty to report me to his superiors, and even if he had not done so, others present could have done so in his place. But he wrote a report, and a few days later, a woman who at that time held a very high position in the party hierarchy of the country — she worked in the Party Control Committee of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and reported directly to Moscow — when we left the building of the insurance company where I had insured my Mercedes, with which I had returned from a trip to Germany at the end of 1990, this woman approached me with a proposal. She said to me: "Kolya, why don't you put your epaulettes back on? You'll get a salary of six hundred roubles, you'll wear your civilian clothes, you'll do whatever you want, if you want - television will be yours, trips abroad and so on. And all you would have to do is nothing — sometimes you would do what you wanted..."

I left the army as a senior lieutenant in the summer of 1986, knowing that the salary of six hundred roubles at that time was equivalent to that of a colonel general in the post. And although I was offered to become a colonel general immediately from senior lieutenant, this offer did not arouse any enthusiasm in me. I replied that I had always been ready to do any job that did not conflict with my idea of what was right and what was wrong, but being obliged to carry out some order did not suit me. I knew very well what my answer meant, or rather what to expect, but I never imagined the reaction that would follow the very next day. The next day, I planned to drive from Kharkiv to Moscow. I wanted to leave early, but I was tired and decided to rest a little before the trip, so when I finally left Kharkiv, it was already evening. There was mud on the road, and the cars in front of me were literally splashing mud onto the windscreen of my Mercedes. The windscreen washer fluid ran out very quickly, and even when there was still some left, the wipers just smeared the mud evenly across the windscreen. So my eyes got tired very quickly and, after finding the nearest car park, I pulled over to the side of the road and decided it would be better to sleep for a few hours so that I could continue my journey late at night when there wouldn't be so many cars on the road. And indeed, around midnight, there were almost no cars on the Kharkiv-Moscow motorway.

After getting some good rest with a few hours of sleep, I hit the road again. On the route between Belgorod and Kursk, the motorway runs along a high embankment in some places, with very steep and deep slopes. When I tried once again to overtake the truck in front of me, splashing mud on the windscreen of my Mercedes, while overtaking at a speed of ninety kilometres per hour, right on the section with steep slopes, there was a loud crack and my car started to slide towards the slope. I managed to change direction, but nevertheless hit an iron pole on the road with the front left wing of my car, after which the car was no longer responding to the steering wheel. It was travelling diagonally, swerving from the oncoming lane to the opposite lane. After following the road in such a strange way on one side, the car began to move backwards down the steep slope on the other side. And suddenly, after almost completely turning its nose towards the stars, my Mercedes stopped with a sharp jerk, probably "deciding" in this way to send a light signal from its headlights into space.

If this had happened during the day, I would hardly be writing these lines now. It was only thanks to the fact that there was no traffic on the motorway at this late hour that I did not collide with other cars during my rather unusual "method" of transportation. When I stopped, the car hit the roadside fence with its right front door so hard that the frame hung down at the point of impact. The steel cable stretched from one pole to the other formed a loop, and this loop "sat" right on the hook of the trailer. The impact was so strong that the lower part of the boot of my Mercedes was thoroughly bent. In short, the traffic police who later inspected my car said that this could not happen because it could never happen! But nevertheless, it did happen. Among the few cars still on the motorway at that time, there was a Ural with a winch, and so my car was pulled back onto the road. The drivers were very helpful, for which I was very grateful. Once I was off the road, I finally saw the cause of the accident. There was a huge hole in the new Swedish winter tyre on the left front wheel. I put on the spare and continued my journey to Moscow. After the accident, I drove the rest of the way without incident and arrived there in the morning.

When I later showed my car to the experts, they all unanimously stated that if there was a defect in the tread, the wheel could burst, but there had never been such holes for tearing. All of this led me to believe that it was deliberate behaviour. Scanning the situation gave the following "picture" of what had happened. After I refused to cooperate, a small explosive charge was placed in the tyre of my car, specifically in the left front wheel. The small capsule had a radio-controlled fuse that was triggered by a signal from a special headlight placed in the right place by the road. In my case, it was above the road slope on the section of the motorway between Belgorod and Kursk. Obviously, the charge was a little too powerful: even for Swedish winter tyres, it was too powerful, because the explosion tore off a very large piece of the tyre. I suppose they tried to make it safer.

This was the first "swallow" of gratitude for my deeds, in this case for my help in preventing the thermonuclear explosion in Chernobyl. Although my role in saving Midgard-Earth was very modest: I just contacted the right people and asked them for help, but still...

* * *

All of the above-described events were yet to occur in the future, but for now, I was still happily "absorbing" the confirmation of the reality of the events that were happening with my participation. It is difficult for another person to understand this; you have to experience it yourself. When events happen to you that are incredible and impossible from the point of view of the majority, and therefore even those few people who are more or less open to the new look at you with some scepticism at best, and suddenly, from an unexpected source, comes complete confirmation of the reality of everything you have said — such moments

inspire, instil strength and self-confidence! It so happened that the autumn of 1987 was filled with many events, one after another confirming the reality of what was happening to me and what I was doing. At the end of October, I went to Moscow for a weekend with Yuri and another woman from his group, who was one of the first to undergo brain restructuring. After the brain reorganisation, she received telepathic information very well and saw very clearly. After work on Friday evening, we took the Kharkov-Moscow service train, and on Saturday morning we were already at Kursk Station in Moscow. During this trip, we were supposed to meet some interesting people. The meeting place with one of these interesting people was a few hundred metres from the station. We were supposed to meet Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov, and we were supposed to meet at Olga Sergeevna T.'s apartment. Her apartment was located right next to Kursk Station.

Yuri knew her address, so we waited for Kuskov and got into the T. Just a few minutes earlier, after we had met Vladimir Dmitrievich himself, he introduced us to the hostess and her husband. Olga Sergeevna herself was already a retired engineer at that time and was a clairvoyant by nature. Many unusual events and incidents happened to this woman, which, as it turned out, I also had to deal with. But more on that later. In the meantime, let's return to that day when we first met. In keeping with the tradition of the time, we brought a loaf of bread that we had bought at the nearest bakery, and the hostess, also following tradition, put the kettle on. Everyone sat down at the table, and then something completely unexpected happened. Vladimir Dmitrievich took a strange fragment out of his large briefcase and placed it on the table. Everyone stared at this strange object in amazement. And then Vladimir Dmitrievich told a very strange story. He himself was a researcher at the Institute for Space Research. Some time before the events described, an unidentified object crashed on the Kola Peninsula. Without knowing anything about it, one of the residents found pieces of some strange metal alloy in the tundra, something that resembled an alloy of copper and silver.

The pieces of this "metal" had a coarse-grained structure and were very heavy. They all had traces of artificial origin with an unclear purpose, but the inhabitants were obviously accustomed to the unusual objects that could be found in the tundra. So, after finding these strange pieces, the discoverer threw them into his rover with the idea that everything would be useful in the economy. Thus, several rather large pieces of strange "metal" ended up in the locksmith's workshop of one of the inhabitants. This man very quickly began to feel ill and decided to give the pieces to another person. The same thing happened to the other person. After several people who had these strange fragments fell ill in a strange way, someone thought to send these finds to the USSR Academy of Sciences. From there, they ended up at the Institute for Space Research, where Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov worked. When these pieces of unusual "metal" arrived at his department and he learned the story of their discovery, he went to these places himself during his next vacation and found another fairly large fragment for himself. And it was this piece of very strange "alloy" that lay on the table in front of us. Vladimir Dmitrievich asked those present to help him understand what it was.

Everyone began to discuss and express their opinions. I started scanning, as usual, and suddenly I heard someone talking to me. I turned my head, trying to determine who was speaking. Everyone was talking, but that wasn't what I was hearing. I could hear the words clearly and quite loudly. It took me a while to realise that a piece of debris from a spaceship was "talking" to me. I had never expected such a thing, nor could I have imagined such a thing. But it was actually happening. Of course, it was my brain that was transforming the telepathic signals sent by the debris into my usual verbal forms. What was happening was incredible, but real. The debris of a crashed spaceship was talking to me. As it turned out later, ships of this type are quasi-living artificial organisms - ships with a fairly high intelligence. The basis of the material from which the spaceship was made consisted of huge organic molecules,

like DNA and RNA molecules, with metal compounds embedded in free electron bonds. The arrangement was exactly the same as that of the spaceships of the Oya civilisation. Each fragment of the spaceship retained its artificial intelligence and possessed a certain potential proportional to the size of the fragment.

So that is what this disaster "told" me. It informed me that I had the right to access information, and began to give me details about the structure of the spacecraft, the principles of its operation, and the coordinates of the star system from which it had come. I gained a complete understanding of the principles of operation of the spacecraft. For example, if a living being approaches the ship, the ship remotely scans the level of evolutionary development of the being. If the living being meets the requirements, the ship establishes telepathic contact with that being and communicates information to it in accordance with its level of evolutionary "tolerance". If the living being does not meet the evolutionary parameters stored in the ship's memory, the ship sends a telepathic warning signal about possible actions if it (the living being) continues to approach the spacecraft. This is analogous to a sentry shouting, "Halt, who goes there" or "...halt, who goes there, or I will open fire to kill...". If the creature does not perceive the telepathic information or ignores the warning, the spacecraft blocks the creature's motor abilities, or the creature's available machines shut down their engines and all electronics are turned off. If the living being continues to approach the spacecraft, the ship sends a powerful energy blast to kill it.

A piece of debris from a spacecraft does the same thing, except that the impact of the debris is much less than the impact of the entire spacecraft. And the smaller the debris, the weaker its impact. The reason for such strict artificial intelligence programmes on spaceships is very simple the ship is controlled telepathically, and therefore the penetration into the interior of the spacecraft by a living being that does not possess the appropriate qualities and perceptions can lead to an annihilating explosion of extraordinary power, which will inevitably result in the destruction of the planet. Therefore, all actions of the spacecraft are necessary safety measures. It is also curious that no one else heard anything and did not even suspect what was happening.

* * *

During my next visit to Moscow, I met Professor F.R. Khantseverov, who was then working at the same Space Research Institute as V.D. Kuskov. The meeting took place at Professor Khantseverov's apartment. During the conversation, he became interested in my method of restructuring the brain and asked me if I could do something with him. I tested him and he had quite good sensitivity. I simply rearranged his brain and he saw his heart. As a scientist accustomed to doubting all such things, he said that he had a very good imagination and visual memory and that was why he had seen his heart. I explained to him that the anatomical atlas shows the heart of a dead person and it is flat, but he sees his living heart in volume and colour, which has nothing to do with his imagination or visual memory. Moreover, he did not even pay attention when I began to describe his carotid arteries and brain, which I had opened up for him to perceive, without saying a word about it. After such arguments, he was forced to agree that he could see his own heart and his own brain. After that, we talked for quite a long time about various phenomena. But the most important thing for me was his report on their research on the remains of the spaceship. He said that they had photographed the same piece of debris with an electron microscope. The photographs clearly showed the spiral shape of giant organic molecules such as DNA and RNA with metal inclusions.

Professor Hancheverov did not specify what kind of metal inclusions they were, but these are secondary details. The main thing is that the study of the remains of the spaceship

confirmed the quality of the material from which this ship was made, and that it fully corresponds to the descriptions given earlier during the telepathic contacts from Oya and during my unusual and unexpected telepathic contact with the remains of the spaceship. On the one hand, telepathic information, the possibility of which the majority of "scientists" not only question but also declare telepathy itself to be absurd, and on the other hand, real events that took place on our planet. My telepathic contact with a request for help during the Chernobyl crisis in the autumn of 1987, the reality of which was confirmed by the special services, and the very fact that Midgard-Earth still exists as a planet and has not been turned into asteroid debris, as happened to the planet that previously orbited between Mars and Jupiter. I think this is very real and tangible proof of the reality of telepathy, regardless of whether "scientists" recognise it or not, whether they understand its principles or not. Unfortunately, modern scientists understand very little even of the information they have at their disposal. When it comes to understanding the nature of telepathy in particular, the problem is that scientists who study it sometimes understand even less about its nature than those scientists who do not study it. And although many aspects of understanding the essence of telepathy are literally on the surface, scientists' attempts to explain the essence of this phenomenon do not stand up to any criticism.

Analysing this circumstance, I came to the conclusion that this state of affairs is obviously not accidental. It is advantageous for some people to keep others completely ignorant about the nature of telepathy and many other natural phenomena, the understanding of which is so undesirable for them. And that is why the mass media constantly indoctrinate people with the idea of the absurdity of these concepts through scientific "experts" who, with a clever look, assert the absurdity of these concepts and insistently demand that they be believed because they have this or that scientific degree. They try to exert pressure on people with their scientific "rank", which supposedly gives them the right to make unfounded claims that are not supported by anything other than themselves. But the funniest thing is that these "experts" cannot explain the basic concepts of the scientific disciplines whose degrees they use to justify their right to such an opinion. All modern science is built on a false foundation, created deliberately, and we are now witnessing the realisation of these ideas in the form of an impending ecological catastrophe, the cause of which is the realisation of the ideas of orthodox science (for more details, see my article "[Theory of the Universe and Objective Reality](#)").

Another way of discrediting true knowledge about natural phenomena is the method of creating false perceptions among the population through the mass media, when television screens, the pages of magazines and newspapers, and the shelves of bookstores, an avalanche of false information is unleashed upon an unsuspecting public by people who are even more ignorant than modern scientists, by people with obvious mental disorders or suffering from megalomania, without any reason for doing so. And the "revelations" of such people are distributed in the mass media as a "breath" of a new era or "divine" truth. And everything that could really open people's eyes is suppressed, the people who carry this knowledge are persecuted and often physically eliminated, and these are not just words...

* * *

Plants, animals and humans (the latter not always understanding what is happening) also exchange information telepathically. And I do not exclude myself from the latter category. The only difference in my case is that I do not close my eyes to everything that most other people try to ignore; they simply do not need the "extra" headache, they just do not want to be seen as "a laughing stock". I was not afraid of all this, I was interested in understanding, first and foremost for myself, and not

because of academic degrees or universal recognition. It has often happened to me that after my lectures or conversations, people have told me that they received answers to their questions from me before they had a chance to ask them aloud. It is just that sometimes I find it difficult to separate what a person has already said from what they have not yet said, and it does not matter what language the person thinks and speaks in. For me, what a person has thought about something or said is almost the same thing. If a thought has been born in a person's head, it is as real to me as the words spoken aloud. Of course, I have to be attuned to that person in order to talk to them. If I am talking to a group of people, then it is usually easier to perceive the thoughts of the person who creates their thoughts more strongly and vividly. But the most interesting thing is that when I pick up on a person's thoughts, I don't hear them in the form of phrases or see them in the form of images, but "simply" begin to respond immediately to the person's mental question.

Only once, when I had telepathic contact with the remains of a spaceship, was the telepathic contact accompanied by a complete auditory illusion. An illusion in the sense that I could hear the words spoken by the remains just as I would hear them during a normal conversation between two people. My conversation with the remains of the ship continued, which no one could hear because I myself, without even paying attention to it, was exchanging information telepathically, although at first I was sure that everyone could hear this conversation. But it turned out that they hadn't heard it. No one even realised that I was having a conversation, and I only realised this when the telepathic exchange of information ended and I began to hear the voices of others in the usual way. During my very unusual exchange of information with the quasi-living remnant of the spaceship, everyone else was expressing their thoughts about what the remnant was. It was also unusual that my very long telepathic conversation with the fragment of the spaceship, which seemed very long to me, lasted only a few seconds in real Earth time. The speed of telepathic information exchange, even at the level of verbal exchange, is many orders of magnitude higher than the speed of sound transmission.

This is understandable. The vibrations of the vocal cords that transmit sound information are very limited in frequency and amplitude, which is determined by the very limited capacity of the muscles to contract and recover, as well as by the limited volume of air pushed out of the lungs by the muscles to create the necessary sounds. Human beings are accustomed to the exchange of information through sound and do not even consider the possibility of other means of communication. And for some reason, humans extend this idea not only to themselves, but also to the entire surrounding world of living nature. The approach of scientists is so primitive that it reminds me of an anecdote from the series "Planet of the Apes": "An Earth spaceship crashes on the Planet of the Apes and the crew is captured. They are all placed in cages and begin to be studied. They point to a banana and a button and make it clear with their eyes - press the button and you will get a banana!

Earthlings protest indignantly because they consider themselves intelligent beings and such treatment humiliates their human dignity. No one is in a hurry, one day follows another, and the button and banana are still being shown to the earthlings. When hunger began to torment people cruelly, someone pressed the necessary button to satisfy their hunger and get their banana. When this happened, the research monkey wrote in his observation diary: "After prolonged training, the first simple conditioned reflex was developed."

I have always laughed through my tears at this anecdote. After all, this is how our scientists study life on our planet. And I would like to give you an interesting example of this limitation.

* * *

In the summer of 1987, several people from Yuri's group, in which I did brain reorganisation, went with him to the dolphinarium in Batumi and there they managed to get to

the dolphins after a public performance. Modern science believes that dolphins communicate with each other using ultrasound. But this is a fundamentally mistaken understanding. Dolphins use ultrasound to... orient themselves in the water, as they have very poor and limited vision. And they communicate with each other telepathically. This is telepathic communication, not ultrasonic, as scientists believe. Therefore, it is clear what results can be achieved in studying the intelligence of dolphins by examining the ultrasounds they emit!

Natalia A. is at the dolphinarium with Yuri, who, being in the water with the dolphins, realises that he is mentally asking them for help. A dolphin immediately swam up to her, a female dolphin named Lada, as it turned out later. She was the leader of this small group of dolphins in the dolphinarium. When Natalia continued to send telepathic messages, Lada was happy to establish telepathic contact, explaining how difficult it was for them with their "trainers" who did not understand that they communicated telepathically and demanded that they perform silly tricks, which they had to do or else they would starve to death. One is reminded of the anecdote and feels painfully offended by creatures who call themselves intelligent human beings - *Homo Sapiens*, but behave like irrational children. On what basis do "scientists" believe that the behaviour and life of all living creatures on the planet should be subject to delusional ideas that have never had any serious basis? But that is a special conversation, and for now, let us return to telepathic contact with dolphins.

Lada telepathically conveyed information about the life of dolphins in captivity, about why they live much shorter lives in captivity than in the wild. And their shorter lives are due not so much to their longing for freedom as to their loss of unity with the world ocean. The world's oceans have accumulated enormous potential life force over billions of years, and in the wild, dolphins are in constant contact with this biofield of the ocean, which helps them to optimally normalise their vital functions. In addition, in the wild, a pod of dolphins creates a common psi field, which also helps them optimise their vital processes. Interestingly, dolphins repel and sometimes kill attacking sharks with a powerful psi field shock. They also use their psi potential as a defensive weapon. Lada recounted so many details from their daily life that when Natalia began to clarify these details with the "trainer," he asked her in surprise how she knew that two days ago he had hit Lada in the face or that four days ago he had fed them spoiled fish and taken the fresh fish with him. The poor "trainer" could not even imagine that "stupid" animals could communicate telepathically with humans and convey all these details. But let's leave the poor "trainer" and his doubts alone and return to the dolphins.

I was very sorry that I did not have the opportunity to go to the dolphinarium, but after the dolphinarium, Yuri and Natalia came to Kiev, where he asked me to introduce him to a high-ranking person whom I had recently met. This was during my first visit to Kiev in connection with the treatment of this person's daughter, who had multiple sclerosis. I introduced them to each other, and at the same time Natalia told me about her contact with Lada. I immediately offered to establish telepathic contact with her from a distance, and I also "met" Lada. All this may seem strange, and for many people even unbelievable. But very soon, a few months later, a situation arose that confirmed the reality of telepathic contact with a dolphin. Back in the autumn of 1987, Lada unexpectedly made telepathic contact herself and said that she had done so to say goodbye. There was a little mercury in their water, and she accidentally swallowed a drop. This metal is deadly not only to humans but to all living creatures. Even a small concentration of mercury in the bodies of humans and dolphins is inevitably fatal. And that was the reason Lada contacted us. I did not have the coordinates of the dolphinarium in Batumi, but Natalia did, and she contacted the "trainer," who fully confirmed the information received telepathically from Lada. I decided to try to help her, and the only option was to

It helped to completely break down the mercury that had entered her body. I tried to do it and... I succeeded. Later, this fact was confirmed by the staff of the dolphinarium.

In the course of telepathic contacts, it was established that dolphins have long maintained telepathic communication with other cosmic civilisations. The only civilisation with which they have not yet managed to establish contact is our humanoid civilisation from Midgard Earth! Isn't it ironic that these intelligent beings have failed to establish contact with other intelligent beings from the same planet simply because the latter (i.e. humans) are so ambitious and unattractive in their ideas about how nature "should" develop that they have become foolish blind men who claim to know better than anyone else (even nature itself) the Great Plan of Nature. In the past, there have already been attempts by dolphins to establish telepathic communication with humans. As a result, a cult to Delphi arose on the island of Crete and elsewhere in the Mediterranean, but only people with special telepathic abilities, mainly women, were able to achieve this telepathic communication between two intelligent races from Middle Earth, following completely different evolutionary paths. That is why the symbol of this cult was a girl dancing in the water with a dolphin.

But let's go back to the autumn of 1987. The story of the dolphin named Lada has an interesting continuation. When I met Olga Sergeevna T. in the autumn of 1987 and she learned about my contact with Lada, she asked me if it was possible to establish telepathic contact between her and Lada. Lada was not opposed to this; on the contrary, she was very pleased with the new telepathic contact. Olga Sergeevna kept a record of her telepathic contacts with Lada. And at the end of December 1987, she gave me her records to read. She kept her records very conscientiously, without changing or embellishing anything. But the most curious thing was the questions Olga Sergeevna asked Lada. Most of her questions were about her family, about what would happen to her sons, to herself and to her husband. Lada answered all her questions, but I was surprised by Lada's reaction to such questions. Lada replied to Olga Sergeevna that she was still a child. That instead of using telepathic contact to learn about the world around us, to share what is known to humans and dolphins, she spends all her contact time trying to understand personal issues. The dolphin Lada turned out to be more spiritually mature than the woman she was talking to. And that doesn't mean that Olga Sergeevna is a bad or narrow-minded person. It's just that, as Lada herself noted, she is still a "little girl" in her spiritual development.

Spiritual and moral development is not related to a person's age or education, but is a reflection of their level of development, which is determined by their actions and understanding. And, of course, different people can be at different levels of this development, regardless of their age and education. And, as in this case, the spiritual level of the dolphin Lada is higher than the spiritual level of the human being. Our opinion of ourselves does not always reflect the real state of affairs. And if the human being continues to be so blind, he himself will suffer most of all, as will the rest of the living world. And while man is blind in his ignorance, dolphins — the second intelligent race on Midgard Earth — are being destroyed for meat or simply for sport. Is this not a cause for reflection?

10. First encounter with parasites

It so happened that my meeting with Olga Sergeevna T., thanks to Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov, led me to understand many phenomena that occur in nature and society. And as strange as it may sound, that is exactly how it was. Of course, it was not related to Olga Sergeevna herself, but rather to the events in which

she became an unwitting participant in and which I had to deal with at her request. The events themselves are very curious, but even more unexpected are the phenomena that turned out to be connected with these events. But I will not go ahead, I will tell you everything in order: http://.....

