

question for "unknown" reasons.

And if we simply assume that during the peak of solar activity in 1989, the same thing happened that happened during 120,909,091 cycles of solar activity over 1.3 billion years, this would mean that in 1989 our Sun turned into a supernova with all the consequences that entails. But in 1989 our Sun did not become a supernova, so this version is out of the question. But this version of the "experts" is out of the question for another reason. The fact is that at every peak of solar activity, the power of solar radiation increases, including hard radiation. And all this leads to the fact that oxygen in the atmosphere becomes ionised, in other words, oxygen atoms turn into ions. And oxygen ions **do not create** ozone molecules, which are three oxygen atoms united in one molecule! So, during peaks in solar activity, there is no synthesis of ozone; on the contrary, the loss of oxygen and ozone molecules due to ionisation increases! So, whichever way you look at it, the explanation of the "experts" is nothing but absurd. Of course, it is understandable that they could not have known what I was doing. And if anyone knew, they could not accept it, because for them my version of events was simply out of the question. For them, it was simply impossible to even consider such an approach. It was easier for them to simply produce absolute nonsense, but nonsense that sounded scientific. Later, it became simply bad taste to talk about it. But let's leave that to the conscience of those who do it.

Personally, it didn't matter to me what the "experts" thought about it, if they thought anything at all. What mattered to me was that my experiment had been successful, and what anyone else thought about it was irrelevant to me personally. I followed my own path and did not expect gratitude or recognition from anyone — neither from scientists nor from the humanity I had saved, no matter how grandiose and arrogant that may sound. It was important for me to find a solution to the problem — and I found it! And that was my reward. But at the very end of December 1989, I was still not sure that I had succeeded. Only the first reports appeared that the air in Moscow had been completely cleared of harmful gases, which suggested to me that at least I had managed to break down the harmful gases in the atmosphere. When I learned about this, another idea came to me almost immediately. I thought, why not break down the radioactive contamination of the environment that arose after the Chernobyl accident in a similar way?

Let me remind you that the extraterrestrial visitors who came at my request⁶ only separated the plutonium in the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor, and when I asked them why they had not solved the problem completely, they replied that they had done what our civilisation could not do on its own, and that the rest was our problem. In September 1987, I did not even try to solve the problem myself for the simple reason that I was not sure I could solve such a problem and that I had everything I needed to solve it successfully. I thought it would be criminal to indulge my ego and try to do something without knowing whether I would succeed or not, as there was no time for trial and error. I had to act immediately and with complete confidence that the outcome would be positive. That is why, after weighing everything up, I decided to turn to my friends for help. And I still think that was the right decision. Even if I could have solved the problem with the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor on my own, I did not consider it acceptable to risk everything and everyone for the sake of satisfying my own ego. I had no doubt about that. I understood perfectly well the degree of responsibility for the situation and saw no point in even trying to do something, wasting precious time, which was very scarce at that time. Besides, I didn't know how long it would take after my request for help for the help itself to arrive, if, of course, I was hoping that I had real contact with the union of civilisations. To my delight, and I think to the delight of everyone else, my "connections" turned out to be real, not imaginary.

⁶ See , Part 9. Through the Thorns to the Stars .

But now, when nothing threatened to explode and blow up the planet with many asteroids, and when I managed to separate the harmful gases from the atmosphere of the first bricks, I decided to try to separate the radioactive substances in the Chernobyl contamination zone. And again - it won't be worse, and maybe it will be better. No sooner said than done, and in early January 1990, I made the appropriate impact and... waited to see what would come of it. And suddenly, in early February, the daily Chernobyl marathon was announced on central television, and the Supreme Soviet of the USSR allocated huge funds for the Chernobyl zone, which had not happened since the disaster in 1986. Many donations were collected from both individuals and companies, but as it turned out later, neither these donations nor the budget funds ever reached Chernobyl. When the Chernobyl Marathon was announced, I thought I had missed something and that the experiment had failed. But soon, some very interesting information began to emerge.

First, Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, who had very close ties to the authorities, informed me that on-site investigations by KGB laboratories had shown that there was no above-normal radiation background in the contaminated areas. An interesting situation arose. Through the same Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, the KGB leadership learned that I had attempted to divide the radioactive contamination of the Chernobyl zone, special laboratories checked the effectiveness of my work and, when they were convinced of the result, quietly and peacefully "organised" the allocation of huge budget funds for clean-up and for the Chernobyl marathon, knowing full well that everything had already been cleaned up as a result of my work. Obviously, on such an occasion, they decided to "warm their hands" on my work, pocketing huge sums of money. They obviously decided to withhold information about my cleanup of the Chernobyl zone, to imitate the appearance of cleanup activities and, hiding behind the secrecy of the methods of cleaning up radioactive contamination, to declare the work successfully completed (there are still no methods for cleaning up except for reburying the contaminated soil).

As a result of this operation, in the best traditions of Ostap Bender, they expected to quietly pocket a large sum of money. They succeeded – they pocketed a substantial amount of money, but they failed to do so discreetly, as they had hoped. They failed to become heroes because they were saved from radioactive contamination. Even before they managed to organise a profane "clean-up", information about the absence of radioactive contamination leaked out and... the inhabitants of the contaminated areas began to return to their homes. They tried to stop them, but nothing worked. On the programme "Vremya" in February 1990, a television journalist exclaimed from the blue screen: ***"...if the Geiger counter does not show the presence of gamma, beta and alpha radiation, this does not mean that there is no radioactive contamination..."***. This is the kind of "highly scientific" speech that the television journalist delivered. But he forgot to mention that physics knows of no other methods for detecting radioactive contamination except by measuring the levels of gamma, beta and alpha radiation! These are such "miracles in a sieve".....

So, these Ostap Benders failed to steal money "nicely" at someone else's expense (in this case, mine). They stole the money, but not like heroes, but like ordinary thieves. That's right, there was a lot of fuss about my work in the Chernobyl accident zone cleaning up radioactive contamination. So my work turned out to be successful, and the results brought me both joy and sorrow. Why sorrow? I don't think I need to explain, everything is clear.

* * *

At the beginning of 1990, another interesting event took place, not as large-scale as the others, but no less important. It started with a leaf. Yes, yes, with a leaf from some tropical plant. Someone gave it to me and suggested that I put it in water and keep it there until the leaf took root, after which it could be transplanted into a pot with soil. I decided for myself - why not... I put the leaf in a glass of water. And then an idea came to me

idea. What if I could influence and change the biological coefficient from 10 per cent, as is the case with covered seeds, to 30 per cent, which is not the case with any plant on Earth in Midgard? At that time, I already had a fairly complete understanding of the nature of the evolution of life and the processes in living matter. So I embarked on this experiment quite decisively. I influenced the leaves and... and watched what would happen. The leaf quickly took root in the water, became quite lush, and I decided it was time to transplant the leaves into a pot with soil. I did so and began to observe the further development of events. Quite quickly, another leaf appeared, then another, the leaves of the plant became very succulent and dark emerald in colour, and the underside of the leaves became covered with a whitish down. And in May, the plant bloomed.

I had no idea what would happen to this plant. I planned to consult a botanical reference book and find out everything I could about it. But it turned out that the botanical "reference book" came to me, or rather, a botanist came to visit me. I don't remember this woman's name, but she did me a very important favour. As she was a candidate of sciences, the first thing she did when she saw the flowering plant and named its Latin name, which I again did not remember, was to ask me in surprise: "You have ... it blooms, but it doesn't bloom all the time, only once every **five years!**" When I told her that three months ago this plant was a single leaf placed in a glass of water, she couldn't believe it. I had Polaroid photos of all the stages with dates. The photos showed a leaf in a glass without roots, then with roots, then the leaf in a pot and... the plant itself with fleshy leaves and, of course, the flowering plant. She could see the flowering plant with her own eyes. I explained to her what had happened, but I'm not sure she believed me. But it didn't matter to me whether the botanist believed me. The main thing was that I knew it was true, I didn't need to prove that three months ago it was just a leaf. After all, I had put that leaf in the water myself. For me, the information that this botanist woman gave me was very important. Because with this information, she confirmed the success of my experiment, and even greater success than I had expected. Within three months of my intervention, the leaf had undergone **five years of evolution!** It was just wonderful. Such a result — a practical result — along with other practical results, showed that I had managed to stumble upon an unprecedented "gold mine" for understanding the laws of living and non-living nature, and not only to understand these laws, but also to find methods and ways to apply this understanding in practice! And that was just incredible! Every time I succeeded in what I had planned, I felt an incomparable joy that I had succeeded.