During my first meeting with Olga Sergeevna T., she asked me to help her with her health problems, which turned out to be very serious and dangerous. She had cancer and serious abnormalities in the abdominal area resulting from it. Basically, everything in her body was completely destroyed, especially in the solar plexus area. But the most curious thing was how these abnormalities came about.

Shortly before I met her, Olga Sergeevna had a very curious story. Her friend took her to a concert by Arkady Raikin, and during the concert she sent him her energy. After the concert, her friend took her backstage and introduced her to **Raikin himself!** Olga Sergeevna asked him if he could feel the energy she was sending him because he seemed tired and exhausted to her. "So it's you?" he asked in surprise and suggested that she help him in this way all the time. Olga Sergeevna herself was not as calm with such happiness as she had thought at first. But on the other hand, such a fateful event almost cost her her life. She became Arkady Raikin's shadow. When he performed on stage, she stood behind the scenes and pumped him with her life force. At first, she was very flattered to be constantly close to such a "great" man. As a token of gratitude for her vitality, so generously given by Olga Sergeevna, Arkady Raikin presented her with a bouquet of flowers that had been given to him by one of his fans when he got out of his car upon arriving at another concert. This was the only expression of his gratitude for her vitality, with which she supported him during the concerts. He seemed to think that the very fact that she had the honour of being with him was sufficient gratitude on his part.

Anyway, this situation continued for some time, and obviously the "great" artist Arkady Isaakovich wanted a little more. He was about to go on tour in the United States, and Arkady Raikin offered Olga Sergeevna to become his mistress and go on tour with him. She, with all her respect for him and his talent, responded with a firm refusal. He did not expect such a response, but his goal was not to lose such a valuable source of vitality, so he began to offer her to go with him in her previous capacity. Olga Sergeevna replied that this would only be possible if her husband went with her. But such a turn of events did not suit the ageing maestro. He tried to convince her that her husband's presence in the United States was not necessary, even though he was fluent in several languages. In short, Olga Sergeevna said a decisive "no" to all of the maestro's proposals. But the "great" humorist was not used to being refused, especially by women, and for a long time his directors tried to catch Olga Sergeevna, almost constantly standing guard under the windows of her apartment. This frightened her, and everything that happened drastically changed her opinion of the famous artist.

Soon Raikin leaves on tour in the United States, his people disappear from under her windows, and Olga Sergeevna begins to think that this nightmare is finally over. But unfortunately for her, in both the literal and figurative sense, everything is just beginning... The "great" artist decides to punish the sullen Russian woman who dared to say **NO** to him!

What happens to her and her family after Raikin leaves on tour in the United States is a complete surprise to her and to everyone who, willingly or unwillingly, participated in the events. At first, the events seem to be developing in a positive direction, but this is only at first glance. In fact, she was being pursued. The same friend who introduced Olga Sergeevna to Arkady Raikin told her that a dacha was for sale in a prestigious holiday village and that this dacha could be hers if she moved quickly. In order to buy this dacha, she and her husband had to sell their Volga. After becoming the owners of the coveted dacha, Olga Sergeevna and her family moved there for the summer.

One beautiful summer day, one of her neighbours invited Olga Sergeevna to her villa to drink tea, watch television together and chat about this and that. Everything was wonderful, but when Olga Sergeevna returned to her cottage, she soon realised that this seemingly wonderful summer day had not been wonderful even for her. A nice neighbour who had invited her to a tea party reported to the police that Olga Sergeevna had stolen a large sum of money from her. And, as if by magic, numerous witnesses to this "crime" appeared, and a criminal case was opened, which very quickly became more and more detailed and threatened to result in a long prison sentence for Olga Sergeevna. This happened despite the fact that there was no evidence that the neighbour had any money at all, and despite the fact that Olga Sergeevna had come to visit her neighbour in a light summer dress without sleeves, without a purse or anything else in which to fold and carry the huge sums of money that the neighbour claimed she had. This imaginary money was never found on Olga Sergeevna, either after a search of her villa or anywhere else. But despite this, everything was about to go to court, and if it hadn't been for the intervention of a family friend, Olga Sergeevna would have been in a not-so-isolated place for a long time. But, as they say, this time she got away with it! But "this" time was not the last time.

The next act of revenge against the "great" actor was an attempt at physical elimination, and a very complex one at that. In 1987, the First Medical Institute in Moscow tested and began to widely apply rejuvenating and health-promoting sessions for the "chosen ones". For this purpose, they used the so-called astral machine, which was a huge spiral-shaped tube through which a physiological solution (0.9% solution of table salt) circulated. With the help of magnetic field oscillations, they achieved the transfer of the donor's vital energy to the "chosen ones", after which the latter felt a surge of strength and a rejuvenating effect, while the donor weakened and developed various pathologies. And the more often the donor participated in such a "transfusion" of life force, the more serious and dangerous the consequences for his health were.

In order to recover and rejuvenate, the "chosen one" settled comfortably on a special couch, which was placed together with him in the giant spiral mentioned earlier. Of course, only a mentally incompetent person could voluntarily agree to become a donor. But very often the donors were not asked about their wishes! They "simply" took a photo of the desired donor and... placed it in the special area of this devilish machine. By irradiating the photograph of the human donor with magnetic fields, the same effect was achieved as if the human donor himself were there instead of the photograph! I think it is unnecessary to explain that no one warned the donors about their "desire" to participate in such a thing. And this is not the fantasy of a dreamer, but objective reality! So, after Olga Sergeevna avoided prison, they decided to punish her in this way. As a result, when I first saw her in September 1987, she was in the fourth stage of cancer. So I got involved in her problem and the rest of the "bouquet".

I came to Moscow periodically, mainly on weekends. So most of my meetings with Olga Sergeevna took place over the phone. At that time, I didn't have my own phone, nor did I have my own apartment. I rented a room for myself, and even that wasn't easy. What made things easier was that I wasn't married at the time and was unencumbered, as all my possessions fit into a few suitcases. I simply left everything "extra" in its old place, which probably pleased my former landlords. That's why I ran from work to the intercom station and called Olga Sergeevna in Moscow. By the way, I wanted to clarify the situation with the phone a little. The work is not done over the phone, as many people for some reason think, but through space. The phone is only needed to get direct feedback from the person about what is happening to him (or her) during the session. This is important in order to fully control what is happening to the person and to prevent overload, which can have serious consequences, as mentioned earlier.

During my first session with Olga Sergeevna, I destroyed this astral machine, which had probably led to the death not only of her, but also of many other "voluntary" donors who, for one reason or another, were unwanted by those in power. When, after returning to Kharkov, I called Olga Sergeevna in Moscow, she happily informed me not only that she was much better, but also that the astral machine at the First Medical Institute had begun to work in reverse. The "chosen ones" after this machine felt much worse because it did not saturate them with life force, but on the contrary, took away what they had from themselves. I was very happy to hear this news, as I had always been outraged by the meanness and baseness of some people and had always fought against it with all my might, which, for certain reasons, had been quite effective.

I thought that was the end, but unfortunately it wasn't. I continued to work very successfully with Olga Sergeevna's cancer in Kharkov, and when I was in Moscow on business, I worked directly with her. Fortunately, she lived near the station in Kursk, so I didn't have to waste time travelling the vast distances of Moscow. On the evening of 18 December 1987, I took the Kharkov-Moscow train and the next morning I was in Moscow. This train was very convenient - you go to sleep and... wake up early in the morning when you approach Moscow. You have almost two full days at your disposal. On Sunday evening, you take the return train and... in the morning, you go straight from the train to work. It couldn't be more convenient (of course, at that time there was no border between Russia and Ukraine). So, after sleeping on the train, I found myself back in Moscow on that December day. I could never have imagined that this arrival in Moscow would become a new starting point for me, that it would be both a test and a source of insight into many events taking place in our country and the reasons for these events, which for many reasons are beyond the understanding not only of me, but, as it turned out, also beyond the comprehension of most of the inhabitants of our country, and indeed of the entire civilisation of our planet, Midgard-Earth. And I certainly did not even imagine that my actions related to restoring Olga Sergeevna's health, and what I would have to face in this process, would lead me to something fundamentally new

— to an understanding of the ways in which civilisation develops and the behind-the-scenes processes.

On Saturday evening, 19 December 1987, I visited Olga Sergeevna again. And I began another restorative session with her. While working with her, I discovered that she was connected to some kind of huge system in the solar plexus area. Not only her, but many other people were connected to this system. This system could be compared to a huge vine with many clusters, whose "grapes" were people. I had no idea who these people were, but the fact that all these people were connected to the same system as Olga Sergeevna, and she was quickly fading away from this connection and her body was deteriorating, allowed me to conclude that such a system could not be something positive not only for Olga Sergeevna, but also for all the other "grapes" — people who did not even suspect that they were connected to some system and were part of it. The threads coming from each "cluster" person were connected to each other in bundles that closed over some people; the threads coming from these people, in turn, created new bundles, and so on. At each subsequent level, the threads coming from the people became thicker and thicker, and the bundles became denser and "meaty". With each subsequent level, the number of people forming that level became smaller and smaller, and at the top of such an unusual pyramid there was one person.

When they revealed the whole picture to me, I had no idea what it was. The only thing I understood was that this system kills people! Some quickly, others slowly! And that alone could not leave me indifferent to what was happening. I saw with my own eyes, in the example of Olga Sergeevna, what such a connection does to a person. Of course, her degree of involvement in the system was maximum, as a result of which she was very quickly destroyed. The same thing happened to all the other people connected to this system, only their degree of involvement in the system was small, and therefore the destruction of the system did not manifest itself so quickly in them, but that does not mean that the system did not harm them. If even a small amount of blood is taken from a person every day, that person will slowly weaken and

fades away. Similarly, connecting a person to such a system causes them to lose small parts of their life force, which ultimately leads to physical weakness, illness, and a shortened lifespan. Of course, I understood all this later, but at the time I saw a system that was literally destroying a human being before my eyes. Such a system cannot be good, especially if the majority of those who form it are unaware of its existence.

I found myself in a situation somewhat similar to the story from the animated film "Nu, pogodi!" (Just you wait!). The rabbit is watering the flowers on his balcony and discovers a rope that has appeared out of nowhere! And he cuts it off while the wolf tries to climb onto his balcony. So, after discovering this system, I decided to free Olga Sergeevna and... all the other people who, without knowing it, were keeping her company. And almost like a rabbit from the famous cartoon, I "cut" both the thread connecting Olga Sergeevna to this system and the threads connecting all the other people to this system. And since this was no surprise to me, I was able to do it very easily and quickly. Millions of people suddenly found themselves free from such a connection to the system.

.....

When I destroyed the pyramid, I didn't even pay attention to who was "heading" this parasitic system, to whom all these bundles of life force from many people were being gathered, but simply did what my conscience and sense of justice told me to do. As a result, millions of people were freed from the parasitic system that was stealing their life force and health. And then the pyramid system itself completely collapsed, and the man who was at the head of this system, without such a powerful power supply, could no longer even live, and life was draining from his corrupt body, where his criminal soul lived. The news that this man had died after my destruction of the parasitic system surprised me, I could not have imagined that its destruction would lead to the death of the man who headed this pyramid, because I destroyed the parasitic system that robbed unsuspecting people who could not even imagine that what could not be bought with money was being stolen from them - part of their lives! And it doesn't matter that most people had no idea what was being stolen from them and how, and it doesn't matter that most of the victims didn't believe that such a thing was even possible, being completely under the power of the false ideas imposed on them by those who were stealing their life force, their health, while at the same time pretending and claiming that such a thing was impossible because it had never been possible!

Such a crime, committed by a group of degenerates, is even more repulsive when the thieves convince their victims that what they are stealing does not exist in nature. And when a person or group of people, in the course of their search, even slightly enter the forbidden territory, without even knowing it, these werewolves immediately destroy the daring ones, when circumstances permit, burning them at the stake, while at the same time, like insatiable leeches, they gorge themselves on the raging life force of innocent people burning alive in terrible agony, whose only fault is that they have peered into the forbidden territory. When it became impossible to burn or kill such people for one reason or another, the dark leaders of the Midgard-Earth civilisation, standing in the shadows, began to send those who attempted to reveal their dark secrets to psychiatric clinics, declaring them pseudo-scientists and the things they created pseudo-science, and organised real harassment against them, which not everyone could withstand without breaking down. In addition, the puppet masters deliberately fed those who were beginning to see through them with false ideas and "teachings" that consciously led to dead ends and often turned the people who "fell for them" into biorobots or sources of life force for themselves.

In any case, by fate or chance, and perhaps by natural coincidence, after encountering such a parasitic system, I managed to

I destroyed it and I don't regret it at all. As I understood a little later, the system I destroyed was a parasitic social system that was used by the black Freemasons to control the masses. The life force they took from people was used by the black masons to create a psi influence on the masses, which was carried out at the subconscious level, so that the controlled masses did not even suspect that they were being controlled by anyone. Is it not true that the system is evil in its essence when a group of swindlers influences the masses, forcing them (the masses of people) to do what is in the interests of this group, using for this purpose the potential stolen from these same masses without their knowledge?

The influence on the masses at a subconscious level led to people doing many things, being completely convinced that these actions corresponded to their own desires and reflected their interests, when in fact they were only doing what was profitable for a group of puppeteers behind the scenes.

When the parasitic system was destroyed, it not only led to the liberation of many people from energy slavery, which in itself, from my point of view, is positive, but also to quite noticeable changes in public consciousness. It was as if a veil had been lifted from people's eyes, and they awoke from the stupor into which they had fallen for so long. People began to wake up and realise the true nature of the most deceitful and inhuman system that humanity has ever known - communism. To paraphrase the "great" Lenin, I would describe the communist system as follows: the communist system is nothing more than **state capitalism + a slave-owning system.**

Almost anyone who is capable of performing even the simplest analyses and has lived under this system knows that this is exactly how it is. The most surprising thing is that the criminal code of the USSR refers to this almost directly. As lawyers have told me, the criminal code of the USSR provided for punishment in the form of a fine, which was quite large for those times, for a failed suicide attempt. If a person attempted suicide but for one reason or another remained alive, he or she had to pay a fine to the state because he or she dared to dispose of his or her life independently, rather than by order or necessity of that same state! The state had spent money on raising and educating a person, and he or she, having failed to repay the money with huge interest (consider it lifelong), had decided to dispose of what belonged to the state on their own - their own life. And to prevent anyone from doing such a thing, those who survived the unsuccessful attempt were fined a large sum of money. In this reflection of the law, the state very clearly showed its attitude towards its "citizens" - it treated them like slaves! The tens of millions destroyed during the years of Soviet rule are the best proof of this. As for the article on unsuccessful suicides, if my memory serves me correctly, in 1975 this article was removed from the Criminal Code of the USSR, but its essence remained unchanged!

Today, it is clear to everyone that every state represents the interests of one group or another within the population. Whose interests these are is again very clear from the fact that the wealth of the Russian and other indigenous peoples living in the territory of the Russian Empire after the collapse of the "socialist" system is in whose hands. And it is curious that one of those who occupied one of the highest steps in the hierarchy of the black masons, in real life played parodies of the very system, the coordinator of which he himself was. And unsuspecting people marvelled at the "courage" of this man. But for some reason, his "courage" did not extend to the areas most dangerous to the system, but only to those that did not allow the true nature of the anti-human system to be seen and understood. Others were not even allowed to do that. Remember the saying: "What is permitted to Caesar is not permitted to the bull..." So what was permitted to "Caesar" Raikin was not permitted to everyone else, i.e. to the "bulls"!

The destruction of the parasitic system led not only to the liberation of the unwitting victims of this pyramid and the elimination of the psi-influence on people's consciousness, but also to a rather sharp change in the political situation in the world, especially in the socialist countries and Israel, which surprised me greatly. Of course, this did not become clear to me all at once, but as a famous character once said, the process is underway!...

On the evening of that fateful Sunday, 20 December 1987, I took the train to Kharkiv and by morning I was already in Kharkiv. From the station, as usual, I went to work at my institute. I was proud of what I had managed to do, and I was happy that the people around me on the street, in the metro, at work, thanks to this work, had freed themselves from a parasitic system whose existence they were not even aware of. And it didn't matter that no one thanked me for it, I didn't do it for the gratitude.

11. Parasites. Continued

The working week passed as usual. After my official work, I was engaged in my own research and psychic influence on my patients. At the end of 1987, Komsomolskaya Pravda published an article entitled "The Psychic in the Mirror of Physics," which described the results of research on psychics, in particular Juna, in one of the laboratories of the Institute of Radiophysics and Electronics of the USSR Academy of Sciences. The article concludes that psychic influence is nothing more than a weak thermal effect on the so-called Zahariev-Get zones - areas of the patient's skin surface that are projections of the human internal organs. And it is precisely the weak infrared radiation emitted by the psychic's hand, according to experts, as reported by the newspaper, that has a stimulating effect on these zones, as a result of which the person begins to feel better.

For anyone who understands even a little about physics, such a statement is obviously absurd, even if they know nothing about psychics. After all, infrared radiation from the human hand is essentially no different from any other weak thermal radiation in nature. Heat radiation from a candle, light bulb, heating battery, etc. also affects the same areas of Zahariev-Get, but they have no therapeutic effect on the sick person. Of course, infrared radiation occupies a certain range of electromagnetic oscillations, and the intensity of the radiation can vary from very low to very high, but radiation of equal intensity and frequency from different sources should have the same effect on the Zahariev-Get zones of a person, which is not observed, and this means that the conclusions presented in the article are incorrect. That is why I was interested to find out whether this information was deliberate misinformation of the country's population or complete blindness and ignorance on the part of the "scientists". For me personally, it was important to find out for myself whether it was really the former or the latter!

It so happened that just before New Year's Eve, I was sent to Moscow to deliver a number of documents from the Kharkiv branch to the head office of our institute. I arrived in Moscow on Friday morning, 25 December, and after quickly finding the necessary address, I handed over the reports from our branch and set off to find the Institute of Radiophysics and Electronics of the USSR Academy of Sciences. There I managed to catch up with Academician Gulyayev, who headed the laboratory where psychics were studied. For obvious reasons, his address was not mentioned in the newspaper article. I introduced myself as a young radio physicist who was also studying psychic phenomena, and said that I would very much like to visit the laboratory studying these phenomena and consult with the scientists. To avoid questions, I decided not to mention that I was studying psychic influence in my own work. Academician Gulyayev gave me the address of the laboratory, and I learned that the staff would be there on Saturday morning because they were expecting a delegation.

The next morning, with great difficulty, I managed to find the necessary address.

The laboratory was located not far from the metro station, in one of Moscow's countless narrow streets. There were no signs at the address indicating that there was a scientific laboratory there. This confused me a little, but I pressed the doorbell anyway. To my delight, the man who opened the door confirmed that I was in the right place. I told him that Academician Gulyayev had given me the address and that I would like to meet someone from the laboratory. I was escorted to the office of the head of the laboratory, Professor Godik. I explained to him that I was also studying mental influence and that I would like, if possible, to get an idea of what they were doing and what conclusions they had reached. If I had said that I was conducting my own experiments and studying myself, I could have expected a reaction as if I were a mentally ill person. I needed to get an objective view of the phenomena that interested me, not the reaction of someone who was "not quite right in the head".

Professor Godik told me that in their experiments, if glass was placed between Juna and the patient, no effect was observed on the patient. From this, they concluded that the nature of the psychic's influence was thermal, because glass did not transmit it. When I told him that in my experiments the psychic had influenced the patient from a distance of thousands of kilometres, as well as through walls, etc., he looked at me with surprise and said, "Young man, if that's the case, you can count on winning the Nobel Prize!" From his tone, I understood that he thought that I, as a young scientist, had been "led by the nose" by some criminals whom I had believed for some reason. I did not change his opinion for obvious reasons. I was unable to have a long conversation with Professor Godik because the planned delegation arrived, and after apologising, he called one of his employees and asked him to show me the laboratory and the instruments and tell me about the results of the research, for which I am very grateful.

A senior researcher, whose name I did not remember, told me about the work of the laboratory and the experiments that had been conducted. They have studied the weak glow of the human body, the emission of electromagnetic fields, etc. And at the same time, they did not understand at all what they were looking for and researching. In other words, they were searching blindly, as they understood the task, but did not understand the task at all. When I mentioned that in my experiments, the psychic could see a person's internal organs in colour and volume, control his vision as needed, and obtain specific information about the condition of the organs and the person as a whole, and that this information completely coincided with and often surpassed the information obtained by doctors using the most modern equipment, this person looked at me with pity and asked

- Young man, how many years have you been studying physics?

When I answered his question, he replied with dignity:

- When you work with me, you won't believe the nonsense your students will tell you, because in order to see internal organs, one must emit X-rays of enormous power, which is simply impossible!

He couldn't even imagine that there could be other methods of obtaining information, accompanying fundamentally new human abilities. He didn't even consider such a possibility and thought only within the framework of his familiar concepts. When I realised the level of limited perception of people who were fundamentally good but completely blind to science, I thought again that I had chosen the right tactic by saying that, as a scientist, I only studied psychic influence. This legend allowed me to obtain maximum information without paying attention to these specialists' personal attitudes towards information about the possibility or impossibility of inner vision and remote influence, not to mention the possibility of moving into the past or future, etc.

As I expected, it turned out that this laboratory has no idea about the nature of psychic phenomena, but is simply another scientific profanity, behind whose pseudo-scientific terms lies blatant ignorance not only in the field of psychic phenomena, but also in the most basic physics. Of course, this state of affairs upset me and convinced me even more

convinced that I had to continue my research on my own, without expecting any support or help from official science. So I continued my lonely "journey" through the ocean of the unknown that had opened up before me. I realised that I had to rely only on my own strength and that my discoveries, if any, would hardly be accepted by orthodox science with open arms; most likely, so-called "science" would be the greatest enemy of everything I did, but I hoped that there would still be true scientists for whom the truth and, above all, the truth would be important, rather than their own position. And I did meet such people in my life, although, unfortunately, they were few.

This was my last attempt to turn to official science to find answers to the questions that interested me. Unfortunately, "science" was in a state of blindness to a much greater extent than I was. Once you find yourself in unfamiliar territory, you should not turn to a blind man for help in finding the right direction. After that, I no longer sought any contact with official science, but walked my own path, relying solely on myself.

On Monday morning, as usual, I returned to Kharkiv and went straight to work from the train. The last days of 1987 were ordinary, nothing special. On Thursday, 31 December, I had a shortened working day and by the afternoon I was already at home, in the room I was renting at the time. I had been feeling strange since the morning, and by the evening I felt like I was literally burning up inside, even though I didn't have a temperature. It was not a pleasant feeling, as if a tank had run over you. The feeling that I was "crushed" was very real. I barely crawled to my sofa and literally lay down on it. The reason for this condition was not clear to me. It didn't feel like a cold or the flu, nor was it pneumonia or bronchitis. And it was in this state of exhaustion and internal burning that I welcomed the New Year of 1988. The next day I felt much better, but the internal burning sensation had not completely disappeared.