When I saw the results of my influence on the leaves, I immediately thought of conducting a somewhat unusual experiment with plants. I thought, what would happen if we covered the entire territory of the Soviet Union with an influence on all cultivated plants in order to increase crop yields several times over? And why not? After all, it would only be beneficial for everyone, I thought. I thought - and I did, and... I began to gather first-hand information, i.e. from people who were directly involved in agriculture. The summer of 1990 was cold and rainy, and I remember how agricultural academics appeared on television and predicted a crop failure. They were preparing everyone for a very poor harvest and telling us to expect the worst, including shortages of bread and other food products. But what a surprise it was for these same agricultural academics when the harvest was at least **three times** greater than in the most productive years. It is true that no one was prepared for such a turn of events, and such a rich harvest could not be harvested in its entirety! But that was already a secondary factor. It turned out that a one-time impact on the territory of the entire Soviet Union was enough to increase the harvest more than threefold! And I didn't even have any real photos of the territory to show this impact. I only mentally visualised the geographical map of the Soviet Union from memory and what I wanted to achieve.

It so happened that the beginning of 1990 was full of joyful events for me. Now I

remember that 23 February 1990 was a Friday. On 25 February, Sunday, elections were scheduled for the President of Russia or the Supreme Soviet of the RSFSR, if I am not mistaken. So, on Friday, 23 February, Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, leaving my place late in the evening, hinted transparently that major unrest was expected on 25 February. And if I could do something about it, that would be very nice! As far as I could tell from scanning the situation and analysing the information available to everyone, the KGB was preparing a very serious provocation on 25 February. People were being intimidated through newspapers and television with the expected unrest and were advised not to go anywhere on that day. I learned that the KGB was preparing provocateurs who were to lead the crowd and provoke it into rioting with their actions and by firing the weapons issued to them for this purpose at the KGB building and other strategic sites, thus giving the authorities an opportunity to impose martial law in the country and begin repressions. In principle, the success of this operation meant the seizure of power in the country by the KGB's top leadership. I decided to try to prevent the bloodshed. To this end, I created a kind of cap of influence over the entire Soviet Union. It's like that joke about "Müller's cap". So, I created a "cap" with a programme that would block any aggression and any manifestations of cruelty and violence, and ~~https://~~. On 25 February, everything went unusually smoothly.

As it turned out later, on that day, not a single robbery, act of violence or murder was committed anywhere in the Soviet Union! I later received confirmation that the KGB had planned a bloody provocation when I came across the latest issue of the Kommersant newspaper. This issue of Matrov reported that the Kantemirov tank division had been withdrawn to Moscow, hospitals had been placed on wartime footing with large reserves of blood for transfusions, all doctors were at their posts on Sunday, officers from the authorities had gone home with their service weapons, judges had lists of people to be arrested, and so on. All this suggested that the authorities had planned a bloody provocation, and I had managed to prevent it with my influence! And I am very happy about that! I don't know why Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev hinted at possible unrest on 25 February. Perhaps he himself did not like this turn of events and hinted to me, knowing that I might be able to stop this madness. After all, it could have led to civil war, and it is difficult to even imagine the consequences for the country. Or perhaps, on behalf of the same services, he created a leak of information and the KGB wanted to see if I could do something similar and block all those who were working on it with their psi influence. Perhaps both the first and the second were true.

Earlier, Vladimir Sergeev, after I told him that the Chernobyl accident was not an accident, but the result of direct psychic influence on the workers at the nuclear power plant, he once showed me a list of people from Vronsky's group who were working to create a similar situation near Serpukhov, and asked me if I could block their actions. I replied that I would be happy to do so. He then asked me to describe the people on his list. I replied that I saw no need to do so and, moreover, highlighted the names of the people on the list who had worked as KGB informants and told him that he should ask anyone he was interested in and that I had no desire to do so. I had the impression that there were different groups within the KGB that were fighting each other, setting different goals and using different methods to achieve them. And I don't think I was wrong about that. Meanwhile, June 1990, and new twists and turns in my fate awaited me.

20. Life goes on

In May-June 1990, nothing particularly surprising happened in my life. I visited my patients, met with various people and continued to

I reflect on my current tasks. In other words, my typical daily routine. Some may say that it is difficult to call what is happening to me routine, some may consider what is happening to me incredible, some may consider it the ravings of a madman. It all depends on a person's worldview, their ability to accept unusual information, their ability (or lack thereof) to think independently. But when I talk about routine, I am not bragging, I am expressing the essence of what I experienced at that time, no matter how strange it may seem to others. Let me try to explain. Every time I encountered a new problem with human health, I had to solve a new problem for myself. I had to understand the root cause of the human health problem, develop a strategy and tactics for a possible solution, and... find ways and methods to solve the problem. The more complex the problem, the more interesting it was to find a possible solution, and the greater the joy of successfully solving the problem. Very often, I had to rethink many things in my understanding when I had to face not only coming up with a theoretical strategy and tactics for solving a given problem, but also seeing how this strategy and tactics were implemented in reality. And the end result was not always in line with the strategy and tactics I had started with to solve the problem. I observed what happened with this or that impact and saw the effectiveness of my strategy and tactics.

It is very important not to mistake desires for reality. It is very important to obtain reliable information about what is really happening in the human body under this or that influence of the mine. After all, the objectivity of the feedback is the key to successfully solving the task at hand. That is why it is fundamentally important for a person to have accurate information, rather than an illusion of what is happening, which, however, corresponds to the "general plan of the party." The most difficult thing is to remain objective. You want everything to go according to plan, you want so much to think that you have taken everything into account! But it is almost impossible to take everything into account! And if you are not impartial and objective about what you are doing, sooner or later you will break away from reality and "fly" in the clouds of illusions. This is of no use, but the harm is enormous! Self-deception, no matter how "pleasant" it may be and how much it may "warm" the soul, is deadly dangerous and extremely harmful. Why it is deadly dangerous will become clear from my further narrative. In the meantime, I will continue my story...

Only accurate information about what happens in the human body as a result of my influence allowed me not only to solve specific health problems of a given person, but also to develop the habit of not projecting my desires or ideas onto reality, but rather receiving information about what is actually happening under my influence. After all, it is very easy to create a hologram of what you want, and then see it and be satisfied that you have seen what you wanted to see. Such self-deception not only does not help development, but is simply deadly for the dreamer himself. Especially if someone who has discovered this weakness and flaw starts playing along with him and manipulating him. And this is very dangerous not only for the one who has fallen victim to his illusions, but also for everyone around him. It is one thing when a person has fallen into their own illusions, and this will only affect whether the deluded person will help another person with their health or not. This delusion will be unpleasant for the person who, willingly or unwillingly, will be deceived by such a healer of misfortunes who has his head in the clouds.

The consequences are much more serious if a person with natural talent gets carried away by such illusions and tries to do something on a global scale! In this case, many people can suffer, and not only people. Overestimated self-esteem, plus ignorance, can cost everyone and everything dearly. And there have been many examples of this in the past. Not many people know that, for example, the main reason for the catastrophe that happened on our Earth in Midgard 13,016 years ago (in 2007) was the ignorance and excessive ambitions of the magician-rulers of Antony (Atlantis). When these

magicians decided to satisfy their egos and show everyone else their power. They decided to play with the natural elements, having only a superficial understanding of what they were and how they worked. As a result, fragments of the small moon Fata fell on Midgard-Earth and not only caused giant tsunamis and other natural disasters, but also led to a change in the angle of inclination of our planet's axis by 23.5 degrees, as a result of which the entire civilisation of Midgard-Earth was thrown from cosmic heights back to the level of the Stone Age! This may be the price of complacency for a person who has a gift. And that is why it is fundamentally important for a gifted person to learn to obtain objective information about the reaction to the impact they have made.