It was only on 2 January that I realised I should look outside myself for the cause of my problem, rather than inside. And what a surprise it was when I discovered the cause of my unusual condition almost immediately. I was right, my condition was not related to some infection in my body, but to an external influence directed at me. It was a conscious and deliberate effort to destroy me physically. Once I understood what was happening to me, I was able to block the destructive influence and neutralise those who were affecting me. In this way, my "neutralisers" turned out to be like wearing protective suits. After stopping my terminators in this way, I had the opportunity to talk to them. And here's what I found out. My "angels of death" were sent by the external parasitic hierarchy to deal with what had happened to one of the elements of their system, created by them on Earth in Midgard.

It turned out that the parasitic system I destroyed had its carriers from distant worlds, and the problem of parasitism is not only a problem of our planet, but of our galaxy and universe (later it turned out that not only our universe). And these masters sent their rapid response team to Midgard-Earth so that it (the team) could understand what was going on, restore the previous "order" and punish those responsible. As is clear from the above, I was the culprit of such "universal turmoil" and those who were sent to punish me, and the punishment was my physical destruction, which they proceeded with with the full measure of responsibility. I was fortunate that at the time of my decisive actions, which led to the complete destruction of the parasitic system, I had already quite actively restored my brain and body and had created (as it turned out) very powerful and effective brain structures and many other things. That is why the actions of the "rapid response" group of cosmic parasites did not lead to my death. It is entirely possible that if I had not realised to turn my gaze to the "heavens", there is no telling how it would have ended for me! But now I can only wonder about that, and I have no desire to go back to my past and see what would have happened differently. Anyway, I directed

my attention to the cosmic terminators and, thanks to the new qualities and brain structures I had created earlier, I managed to turn the hunters into a "game".

I was aware that the Terminators were merely executors carrying out the orders they had been given, and that neutralising them would not solve the problem, as a new group of Terminators, probably more powerful and numerous, would appear in their place. So the only way, in my opinion, to prevent the emergence of another such group was to deal with those who send these groups. I didn't have much choice, time to think and prepare; no one was going to give me the opportunity to prepare in the best way possible, so I decided to act immediately, with the level of readiness and capabilities I had at the time. In such situations, you never know if you have the strength, qualities, flexibility and agility of mind to emerge victorious from such a war. After all, when you go alone onto the battlefield, you don't know what kind of "fire-breathing dragon" you will have to fight, how many "heads" it will have, and how and in what way those "heads" can be separated from the "body". You also do not know how many "dragons" will come out against you on the battlefield and whether they will fight according to the rules of chivalry when they are not all attacking one person.

From my personal experience, I am convinced that all the opponents I have encountered were not brought up on novels about knightly honour and military valour, but rather resembled a pack of hyenas attacking from behind or on a sleeping, tired or wounded opponent. So, even after suffering some damage from the first squad of terminators, I decided to spring into action immediately and take on the entire system at once. I had two choices: either to act immediately and possibly win, or to wait for the unknown and still take the battle at a moment when I did not expect it, with an even smaller chance of victory. I chose the former, not because I was overly confident and arrogant, but because I had no other choice. When you have no choice, you have to act in conditions with many unknowns and discover those unknowns in the course of combat, finding new solutions in a very short time, changing yourself during the battle and creating conditions for a possible victory.

The thing is, despite the qualitative changes and transformations I had made in myself, I had no idea about many things I had to face in such situations, while my opponents did. It is entirely possible that I had something my opponents did not have, but they also had many qualities that I did not have. Everything that was unfamiliar to me and that the "other" side possessed was quite dangerous for me. Based on my perceptions, I created various defence systems, which were probably very effective until the opposing side found a gap in my defence system and... struck a blow or blows in that gap or gaps. If my opponents possessed properties and qualities that I did not have or had no idea about, it was tantamount to saying that I had no defence at all, and therefore the blows were always delivered there. And naturally, the blows were delivered to destroy me. My life was at stake in this "game".

Very often, I had a few seconds, and sometimes even less, to find a gap or gaps in my defence under the blows that were revealed as a result of these blows aimed at my destruction, and to develop my missing qualities and properties without leaving the battle. Only in this case is it possible to patch up the gaps in my defence and then respond appropriately to my enemies, using my own advantages. Very often, after revealing my shortcomings with the help of the enemy's blows and creating and revealing my missing qualities and properties in such an unusual way, I not only create them for myself, but also, taking them into account, I often create something new, something that neither I nor my opponents had before. And all this happened during combat operations! Of course, I did it without knowing whether I would succeed or not, but in any case, I had no other choice. If I hadn't done it, it is very likely that, to the delight of some people reading these chronicles, there would be no one to write them.

But whether some people like it or not, I have so far managed to find solutions in such situations, and that is why I can write these lines, which may provoke the indignation of my enemies and ill-wishers, which does not bother me at all. In fact, I am grateful to my enemies who tried to destroy me, because in trying to kill me, they discovered my weaknesses, pointed out the flaws in my defence and often unwittingly gave me information that was unknown to me, which allowed me to develop more quickly. After all, when you set out on a new path for yourself and walk alone, you don't know what to look for or where to look. It's like in that fairy tale - go there, I don't know where, bring this, I don't know what! And in such a situation, the actions of my enemies, who knew many things that I had no idea about at the time, did me an invaluable service, pointing out my shortcomings or things unknown to me through their actions.

Of course, my enemies-"helpers" pursued very different goals, but due to the fact that I managed to quickly find a way out of seemingly hopeless situations, instead of destroying me, they acted as powerful catalysts for my development. I began to joke about this, slightly paraphrasing the classic Marxist-Leninist saying that "**rhythm determines consciousness**." I don't know about others, but for me it was and is exactly so. The trick of such a paradox is that, in trying to destroy me, my enemies exerted influence or influences on me, using their secret weapons for this purpose, affecting me with those matter and structures that I did not possess or had no idea about. But the moment they used this matter and these structures, when they tried to destroy my bodies and structures, I began to scan and analyse them. As a result, I obtained the information I needed to create new bodies and structures for myself, and often it gave me the missing "pieces of the puzzle" to create something fundamentally new. And often the "pieces of the puzzle" found in this way allowed me to make a qualitative leap in my development. That's how it is!

It is true that there were several unpleasant moments. The actions directed against me were not pleasant for me because they aimed at my destruction, and when they tried to carry them out, it did not evoke pleasant feelings in me, but was accompanied by enormous stress on my body and my brain, while at the same time causing partial destruction of me, my essential bodies, my brain structures, etc. Therefore, in order not to allow those who influenced me to bring what they had started to the desired result, I, as I already mentioned, had to act very quickly and effectively, because otherwise death awaited me! And so, I had to create new things under very difficult conditions, which were far from optimal. And the solution to the problem always had to be radical. Neutralising the attackers did not solve the problem; we always had to solve the whole problem, i.e. we had to deal with the system that sent these or other terminators. And only after it became possible to solve the problem completely did I get the opportunity to heal my own wounds and restore what had been destroyed. And often, taking into account the new experience, I did not simply restore myself to what I was before these or those military actions, but created myself in a fundamentally new quality. And indeed, who knows how many years, and perhaps even lives, it would have taken me to do what I did, had it not been for the actions of my enemies, who, in their desire to destroy me at any cost, threw new legions of their servants at me.

* * *

One way or another, I managed to deal with my opponents and understood not in theory, but in practice, on my own "skin" in a literal and figurative sense, that what is happening on our Earth in Midgard is controlled by external forces. It turns out that when the parasitic system on Earth was destroyed, those who created these systems were the first to react to its destruction. And the creators of these earthly mischiefs turned out to be not earthly "mischief-makers" at all. And we, the earthly aborigines, had no idea about

this external "care". However, none of the earthlings knew about the existence of any brothers in reason, let alone that these "brothers" in reason could be universal parasites. And it is entirely possible that these "brothers" in reason imposed on us, the earthlings, the idea that we are alone in the vast universe, so that it would be easier for them to parasitise our civilisation. And if we take into account that the level of development of the civilisation of the Middle Court-Earth, to put it mildly, leaves much to be desired, the goal of these universal parasites is not technical "achievements," but something else. But what could cosmic parasites possibly want from a planet with a civilisation that is in the early stages of its development and has not even completed its planetary cycle of development!

The parasitic system that I destroyed was "engaged" in taking away the life force of millions of people, their potential for development. Of course, part of the stolen human potential was used in the interests of the earthly servants of the universal parasites, but ultimately part of the stolen potential through these servants went to them

— to the universal parasites! Otherwise, they would not have reacted to my destruction of the parasitic pyramid on Earth in Midgard! This means that for these universal parasites, the evolutionary potential of Earth's humanity, coming from Midgard-Earth, was an important strategic resource. In the end, it was they, and not the local social parasites, who were the first to start "bombarding" me after my destruction of the parasitic system. So the evolutionary potential possessed by the inhabitants of a seemingly insignificant planet on the outskirts of our galaxy is its most valuable "raw material" because only this "commodity" is exported from our "old lady". And I had the opportunity to convince myself many times later that this is indeed the case, but that will happen in the not-too-distant future, and at that time I was quite surprised that it was precisely the evolutionary potential of the inhabitants of Midgard-Earth that interested the interstellar parasites the most.

12. Third appeal to humanity

January 1988, apart from the "New Year" adventures described above, was not a very pleasant month. Every day I went to my official job at the institute, and the rest of the time I was engaged in my own research. At the beginning of February, a very curious event happened to me, which made me see many phenomena in a completely different light. One day at work, I was called to the phone. When I picked up the receiver, a male voice on the other end told me that I didn't know him, but that a friend of his, whom I had met about a year ago while passing through Kharkiv, had asked him to give me some documents. We agreed to meet him at one of the Kharkiv metro stations, where the meeting took place that same day. He handed me a folder, we exchanged a few words, and ... then I never saw him again and never heard from him or the man who gave me the folder through him. When I later opened the folder, I found in it the text of "The Third Appeal to Humanity"², transmitted through Roerich in 1929.

When I first read this complaint, I agreed with everything it said and understood it. As I wrote earlier, I myself had come to similar conclusions. That is why I found it interesting to read the message in this appeal about the antimatter cloud moving towards the Solar System, which is expected to reach us, sinners, in about five thousand years. The fifty-year deadline given to humanity by the Coalition of Observers (CO) to take the necessary actions so that the Union of Civilisations of our galaxy could help us defend ourselves against this cyclone of antimatter had already expired more than ten years ago, when

² See Nikolay Levashov, "[The Last Appeal to Humanity](#)".

I received this message, but from what was happening in the world, it was abundantly clear to me that first the League of Nations and then the United Nations did not respond to this message. Therefore, we were all left to our own devices and could not expect any help from outside. Of course, this realization did not make me happy at all, but, as they say, there is no justice! Those in power did not dare to agree to the conditions for assistance proposed by the CON, for fear of losing their undeserved position in order to escape some "mythical" destruction in five thousand years! These people have never been interested in anything other than their own immediate interests. They were deeply indifferent to what would happen to humanity in five thousand years, but they were very concerned about their own power and their own position in society, which they did not want to lose.

Anyway, after reading "Address", I decided to find out for myself whether the information about the antimatter cyclone was just another "hoax"! Unlike most people, who either do not accept information at all or accept it on faith, I had and still have the opportunity to verify this or that information myself. Therefore, after reading about the movement of the antimatter cyclone towards the Solar System, I decided to verify for myself whether this anticyclone actually exists. As I already wrote, I managed to find a way to move my consciousness in space without my essence leaving my body, which in principle gives me unlimited opportunities to work in space. It's like that saying: "If Mohammed doesn't go to the mountain, the mountain goes to Mohammed"! I do not consider myself to be Mohammed, but nevertheless, the principle is the same. I myself do not move in space, but I change the space around me and within me, which is equivalent to the fact that I push the space above me and... the space "comes" to me.

But anyway, I set off on a journey into space, or rather, space "came" to me, and I went in search of an antimatter cyclone and... found it quite quickly. Unfortunately, the information from the address turned out to be false. The truthfulness of the information made me both happy and sad. I was glad that the message turned out to be true, and I was saddened by the fact that this truth did not bring me joy. The death of the civilisation of Midgard-Earth, even if it is five thousand years from now, cannot make any normal person happy. And the realisation that the powerful of today have doomed the entire civilisation to destruction because of their petty, empty ambitions can provoke nothing but indignation and contempt for these monsters in human form. But, as they say, the train has left the station and there is no turning back. In this situation, we can tear our hair out and complain about the narrow-mindedness of the people who make decisions, but that will not help us.

.....
.....
.....

In fact, our space-universe is enormous by earthly standards, but it is limited in all directions. Our space-universe is just one spatial "petal" with its own properties and qualities, which together with many other "petals"-universes forms a wonderful spatial flower - a six-pointed star. ⁽³⁾ In each of these "petals" - universes, there are billions and billions of civilisations that create their own hierarchies - associations of civilisations. And all of them together have created the unified hierarchy of the six-pointed star.



.....
The assembly of the six rays was held in a huge amphitheatre with six sectors, according to the number of rays of the six rays. The amphitheatre was located in an open space and by itself

resembled an open flower - a lotus with six petals. D thanks to the curvature of the space, it seemed that all those present at this council were practically next to each other, within arm's reach.

.....
Of course, for each pentacle universe, the qualitative and quantitative composition of antimatter is different due to the fact that these pentacle universes are formed from different amounts of primary matter, which is also arranged in a different order.

.....
The hexagon appears as a result of the explosion that occurs in the area where two matrix spaces intersect. At the moment of the super-explosion, the ejected primary matter of one type was completely harmonious with each other. But after their distribution in the zones of space deformation that appeared during this super-explosion, the primary matter, which was initially coordinated with each other and formed this or that space-universe, began to interact with each other in accordance with the conditions and laws of this zone of distortion of the matrix space, where the formation of this space-universe took place. In this way, a certain part of the matter ejected during the super-explosion found itself subject to the conditions of the spatial zone of deformation where the specific space-universe of the hexagon was formed. That is why, having appeared after the super-explosion in qualitatively different conditions, the initially coordinated primary matter, which formed a specific spatial universe, periodically appeared in qualitatively anti-phase states relative to each other, which was the reason for the appearance of antimatter cyclones in one or another "petal" space. And in order to avoid the problem of antimatter cyclones in principle, it is necessary to qualitatively coordinate all spaces-universes forming a six-rayed....

.....
.....

³ See Nikolai Levashov, "[The Last Appeal to Humanity](#)," chapters 11, 12.

In order to solve the problem of antimatter cyclones, it is necessary to coordinate all cosmic universes within the entire six-ray beam and to create conditions for maintaining harmony between matter within the entire six-ray beam. Furthermore, it should be noted that between the "petals" of the cosmic universes of the six-ray beam there is free primary matter in motion, which constitutes 90 % of the mass of matter not only in our cosmic universe, but also in the six-ray beam, and beyond. Visible matter is only 10% of the mass of matter in both the "small" and the large universe. And it is precisely the free primary matter that determines the behaviour of matter visible to the naked eye. Therefore, in order to synchronise the cosmic petals in the volume of the six-ray, it is necessary to synchronise the free primary matter between them, and this will lead to the synchronisation of the cosmic universes in the six-ray. To achieve this, it was necessary to synchronise all the space-petals in the six-ray beam simultaneously. Only in this case is the success of synchronization possible. If synchronization of all spatial universes in the six-ray beam is not achieved simultaneously, a colossal catastrophe will occur. Instead of solving the problem, such a turn of events could lead to an even bigger problem. It seems that under such conditions, **it is impossible** to solve the problem! But not everything that seems impossible at first glance is impossible.

.....

The ability of multiple beings to act in synchrony decreases dramatically as the number of participants increases. That is why, ideally, the action should be carried out by one person. But the problem arises: how can the same person be simultaneously in all the "petals" spaces of the six-pointed star and exert a synchronised influence within the volume of the six-pointed star when these "petals" are separated from each other by distances that cannot even be expressed by numbers with an arbitrary number of zeros! But this problem turned out to be unsolvable only at first glance, if we approach its solution trivially. Each "petal" space of the six rays is formed by the fusion of a certain amount of primary matter. Every body of the essence of a human being or any other intelligent being also arises as a result of the fusion of a certain amount of primary matter, and the more developed the human being (being) is, the greater the number of bodies forming its essence, and the greater the amount of primary matter forming each subsequent body. In this way, the primary matter forming each body of the essence is arranged and forms that body in a certain order. But after the formation of the whole body of the essence, each body of that essence has an unchanging qualitative and quantitative composition of that body.

.....

In order to be able to influence all cosmic universes of the hexagram synchronously, the influencer must have a number and qualitative structure of the bodies of the essence that exactly correspond to the number and qualitative composition of the cosmic universes forming the hexagram. If the influencer has a qualitative composition of the entity identical to the qualitative composition of the hexagon, there is a real possibility for its harmonisation! In this case, the problem may lie in the ability of the influencer to withstand the force that must pass through him in order to harmonise the hexagram. If the subject and the relevant structures cannot withstand this force, the influencer will simply be burned at the stake and nothing will happen to the space. Such was the prospect and risk for the influencer.

.....

.....

.....

.....

All these conditions undermine the mood and concentration necessary for the work and can lead to instability in the process of influence, which is accompanied by a catastrophe on the scale of the six-ball beam. It is difficult to even imagine the degree of responsibility for each action, let alone for the fate of the myriad civilisations inhabiting the spaces of the sixth beam.

.....

.....

Many of the "divine" actions described in religious books reflect only purely human ideas about the universe and the God who created it. But the fact that I had already learned what the universe is clearly showed the complete misunderstanding of the real state of affairs conveyed in the "sacred" books. I found myself in a rather critical situation. What I had already managed to understand and accomplish completely refuted both modern science and the ideas of all world religions. It was as if, whether I wanted to or not, I was opposing the rest of humanity with all its ideas about the nature of the universe and the origin of life and man himself. I had reason to doubt and worry. It was as if I was challenging everyone else without meaning to. I had no choice but to either abandon my own understanding and experience and accept conventional wisdom, or continue to believe in my own experience and understanding, regardless of everything else.

I chose the latter, knowing full well what position my decision would put me in. To claim that everyone else was wrong, whether they believed in God or in modern science, was tantamount to social suicide. It was not only an opportunity for ridicule, overt and covert mockery, and accusations of insanity, but also an opportunity for very real harassment from almost everyone and everything. The "prospect" is, to put it mildly, unenviable and uninspiring. But despite this, I chose this path. And not out of excessive arrogance, as it may seem to some, but because modern science could not answer my simplest questions, and religion is only good for those who are afraid of responsibility for their own actions and transfer responsibility for what happens to someone else, in this case God. Every religion deprives man of freedom of choice and responsibility for what happens. And besides, as I have already written, I have already managed to do what all religions interpret as a divine manifestation, and many things that religious books do not mention and have no idea about.

.....

I thought that belief in God had emerged either at the early stages of civilisation development or as a result of social parasites imposing these ideas on primitive civilisations. But that was my understanding, and everyone else thought differently... regardless of whether they believed in God or modern science. The most unpleasant thing about this situation was that I did not have any so-called "material" evidence of my achievements. But the interesting thing was that I had no intention of proving anything to anyone. I needed this proof myself so that my perceptions could turn into firm convictions, so that I myself would not have the slightest doubt that I had not inadvertently misled someone else in the first place. My mistakes, if any, should not become a trap for others - that was the most important thing for me. I have always felt responsible for my actions and could not allow myself to deceive myself and all those who might be interested in my ideas. This was the hardest burden for me personally. But despite this, I kept going forward with the conviction that sooner or later I would receive confirmation that what had happened to me was true or that I had made a mistake. Of course, I wanted to believe the former, which in itself is quite understandable.

.....

.....

.....

.....

But if your duties require you to repeat this operation millions of times, you will be forced to perform an action even though it is familiar to you and does not contribute anything new to the development of the soul. Such a routine not only fails to provide creative inspiration, but can also "drown" the actor, and a person can simply "drown" in an ocean of repetitive decisions and still not have time to do everything that is necessary. It all depends on how many similar tasks need to be solved per unit of time. And if there are too many such similar tasks, in practice no one will be able to cope with them, no matter how fast the operator is able to act. A special type of filter for incoming information, which I created for myself, made it possible to solve this seemingly unsolvable problem once and for all. Some people may wonder: why do we need to create a "forest"? If one person knows that two plus two equals four, they can teach others the correct action and the problem is solved! Of course, when it comes to addition, this approach really is a solution. But even then, if millions of people add "two plus two" over and over again and nothing else, it is just spreading a uniform routine among many people. Only instead of one, millions or tens of millions will be doing it. Is this really the best solution?

.....

That is why the solution I found turned out to be the only one possible, at least for me. Thanks to this solution, I was able not only to fulfil my responsibility, but also to preserve my freedom of action and creative freedom. Especially if we take into account the new principle that I applied in this way. When my brain received information about a problem whose solution was unknown to me, that problem "surfaced" at the level of my active consciousness, and I began to solve it, using my abilities to the maximum. If I managed to solve a new problem, its solution and possible variants of its solution were stored in my personal database and when my brain received information about a similar problem, my double was automatically sent to solve it; once the problem was solved, it would return and the nuances of the solution to this problem would be added to my "database" again. With this approach, I was able to move forward; this solution allowed me to maintain harmony between creativity and responsibility, where the former does not interfere with the latter, and the latter does not interfere with the former. This is how I managed to solve the problem that had arisen so unexpectedly before me. After that, I was able to calmly continue searching for the truth. At that time, I could not even imagine that this was only the beginning.

13. Is there contact?

Despite what had happened, my life went on as if nothing had happened. In the morning, I went to work at my institute and went about my daily duties. No one knew what had happened, and I told almost no one about my work and its results. Most of the people around me, no matter how good they were, could not normally and correctly perceive such information. This information was far beyond the usual concepts, and I did not want anyone who had no concepts or ideas to think I was crazy or a person who had "gone mad" with delusions of grandeur. I had no evidence certified by the proper authorities. And I didn't need anyone's approval or support because I wasn't doing it to be admired or praised. I always felt uncomfortable when someone expressed admiration for what I was doing, even if the words were sincere. And I have always been indignant and disliked any flattery, whether subtle or crude.

For some reason, many people who falsely flattered me thought that I couldn't see through it. Anyone who did so was usually seeking personal gain and thought that words of flattery would blind me. In fact, I had to observe an interesting phenomenon. People knew that I could identify their health problems at the cellular and molecular level, yet they thought that I couldn't read their thoughts and ideas, even in cases where their "cunning" intentions were visible to the naked eye. I usually don't let on that I can see through their game. This phenomenon is similar to that of bank robbers. Every robber assumes that all other unsuccessful bank robbers are fools and that is why their attempts have failed, while he (or she) has a brilliant plan that will guarantee 100% success in the robbery. It's pretty much the same when some people start flattering you, subtly or blatantly, with a "grand" plan in their head of how to get what they want by lowering your guard and flattering you. This is usually related to my healing work (but not only), when a person is looking for ways to get what they want without paying for it.