Some may exclaim in surprise: What does the objectivity of a healer have to do with such global phenomena? As strange as it may seem at first glance, it has everything to do with it! After all, the principle of action of the one who influences does not differ fundamentally from whether the one who has a gift influences the organism of another person or the entire planet. The essential thing is that in both cases the same thing is done consistently:

1. Scanning (receiving information) of the object that will be affected.
2. Analysing the information received.
3. Creating a strategy and tactics for solving the task based on multifaceted analyses.
4. Selecting the right qualities and attributes needed to implement the chosen strategy and tactics.
5. Verifying the availability of the necessary capacity to implement the goal of the chosen strategy and tactics.

And it doesn't matter what the task is! Every action is based on these five "whale" rules. Whether it is a healing action on a person or an action on the forces of nature, each of the above five "whale" rules is decisive. If even one of these "pillar" rules is not true, and all the others are fulfilled exactly, the whole event is doomed to failure! Each of these five conditions **is EQUAL!** In other words, none of them is more important and determines the final result. Only if all five conditions are met honestly and qualitatively is it possible to achieve a positive result from the impact. That is why it is very important to learn to do everything right when working with a person. Ultimately, the systematic approach is the same whether the impact is on one person to restore their health or on the entire planet, as in the case of the ozone layer of our Earth in Midgard. Maximum objectivity and impartiality are the keys to success in both cases. Once you have developed a detailed strategy and tactics for working with one person, you have an effective tool at your disposal for working on more global tasks. Working with a specific person gives you unparalleled experience in dealing with all other possible problems and tasks that await the seeker on his path. Without this experience — the experience of working effectively with a person — it is simply impossible to do anything else. If a gifted but ignorant person tries to tackle a global task without having practised the five "whale" rules, he or she is doomed to failure.

Unfortunately, most people who have a natural gift do not even think about what their gift is. At least, I have not met a single gifted person who has thought about improving their natural gift in any way, about taking it to another level of quality. Almost everyone used their gift blindly, without having the slightest idea what it was and what it was for. As a result, most of them ended up under the spell of illusions about what was happening under their influence and how. The most common mistake of those who possess this or that natural gift is that they almost never understand the root causes of the problems that arise during their influence. For example, most

healers or psychics determine the presence of health problems by the presence of gaps in a person's so-called biofield or "aura". Where there is a "hole" or "bulge" - there is a problem! All you need to do is fill in the "hole" or cut out the "bulge" and... the problem is solved!

In fact, if in one way or another the system returns to a balanced state in a similar way, the person will feel better. He will feel better only for a while, after which his feeling will return to its previous state, i.e. to the illness. The whole point is that the deformation of a person's biofield or "aura" is a consequence, not a root cause! And until the root cause is addressed, no matter how much you "pump" these areas of deformation, they will reappear again and again. It's like a hole in a ship's hull. No matter how much water you pump out, new water will keep coming in! And the incoming water will also increase the size of the hole. And if the pump breaks or cannot cope with the increasing volume of incoming water, the ship will sink anyway! The only solution to the problem is to patch the hole and then pump out the water that has gotten inside! However, in the case of humans, it is necessary to first identify the root cause of the disease, which is the cause of the "breakthrough". Only by "patching up" the root cause of the "hole" is it possible to save the ship-organism from "sinking". But, as I have already noted, most people who have a gift or think they have one are not even aware of this mechanism, and therefore official medicine has a very good "trump card" in its hands.

All this shapes public opinion, which is very favourable to official medicine. And I have many examples of this. I will give one such example from my archive. In April-May 1990, on a weekday, Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev came to me a little earlier than usual and asked me for something. Could I help his boss, who had sciatica and couldn't straighten up when he got out of the car? That day, I finished my meeting a little earlier and agreed to his request.