Sometimes this is related to people's desire to find information about what I can do, so that they can use this information to force me to do what they want me to do. Sometimes they succeed in doing this when what they want me to do coincides with what I myself would do, because it corresponds to my own understanding of the situation and my own ideas about right and wrong. Sometimes, however, my "curators", having studied my positions and knowing my keen sense of justice, have used me, sometimes almost blindly. But this happened very rarely, and even then, only at the very beginning of my journey. In fact, I understood perfectly well that among the circle of people around me, there would inevitably be one or more people from the "authorities". What authorities - I think it is clear to everyone. If they did not infiltrate me, they would certainly recruit someone close to me. I recognised these people almost immediately, but I did not show it. In practice, none of these people were bad or malicious by nature. Such a category would literally flee from me, unable to withstand the blocking influence coming from me.

The "infiltrated" agents of "influence" were intelligent and, in many respects, decent people. I did not expose them, knowing full well that others would take their place and that this would continue until the "infiltrators" were exposed by me. Therefore, when I understood the rules of the game, I decided to pretend that I did not notice who was who and what their purpose was. I let these people think that they had complete control, revealing to them only the information that I considered necessary and important to pass on to those behind them. If, for one reason or another, these people witnessed events that, in my opinion, had fallen into the wrong hands, this information was "simply" automatically erased from their memory. And if these people had recording equipment, when they listened to the recordings, nothing seemed amiss. Simply, at the appropriate places, recordings of what should not fall into the ears of others were erased. The recording and transmission equipment was damaged only when necessary. In some cases, it was necessary to completely shut down the equipment, but this was done rarely so as not to attract too much attention. And anyway, from a certain point on, there was enough of it (excessive attention). Anyway, in most cases, I managed to control the information coming into the "authorities". And as I realised a little later, I managed to play this Ivanushka the Fool quite well! In the end, the main thing is not who is considered a fool, but who he really is!

By the way, about the word "fool". This word became a noun only with the arrival of Christianity in Russian lands. Initially, in Vedic concepts, the word D'UR'ak meant a person who was a disciple of UR, and UR were hierarchs who voluntarily became teachers of our ancestors after the catastrophe 13,016 years ago (in 2006) and passed on cosmic knowledge to our ancestors. It is no coincidence that in Russian fairy tales

Ivanushka the Fool turns out to be smarter than everyone else, defeating all enemies with his wit and quick thinking.

Through the people who were assigned to me, I "fed" only what I considered necessary, which allowed me to very often receive feedback on information that was important to me. Often, under my influence, these people told the truth, and I did not have to inject anyone with a "truth serum" to make them do so. "Simply" when I needed them, they told the truth and only the truth, and their honour and conscience were awakened, albeit briefly, if there was something to awaken them. Later, I developed other methods that were very effective, but we will talk about them another time. For now, let's go back to the spring of 1988...

.....

My achievements remained my achievements and the achievements of those who witnessed them personally and knew who was who. I was satisfied with this situation; it seemed that I had managed to avoid megalomania. Some may disagree with this, but that is their right, and my truth is that if I managed to do something, I did not shout about it from every rooftop, I did not even shout about it from "specific" rooftops, considering that I did not need to do so and that it was simply foolish. People with delusions of grandeur shout about their imaginary or real achievements wherever they can, seeking recognition and honours. I have never done any of that, and therefore consider myself free from megalomania. Besides, what is the point of shouting about my achievements if the majority of people around me are not even able to understand the essence of my achievements and have no opportunity to "feel" the results of them with their own hands. Of course, there was a possibility of unintentional self-deception or deception on the part of the participants in the actions, which could not be completely ruled out, but that does not mean that what happened must be completely denied. If someone is unable to understand something, it does not mean that it cannot exist at all. In all, it is simply impossible to invent what happened.

To understand this situation, it is enough to read contemporary fiction, in which the best dreamers reflect the ideas of advanced civilisations. Almost all of them cannot go beyond the ideas they received during their upbringing on Midgard Earth. If a civilisation is more advanced, it means that it has more sophisticated space technologies and weapons. Almost no science fiction author understands the realities of cosmic hierarchies in the universe. Everything that happened to me was not even close to the ideas that are "popular" among science fiction writers. And I was educated in the same conditions and on the same ideas. So, if it were a matter of my subconscious activity, my brain would have produced the patterns familiar to everyone (including me). But nothing like that happened. Everything that happened to me was surprising, first and foremost to me, and that alone shows that it cannot be untrue. Nevertheless, I have always maintained a healthy scepticism about it, as it was almost impossible to obtain confirmation of the veracity of what was happening in our Solar System...

* * *

Shortly after the events described above, I "travelled" into deep space. By constantly reorganising my brain and my essence, I managed to create the qualities that allowed me to go beyond the limits of our sixth ray. It turned out that the six-ray itself is just one of the countless spatial "nodes" of the so-called matrix space. These spatial "nodes" are located in spatial "honeycombs," where each of the six rays is like an atom located in a crystal lattice, if the latter has the structure of a honeycomb.

What "bees" created these cosmic "honeycombs"?!

As it will not seem strange to some people, these "bees" are nature itself, more

Precisely - the simplest laws of harmony between the properties and qualities of space and the properties and qualities of the matter filling that space. The so-called matrix space is a Möbius strip created by cosmic spatial "bees". It is an amazing creation of nature in its beauty and grandeur, elegance and perfection. Anyone who has seen it once can never forget it. But the matrix space itself, in which a hexagon like ours is only an insignificant "atom" of that space, is only one of the many layers of the cosmic "pie"!

So much for explaining the absurdity of the idea of God!

In all earthly religions, God creates the universe... but exactly as it is imagined by people who look up at the night sky and observe stars, planets, and other phenomena within their field of vision. And "for some reason" the universe created by God corresponds exactly to these human ideas! The absurdity is simply that God creates the universe, "orienting" himself precisely according to human ideas about it. And human ideas about the universe have been and are very far from what it really is. That part of the Universe that the inhabitants of Midgard-Earth have an idea of at the current stage of their civilisation's development, and which is reflected in religions, is only a very small part of the real Universe, as small as a grain of sand is smaller than the Universe that people have an idea of. And even that would be a very rough comparison. In reality, the ratio is even more impressive. And that's for the scale of the Universe that I knew at the beginning of 1988! Well, let's leave that for a little later... For now, let's return to the "wrong" Earth.

At the beginning of spring, an elderly woman from the city of Sverdlovsk came to me for treatment. She had a rather large cancerous tumour in the solar plexus area. She asked me to remove the tumour and, in the meantime, began to "persuade" me to join her group, which had established contact with highly developed extraterrestrial civilisations. I already had some idea about extraterrestrial civilisations, and it was perfectly clear to me that this woman had no contact with them. I asked her to tell me how this had happened. And this is what she told me.

She retired after working as an accountant her entire life. When she retired, she had a lot of free time and decided to devote it to developing her spirituality. She decided to try to establish contact with higher powers and, for some unknown reason, decided to do so with the help of a circle on which she had written the letters of the Russian alphabet and a coin that served as a pointer. In a trance, her hands moved the coin, which pointed to this or that letter, and from these letters words were formed, and from the words - sentences. When I first observed her doing this, her hands moved so quickly that neither I nor anyone else watching her actions could follow how the letters formed words and so on. Most likely, the circle with the letters and the coin served as a method for her to enter trance states, when she became a conduit for information.

I had no doubt that she was receiving information from outside. I strongly doubted that she was receiving information from extraterrestrial civilisations because the level of development of her essence had not reached the necessary qualitative state for that. But it was clear to me that my understanding meant nothing to her. She would probably think I was jealous if I told her that. I realised this and therefore did not do so. I just asked her if she had any confirmation of the truth and accuracy of the information she was receiving through this channel. She replied by telling me the following. She and her group had received warnings about various incidents through this channel before they happened. And all these messages had come true, and after receiving such confirmations, they had no reason to doubt that the rest of the information was true. And try to prove that you are not a "camel," because she will definitely think that I just want to "discredit"

the achievements of her group. But the cancerous tumour in the solar plexus area, my own experience and the knowledge I have already accumulated about this and that told me that she and her group had become a toy in someone's very skilled "hands".

I managed to find a way to show this woman the true state of affairs and avoid accusations of non-existent envy, etc. One day, I gathered a group of several people and invited this woman. I introduced everyone to each other and asked her to tell me about her method and results. Then I asked her a question: could I contact anyone I knew through her, or could she only contact "her own people"? She answered in the affirmative and said that she could contact anyone, she just needed to know the name of the person I wanted to contact. This answer convinced me even more that my assumption was correct, but I didn't say anything to her about it. I "closed" myself off so as not to scare or alert any potential fraudsters, put on the "clothes" of Ivanushka the Fool, and told her the name. She prepared for the contact, and the process began!

I asked questions, I got answers... and the answers weren't even close to those of the real person I knew. From the very beginning of the contact, it was clear to me that the person answering my questions was not the one I wanted to connect with. But it wasn't just the wrong answers to my questions that were the criterion by which I determined the presence of the imposter. Every being I knew had a name that reflected its level of development. Therefore, the name and the being that bears it are essentially one and the same and together represent a unique code that is very difficult, almost impossible, to falsify. In order to falsify such a personal code, the forger must have a very high level of development, much higher than the level of development of the being whose name will be used. Therefore, it is pointless for a highly developed being to impersonate another, less developed being. Moreover, according to cosmic laws, such an action carries a very severe punishment, almost the same as for creating a holographic camouflage, i.e. complete unravelling of the essence. So those who know these laws will never do such things, as they say, the sheep's skin is not worth it, especially if it directly affects their own "skin". Therefore, if someone does such things, they are obviously not high-level beings, and only in the case of complete confidence in their impunity. And such confidence in one's own impunity can only exist if the one who violates cosmic laws is absolutely sure that no one will find out about their sins. There is simply no one to report them. But, as they say, even an old woman has bad luck sometimes.

So, from the very beginning of the contact, it was clear to me that a completely different being was involved, but I did not rush to expose the imposter. I recorded the questions and answers of this contact. Several times I asked this woman how things were going. To which she replied that everything was fine. It was important to me that she, so to speak with her own "hands", obtained the evidence showing that someone was playing unfairly with her. When I had enough questions and "answers", I decided it was time to show my "trump card". Instead of asking another question, I asked the respondent why he (she) was pretending to be someone else. To which I received assurances that the respondent was who he claimed to be. After this assurance, I "opened up" and, just in case, created an insurmountable barrier around the contact person. I repeated my question: who is he and why is he pretending to be someone else? In this situation, the being did not deny it and said that his name was Milon and that his task, assigned to him by those who sent him, was, while on the mental level of Midgard Earth (the fourth material level according to my system), to close in on all those who were capable of "germinating" there. And if the "chickens" believe in God, to declare themselves to be that God or his messenger; if the "chickens" believe in extraterrestrial intelligence, to present themselves as representatives of that intelligence, which is not so far from the truth. Only the representatives of this extraterrestrial intelligence are peculiar — they **are parasites**.

The goal of such beings and even entire civilisations is to parasitise on

the potential of those who possess it but have no idea what it is or how to nurture it. Milon, who was in contact with this woman and her group, did just that. When he was "cornered" and had nowhere to run, he "cracked" and began to testify, trying to justify his very bad deeds. He claimed that he had not done anything "like that," but had "simply" taken from fools what they had but never used. Milon tried to show that his actions did not harm anyone, that he took "only" what no one needed anyway, and that there was no violation of cosmic laws. It was not his fault that these people did not realise what they had and did not use it themselves. Good things should not be wasted if their owners do not understand and do not know what they themselves possess. It is not a crime to take what is "unnecessary". This is the option that the thief has chosen for his own protection. Moreover, he claims that by doing so, he is carrying out an order from his masters, for whose needs he is gathering the unused potential for the development of the aborigines of Midgard-Earth. In other words, "I am not to blame, he came of his own accord"! I, they say, am a servile "beetle" and bear no responsibility for the orders I am given to carry out.

In this respect, he was partly right. He was not responsible for the orders he was given, but he was directly responsible for his actions in carrying out those orders. And he was, to put it mildly, "strangely" short-sighted about the harmlessness of his actions. The potential for development of the people he deceived is not just a stone, not just a piece of gold nugget that "lies" unknown somewhere until someone who understands the value of this nugget finds it and can use it for the benefit of the "world revolution." And although the "benefactors" of this "world revolution" are not from here, the essence of their concern is the same. The parasites are local and foreign, and in our case they are foreign, but the essence is the same, the methods are the same, the tasks are essentially identical, and in principle the leaders are the same, which, however, I realised much later.

All this exchange of information between me and Milon was done through this woman, all Milon's answers were given by her, so that no one could accuse me of distorting or falsifying the facts, even if they wanted to.

.....

An elderly woman from the glorious city of Sverdlovsk, instead of spiritual enlightenment, receives alien brainwashing and finds herself in a situation that is most vividly illustrated in the film *Irony of Fate, or Enjoy Your Bath!* in the scene where Hippolytus (actor Yuri Yakovlev) is bathing in his leather coat in the bathroom and, when asked what happened to him, replies that "good people" found him, took him and robbed him, i.e. "warmed him up". So in the situation with this woman, there were "good" aliens who "picked her up" and "robbed" her, both literally and figuratively. And not only her, but all those who joined her group. Unfortunately, many people who have accumulated potential for development find themselves in the state of hatched "chickens". They have managed to accumulate the necessary potential for development to "push" the quality barrier to the fourth material level of Midgard-Earth (the first mental level), but this is not enough to act correctly at this level. Knowledge and understanding of the natural laws operating at other levels are needed, as well as methods, rules and principles of action at these levels. Unfortunately, people who have opened "doors" to another quality level on the planet transfer skills and ideas from the physically dense level there, without realising that they do not work in other quality conditions. And this childish blindness, which is quite natural, is exploited by parasites both here and "there". And these parasites, regardless of what they are, find it very profitable to maintain this blindness and ignorance for as long as possible, or even better, forever!

And for this purpose, they use a very effective method. Depending on the psychotype of the newly hatched person, they begin to perform mental processing to identify

weaknesses. This usually happens according to the following pattern. First, the parasites scan the newcomer's brain for his perceptions and attachments. If the novice believes in God, they appear to him in the name of that God or pretend to be him. If the person believes in the existence of extraterrestrial civilisations, they declare themselves to be their representatives, without specifying what type of civilisation they belong to. Most people who wake up, for some reason, believe that if they have made contact, it is only possible with light forces and light civilisations. It is entirely possible that the reason for this lies in the fact that in the literature available to them, in commonly accepted ideas, people are persistently led to believe that the mental levels on the planet correspond to a high level of spiritual development, and therefore these people automatically place all those who are at these levels in the category of highly developed spiritual beings or in the category of gods and angels. None of them even realise that even overcoming all six qualitative barriers on Earth (reaching the six essential bodies) does not mean merging with Nirvana and completing evolution as a whole. It only means that this person has completed the zero planetary cycle of their development, that they have only freed themselves from planetary evolutionary captivity and are ready to "open" the next chapter of their life and development - the galactic stage of their forward movement. Anyone would be surprised if a traveller stopped at the threshold of his own house after "taking" the keys to open all six available doors and go outside.

Of course, if during their journey someone has managed to "open" the fourth "gate" of their home planet, this will correspond to a higher level of development than that of someone who has only managed to "open" the third "gate". Similarly, if someone has managed to "open" the fifth "gate" of Midgard-Earth, this will correspond to a higher level of development than that of someone who has managed to "open" only the fourth "gate", and so on. All this is true, but even so, it does not mean that the "inhabitants" of all these levels necessarily belong to the forces of light and can only carry light things. This is a very dangerous misconception that costs many people their health and sometimes their very lives.

But much worse things can happen. Parasites can also completely destroy the essence (soul) of the person who has fallen into their trap, and in some cases they can turn that person's essence into their slave, turning them into a source of their own potential. And in order to make their potential victims willingly "fall" into their hands, parasites use a very common psychological trick. To make their victims' distrust disappear, the parasites throw them credible information that is very easy to verify on a normal earthly level and that has a strong emotional impact. Usually, these are messages about expected disasters and natural disasters. Once they have received confirmation of the accuracy of the reported information, they begin to transmit false information that the interrogators can no longer verify. But a person who has received confirmation of the information they are used to understanding extends their trust to information they cannot verify. I hope I don't need to explain what kind of information is received that cannot be verified. In addition to this, the following method of "brainwashing" is usually used, which is no less effective and thanks to which not only the selection of development potential is carried out, but also the destruction of the psyche and personality of the victim.

In order to keep their victims more firmly in their "grip", the parasites begin to convince them that they have been chosen by them for a reason, that this is their destiny, that only they are worthy of being conduits for their information for the "good" of all humanity. The differences are insignificant: if their "client" believes in God, the parasites inform them that God has chosen them because only they truly believe in Him and only they deserve His attention and salvation. If the person believes in extraterrestrial life, the same parasite will declare itself a representative of this or that civilisation and will begin to sing a song about what an important

role his victims have to play in saving Earth's civilisation.

But the most interesting thing is that people who have fallen under such influence do not even notice the obvious absurdities that are communicated to them. For example, the "extraterrestrial" civilisations that have come into contact with this or that contactee call themselves a civilisation from the constellation Cygnus, Orion or Ursa Major, which is perceived as "hurray" by Earth contactees. But in the end, these are purely Earth names of constellations that are visible to an observer located on the surface of Midgard-Earth. Every civilisation names its own planets and stars with its own names, not purely Earth names. After all, they may not have swans or bears, and if they do, they probably named them with their own names, not with borrowings from Midgard-Earth. Furthermore, the view of the starry sky from each of the inhabited planets is quite different from the view of the starry sky from any other planet. Therefore, if they group the stars in their sky into constellations, the number of stars they group into constellations and their arrangement cannot in any way correspond to purely earthly ideas. And the grouping of different stars into constellations is characteristic only of civilisations at the initial stages of development, which have not yet completed their planetary cycles of development. In fact, very often the stars grouped into a constellation are located at enormous distances from each other, and sometimes this or that star from the "constellation" is actually a very distant galaxy, which has many billions of stars of its own and whose size may be greater than that of our Universe.

So, if there is contact with genuine representatives of another civilisation, they do not give their names or their earthly names. That would be simply foolish. Instead, they transmit a volumetric hologram of their system with reference points, taking into account the spatial position of Midgard-Earth. Because anything else would be utter nonsense. And if representatives of other civilisations present themselves as emissaries of the constellation Cygnus or something else, it means only one thing: those who have made contact are starting to play dirty games with all the consequences that follow. In one form or another, I will have to return to the topic of contacts and contactees many times, but for now, let's go back to the spring of 1988....

14. The more I get to know people...

In the case of an elderly woman from Sverdlovsk, I was able to prove to her that the information coming from her circle was incorrect and untrue. I hope that she did not repeat her mistake and did not return to such an unreliable and dangerous practice of establishing contact. I just made a wrong assumption, based on the idea of her own level of development, that she couldn't make contact with an alien civilisation. She only had this contact with a representative of an alien civilisation conveniently located at, let's say, the most earthly planetary level. However, this extraterrestrial Milon was a hunter-parasite of humans who had just "hatched" from their evolutionary "eggs." So not every contact, even with an extraterrestrial, promises positive results and opportunities for further development.

In May 1988, I had another holiday. I went to my homeland to visit my parents. I also went to Sochi for a week, where I had friends. They booked a room for me in a very good hotel in the centre of Sochi and gave me a pass to the beach at the Perla Hotel, where there were not so many holidaymakers. But I did not disappear to the beach for reasons I have already mentioned. I spent most of my time in discussions and conversations on my favourite topics, and I had interesting interlocutors. The only remarkable event during my holiday was my direct contact with the "wild" dolphins of the Black Sea. When I entered the water, I asked them to transmit through me the energy of the water, of which they were masters. When the flow of water energy passed

through my body, an interesting phenomenon was observed. I was lying on my back and when the flow of water energy passed through my body, my body rose to the very surface of the sea (I was lying on the water without moving at all) and began to rotate around the axis passing through the solar plexus. It was very unusual, and the next time I invited a friend to observe this phenomenon from the side. It happened again...

After returning from my break at my "home" research institute, I continued my scientific research and private practice, of course, in my spare time. In 1988, I had the idea to write my first book, *The Last Appeal to Humanity*. It was then that I wrote the third chapter of this book, "Psi Fields in Nature and in the Evolution of Mind." Of course, at that time, what I wrote was not yet a chapter of the book, but was in the form of a separate article. Later, this article became the third chapter of my book. At that time, I also wrote a poem, which I also included in my first book. After writing this article, I realised that it was not enough, that there should be a book in which I could present my understanding of the laws of the Universe.

At that time, some of those whose brains I had restored, the first ones who failed the test of possessing the abilities gained through brain restructuring, distanced themselves from me and began to "enjoy" themselves, literally basking in the rays of their new abilities. I began to bother them with the fact that they could not "shine" in my presence as they wanted to. I was surprised when I heard from people I met that an acquaintance of theirs, whose brain structures I had restructured less than a year ago, had "shared" with them in great secrecy that since childhood she had been able to see people's internal organs, travel to the past and future, and to other planets! Oh, that's so cool! I didn't know it had been less than a year. After all, it was in 1987 that I performed a qualitative brain reorganisation on her, and for the first time in her life she saw both her own brain and the internal organs of other people, I transferred her across the time scale for the first time, and she saw other worlds for the first time. And the most interesting thing is that neither she nor my other students could travel through time and space on their own. This requires the appropriate potential and the appropriate knowledge and skills. To make this possible, I had to bring them to the necessary state of quality myself and keep them there so that they would not "fall out" of what was happening. So they were more like observers, which in itself is also very important, but not decisive. They were more like "travellers".

Of course, thanks to their own potential, they could enter a state of inner vision and obtain information about the condition of the internal organs of the human body, but they could not travel independently in time and space. Nevertheless, even participating in events as "travellers" contributed greatly to the development of their self-importance. When I was with them, they behaved normally, but as soon as they found themselves among people, they began to create an aura of greatness around themselves. And gradually I became a "thorn in the side" for some of them, preventing them from creating a "divine" aura around their personalities. They were helped in this by "well-wishers" who praised them and begged them to help them in some way. And often this help was needed for matters that were far from virtuous. But they were well paid for it, they were "respected", they felt their "power" and saw visual confirmation of their "power", and others saw it too.

It turns out that not everyone can withstand the test of being "hit" with new "superpowers" as a result of a change in the qualitative structure of the brain or, more simply put, a brain reorganisation, as I often say. Quite a few people really want the rest of the world to know about it so that they can receive recognition and the corresponding "deserved" reaction. In other words, megalomania develops. I have always found such a reaction in people incomprehensible. After all, they have these "superpowers" as a result of

the brain restructuring I have done for them. Before that, almost none of them had anything like this! These abilities are not their own achievements, but a gift! Why can't we just use this gift and do something good, even if it's relatively small but useful? To do more, you need to gain experience, learn how to use these opportunities properly, develop them. But that takes time and effort, a lot of effort. And they wanted everything at once and immediately.

To some extent, this is my fault and responsibility. I tried to support them, not to make them feel inferior when they watched my actions and wanted to do the same. I tried to encourage them, telling them that if they went through what I went through, or went even further, they would achieve what they wanted. And that was absolutely true, except that they somehow assumed that it would be very easy for me to do and that they could already do more than me. I suppose the apparent ease with which I did many things played a cruel joke on them. On top of that, their involvement in my work as observers created the illusion that it was easy. It seemed to me that constantly "rubbing their noses in it" would not be right; it could develop an inferiority complex. I thought they should figure it out for themselves, but they didn't. I didn't allow myself to praise them, and I didn't praise them. I considered such things to be foolish and a sign of narrow-mindedness. I believed that it was necessary to do the work, not to "bathe" in the rays of my illusory "greatness." I was always interested in the solution to a problem, not in what that solution would bring me personally. From my personal experience, I can say that the problems I have managed to solve have brought me nothing but more or less trouble. And I am not saying this to "cry in my elbow," but simply to state the fact. In principle, I did not expect anything else. I was fully aware that many (if not all) of my cases would become a "bone in someone's throat," both "here" parasites and "there" parasites. But that did not stop me; on the contrary, each time I was convinced that I was doing everything right.

Of course, someone might say: who gave me the right to decide what is bad and what is good?

The answer is simple: I have always believed that preventing something bad is positive by definition and does not require anyone's approval or permission. After all, you don't run around to various institutions to get a certificate allowing you to save a drowning child when you see them drowning. The certificate can be obtained, but it will hardly be of any use to the child — they will probably drown. There are situations in which you must act immediately and not wait for approval or support from anyone. You must take responsibility for yourself and not wait for someone else to make decisions for you, especially when those who make the decisions will never make the right decision because it is extremely unfavourable for them personally.

And my "madmen," who had received a qualitatively altered brain from me, now wanted very much to receive personal recognition for what they had done, but which they had witnessed by accident. Or rather, they thought that they themselves were capable of doing the same. And, of course, there were those who began to give them what they wanted. Flattery became a "balm" for their souls. Between flattery, they wanted to do something "insignificant". For example, it was necessary for some very bad person to do this or that, or it was necessary for an even more "terrible" person to rid the whole world of their presence. I hope it is clear to everyone that such requests, disguised as flattery, are nothing more than provocations and tests for "lice". It is similar to when someone does not want to start smoking or drinking, and they are told that they are a mama's boy (daughter) and are "**weak**" to do anything against their opinion. Unfortunately, the majority immediately rush to prove that they "don't care" about their parents' opinion, that they themselves are "moustachioed" and that drinking or smoking is not a problem for them. te

They prove it by their example. Those who have received qualitatively new opportunities for brain reorganisation behave in the same way. They are very eager to prove to the whole world that they are special, and are ready to grab any offer to be recognised by others.

world that they are special, and they are ready to grab any opportunity to be recognised by others.

I have observed this phenomenon many times. For example, with Natalia A., who was one of the first people whose brain I reorganised at the end of 1987, and who had excellent abilities. After the brain reorganisation, she was able not only to see excellently with her brain, but also to receive excellent telepathic information. Her genetics were very dynamic, and I was able to transform her brain qualitatively very quickly. In other people who had undergone my brain transformation, the new abilities were not so pronounced, and, for example, the telepathic abilities were not strong enough to accurately receive the transmitted information. But very soon she desired "greatness". Elements of this had appeared before, which I pointed out to her, but my comments only annoyed her. At the end of 1987, she was the one who was present when I was working with a woman who had stage four breast cancer. I have always considered it extremely tactless to reveal my abilities to other people, whether necessary or not. Only if someone asked for my opinion did I consider it possible to talk about health problems. I did not consider it appropriate or correct to start "broadcasting" the health problems of the owners and their entourage right from the entrance. I did not need that kind of "authority" and unnecessary attention. Why immediately "press" on people's psyche, to announce your "peculiarity"? From my point of view, it was a cheap trick. It is not for nothing that they say that every initiative is punishable, especially if it is based on ignorance.

Her case is no exception. Three days later, she called me in a state of panic. The fact was that she herself had a tumour in the same place as the woman with breast cancer, which had grown to a considerable size in three days. She was so frightened by the possible consequences that she swallowed her pride and asked me to help her. I helped her, but it taught her nothing. She just started avoiding people with cancer, not realising that apart from seeing the problem, one must understand what one sees and know and understand how this problem can be solved. And any mistake or misunderstanding, even the smallest one, can lead to loss of health and even life. It is one thing to be an observer of what is happening, but it is quite another to be an active participant. Some time after these events, her father died suddenly, for no apparent reason, and soon after, her brother was hit by a car and ended up in intensive care with a very serious head injury. One of the arterial vessels in his brain was damaged, the cerebral haematoma grew quite rapidly, and he died a few days later.

After that, I had a serious conversation with her and told her what I thought was the real reason for these deaths. In my opinion, she was involved in dirty business and what happened was a ricochet aimed at her. But since she herself is strong enough, the ricochet hit the weaker people genetically related to her, such as her father and brother. My words only angered her, especially when I told her that I couldn't allow her to do such things using the brain structure I had created for her. I believed, and still believe, that I am responsible for those to whom I give new qualities and abilities. In response to my position, Natalia A. challenged me: "*Who are you to tell me what to do?*" I was a little surprised by this response and did not elaborate, but only said that I would take away only what I had created for her, and everything that was hers would remain with her, if, of course, anything remained afterwards.

I noticed a very "strange" peculiarity. After I create properties and qualities in a person that they have never had before, they very quickly "forget" about it and think that nothing can happen to them. It seems that Natalia A. thought that everything would remain with her, as she considered the qualities she had received to be hers alone. I did what I said, and as far as I know, she did not show anything special after that. It seems that my gift turned out to be an unbearable burden for her, which crushed her because of the immaturity of her soul.

It was after this incident that I began to present from the very beginning the programme for the self-destruction of the brain and essence, which I had created during the qualitative transformation of the brain and essence. At the same time, I always warned everyone that

I performed a qualitative transformation of the brain, based on my understanding of what a person can do using their new qualities and abilities, and what they cannot do! Most importantly, I explained why a person should not do something. And if any of them, due to misunderstanding, even thought about something unacceptable to perform, such a programme of action would be blocked. If such a thing happened three times, all three times the actions would be blocked, and after the third time, the system I had created would collapse and the person would return to the state they were in before my intervention. I called it the "golden fish" principle - those who are not morally and spiritually ready for such new qualities and opportunities find themselves in their "broken trough".... The point is that I did not have the opportunity, time or desire to observe everyone who went through my "procedure".

Some may say that a person should first consider what and to whom they are giving! However, it is generally impossible to predict in advance how a person will behave in a given situation. This is especially true if the person possesses qualities and abilities that they have never had by nature. One should not be deprived of the freedom of choice, of the opportunity to make the right decision even at the last moment, overcoming oneself and one's temptations. There have been cases when a person who was "exemplary" in every respect, after acquiring new qualities and abilities, manifested a side of themselves that they had never seen before. Sometimes a person leads a righteous life only because it is profitable for them, putting on the mask of a decent person for others. But after acquiring new qualities and opportunities, under fundamentally new conditions, the need for such a mask disappears and their true face comes to the surface.

Is it possible to see such a mask or weakness in the face of temptation in a person? In principle, it is possible, but we should not deprive even such people of the opportunity to make the right decision at the last moment. One way or another, if misused, the qualitatively new structure I have created in a person recedes. These are my ideas about justice. I do not claim or insist that these are my ideas. But they are my ideas, and it is my responsibility to convey them to others, so I will continue to do so until something convinces me otherwise. This is a topic I will return to more than once. But more on that later, and now I will return to the events of that time.

* * *

During the spring and summer of 1988, not only did the events described above occur, but also other events of a purely earthly nature, albeit not entirely ordinary ones. In June of that year, a man came to me through my acquaintances with a request to save his wife, who was dying in one of the hospitals in Kharkov. She had severe meningitis, medical treatment was not working, and the attending physician told her husband that nothing could be done and warned that she could die within the next few days. It was then that the man found me and asked me to save his wife's life. I did not promise him anything until I checked his wife's reaction to my influence. He immediately persuaded me to visit her in the hospital, and the attending physician did not object because he was sure of the outcome and did not believe that anyone, let alone a healer, could do anything in such a serious case. In principle, I was not interested in what the attending physician thought of me. After the first session, the man's wife felt much better, and after a few sessions she regained consciousness and ... quickly recovered.

At the same time, I had to deal with another manifestation of black magic, which, according to modern science, does not exist. A man approached me with a very unusual request. In short, his story was as follows. Once, he gave a lift to a woman who, as a token of gratitude for his help, offered to treat him to tea. This tea turned out to be very expensive for him. The man had his own car and a very lucrative job, which the woman he gave a lift to found out about. Apparently, she thought he was a worthy candidate to hire. After this tea, she took him to her bed, which probably coincided with

his own desires. Such things happened quite often in those days. But he did not have a "little" adventure on the side. This woman gained complete power over him, he became her slave. At her first request, he came to her and brought her money. Sometimes she rewarded him for his "exemplary" behaviour with access to her own body, and sometimes this happened in the presence of her husband, a Georgian citizen. This man understood everything, but could do nothing about it. As he himself told me, he loves his wife and children, but his feet, against his will, "carry" him to this woman again and again. So he asked me if I could help him in this situation.

After investigating the situation, I realised that this man was telling the truth and that he was under the influence of female black magic. Usually, to bewitch a man, a woman's menstrual blood, which contains a huge amount of female hormones, is used. This blood is usually added to the man's soup or borscht, tea or coffee, with a code for control through the subconscious mind. If the man is susceptible enough to such influence, he is doomed to be completely controlled by the woman whose menstrual blood has entered his body. And if this is done by a woman who herself practises black magic, then the power of such control over the man reaches its maximum, as was the case with this man. Of course, in his adventure on the "side," the fault is his, but in some situations, a man cannot resist the sexual influence of a woman, especially if her energy is very strong. And the man's attitude towards "light" flirting makes such sexual influence on the part of the woman even more powerful. In other words, in a state of "flirtation," a man is maximally open to such sexual influence from a woman, and the "heavy artillery" of menstrual blood makes him easy prey for purse snatchers.

Once I understood the reason for what was happening, I removed the unnatural dependence from this man's subconscious, and he was freed from it forever. In addition, I created protection against such influence in the future. From my point of view, any manipulation of a person, whether or not they use their weaknesses, is unacceptable under any circumstances. This is especially true for so-called love magic. The only love magic I consider acceptable is that which is based on true feelings between a man and a woman, when people are guided not by hormones but by high spiritual feelings, when intimacy is never decisive for them, when there is a merging of souls.

* * *

The summer of 1988 was my last summer in the glorious Russian city of Kharkiv. In mid-July of that year, I submitted my resignation and left the institute. There were several reasons for this. First, my work at the institute had no prospects for me. My own research was in no way related to what I was doing in the department. The salary I received at the institute was very small. My private practice provided me with enough to live on, but I had enough time to pursue my own search for truth. Another reason I left Kharkiv was my meeting in the spring of 1988 with a woman who I thought could understand what I was doing and walk with me on the path I had chosen. It was Vladimir Dmitrievich Kuskov who introduced me to her.

One day in March, he suggested that I meet a "cosmic" woman. Together we travelled to her home in the town of Vidnoe, near Moscow, where I first met Mzia Solomon. Her health had been undermined by her healing work because she took everything upon herself. Once she was exhausted, most of her "devotees" immediately dispersed, leaving her alone with her problems. She had two children, including a young daughter who was less than a year old. I felt sorry for her and offered to help her with her health problem. I did some therapeutic interventions, started calling her periodically, and we talked often. Her talent was the ability to leave her body as a being, and she remembered what happened to her. Anyway, I asked her to marry me and do the same together. Unfortunately

That was my mistake. She betrayed me several times and took credit for my work, so I decided to break up with her. I don't want to continue this topic, as I can't say anything good about her, and I don't want to say (or rather write) bad things. She was my second wife. I divorced my first wife, whom I had been dating for five years before we got married in early 1987. The main reason for my first divorce was her parents' fear that my activities could get them all into serious trouble, and the best way out of the situation was to get divorced. However, they waited until the divorce could no longer affect their daughter's placement at the end of university, who would otherwise have found a job in some prison.

The reason for my divorce from my second wife was her betrayal and appropriation of what I had done, due to pure professional envy. But it is not for nothing that they say that God loves the trinity. Fate led me to meet the woman who was my soul mate and my kindred spirit — my Svetlana, who became not only my wife, but also my companion and friend, but more on that a little later, when the time is right. Meanwhile, 1988 is marked on the calendar of the events described. In July, I moved to Moscow, and it was not until September that I got a one-room apartment in Kharkiv. Practically throughout my entire life in Kharkiv, ever since my student years, I rented rooms from pensioners. It was only when I left Kharkiv and moved to Moscow that I got my own apartment. I suppose that was the irony of my fate. I did not register at my second wife's flat so that no one could accuse me of Moscow extravagance. I tried to swap my flat in Kharkiv for one in Moscow, but it did not work out.

For most of my stay in Moscow, I lived in other people's flats, which I rented or which friends and relatives gave me, while at that time I had my own empty flat in Kharkiv, albeit a one-room flat, but it was mine, and I didn't need a there, whereas in Moscow I would have have my own flat, but I didn't have Many of my patients came to visit me in Moscow, and I myself travelled to Kharkiv several times. However, I did not move into my apartment because I first had to renovate it, buy furniture and everything else I needed. I did not have time for that, nor did I particularly need it. Basically, my money went towards supporting my new family until we separated.

15. Learning is enlightening

Gradually, I began to receive patients from Moscow as well. People came to Vidnoe to visit me, both for treatment and for knowledge. I willingly shared my understanding of what was happening with people. At the request of some people, I began to teach them. One of my new students was Vladislav Dolgushin, chief physician at the maternity hospital in Moscow, if my memory serves me correctly. This man was interested in psychics and was acquainted with Mzia Solomon, who had no desire to teach him anything, or anyone else for that matter, as she believed it was simply impossible. For this reason, he turned to me with the same request. After testing him, I found that his genetics were quite inert and that it would take time to reorganise his brain according to my methods. Quite quickly, he began to move in a positive direction. This made him very happy and inspired him. He then put me in touch with television journalist Vadim Belozеров, with whom we quickly arranged a meeting, during which the idea of making a one-hour documentary film arose. Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, deputy editor-in-chief of the television documentary department, was also present at this meeting. From that moment on, this man became my guest almost every day. He usually showed up in the morning at his television station, and around two o'clock in the afternoon he would show up at my place and very often leave after midnight, regardless of where I was - in Vidni or in the apartment of one of my acquaintances in Novo-Gireevo, or in my maternal aunt's apartment in Butovo, etc.

Vladimir Sergeev was genuinely interested in my activities and perceptions. I realised that an official of such stature did not do this out of idle curiosity. But I understood perfectly well that either he or someone else would be around me anyway. I liked this man and preferred that if there had to be someone, it should be him. This man was good to me in his own way. At least I didn't see any insincerity in him, although I can admit that he was a great actor or I was blind enough not to see the game. Vladimir Sergeev was one of the creators of programmes such as "Obviously - Unbelievable", "The Traveller's Club" and others. Also, as a director from the Soviet side, he won an Oscar for the Soviet-American film "Peter the Great", I think that was the name of the film. Anyway, he was a pleasant conversationalist and an intelligent person. For more than two years, he was by my side, and through him I was able to convey the information I thought I needed to get where I needed to go. Sometimes Vladimir (we called each other by our first names, even though he was older than me) spoke inadvertently, but more on that later. Meanwhile, I have only just met him.

Sometimes groups would come, usually several people. I usually had no idea who these people were. They would say their names, sometimes their first and middle names, and that was it. So, from time to time, funny situations arose. Once, I started my conversation with the question that modern science had reached a dead end from which there was no way out if you stuck to the old ideas. As an example, I gave the information that modern medicine and biology are unable to explain the essence of human embryo development, and I wanted to continue the topic when suddenly a middle-aged man, whose name I unfortunately did not remember, came up to me with a question:

- Young man, what is your degree?

When I replied that I had graduated from Kharkiv University, Department of Theoretical Physics, Faculty of Radiophysics, he listened to me and said:

- It is better to do what you have been taught!

One could ignore such an obviously aggressive and not entirely tactful comment. But I decided to dot all the *i*'s and cross all the *t*'s.

First, I may have been ignorant about something, but I have never thought and do not think that I know everything about everything. And I have never been ashamed to learn new things, so I asked him a counter-question:

- I'm sorry, but what are you going to be?

It turns out that he is a doctor of biological sciences. When I realised this, I asked him to explain the essence of embryo development. He began to explain that various hormones and enzymes appear in the cells of the embryo, and that is why the brain develops from one cell of the embryo, the heart from another, and so on. To which I replied that I had learned this in eighth grade, in the course "Human Anatomy and Physiology." Then I asked him if he was familiar with histology (the science of cells) and if he agreed with the ideas of this science. He answered in the affirmative. Then I asked him the following question:

- After conception, there is one fertilised egg cell that begins to divide. When one cell divides, two absolutely identical cells are produced, which in turn divide to produce four identical cells, then eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, and so on. These cells are genetically and physically identical.

After outlining the process, I asked him the question:

- Please explain to me how **different hormones** and **enzymes** appear in completely identical cells in the embryo?

He answered this question with some embarrassment:

- Only God knows!

Basically, I didn't expect any other answer, and I said to him:

- I am not God, but I know it!

Of course, I could have ignored the teasing of a doctor of biological sciences, but then everyone else present at the conversation would have been convinced that I was talking about things I did not understand. And what is most terrible - everyone would be sure that modern biology and medicine really understand the nature of living beings, and this is by no means true. Here's how interesting it turns out to be: knowing your opponent's "language" allows you not only to debate certain issues on equal terms, but also to completely defeat your opponent on all points of the dispute. Of course, it is impossible to know everything, but knowing the basic principles and ideas of modern science is simply necessary if one does not want to "drown" in the swamp of "scientific" terms, behind which lies, more often than not, ignorance. An educated person can be defined as someone who does not keep in their memory everything they have read or everything that humanity has accumulated - this is basically impossible - but someone who knows the basics and knows where to find the necessary nuances. My interest in biology, physics, astronomy, chemistry, geography, history, philosophy, and my desire to "get to the bottom" of things were not "lost" in vain. Understanding what lies behind scientific terms and navigating the "labyrinths" of the Minotaur of science became my Ariadne's thread.

Of course, my interest in biology and medicine went beyond the school curriculum. As I mentioned earlier, after graduating from high school, in preparation for the entrance exams to the Faculty of Biology in 1978, I independently studied a course in general biology based on the two-volume work by the American biologist D. Willy, and not only that - I read many books and articles on evolutionary biology, palaeontology and anthropology. So I had a sufficient foundation for understanding the current state and development of this discipline. Introductions to other disciplines were also useful to me in my life, so when someone says, "Why do I need this, I'm not going to be a biologist, physicist or historian," I always respond with the following:

If a person does not want to be a controlled puppet or biorobot, they must develop in a multifaceted and multidimensional way, and the more multifaceted a person is, the more chances they have to become a creator, which is very necessary and important, first and foremost, for the person themselves.

* * *

I remember a funny incident from my medical practice. Once, a new patient from Kharkiv came to see me. She had heard about me from people I had cured and whom she trusted. She had a serious chronic kidney infection and had been treated with traditional methods for a long time without success, and her condition was only getting worse. her condition only worsened. Courses of "treatment" with horse doses of strong antibiotics gave only the illusion of improvement, causing only a temporary slowdown of the disease, while at the same time destroying the liver and immune system of the person with all the ensuing consequences. So, this woman had chronic long-term inflammation of the kidneys - pyelonephritis, and she turned to me with a request to get rid of this disease. I set about restoring her health. At that time, my patients who paid for my work paid me for each session, and at that time it was quite a lot of money. Usually, a person would complete a course with me, then go home and the process would continue without my direct influence. I created a special programme that unfolded gradually over several months. After that, the person had to come back and continue the course with me. With such chronic problems, the results usually appeared after a fairly long period of time. And, of course, after the course of sessions, the person could not sort everything out immediately. This woman came alone, and a few days later her husband came and decided to take a course with me. I started working with him, and after a few days of work, his wife suddenly said to me, after I had finished my work with him:

- Ah, can you work with him more intensively so that we can leave together and he can arrive later?

I began to explain to her that I had given her husband the load he could carry and that it could not be any heavier, because otherwise it could lead to unwanted overload, resulting in coma or clinical death. She responded to this explanation by saying that her husband was a strong man and could handle a few extra minutes. I tried to explain again, but she continued to insist on intensifying the work with her husband. Since I did not understand the reason for such stubbornness and some inner aggression on her part, I decided to "peek" into her thoughts and the reason for this.

Her strange behaviour became clear to me. As far as I understood, she was a "worker" by profession and was used to cheating everyone. That's why she assumed that everyone else behaved the same way she did. She obviously did not understand the possibility of other behaviour. And when nothing special happened during my work, a struggle was going on in her head between the desire to get well, mistrust and greed. What would happen if they paid the money and then cheated them? She could wave her arms around. Or maybe the healer didn't have enough power, or was deliberately giving them small doses so he could have more sessions and get more money from them? When I saw her thoughts, I felt offended that she was measuring everyone by her own standards, so I decided that if she wanted me to work more with her husband, I would warn them. They both smiled happily, and I continued my session with her husband.

Literally a few minutes later, the "tough" man felt sick and dizzy. I started to clear the overload and had almost completely cleared it, but at that moment the doorbell rang, and when I returned to him a minute later he was lying on the floor, his body was convulsing. His wife was running around him like a frightened hen. After her husband returned to normal, neither he nor she stuttered until the end of the course about my "in-depth" work with him!

Strange human psychology, though! When you want to make someone feel comfortable, you have to prove that you are really doing your job. This is equivalent to a patient waking up after anaesthesia following an operation and asking if there was an operation, for the simple reason that they did not feel any pain during the operation. Is it really necessary to feel pain in order to believe in the reality of what is happening? I have always believed that it is important for a person's health problem to disappear without a trace, and if there is no pain, that is simply wonderful! Is it really necessary for a person to undergo "surgery" without anaesthesia in order to believe in the reality of the "miracle" that is happening?

After the course, this woman still asked me when she could expect the results of my work. She was still experiencing pain in her kidneys. I explained to her once again that it would take time to create new healthy kidneys to replace the diseased ones with pathological changes. She was not convinced by these words, just as she was not convinced by what had happened to her own husband. I suggested that she call me again in six months and, if necessary, repeat the course. She was very sceptical about my words, as she saw deception everywhere. But she had no other choice, as all other treatments had failed to help her. About six months later, this woman called me from her sanatorium and told me that she had passed all the tests and her kidneys were normal! She was very happy about this and asked me if I could fix her liver, as it was in very bad condition. I congratulated her on getting rid of her chronic pyelonephritis and *кхтр://*. refused to treat her diseased liver. Not because I couldn't find the time, but because I didn't like working with someone who saw everyone as a fraud and a swindler, which was obviously what she was used to dealing with.