We got into his Zhiguli and... after a while we found ourselves in the reception room of his boss - at that time Eduard Sagadaev, editor-in-chief of the USSR Studio for Chronicle and Documentary Films. He came out into his reception room and we were introduced. When Vladimir Sergeev explained why he had brought me there, Sagadaev waved his hand and said to me, "Let's have a cognac to get acquainted, it doesn't affect me. No matter how many times Juna tries to do something, he fails..." I didn't explain anything to him, thanked him for the cognac and refused the alcohol, saying that I don't drink at all. Eduard Sagadaev was not offended by my refusal and I continued with what I had come for. In the same reception room, I asked him to take off his jacket and began to work on him. The man was very sensitive. I softened his vertebrae by touching them with my fingers and began to dissolve the salt deposits. After a few minutes, Eduard Sagadaev felt something hot running down his spine, and a large salty stain appeared on his shirt. After a few more minutes, he was able to bend and stretch without any pain or discomfort. He even managed to touch the floor with his fingertips, something he said he hadn't been able to do for a long time. Everything that had happened to him in those few minutes had surprised him greatly. He had not expected anything like this. In his mind, Juna was the number one healer, famous throughout the country, and here was a stranger doing something she had never been able to do. Everyone, and not only in the Soviet Union (as I later found out), strongly believes in the false notion that if you can do something well or very well, the newspapers will write about it, they will talk about it on the radio, they will show it on television. If this is not the case, then you are lying. For some reason, it is believed that any serious achievement by this or that person will be widely reported in the media. And if this is not the case, then you cannot do anything you say. And I have always seen the surprise on people's faces when they are convinced of the opposite.

In the Soviet Union, almost nothing was reported about my results, even though

the authorities were aware of what I could do and what I had already done. And this applied not only to my successes in treating people, but also to my successes in solving the problem of the ozone layer on Midgard Earth and in cleaning up the radioactive contamination from Chernobyl. They knew, but they were in no hurry to announce it. First, not many people knew about what I had already done, and those who did know were in no hurry to share it with others. Second, official recognition of my results was accompanied by many undesirable consequences for the authorities and scientific officials, as it could lead to the need to review many things, and they already knew that blindly controlling me would not work. But I didn't care. Of course, I would have been pleased if people knew what I had done. But the complete silence about my results did not upset me too much. After all, I wasn't doing everything for the sake of getting coverage in the newspapers and on television. I was doing it because my soul demanded it, because I was interested in solving this or that problem. My reward was always that I had managed to solve the seemingly impossible. And when I succeeded, my soul rejoiced and exulted, not because of how "great" I was, but because I had managed to unravel another mystery of nature, to find another "key" to its secrets. For a true scientist, as I considered myself to be, this is the highest reward. Everything else is just a mishmash. If it's there, it's good, and if it's not, it's also good. Ultimately, what matters are the motives that drive a person when they achieve something. There has never been room for vanity and pride among my motives. If you can really do something, then all that is unnecessary and only gets in the way.

My position does not mean that other people's opinions, experiences and understanding are irrelevant to me. I have always respected and continue to respect the opinions and understanding of others. However, I have always believed and continue to believe that a person who expresses an opinion must justify it. Especially when that opinion is contrary to another opinion. In this case in particular, a person must justify and explain their opinion. And if a person does not do this or claims that it is "so" because it is "so", or that they have no right to say so, or that others are not given to understand it, etc., etc., for me this is a signal that the person simply has no opinion and just wants to show off! Of course, there may be a situation in which a person, for one reason or another, has no right to speak about something. But in such a situation, a person should not express their opinion. However, most often, behind the unwillingness to clarify one's position lies... the lack of such a position. Very often, people who possess this or that gift do not understand the essence of their gift at all and use it blindly, and for this very reason, only a small part of this gift. Quite often, the blind use of a gift leads to its loss or transformation into its opposite. Quite often, people only think they have a gift, when in fact they do not. And very often they convince themselves and those around them that they have a gift, explaining the lack of evidence of its manifestation by the "machinations" of the Dark Forces, which constantly put "spanners in the works".