The situation was a little different when I once worked with a woman who had had a heart attack. After a heart attack, a scar of connective tissue forms on the heart muscle. The human body uses connective tissue as a material for recovery. After part of the heart muscle dies, a "patch" is placed in its place.

from connective tissue, but the heart muscle never recovers. To help a person in this situation, I first remove the connective tissue scar by cutting away the connective tissue layer by layer. Without anaesthesia, this procedure is very painful. That is why I create a strong anaesthetic effect and the person feels only a slight touch inside the heart muscle. While I am treating, the connective tissue of the scar is "cut" or "melted" layer by layer, but no matter how you call it, the process is very painful. That is why I have always strived to minimise all the unpleasant and painful phenomena accompanying my procedures. My goal has always been to make the person healthy, and I don't need them to writhe in pain or be crushed by my impact. Perhaps such phenomena create an opinion about the power of my impact, but I have always been convinced that I do not need such "authority". This only speaks to the primitiveness of those who seek such "authority" and to the narrow-mindedness and ignorance of those who create such "authority." And when I encountered manifestations of such narrow-mindedness and ignorance, I initially reacted to them. Such was the case with a young woman who had serious heart problems. When I started working with her, one of her first questions was why she felt only a light and gentle touch on her heart! Was it because I had little power...?

Not to mention that the question itself was the height of tactlessness and rudeness, I was outraged by her attitude. She was more concerned about how she felt about my work than worrying about what was happening and the outcome. But she didn't ask about that. That's what upset me. So I told her that if she wanted to feel what was happening without full anaesthesia, I would do her a favour. I wasn't sure if I could remove all the anaesthesia because my whole principle was based on the opposite, and I couldn't remove it all — she could die of painful shock, and with a bad heart, that was very likely. But nevertheless, I decided to give her a little lesson and a little education. I began my work on her with minimal anaesthesia. But "for some reason" she really didn't like it. She tried to suppress her grimaces of pain, and from time to time she simply recoiled from the pain. At the same time, I told her that, at her request, I would only work with her in this way, because that was what she wanted and what she "thought" my effects should be accompanied by! But strange as it may seem, after this woman experienced the sharp sensations of my influence, she got scared and I never saw her again. I suppose the thrill was too "sharp" for her. This is how it often happens - a person wants something, and when they get what they asked for, they get scared.

In fact, I have always been curious to observe people's reactions to things. Very often, people ask about something or want a demonstration, being completely convinced in advance that what they are asking about is simply impossible, or being completely convinced that, to put it simply, they are being "deceived". And when it turns out that this is not a "slip of the tongue" - they experience panic and horror. And this is not only due to their short-sightedness, but also to their experience of practical communication with other people who claim to have certain abilities, especially if these people are popularised in the media. Formed stereotypes predetermine such a reaction. People are somehow sure that if someone is shown on television or printed in newspapers and magazines, they are the best person in their field. But unfortunately, this is far from the case. More often than not, it is the opposite - they promote people who have nothing but ambition, or people who deliberately mislead others. Sometimes those who are used for this purpose sincerely believe in what they say. This is the most dangerous case because when a person believes in what they say, their influence on others increases many times over. I will return to this phenomenon many times, but for now, let's go back to the events of late 1988...

* * *

Once, an elderly woman who had salt deposits came to me. She was particularly concerned about the salt deposits in the lumbar region of her spine and asked me to get rid of them. It turned out that she was very sensitive to my influence, and I,

Happy with this, as they say, I "hit" the full "coil", or rather the maximum force it could withstand. In this case, the salt deposits on the spine "simply" melted the "wax" and began to flow down the spine. It took a few minutes, but then this woman could bend and stretch freely and move without pain. She was extremely happy, but a few hours later she experienced very severe pain that made her want to "climb the walls." The thing is, after a few hours, the anaesthesia wore off, but even the residual effects of my work were more than enough for her to feel very severe pain. The reason for this is that in order to make the salt deposits on the spine flow like melted wax, I accelerated the metabolic processes in the areas of salt deposition a thousandfold, otherwise it would have been simply impossible for these salts to melt. In principle, this effect is not melting, it is just that during this process, the person feels how hot it gets, and something very hot starts to flow down the spine, and at that moment, the salt deposits or bone calluses literally disappear before their eyes, the bones themselves become soft like plasticine and can be bent and pulled almost as well as plasticine itself. This is a very subjective sensation for the person themselves, but what actually happens to a person under such an influence?

Behind a person's subjective feelings lie very real processes that they do not think about or know anything about. In order to understand the nature of these processes, it is first necessary to understand the nature of the processes that have led the person to such a state of health. For example, salt deposits on bones and blood vessels appear due to the fact that when the body's metabolism is disrupted, the concentration of calcium salts in the blood and especially in the lymph increases, and when a critical concentration level is reached, their crystallisation begins. And due to the fact that the speed of lymph movement in the bone tissues is minimal, the crystallisation of salts begins first in the bone tissues of the body, which is the reason for the deposition of salts on the bones. Or, as a result of a disruption in the body's metabolic processes, the chemical composition of the lymph changes, causing some chemical compounds to change from a soluble state to an insoluble state. The precipitated chemical compounds are then deposited on the bones and blood vessels. Most often, both processes occur simultaneously. Therefore, in order for these deposits to disappear, it is necessary either to reverse the chemical processes or simply to destroy the salts and bone growths. And for these processes to proceed quickly, it is necessary to accelerate the reverse processes sometimes thousands of times, otherwise the process of resorption of salts or bone growths will take decades, just as many years as it took for these deposits or growths to form. That is why it is necessary to start reverse processes at a speed that is several orders of magnitude higher than that of the direct processes that led to the deposition of salts or bone spurs.

The brain responds to such acceleration of reverse biochemical processes only with pain. The fact is that the reticular formation of the human brain — this control "station" — compares the signals coming from the organs with those that should correspond to the normal functioning of a given organ. And if the signal coming from the organ through the nerve exceeds the norm, the brain reacts to the excessive or insufficient signal with pain and... begins to fight it. The brain cannot know that this change is positive. In nature, any deviation of the signal from the control signal of the reticular formation is negative. Therefore, in order to return the condition of a given organ and the body as a whole to a normal, healthy state, it is necessary to change the control signals of the reticular formation that appeared during the transition to the chronic state of human disease. If the body is unable to overcome the disease, which happens in the vast majority of cases, the chronic state is accepted by the reticular formation as a new norm, and the body does everything to prevent further deterioration of the condition and tries to maintain the parameters of the diseased

organ and the body as a whole at a level that is, if not optimal, at least acceptable. Simply put, the brain, through the peripheral nervous system, tries to prevent further deterioration of the body's functioning. And so any deviation from the accepted "normal" state of the body is perceived as "erroneous," and it tries to return the body to its original state. This is the essence of organ-brain and brain-organ feedback. And that is why, when the feedback processes are accelerated thousands of times, the brain perceives this as a new danger, reacts to it with pain and tries to return everything to the "previous" state, regardless of the fact that the "previous" state is a pathological condition of the organ or the body as a whole.

The brain at the level of the primitive brain, where the reticular formation is located, does not think, but only reacts to deviations from the accepted "standard". Furthermore, such acceleration of processes, even if beneficial to health, places a significant strain on the human organism, and it is often necessary to reduce the intensity of the impact to a level that the individual can tolerate without entering a prohibitive mode. Therefore, very often what could be done in one minute at the optimal load for the result must be slowed down to the level of the speed of the processes that the person is able to withstand. And very often, the process of restoring health, instead of taking one minute, is slowed down by years, otherwise the load may simply kill the person or lead to the failure of the organs or systems of the body that cannot withstand the load (for example, the kidneys), which will lead to death. That is why the treatment process should be focused not on what can be done, but on how much stress a person can withstand without their organs and systems failing. And only in very rare cases, when a person can withstand the necessary level of stress, is it possible to make qualitative changes in the state of the body in a few minutes, and those around them perceive it as a miracle, although it is not a miracle at all, but only a rapid transition of the necessary changes.

Something similar happens to bones when they become like plasticine. To understand this, one only needs to understand the nature of bone formation and growth. Bones differ from cartilage only in that the intercellular space of bone cells is filled with calcium. When the concentration of calcium salts rises to a critical level, calcium crystallises in the intercellular space of the cartilage cells and forms a solid base for the intercellular space, in whose cavities the bone tissue cells, blood and lymph vessels, and nerve fibres are located. Thus, cartilage tissue is transformed into bone tissue, thanks to which humans (and not only humans, but also every other living creature) are able to exist; otherwise, a woman would not be able to give birth to her child if the unborn child had bones instead of cartilage. Only after birth does the child's cartilage gradually turn into bone, due to the saturation of the intercellular space of the cartilage with calcium salts, which in the same way turn into bone.

Therefore, in order to change the shape and length of the bone, it is necessary to do "only" the opposite - to transform the necessary bone into cartilage for the required time, to increase or "remove" the unnecessary cells, to change their position, and then the intercellular space is again saturated with calcium and returned to the state of normal bone. But how to do this is a matter of "technique". As they say, it's all about dexterity and not... deception! It is "only" necessary to find the key to how to transform bone into cartilage and back again and... to have the necessary properties and qualities, the necessary strength to make such a thing a reality and, most importantly..... so that a person does not fall into a state of clinical death from such a load.

To create "miracles," we only need to learn to understand nature, understand its principles, and learn to do the same, using only

our own minds and abilities. Then bones will become soft and much, much more...

Miracles exist where ignorance or narrow-mindedness thrive, where dogma and snobbery take root. But if we open our eyes a little wider, think about it and try to understand what we see, many of nature's mysteries will disappear like a mirage, man will penetrate nature's secrets and rightly call himself a rational being.

Now that I have revealed the "secret" of nature related to the ability to change bones and remove salt deposits with the power of thought, I will return to "current" events.

16. What is reality?

Although the elderly woman with salt deposits experienced residual pain the next morning, she was very pleased with what had happened, as the salt deposits in her lumbar region had completely disappeared and her joints had regained their former mobility. After that, she trusted me, and knowing her high sensitivity, I invited her to participate in one of my experiments. When she agreed, I reset her brain, and she was able to see and hear beyond the five senses. After the tests, I decided to repeat my incomplete experiment with my doubles.

The first time, my classmate refused to touch my doubles, claiming that there couldn't be more than ten of me. And even though she found a way to touch my double, it remained unclear to me what she would have said if she had touched my true self. I decided to repeat this experiment and created nine copies of myself. This time, no one was frightened by the fact that I existed in ten copies at the same time. So, I tuned this woman's perception to one of my copies and asked her to determine where the real me was. She calmly approached and began to determine where I was by shaking my hand. After shaking my real hand for a few seconds, she moved on to my next double, then the next, and so on, until she had checked all the possibilities. Then she confidently approached the double I had chosen in advance and said that this was me, without even paying attention to my real self. Later, I repeated this experiment and the result was the same. A person perceived as real only that level of reality with which they were in qualitative resonance! In such a state, the physical level became as if ephemeral, reality was only what the person received through their senses, albeit in a slightly unusual way. Physical reality seemed to cease to be material, and another level of reality became objective reality for the person, given to us in our sensations.

So, where is this famous objective reality? Which of our own perceptions are true and which are not? After all, in an altered state of consciousness, a person can see their internal organs with their brain with absolute accuracy, can see a cell, a molecule, and at the same time determine the presence of this or that pathology with absolute accuracy, often much earlier and more accurately than the most modern medical equipment. A person could not only see, but also control the entire process of obtaining information in the most accessible and convenient form for them. Does this mean that the information obtained in this way is an illusion? Of course not. Man creates "crutches" for himself - devices that penetrate where the usual sensory organs have no access. Moreover, these crutches are created from the position of the same five sensory organs given to us by nature at birth, as well as to all other living beings. But nature has endowed humans with reason not only so that they can use what they have been given at birth, but also so that they can penetrate with the power of their minds into places where no animal could ever penetrate. But it seems that I have once again gotten carried away with philosophising; I suppose I am "getting old"....

* * *

Alongside these experiments, I conducted others that were no less interesting. Once, I had the idea of finding out how my influence affected a person's weight. To do this, I asked my patients to stand on the scales and... I began to influence them and observed what would happen to their weight. Within a few minutes, their weight changed by between 500 grams and 2.5 kilograms, both in the direction of decrease and increase. What's more, when I worked with different pathologies, the weight fluctuations were different. So it turned out that my influence, even though I did not use physically dense matter, nevertheless manifested itself in the most material way. Under the influence of the "immaterial" influence, the actual weight of the person changed, which in itself contradicts all concepts of modern science. After my influence ceased, the fluctuations in weight stopped. It turned out that during the time of my influence, completely different natural laws began to operate, or rather, real natural laws, of which modern science, with all its snobbery, has not the slightest idea.

Weight fluctuations are not the only "oddity" I have encountered. Some of the other "oddities" were also very useful. When I treated people with lung problems, a side effect of my treatment was the ozone in the room. And the ozone was very strong. In nature, ozone, whose molecule consists of three oxygen atoms, occurs during thunderstorms. Powerful discharges of atmospheric electricity produce the ozone freshness that is familiar to everyone. In artificial conditions, ozone is created when a voltage of thirty kilovolts is applied to electrodes measuring one square centimetre, located one centimetre apart. When the size of the electrodes and the distance between them change, the voltage applied to them increases proportionally. Only under such conditions does an electric arc discharge occur between the electrodes, accompanied by the formation of ozone molecules. I deliberately recalled my school physics to refresh the memory of those reading and to draw attention to the unusual appearance of ozone under certain types of human influence. According to the principles of physics, for ozone to appear between my palms, a voltage of several tens of millions of volts would have to appear between them! Isn't that a bit excessive?! But in reality, nothing like that happened. So I accidentally stumbled upon a completely different way of synthesising ozone. And yet the formation of ozone had nothing to do with electricity. This could not happen according to the ideas of modern science, because it could never happen! But the phenomenon was real, which once again shows how little modern science knows and understands nature.

The ozone effect caught my attention, and I began to study it in my own way. One of the main reasons for my interest in this side effect is related to the fact that our civilization reached a technocratic catastrophe at the end of the 1980s. The technocratic development of the civilisation of Midgard-Earth led to the emergence of so many environmental problems, but at the same time, not a single way to restore the planet's ecology was created. This fact alone shows that the civilisation of our planet has gone down the wrong path. With this approach, our civilisation will destroy itself before technological methods for healing the wounds inflicted on the planet by irrational activity appear, if such methods can be found at all with the current approach to "understanding" nature. To make this clear, I will give a simple example. With the beginning of the so-called space age of humanity, from 1960 to 1989, our Earth Midgard lost **thirty percent of its ozone layer**. Due to the fact that Midgard's Earth is more pear-shaped, the thickness of the ozone layer is not the same across the entire planet. At the equators, the thickness of the ozone layer is maximum, and at the poles it is minimum, especially at the South Pole. Therefore, the reduction in the thickness of the ozone layer by thirty percent as a result of "intelligent" human activity has led

to the opening of the so-called ozone hole over Antarctica, which has been increasing in size every year, indicating that the Earth in the Middle Court continues to lose its ozone. Consecutive satellite images of the ozone hole taken over Antarctica year after year serve as clear evidence of this.

And now, a little information from school textbooks that most people have already forgotten, while others, for some reason, are in no hurry to refresh the memory of those who have forgotten it. The ozone layer of Midgard-Earth **was formed over four billion years!** It took a billion years for life on Midgard-Earth to develop in the primordial ocean, while microscopic and other plant organisms from the primordial ocean created enough oxygen through photosynthesis, which during thunderstorms was partially converted into ozone, so that the first plants, and after them the animals, could leave the primordial ocean. The whole point is that hard cosmic radiation is destructive to all living beings, and water, by absorbing this radiation, neutralises it. Before the ozone layer appeared, the atmosphere freely allowed this harsh cosmic radiation to pass through, making life outside the primordial ocean impossible. until the ozone layer was thick enough to absorb and reflect this radiation, as did the water in the primordial ocean. Thus, the protein form of life is doomed to originate in water, and therefore the basis of the protein form of life is water. The primordial ozone layer needs oxygen, which enters the atmosphere mainly during photosynthesis by plant organisms. And as is quite clear from the above, only from the plant organisms of the primordial ocean. Sunlight penetrates at most one hundred metres into the depths of the World Ocean, so that the "fertile" layer of the World Ocean was precisely at these hundred metres from the surface, in whose thickness the plant organisms of the primordial ocean, absorbing sunlight, released oxygen, without which the ozone layer would never have formed. Later, when land plants appeared, much more oxygen began to be synthesized, but nevertheless, ozone from atomic oxygen appeared only during thunderstorms, which were much more numerous in the past.

So, in thirty years of "rational" activity, modern civilisation has destroyed thirty percent of the ozone layer of Midgard Earth, which nature took more than a billion years to create! And that's not the whole story. As one person told me, in 1989, at a joint meeting of NASA representatives and the heads of the USSR's space projects in Florida, the issue of the ozone layer of Midgard Earth was raised. According to NASA experts' calculations, if the intensity of spacecraft launches remains at the 1989 level after 1989, then in 10-15 years of such space "activity," the intensity of spacecraft launches remained at the 1989 level, then after 10-15 years of such space "activity" by humanity, the remaining 70% of the planet's ozone layer would be destroyed! And that meant only one thing: by 2000-2005, life on the surface of Midgard-Earth would become **IMPOSSIBLE!** And this is not a biblical prophecy - but calculations by scientists from a very prestigious institution - NASA! The fact is that with each launch, oxygen and ozone are burned throughout the entire thickness of the atmosphere with a diameter of one mile - 1.6 kilometres! The movement of atmospheric masses causes this "bagel hole" to shift, and when the next rocket or satellite is launched, there is a new "bagel hole," and so on. This is why the thickness of the ozone layer began to decrease so catastrophically with the beginning of humanity's space "era" **ЪТР://....**

Isn't that rather curious?! But perhaps we shouldn't worry about such a "trifle"; modern civilisation can easily resolve such an unfortunate "misunderstanding", can't it? No, that's not the case. Even if all the power plants in the world worked only to create ozone electrically, it would take millions of years, and perhaps tens or hundreds of millions of years, to restore only what has already been destroyed since 1989! But who said that the process of ozone destruction stopped after 1989? As can be seen from the calculations of NASA specialists, the process of destroying the planet's ozone layer has only just begun! So even with the most optimistic calculations

modern civilisation will not be able to heal the wounds inflicted on nature by its "rational" activity. But we must not separate ourselves from Mother Nature. We will perish along with the rest of nature. As soon as the ozone layer is destroyed to a sufficient extent, all life on the planet's surface will perish, and life will remain only in the World Ocean, unless, of course, man destroys it there too!

It's not a very optimistic picture, is it? But this picture is real, and at least I understood the situation and didn't close my eyes to it. Perhaps some people think it's easier to close their eyes and wait for the inevitable, created by their own hands, but I have never belonged to that category of people. That's why such an unusual side effect of ozone synthesis made me very happy. If the methods known to modern science are unable to stop and repair the damage to the nature of Middle Earth caused by "rational" human activity, it is necessary to look for other ways and methods that can help solve these problems. And ozone synthesis, as a side effect of human influence, seemed to me to be just such a case. When ozone appears without significant energy expenditure, the creation of which would require enormous energy expenditure using technical means, one cannot help but pay attention to this phenomenon, especially when the ozone problem is not just around the corner, but very close. To solve this problem, it was only necessary to find the key to this solution, so that ozone would not appear as a side effect, but as the most direct one, and that it would be possible to create as much ozone as necessary to restore the ozone layer using this method. As they say, it's not an impossible task, it can't get any worse, but it can get better if such a "key" is found.

* * *

That is why, when I was given the floor at the press conference of the Folk Medicine Fund for Soviet journalists, which took place in the hall of the Historical Museum on 29 March 1989, I not only talked about my method for the qualitative transformation of the human brain, but also about the strange side effect of ozone synthesis, and suggested that we join forces to find the necessary solution. I was aware of how my statement might be perceived by the journalists attending the conference, but I still hoped that there would be at least some reaction. It was necessary to at least draw attention to the problem, otherwise it might be too late. Unfortunately, the media completely ignored my public statement, but some people did react to my words. I wasn't afraid of looking crazy, firstly because I knew I wasn't, and secondly because I was aware of the real threat posed by the problem and didn't care what others thought of me, as long as the problem could be solved.

Among those who paid attention to my words was Kirill Kasatkin, who at that time was an employee of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He approached me after my speech and suggested that I organise a press conference at the press centre of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs to draw the attention of the international community to this problem. Since my speech was at a conference of the Foundation for Folk Medicine, he suggested inviting several people from the Foundation to the press conference. At that time, the chairman of the Folk Medicine Foundation was Pokryshkin, whose surname and patronymic I unfortunately do not remember. Pokryshkin invited several people to the press conference at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, including Avdeev, Chumak and a few others whose names I do not know. The second press conference, this time with foreign journalists, took place on 4 April, and when I was given the floor, I repeated my information about the qualitative transformation of the human brain and the problem of the ozone hole and the possible method for solving this problem. I again called for all countries to unite to solve this problem, but obviously, after the slogan "workers of all countries unite," no one wanted to unite for anything. But my job was to propose that efforts be combined, and I had no intention of

I am waiting "by the sea for time," or rather for answers to my appeal. And although they say that one head is good, and two are better, there are situations in which one head is enough, and the second can only get in the way. In any case, no one responded to my appeal, considering my words to be the statement of a patient from ward number 6. However, I was not upset by this reaction and continued to do my job, regardless of what the people around me thought of it. I was sure that there were many situations in which one person could be right and many could be wrong, especially when those many were blind and uninformed people.

After the first press conference I spoke at, several people approached me and asked me to perform a quality brain transformation on them. As the saying goes, if you call yourself a "porter," get in the back seat of the truck. In this case, I myself was the "load carrier," and the "body" was the proof that my words were not just empty rhetoric! None of those who came to me had been specially tested by me. Among the four people who came to me were professional journalists Rudolf Gaevsky and Mikhail Dehta, APN photographer Alexei, whose surname I did not fill in, and an engineer from Armenia named Ruben. Of course, it would have been better if I could have done a qualification test for qualitative brain transformation, but in this situation I had to start preparing for the transformation of those who came to me, otherwise I could have been accused of fraud. In other words, I had to prove myself in "field" conditions, when the rules of the "game" were not determined by me, but were determined for me. But even in such conditions, which were not the best for me, in a few days I managed to make Mikhail Dehta and Rudolf Gaevsky see the internal organs of both themselves and other people. I managed to do this particularly quickly with Mikhail; literally during my first session with him, he saw his brain and everything that was happening to it during my work. There was also a funny situation. After returning home following my "trepanation of the skull," Mikhail called me and asked if his head was okay. He felt that his head was still open in that way. Amidst all the excitement and "aha" moments about his ability to see his brain, organs, etc., I had forgotten to "close" his brain after my exposure.

With this kind of radiation, a person sees and feels that the top of their skull has been removed and revealing the human brain in all its glory. When I finish my work, I put everything back in place, restoring the integrity of the system. So when Michael called me, I put everything back in order and joked that it was good that it hadn't rained and he hadn't gotten anything "down there" and that you should always have an umbrella for such occasions. We both laughed at the rain and said goodbye. Rudolf Gaevsky's progress was not as rapid, but he also acquired inner vision. Reuben proved to be the most resistant to transformation. His progress, in my opinion, was very slow. He lacked many things necessary for a qualitative transformation of the brain. The process of qualitative transformation of the brain can be compared to assembling a mosaic from qualitative "pieces". First, you need to have a good understanding and knowledge of what kind of qualitative "picture" you are assembling. Second, you must have all the quality "pieces" to assemble the correct quality "picture." Let's assume that the correct quality "picture" requires 100 pieces to create a new quality. Each person has a certain number of such quality "pieces" depending on their genetics, essence, personal development, and ability for dynamic changes in consciousness. Therefore, if a person does not possess these or other properties and qualities necessary for the qualitative transformation of the brain, it is impossible to carry out such a transformation. First, a person must develop the missing "pieces" of the mosaic themselves, which is possible but unlikely and may require more than one human lifetime to accomplish. Or someone else can create the missing "pieces" of the mosaic for such a person. And the more "pieces" of the mosaic are missing, the more time and effort are needed to create them.

In other words, I must "lift" such a person onto my shoulders and evolutionarily "carry" them on my back to the necessary evolutionary point, and then make a qualitative

transformation of the brain, essence and genetics. It is almost always necessary to "work out" a human being's evolutionary "sins" because they are the "burdens" that pull the person down evolutionarily. If a person is missing one to ten "pieces" from the evolutionary mosaic, it usually takes very little time to create the missing ones and perform a qualitative transformation of the brain's capabilities. This can vary from a few minutes to a few days. On the other hand, if 70 or more of the 100 necessary "pieces" of the qualitative mosaic are missing, creating the missing "pieces" can take months to years. With few exceptions, such a transformation is practically impossible for humans to perform. In principle, this is only an assumption, as I have never "pulled" a person for more than a few years. It is entirely possible that this is practically possible to do with anyone, but I have no statistical evidence and can therefore only speculate about it. The main reason for the lack of such experience is that I have not seen the need to pull everyone and everything "by the ears". For the experiment, I took several people who had zero potential for such a transformation, and after a few years — one earlier, the other later — I achieved that these seemingly "hopeless" people gained qualitatively new brain capabilities! So Ruben belonged to the category of people in whom most of the evolutionary "pieces" were simply missing! And yet, after my influence on him, he began to possess new qualities and abilities that he had never had before.

But let's get back to those events. Mikhail Dehta and Rudolf Gaevsky had made great strides forward. Both were journalists, and so... they couldn't do without their journalistic "tricks". For example, Mikhail asked me to describe the problems of his wife, whom I had never seen before. I began to tell him the results of my scan. Then Mikhail asked me to influence her remotely in the image he had in his head. I began to influence her and felt a very good connection. I informed Mikhail of this and told him that if his wife was sensitive enough, she should feel this and that at that moment. After I said this, Mikhail immediately dialled his home phone and asked her what she had been feeling and where she had been a minute ago and what was happening to her at that moment. He was completely surprised when she accurately described everything I had told him before he called home. Rudolf Gaevski brought with him a black-and-white passport photo of a young woman and asked me to describe her health problems. The photo showed only the woman's head, so I began my scan by going beyond the head. I informed him of the results of the scan, after which Rudolf reported the following. The photo was of his wife, and I found all of her problems, but what surprised him most was that in the photo he showed me, his wife was thirty years younger, and I gave him her problems not only as they were at the time of the photo, but also for all the thirty years that followed!

One day, I told Michael that this was the same way I told him about car problems. He immediately asked for proof. He had a Volga-24 and literally dragged me outside and asked for proof. I diagnosed the car in my own way, and he carefully wrote down the results and left very soon after. As it turned out later, he went straight to the service station and asked the mechanics to check his car. What a surprise it was for him when their diagnosis and mine matched completely. Mikhail practically did not stop with his "checks". He really wanted to find any inconsistency. Such was his journalistic soul. As I already mentioned, Mikhail Dehta's wife had excellent sensitivity, and when I saw her, I performed a qualitative brain transformation on her, with her consent, of course. It only took a few minutes, and the quality of her inner vision was very high. She was so dynamic that I was able to move her up the evolutionary ladder very quickly, and as a result, she acquired abilities that were not yet available to her husband. For example, I was able to move her into the past very easily. At first, she saw everything as if from the outside, but I decided to "turn her on" to

someone who was alive at that time. This is equivalent to her temporarily feeling, seeing, hearing and touching everything that the person from the past felt. When I made this contact, she began to see the reality of the past surrounding her through the eyes of a contemporary of the events. But I was surprised when she screamed because she felt pain in the lower back of the person through whose eyes she was seeing the world around her from the past. The owner of the body of the person from the past was an elderly man. And yet she could feel and perceive even the smallest details of the past reality, such as the small pebbles on the road, the burning rays of the sun, etc.

Some may say that this is nonsense, but I will have to disappoint the sceptics. A little later, I had to take a similar step into the past in order to obtain information. And the information I received was later fully confirmed, even though at the time of the experiment none of the participants in this experiment had such information! But more on that a little later, and for now let's return to current events.

At the second press conference at the press centre of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs on 4 April 1989, Mikhail Dekhta and Rudolf Gaevsky were also present, as "living" witnesses to the truth of what I had said a few days earlier at the first press conference, at least as far as creating new opportunities and qualities in people was concerned. But even this did not draw attention to the problem I had raised about the ozone layer. Apparently, my idea that the ozone layer problem could be solved without any technology seemed too crazy for people who were brainwashed by traditional ideas about what is possible or impossible for a human being. For some reason, everyone believes in technology, forgetting that it was created by the power of human thought and was created as an addition to humans at a certain stage in the development of human civilisation. Technology acts as a "crutch" for the still unhealthy "legs" of humanity. But when the "legs" become strong, continuing to use "crutches" is foolish, to say the least, not to mention harmful! After all, if the "muscles" of the strengthened "legs" do not develop, they simply atrophy. Civilisation's rejection of "crutches" does not mean a complete rejection of technology, but only that new technologies must be created that will assist humans when they cease to be dependent on technology and acquire true freedom and the opportunity for evolutionary development.

In any case, regardless of the reasons for ignoring my call to join forces to solve a very real, not ephemeral, global problem in the full sense of the word, I continued to do my job - to search for the key to understanding the unusual phenomenon I was observing. I relied solely on myself, without waiting for some "uncle" to come and solve the problems. I wasn't sure I would succeed, but if I did, there was hope that I could solve a seemingly unsolvable problem. As they say, it's worth a try. It won't be worse than my experience, but if something succeeds, it will be good for everyone, and whether someone understands how it is possible or not is so important if it solves a problem that cannot be solved in principle by other methods that everyone agrees on. Or, if the prevailing majority believes that such a thing is impossible in principle, is that a reason to simply give up and wait for the inevitable? No, of course not, at least not for me. And as my experience shows, not a single person among those who have occupied the highest positions in the scientific hierarchy has been able to explain even one of the simplest concepts in their own fields of knowledge! What then can be said about all the others who studied science in schools, institutes and universities, only to forget it the next day?

It has always been important for me to find a solution to a problem, especially one that is so important to all of humanity, and not because I am a megalomaniac, as some or even most people might think. Ultimately, I was trying to find

a different solution. One way or another, orthodox solutions simply did not exist. I did it not to be thanked if I succeeded (although that would have been nice), but because my soul demanded it and I was unwilling to accept it. Of course, I didn't approach the problem in a single day; it matured in my head like a fruit, gradually acquiring "flesh" — new qualities and possibilities, the supposed strategy and tactics for solving the problem. There was a gradual accumulation of the "critical" mass necessary for a successful attempt. Meanwhile, life went on as usual, I came up with new "tricks" and tried them out in practice.

17. My psi toys

Based on products with liquid crystal displays, I invented devices that at least partially replaced my direct influence. It was possible to create a multi-stage device on almost any medium, but liquid crystals had one unique quality: dynamism. Of course, I did not have my own liquid crystal manufacturing plant. But I did not need one. Calculators with liquid crystal displays and electronic watches with them performed this role perfectly. Electronic watches with calculators were particularly convenient, and here is why. In principle, it is possible to control such a device telepathically, simply by thinking about the necessary program of action, which is recorded on the liquid crystal medium. But for most people, the very concept of telepathy is incomprehensible, to say the least, not to mention that one can imagine that it is enough to think about the necessary healing effect and the special programme on the liquid crystal is activated. That's why I came up with the idea of using the numbers on the calculator for control. I simply "linked" each number on the calculator to the activation of a specific structure of the device, creating an effect on certain organs or systems of the human body. It was enough to press the necessary combination of keys, tailored to the individual problems of the specific person, and the effect began.

It was not without difficulties. Once, nuclear physicist Alexei Dobryakov, if my memory serves me correctly, approached me with a request for such a device. We had many discussions about physics and other topics. An acquaintance of his who worked with him at the institute had health problems (I do not consider myself authorised to discuss his health problems without his permission), and he asked me to make such a device for her and brought me an electronic watch with a calculator. I recorded several programmes related to numbers on the carrier, and, taking into account that people have different genetics, nature, development, etc., I made the programmes so that each repeated pressing of the same number would increase the power of the effect tenfold. By pressing the same number three times, the impact of a given programme could be increased a hundredfold. I think the principle is clear to everyone. This approach made it possible to adjust the impact for a specific person. What's more, the person could do it themselves, based on their own feelings and condition. And yet there was one case. Some time after I had made such a device for a friend of Alexei's, he came to me again and asked a strange question about what they should do to get rid of a problem. The problem was as follows. When I created the necessary device and explained how it worked, the scientists-experimenters decided to press the necessary programme as many times as the clock display allowed. As a result, the necessary programme was immediately activated to the maximum extent possible. And then the miracles began. The woman stopped sleeping completely. At first, she could not understand the reason for her insomnia, until she accidentally forgot her watch at work and that night... she

She slept normally again. The next day, she did not forget the clock and again... Morpheus did not visit her.

Thus, the cause of insomnia was determined experimentally. And Alexei's first

question Alexei had this time was what to do in such a situation! I advised, first, to reduce the power of the device and, second, if necessary, to simply turn off the device for the night or significantly weaken its effect. To do this, it was necessary to press zero on the calculator again, which would immediately turn off all influencing programmes, and press the necessary numbers as many times as necessary for the comfort of the person in question. That's all, and... the problem is solved. Obviously, it was difficult for this woman to imagine that simply pressing a button with numbers could have such a strong effect on her well-being and that an electronic watch or calculator could become such a powerful device. However, after such "treatment," a very strange effect was observed. The watch stopped showing the correct time and it was simply impossible to use it for this purpose. And this side effect was observed almost always. It was also undesirable to use the calculator for any mathematical operations. After all, each press of a number on the display activated one or another programme for influence. Therefore, the random selection of numbers and their rapid change caused a chaotic effect and were obviously undesirable and shocking for the person himself.

The effect of the device is not due to self-hypnosis or self-deception. The devices I created were tested in a laboratory by measuring biopotentials at active points before and after turning on the device. Under the influence of the device for several minutes, the biopotentials at the points increased sixteen times! Not sixteen percent, but one thousand six hundred percent! And at the same time, the measurements were taken even when the person did not know that any device was turned on. It was this fact that surprised the experimenters the most. They simply could not understand it, still harbouring a small hope that such changes in the parameters of the biopotentials were related to the person's self-suggestion, suggestibility, etc. And in this case, it was a "bare" fact, when a person did not even suspect that they were being influenced by some device. In this case, there is only one explanation: the device really works on people! And the action of this device has led to many health problems disappearing almost without a trace.

Imagine this situation: a person has heart problems, presses the right button on their electronic watch and... after a while, their heart becomes healthy! No need to swallow pills, undergo unpleasant procedures, etc. And all of this has numerous side effects, sometimes more serious than the original problem. Usually, instead of one problem, a person ends up with a whole "bouquet" of health issues. This fact is already known to almost everyone. And suddenly, some kind of incomprehensible device, without any medication, etc., restores the damaged, diseased organ. It does not simply alleviate the symptoms, but restores the normal condition of the diseased organ or body system. And this is not fantasy, but reality! Of course, such a device cannot help everyone, and it is impossible for one programme to take into account all the peculiarities of all living people, but if even 10-25 per cent of people regain their health in such an unusual way, I think that is simply wonderful. And I think that the percentage of people for whom such a device will be effective will be much higher, only it will most likely take a longer period of time to get a positive result, and besides, it is possible to immediately determine through simple tests the person on whom the effect of the device will be maximum! This may seem insufficient to some, but if you look at the percentage of people who receive real help in medical centres, everything becomes clear.

There have been many amusing incidents involving these devices. But one case is of a slightly different order. In May 1989, the Ministry of Merchant Marine organised a meeting with the Foundation for Folk Medicine, to which I was invited. The meeting discussed the possibility of sailing with a group of healers. Several journalists attended the meeting, including Michael Dechta. Several healers were also present, including

Alan Chumak, who is still quite famous today. At this meeting, I talked about my devices and other ideas of mine. Some time later, Michael Dehta called me and said that Alan Chumak had talked about his creative plans in his interview with journalists and, by a "strange" coincidence, much of what he had told the journalists in the interview was almost identical to what I had said at the meeting at the Ministry. He talked about healing devices and the charging (structuring) of water. The phenomenon of "borrowing" other people's ideas is not rare and is not new. But Alan Chumak chose a very curious way to do this. He told journalists that he hears a voice from above that gives him revelations. Mikhail Dehta himself was present at this meeting and was surprised by Chumak's behaviour. But we must give credit to Alan Chumak, he handled it very skilfully. It was impossible to claim that he was a plagiarist. Then I joked and said to Mikhail, "I didn't know that I was the voice from above..."

I am not claiming that no one before me has structured water or created psi devices. In principle, so-called talismans are psi devices. In the past, magicians would "charge" pendants, bracelets, rings, etc. with their energy. In this way, they simply saturated a particular medium with this or that programme using their energy. In other words, the physical carrier of the psi device was only a "vessel" containing the charge of the magician's structured energy. It is like a genie from Eastern fairy tales, which is stuck in a jug or lamp, sealed inside them, and the genie sits and waits for the hour of his release. And when it is released, it grants three wishes to its liberator, the fulfilment of which depends on the power of the released genie, after which the jug or lamp turns into ordinary iron. In the same way, talismans created by magicians carry a certain charge of the magician's energy, which, when the talisman is activated, sooner or later runs out and turns into nothing. At least, all the talismans I have encountered in my life were arranged in this way.

The difference between my psi devices and the talismans described above is that I use a physical medium only as a point of attachment for my devices, which are made of a different material and themselves create the effect for which they were designed. If anyone claims that these are not devices, they are very much mistaken. These devices have a real effect on animate and inanimate matter, and the results of this effect can be "felt" with the hands and measured using methods known to everyone. And the fact that the sceptic does not understand what kind of matter I use to create my devices is his personal problem, because even modern science claims that the physical matter of the Universe **is only 10% of** the matter that should be in space, so that the very material cosmic bodies in the form of galaxies, star clusters, stars and planets move as they move in a completely real and material sky. And science itself - physics, which these sceptics are so fond of relying on - claims that 90% of this invisible and intangible matter is nothing but *dark matter*, and "for some reason" the sceptics show no "scepticism" on this issue! Personally, I find this approach strange, although I understand who is behind these "sceptics" and why.

So, if we proceed from these ideas of modern physics about "dark matter" as the dominant matter in the Universe, we can say that I create my devices from this "dark matter", which for me is not "dark matter" at all, but is real and understandable, as well as from "ordinary" physically dense matter, which is so adored by "sceptics". The devices I create, although invisible to the "naked" eye, have a very real effect on all material objects, in accordance with the purpose for which these devices are created, and the physically dense carriers of these psi devices serve only as a simple connection, a kind of "anchor". And this is the main difference between my psi devices and any magical talismans, as they were called in the past, or any devices based on the concept of torsion fields, as modern scientists like to say, as if the phrase "torsion field" brings some clarity to

the essence of the matter.

* * *

In May 1989, I was asked to help a very famous scientist of international renown. He was an academician of the USSR Academy of Sciences and one of the ten greatest physicists in the world working in the field of radiophysics. This man was seventy years old and had intestinal obstruction. The Kremlin doctors had scheduled him for surgery on the day I first met him. All other methods of medicine had failed, and if doctors prescribe surgery at such an age, it indicates a very critical condition. After all, at this age, the chance of simply not waking up after general anaesthesia is about fifty percent! In other words, surgery at this age is a big risk, and if doctors take such a risk, it means that without surgery, the person will die one hundred percent. And assigning surgery to a person of such a high level in the scientific hierarchy of the USSR excludes any disrespectful attitude towards him. I am not mentioning this person's surname for several reasons, which I will discuss later. So, I crossed paths with this person at this critical moment in his life. He did not believe in the possibility of such treatment, but when he had nothing to lose, why not try something different? Or, as often happens when you are in a difficult situation, you will do anything to make it work. Anyway, I arrived at his house and began my treatment. The reason for his blockage was that the mucous membranes of his stomach and intestines were not working, they were not producing the necessary chemical compounds. This is a systemic dysfunction of the sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous systems, which manifests itself in the vagus nerve not transmitting stimulating signals to the stomach and intestines. Without stimulating signals, gastric juice is not produced. So surgery would not help in this case.

When the cause of the problem became clear to me, I restored the impaired functions, and literally the next day everything started working for this man. After two or three visits to the academician, everything returned to normal. Each time, after my intervention, he would offer me a cup of tea, followed by a conversation on borderline topics. This man was curious to talk to me about what I do and what I think about it. During one of these conversations, I asked him, as a great physicist, to explain to me what electric current is. He replied with a definition from a high school textbook: "Electric current is the directed movement of electrons from positive to negative." I thanked him, but reminded him that this was a definition from a secondary school textbook and that he did not need to explain the concept of "directed movement" to me, but that I would like to hear his explanation of what an "electron" is, what "positive" and "negative" are, and why electrons move from positive to negative! In other words, the generally accepted definition of electric current fails to explain four fundamental concepts! And the concept that did not need explanation was not fundamentally important and belonged to the conceptual concepts (the concept of "directed motion").

So I asked an academician from the USSR Academy of Sciences to explain to me four basic concepts from the definition of electric current! When I asked him to explain these four concepts to me, the academician's answer was again: "...and only God knows...". Isn't that a funny answer from one of the greatest physicists in the world? To which I replied again: "I am not God, but I know it." And the point is not that I am so "smart", but that most people do not understand the meaning of these or other phrases they themselves use. Someone has "hammered" certain concepts into their heads, they themselves hammer them into the heads of others, but almost no one thinks about what these words mean? So maybe we should stop and think. That is the question...

Thus, the academician's treatment was accompanied by heartfelt conversations, which were not mandatory. Despite the fact that our academician was very sceptical about the possibility of unconventional treatment, it was precisely this treatment that saved him from death. In principle, I "simply" activated the functioning of the gastrointestinal tract,

which shut itself down and "decided" not to work anymore. The failure of a particular system in the body cannot be corrected with surgery. This is a functional disorder caused by age-related changes. Therefore, the very fact of restoring the normal functioning of the gastrointestinal tract under my influence was already a unique medical phenomenon, at least in traditional medicine such a thing is very rare, if it happens at all. That is why I suggested to Vadim Belozarov that he meet with this academician and interview him. The academician did not refuse to meet with the film crew, but when Vadim Belozarov asked him about the effect of my influence on him, he replied: "I don't know what helped me: whether it was the pills I was swallowing or Levashov waving his arms in front of me..."

That was my way of thanking him for saving his life, and he lived longer than nature had intended. I don't think he was unaware of the seriousness of his condition and the prospects offered by medicine. This man was either afraid to tell the truth on camera, or he is simply a dishonest person. But what could such an elderly man be afraid of? His academic title will not be taken away from him; in the worst case, he will receive a slight reprimand, and that's all. It is very petty to be dishonest for this reason. And if it was done for some other reason, then he is simply a dishonest person. Incidentally, he did not pay me anything for my work and did not even give me a box of chocolates. I remembered this not because I needed his sweets, but because I was surprised by the lack of even the slightest inclination to express gratitude for saving his life. Apparently, our academic thought that the fact that he allowed me to approach his man and help him was already sufficient reward for saving me from death, and a very painful death at that. But let that remain on his conscience.

Around the same time, Mikhail Dekhta asked me to help a man. That man turned out to be Lori Nikolaevich Popov, a candidate of medical sciences and epidemiologist. At the time of our meeting, this man had been disabled for three years and eight months and was already on the verge of despair. His path to disability began when, as a result of prolonged and severe stress, he developed what is known as non-specific ulcerative colitis, with complete ulceration of the large intestine and partial ulceration of the small intestine. The typical treatment approach was for the treating physicians to use strong antibiotics, which completely destroyed his intestinal microflora and seriously damaged his liver and immune system. When this happened, he was put on hormones - prednisolone - which led to the virtual failure of his adrenal glands. Due to the huge number of single doses of various drugs, he developed glomerulonephritis in his right kidney. In short, as a result of this "treatment" at the time of the meeting

He developed iron deficiency anaemia, his immune system completely shut down, and his body was brought to complete exhaustion. As a doctor, Lori Nikolaevich understood his "prospects" for the future very well, and they were not bright and rosy. In principle, he considered himself doomed. But I was in no hurry to agree with him and suggested that he not despair and give me a chance to take care of him. He agreed, and he is still alive and well, and the following year he was completely cured of his disability.

But despite the fact that he was completely poisoned by the drugs, I still asked him not to stop taking them immediately, especially the hormones. I asked him to reduce them in small steps. After some time, during which I had time to partially restore the immune system and metabolic processes of the body, I asked him to make the next reduction in hormone doses. And so on, until the hormones and other medications were discontinued. Despite the fact that the drugs had brought Lori Nikolaevich, so to speak, to the brink of death, it was impossible to stop taking them immediately, as the body's metabolic processes, after a long period of medication, could not function without them. It was necessary, first of all, to restore normal metabolism in the body, without additional chemicals entering the

the body in the form of pills and injections. It should never be forgotten that drugs are a set of active chemicals which, once in the bloodstream, spread throughout the body and eventually end up in the cells. Moreover, once inside the cells, these active chemical substances begin to react chemically with the cell inclusions and their chemical content, thus changing the chemical "picture" of the cell. At the same time, in a number of cases, medicinal chemistry causes morphological changes in the cells of human tissues, which sooner or later leads to new pathologies.

This is the reason for the side effects of medicines. And very often the side effects of medicines are much more dangerous than the problems that the medicine is supposed to help with. A medical joke comes to mind, when a professor asks his medical students: "...shall we start treating him, or let him live?!" Medicines can have a positive effect, despite all their negative aspects, if they are used for a very short time and do not cause irreversible changes in the human body. In all other cases, medicines are poisons that kill a person more quickly or more slowly. The example of Lori Nikolaevich Popov is a vivid example of such destruction of the body by medicines.

Of course, the non-specific ulcerative colitis with which his treatment began was not a gift, but what he "acquired" as a result of drug treatment not only had a negative impact on his health, but also created no less danger to his health! As a result of the "treatment," **the following was added** to the nonspecific ulcerative colitis: complete destruction of the intestinal microflora, serious **damage to the liver and adrenal glands, serious metabolic disorders in the body, almost complete destruction of the immune system, complete exhaustion of the body and iron deficiency anaemia!** As you can see, **six new problems** have been added to one problem, which in many ways are even more serious than the original problem! And at the same time, the original problem - nonspecific ulcerative **colitis - has not disappeared!** That's how it is!

After working with Lori Nikolaevich, he fully recovered from nonspecific ulcerative colitis and the rest of the bouquet. He not only recovered, but also returned to a full life and creativity. Almost sixteen years have passed since his recovery. He is now retired but continues to lead an active life and has had no recurrence of the disease to date. But that was years later, and when I began my treatment of him, he was convinced as a doctor that it was simply impossible to help him. When he quickly returned to normal life, he was not only grateful to me for his health, but also became my friend and follower, as did his entire family.

I have given two examples in which I helped two people and restored their health, and perhaps even their lives. One person was dishonest, even though the truth he was telling could not harm him, and the other, even though his fellow doctors had a negative attitude towards everything "similar" and rejected it, always told everyone that it was I who had saved his life with my methods of treatment, without thinking whether this would cause him any problems or not! I gave the example of the healing of Lori Nikolaevich Popov so that those who read my memories and reflections would not think that I only helped dishonest and ungrateful people. And although there were enough of those, I also had to deal with people who were pure and grateful not only for restoring their health, but also for giving many of them an understanding of the meaning of life. Very often, it turned out that I had managed to heal not only the body, but also the soul.

Sometimes my interventions led to accidents. I conducted a course of intervention on a woman who had a chronic ulcer of the stomach and duodenum. She had had the ulcer for many years, and it would close up and then open up again in another place. After my intervention, some time later she went back to see her doctor about her chronic ulcer.

ulcer. After the examination, the doctor started shouting at her, calling her a simian, etc. The reason for the doctor's reaction was that he found not only no ulcers, but also no trace of ulcers that had healed earlier. According to his understanding, since her mucous membrane was in perfect condition and there was not even a trace of ulcers, this could only mean one thing

: the person had never had a stomach ulcer in her life, and the poor woman's words that she had been hospitalised several times for stomach ulcers when she had lost a lot of blood, and that she had been examined repeatedly for this reason, as well as having a long medical history, as thick as an encyclopaedia, made no impression on this doctor. In his opinion, if there was nothing, then there was nothing, and she was a "criminal" by virtue of the fact that she had spent so many days of the year on sick leave for an illness that, in his opinion, she had never had. The doctor could not even entertain the idea that she had had this illness and then disappeared! And so, there have been such cases, just as there have been cases where, after I have cured people, their medical records from various medical institutions have "mysteriously" disappeared!

18. The deeper into the "forest," the more "trees" there are.

Meanwhile, time was passing. The days of the week were changing one after another. In May 1989, a very interesting experiment was conducted. It took place at the Brain Institute. In a special chamber that did not allow any electromagnetic radiation to penetrate (a Faraday chamber), I introduced Mikhail Deht into a new qualitative state of the brain, in which he could see his brain and the organs of his body. Through my influence on Mikhail, I created conditions in which he could travel with his consciousness through the blood vessels of his body, perceiving himself as the size of his own red blood cell. In addition, I created conditions in which he could observe his chromosomes while inside them. Throughout, Michael commented on everything he saw and felt while fully conscious. Some might call it the ravings of a madman or suggestion on my part. But the funny thing is that a researcher from the Brain Institute who was monitoring the equipment could be said to have literally and figuratively fallen into a "slump." At the moment when Michael Dehta was colourfully describing his journey inside his own body, his brain's electroencephalogram showed that he was in a coma or in a state of clinical death. Yet he was calmly talking to everyone, joking, feeling wonderful, as he himself described his condition at the time. The researchers at the Brain Institute were shocked by all this.

This experiment was filmed by Vadim Belozorov's film crew, but it was never shown, and there are several reasons for this. But the main thing is that the human brain in a qualitatively different state behaved completely differently, contrary to all the "laws" and "rules" of modern ideas about its work. And such examples can be given ad infinitum. But let's not waste time and paper listing all the facts and events, because eternity is not enough. Let's return to the events and phenomena that are important, at least as I see it.

In September 1989, Olga Sergeevna T. followed me again. After the events that happened around her in 1987, she and her husband left for the Middle East. He found a job there as a translator. She and her family were away for more than a year. When Olga Sergeevna returned to Moscow in September 1989, either on holiday or at the end of her husband's contract, she began to "devour" the information on the television screen with her characteristic curiosity. And once again she found herself in serious trouble. After seeing Anatoly Kashpirovsky on television, she became "hooked" on what was happening on the screen and immediately started looking for me. At that time, I was living in apartment in the Novogireevo neighbourhood, and it was very difficult to find my coordinates. But she managed to do so, and on a beautiful September day, the phone rang in

the flat where I was staying, and I heard her voice. After the usual exchange of pleasantries in such cases, she asked me again to get her out of yet another mess. As a result of her curiosity, she had been "connected" to a new system and could not free herself from it. It turned out that she was connected to a system consisting of multiple generators creating parasitic pyramids. Exactly the same systems as the one from whose excessive "attention" I had freed her on 19 December 1987. And all those who were connected to the parasitic system.

When I destroyed the parasitic pyramid with its generator in 1987, I didn't even think to check if there were any other similar "souvenirs". I couldn't even imagine that such filth existed in more than one copy. Perhaps I wasn't ready to deal with all the generators at once, or perhaps the time wasn't right yet. Perhaps it was all of the above reasons, or perhaps something else, unknown to me. Anyway, the second time I pulled Olga Sergeevna T. out of yet another mess she had gotten herself into, I stumbled upon a whole system of psi generators. A group of black magicians worked through A. Kashpirovsky, many of whom wore high epaulettes and held high scientific titles. They foamed at the mouth, proving to everyone else that such a thing was impossible because it had never been possible. And when everyone else began to believe that magic was nothing more than obscurantism and ignorance, they themselves calmly used the magic that supposedly did not exist against those very masses. Through A. Kashpirovsky, he worked with just such a group of black magicians who were trying to strengthen their shaky influence over the masses. After gaining experience working with a psi generator in 1987, I began to destroy the other psi generators. After all, experience is a great thing! There were ninety-nine such generators, each of which was "located" in special zones on Midgard Earth. These energy nodes created an energy network around the planet. This was the reason why social parasites placed psi-generators in these active nodes to suppress people's will and consciousness, turning them into biorobots. After I saw and realised this, I set out to destroy this parasitic system. And I succeeded. And what a surprise it was when, after that, almost all socialist countries "suddenly" ceased to be so. And all this happened without any revolutions or bloodshed.

At first, I found it difficult to believe that the destruction of some generators, whose existence the vast majority of the inhabitants of Midgard-Earth are not even aware of, could lead to a change in the social structure of socialist countries. What can we say about people who are convinced that such a thing cannot exist, because it can never exist, when I myself, when I destroyed these generators, could not believe that the political structure of Midgard-Earth depends on some psi-generators that control people's consciousness through the subconscious. But not everything that is unbelievable and resembles the delusions of a modern madman is so. In order to dominate the masses, social parasites have created an ingenious system of brainwashing. Through all the mass media at their disposal, they instil in the masses the fanatical belief that nothing of the sort exists and that all myths or legends from the past are nothing more than religious or social narcissism, invented for fools and the ignorant. And that in our enlightened age, only children can believe in such fairy tales.

The science they created repeated special stories created for this purpose, and various types of "experts" foamed at the mouth trying to prove to everyone and everything that all this was complete nonsense, etc. And many phenomena that really happened to people, such as the phenomenon of clinical death, were declared to be delusions. I had to talk to doctors working in the intensive care unit, and they said they were forbidden to mention the phenomena accompanying clinical death. But some of them, at their own risk, recorded the stories of people who had been outside of life. The reason for this is that people who had been beyond reported that they had seen their bodies from outside, continued to feel, think, experience... in short, outside their physical bodies, they saw themselves.

felt and were themselves! And this shows that the physical body is only a carrier of what a person is! A person's consciousness, their personality, is not in the physical body, but in their essence — the soul, in what is the system of material bodies of the living organism, in this case — the human being.

It is interesting that not only in the USSR, but also in all Western countries, official science has an identical attitude towards the phenomena that occur to a person in a state of clinical death. This is despite the fact that in Western countries the concept of the soul, albeit in a religious sense, was not denied in principle, but seemed to refer to concepts of faith and religion rather than to concepts of reality. Is it not true that in the atheistic USSR and in the religious West there is a strange unity of ideas? On the question of phenomena occurring during clinical death, both sides show an enviable unity of opinion. What is the reason for this unity of official positions in such different social systems? The taboo on this issue has been maintained for a very long time in both places; and in both places, true researchers of nature have tried to draw public attention to this natural phenomenon. But these attempts, one might say, remained a "voice crying in the wilderness." The official version of doctors, atheists, and believers is the same. ***"In a state of hypoxia (oxygen deprivation), the human brain creates hallucinations to facilitate the death of the person..."***

You cannot imagine anything more ridiculous. But this is the official medical version of what is happening. Once again, behind the multitude of terms and the hypnotic influence of the experts' scientific regalia lies complete ignorance. This is just another case of verbiage. Firstly, hallucination is an inadequate reaction of a particular person to the reality surrounding them. And by definition, it cannot be the same for many people who have experienced clinical death thousands of years ago and today, regardless of a person's level of education, customs and beliefs. This in itself suggests that clinical death is a real natural phenomenon. Secondly, how can the human brain, which by definition lives only once and has never died before, know what images need to be created to make it "easier" and "more pleasant" for a person to die? Official medicine and "public" opinion will never be able to answer such questions. And such views existed both in the "communist" East and in the capitalist West. What is the reason for such unity of opinion?

And there is only one reason for this. The recognition that a person's personality, consciousness, memory and emotions exist outside the physical body is very dangerous for those in power. And this is not even related to the concept of reincarnation and everything associated with it. It is related to the secret of psi influence and the mechanism for controlling the masses. The point is that the ruling caste is trying to convince everyone else, with all the power of modern science, that a human being has nothing but a physical body. And that there are no other methods of influencing a person except through physical devices, whose emissions can always be measured by other real devices. And that there can be nothing else, because there never can be! Recognising the fact that what happens to a person in a state of clinical death is real means recognising the fact that there is a real possibility of influencing other (non-physical) levels of a person. And this means that this influence cannot be traced with the help of any physical device, and then the one who has the ability to influence these other levels of the human being, which, moreover, turn out to be fundamental to the human being, gains almost complete control over the human being and over society as a whole! And the ruling elite of social parasites does not want these very people to even suspect that they are subject to a powerful controlling influence on their psyche and on those levels that they supposedly do not have! Is it not true that social parasites have devised a cunning system for deceiving people!

So, the psi generators, which I stumbled upon by chance or perhaps not so by chance, belonged to these non-physical methods of influencing masses of people. It was through these essentially criminal psi generators, which cannot be "calculated" with any physical device, that social parasites exerted their anti-human influence on people, forcing them through their subconscious to do exactly what these "puppet masters" of humanity wanted them to do. It is precisely the influence of these (and similar) generators that explains the inadequate behaviour of the masses during revolutions and popular uprisings. Usually, the most strongly influenced by these psi-generators are people with low education and young people, all those who have not had the time or opportunity to go through the phase of development of a rational animal. That is why social parasites, exposing masses of people to the influence of their psi generators, physically eliminate all those on whom these generators have no effect or insufficient effect. All carriers of strong, healthy genetics and highly educated people who have passed through the phase of the intelligent animal, in other words, the cream of the nation, fell under this Procrustean bed. Wherever the "revolutionaries" destroyed the cream of the nation, social parasites were always at work with their psi-generators, destroying some and turning others into biorobots.

When I thought about all this, I was shocked by the lawlessness that was happening openly before everyone's eyes, with one exception: the vast majority of people were not even aware of it. And I understood the reason why, in the Middle Ages, the Christian Church destroyed all witches and healers in Europe, accusing them of black magic and connections with the devil. Where social parasites had already seized power, either openly or covertly, they destroyed those who had the ability to see and possibly understand the parasitic system of mass control they had created. They destroyed the people, and with them the genetics, who had the ability to see other levels of the planet where their psi-control generators were located. They were particularly successful in Western Europe, where the "holy" Inquisition was created specifically for these purposes and... bright fires were lit, on which the servants of "mercy" burned hundreds of thousands of people alive, and over three hundred years - millions. The only fault of most of those burned alive was that they saw, heard, and felt a little more than everyone else. And for the inquisitors, it did not matter whether the burned or the burner sincerely believed in Christ. They had a ready answer for every situation. If it was a good Christian, he was tempted by Lucifer, and in order to save his immortal soul, it was necessary to surrender his mortal body to the purifying fire. Because only fire, according to them, is capable of freeing the lost soul from the clutches of the devil! And if a person has a gift, it is the devil who tempts him, but if a church minister has the same gift, it is a gift from God, and in this way the Lord God shows His power through such people, healing people from physical and mental illnesses. And church ministers who manifest this "divine" gift are declared saints.

It is interesting that if you have a gift and serve the church, you are a saint, but if the same gift manifests itself in a person outside the institution of the church, it is the devil tempting the soul of man. Either way, during the Last Night of Svarog, social parasites destroyed all carriers of genetic abilities to see more than the social parasites wanted. And this was not only during the Middle Ages and the rule of the Inquisition. The militant atheists - the Bolsheviks - physically destroyed the genetic carriers of the ability to see, hear and feel other levels of the planet. The only difference is that the Bolsheviks, generally speaking, did not burn people alive, but shot them. And although there are differences in these methods, and quite significant ones at that, the result is the same - the physical destruction of the carriers of new possibilities. Such unity between the genetic carriers of religious fanatics and militant atheists suggests that both were servants of the same masters — a caste of social parasites who only change their methods according to

the situation, but they have always pursued the same goal - to prevent everyone else from seeing and understanding that they are actually ruled by a caste of social parasites who influence the mind with the help of special psi generators placed on other planetary levels.

These are the "nuts"! As they say, not everything is so simple in the "Kingdom of Denmark".

The fact that these psi-substance generators had a direct influence on social systems and that the social changes that occurred after their destruction were not accidental was proven by the events of 19 December 1989. On that very day, when I turned on the television, I heard on the news that Romania was the only country that had remained faithful to the cause of socialism! Already realising what was happening, I started looking for an undestroyed psi generator and as I expected, I found a psi generator that, in one way or another

The reason was that it had escaped the fate of the others and had not been destroyed during the work in September. When you know what you are doing and what you can expect from your actions, the question is different. Saying to myself, "This is not working well...", I destroyed the last psi generator. Unfortunately, other psi generators were activated in its place, but at that moment it was the last of the active psi generators that ensured the functioning of the "socialist" countries in Europe. And already knowing what would follow the destruction of this psi-generator, I told everyone present at this work how long socialist Romania would last without this psi-generator! It lasted as long as it did. A little more than two days! And it did not help the regime of

Ceausescu created the so-called army of Ceausescu's "chicks". He raised the orphans in a spirit of loyalty to himself. At the same time, he created better living conditions for the orphans, and many of them became employees of the Romanian secret services, but even that did not save Ceausescu's socialist regime from rapid collapse. None of his "fugitives" even spoke out in his defence. No blood was shed except that of Ceausescu himself and his wife! Less than three days after the destruction of the last psi generator of this type, Ceausescu's anti-popular socialist regime ceased to exist - this in itself is incredible, even when you know it had to happen. Or perhaps it is precisely because you know that it had to happen.

So, my unwitting involvement in politics, which happened on 19 December 1987, led to further involvement with all the consequences that entailed. It's strange, but sometimes it happens — you do something that at first glance seems so far removed from politics, and you don't even think about it, but no, it "finds" you, and you end up "face to face" with it anyway. Precisely in order to prevent people like me from entering the political system, their actions destroy the well-established mechanism of oppression and control created on our Earth Midgard by social parasites, who have been destroying the genetic carriers of such properties and qualities for a whole millennium. As practice shows, sometimes it is enough for one "smart person" like me to disrupt the system of enslaving people, which has existed for so long, and to "spoil" the mood of the higher caste of social parasites for a long time. It turns out that a person is also a warrior in the field. And I have never regretted that my research and my own development have led me to understand what is happening on our planet, and I have never regretted that I intervened in the ongoing disgrace. And if the first time I intervened was by accident, the second time and later it was my conscious choice.

19. Patching the hole

December 1989 turned out to be a month full of important events for me. By the end of December, I was "ready" for my first attempt to restore the ozone layer. I developed the following strategy to solve the problem. I had an idea: what if we took the "bad" gases in the atmosphere and "assembled" ozone molecules from their "building blocks"? By "bad" gases, I meant

those that had entered the atmosphere of Middle Earth as a result of "rational" human activity. In this way, the ozone layer problem was solved in two stages. In the first stage - splitting the "bad" molecules in the atmosphere. In the second stage - synthesis of ozone molecules from the building material that appeared when the "bad" molecules were split in the first stage. Sounds like a good plan. To implement it, I used a flask filled with mercury. I found that when I held even a mercury thermometer in my hand, the synthesis of ozone using my method was much faster and produced more ozone. So I asked my friend Igor from Kharkov, and he brought me a large sealed glass flask with mercury. There was more than a kilogram of mercury in the flask. It was the first time in my life that I had seen such a quantity of mercury. So, taking this flask of mercury in my hand, I began the process. Several people were present, including Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev. They watched the entire process of restoring the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth with their own eyes. And it was not only me, silently doing something with a mercury flask in my hands, but also our planet, around which not entirely "normal" phenomena were taking place. As I influenced them, they saw that the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth began to increase, and this continued until it was restored. My entire influence took no more than five to ten minutes, and then it was over. Outwardly, the world did not change in any way. Everything continued as before. Nothing seemed to have happened. It was entirely possible that I had failed, but that could not be ruled out either. As they say, it's worth a try! Even if it didn't work, it only meant one thing — that I hadn't found the right solution and had to keep looking. But immediately after the strike, I didn't expect an immediate result. It's like healing a person: after the impact, it takes more or less time for the person to get well. I didn't know how long it would take for the result to appear. I had never before carried out an impact of such magnitude on Midgard Earth and did not know how quickly it would manifest on the physical plane. After all, the blocking effect of ⁽⁴⁾within Midgard Earth continued to affect me, as well as everyone else.

I became aware of the existence of a blocking influence within the planet when I managed to go beyond the limits of this influence and discovered that outside Midgard-Earth, my abilities were incomparable to those I could control on the planet itself. But even so, I was surprised at how quickly the result of the influence began to appear. My influence was realised in Moscow, in the Novo-Gireevo district. And the first thing I heard was a report that the smog had completely disappeared in Moscow the next day. This was reported in the news, and even the "reason" for such an unusual phenomenon was explained. It turned out, as reported in the news, that the smog had disappeared as a result of our valiant traffic police carrying out "friendly" preventive measures on car exhaust emissions! But at the same time, all the atmospheric pollution associated with the capital's industry had also disappeared. And it even turned out that carbon monoxide and many other things had disappeared. At that time, I had never heard a more ridiculous explanation. Why say obviously stupid things when you don't know the reason for what happened? Isn't it easier to just report what happened without ridiculous comments?

Some would say that my own comments are even more ridiculous. But one should not jump to conclusions. After all, separating the "bad" gases in the atmosphere was the first part of solving the ozone layer problem, and as absurd as it may seem to sceptics, that is exactly what happened. All that remained was to wait for reports of ozone, which would mean that the second part of the impact programme would also be fulfilled. And soon the news brought another report that huge masses of ozone, whose nature is unknown, had appeared in the atmosphere. This time, our wonderful traffic police were "for some reason" not connected with the appearance of huge masses

⁴ See Nikolay Levashov, "[Source of Life-1](#)".

ozone in the planet's atmosphere. They probably did not realise that there was a direct connection between these phenomena. And there was such a connection, only not with the traffic police, but with the programme that I tried to implement during my time in office. And then publications appeared in the media that the ozone hole over Antarctica had disappeared! I received the April 1990 issue of the magazine "Young Technician," which reported that the ozone hole had disappeared without a trace! And as it said there, "nature itself" had found a simple and quick solution to the problem that threatened to destroy all of humanity, and with it all life on the surface of the planet!

It is interesting that sometimes you read the conclusions of scientific "experts" and wonder. The modern children's magazine "Young Technician", issue 4 from 1990, selflessly tells curious teenagers about the reasons for the shrinking of the ozone hole in the following way. It turns out that, according to the "experts," this happened because, as a result of increased solar activity, the oxygen in the atmosphere ionised and formed ozone, which we so desperately needed. The "experts'" explanation is simply astonishing in its absurdity. Of course, it is possible to assume that the journalist, as always, has confused something, but it seems that the explanation of the "experts" was so "clear" that such an explanation of what happened appeared. But if the "experts" do not dispute this explanation later, it means that the journalist has correctly conveyed the opinion of the "experts" after all. Let's understand what lies behind this opinion of the "experts". Perhaps they are right! 1989 was not a year of solar activity, as the "experts" claim. Let's examine this opinion. The Sun has an eleven-year cycle of activity⁵ and in 1990, activity was close to its cyclical minimum. In addition, within this cycle, there are local emissions even during solar minima. In fact, the first local peak of solar activity occurred in mid-1989, and the second in early 1991. But the appearance of ozone masses and the disappearance of the ozone hole occurred at the very beginning of 1990, right between these local peaks of solar activity. This is the first inconsistency in the explanations of the "experts," but not the last, nor the most important.

Why did ozone appear more than six months after the minor peak in solar activity in 1989? For some reason, the "experts" do not clarify this issue. The disappearance of the ozone hole is exactly between the local peaks of solar activity in 1989 and 1991. In addition, there is another absurdity associated with this explanation. If we take the "experts'" point of view as a basis, this means that solar activity in 1989 was the same as the total activity of the Sun for 1.33 billion years. During that time, on top of everything else, there were 120,909,091 eleven-year cycles of solar activity. And for the 4.0 billion years it took Midgard Earth to create a complete ozone layer, there were three times as many cycles of solar activity, i.e. approximately 362,727,273! It took Midgard Earth exactly 4.0 billion years to create the full ozone layer that the planet had before 1960. Furthermore, let me remind you that the ozone hole over Antarctica arose due to the fact that, as a result of "rational" human activity, the thickness of the ozone layer on Midgard-Earth has decreased by 30%! The question arises: why did nature need more than a billion years to create precisely those 30% of the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth that humans destroyed in 30 years? And during that time, as noted, there were 120,909,091 eleven-year cycles of solar activity! How is the peak of solar activity in 1989 on one of the cycles of solar activity so different from the other peaks of activity that have been on the Sun during and throughout the 120,909,091 cycles of solar activity over these 1.3 billion years? The "experts" do not answer this question "for some reason"; they do not even raise it.

⁵ V.N. Ishkov, E.V. Kononovich, "[Solar Activity](#)"