Of course, the Dark Forces are present, and if someone gets in the way of their plans, they don't take it lightly and actively work against that person, but this doesn't affect the manifestation of the gift in the person themselves, if, of course, they have it. Of course, I could give several examples to confirm my words, I could name names, but... I will not do so for one simple reason. I will not "lynch" anyone, even if someone deserves it. My goal is not to expose anyone, but to present my understanding of what is happening to me and to make sense of what has happened and is happening to me. And anyone who reads these lines can draw their own conclusions about what they have read. And let the reader draw their own conclusions, which may or may not be correct... many, but each person must use their own mind, heart, and soul to feel and understand where the truth lies, or at least in which direction to look for it. Too often, people have been forced to express opinions that no one has ever explained to them. My task is not to "brainwash" people, my task is to show others my position, my understanding of what is happening to me and around me, to help others understand what I have managed to understand. To understand through enlightenment with knowledge, not by cramming dead information into

the heads of those who read <https://...>

So, let's return to my attitude towards the opinions of others. If a person can justify their opinion, even if the justification is not correct, they have the right to express their opinion to others until someone proves otherwise. If it is proven that a person's opinion is based on incorrect conclusions or assumptions, they must change their opinion or find a more appropriate explanation. Otherwise, such a person has no right to their opinion, or rather, no right to impose their opinion on others. Of course, this is my understanding of the matter; some may accept my position, others may not! But I am not trying to impose my understanding on anyone. I am simply presenting my understanding, my view of things, and everyone has the right to accept my position or not! I leave it to the reader to decide for themselves what resonates with them from what I write, and I will continue my story...

Since 1989, I have been trying to find interested parties and companies to manufacture my "psi-toys". I thought that if my devices could help in at least twenty-five percent of cases, that would be wonderful. After all, it would be so wonderful: a person presses a button and the heart starts working again, the scars on it disappear, the functions of other organs and systems of the human body are restored, and there is no need to cut or excise anything, no need to swallow various pills that poison the whole organism and help a little, destroying other organs and systems of the body. To understand that this is the case, it is enough to carefully read the side effects of taking this or that medicine, which are usually described in small print. So, you press a button and... the damaged organ or system of the body is affected and for some time the problem(s) disappear completely or partially without any side effects. And even if not everyone who uses such a device will become completely healthy, if even the development of existing health problems is slowed down and no new ones appear, that is very important and healthy! That is why I tried to find interested parties to set up industrial production of such devices. At that time, there were quite a few people around me who were involved in one business or another. I even provided consultations to some joint ventures, reviewing possible situations, pointing out those deals that could be profitable and where one would not have to worry about being "screwed over." Usually, it was enough for me to look at a person's photo to be able to fully characterise them as a personality, what they had in mind and whether they were a reliable partner.

Sometimes they asked me to provide protection against attacks on the company, and usually everything went smoothly. In other words, I created optimal conditions for business. If the owners of the joint ventures were far-sighted enough to listen to my recommendations after checking my words several times, everything went well. The owners of a Soviet-Hungarian joint venture, convinced of the accuracy of my predictions and the effectiveness of my devices, even came up with the idea of mass production of these devices. On the Soviet side, the co-owner of this enterprise was Sergei, whose surname I no longer remember. He was quite enthusiastic about my technologies and ideas. He invited me to his villa several times for the weekend. He usually picked me up in his new Volkswagen sedan with a turbo diesel engine and we went to his villa, where his family lived all summer. My "vacation" was usually accompanied by many questions about this and that; Sergei turned out to be quite open to new things. He was very interested in space, other civilisations, etc. And so, several Saturdays and Sundays in the summer of 1990 were spent in philosophical conversations.

Anyway, at the end of June, I was invited to Hungary to discuss all the necessary conditions for the production of my devices. In addition, this trip to Budapest was also a kind of thank you for my help to this company.

Since they couldn't afford to pay for my consultations alone, I offered to pay for my group's travel expenses. This support group consisted of two people, whom I began teaching my method. I will not mention the names of these people; later it will become clear why. I agreed with the owners of this joint venture that they would pay for the travel expenses of three people and the passports for themselves and these people. I had to engage my acquaintances to arrange passports for the three. At that time, I was registered in Kharkov, and they had other problems to solve in order to obtain passports in Moscow. Anyway, the passport issues were resolved, the tickets were purchased, and so I and two of my protégés boarded the plane and I left the Soviet Union for the first time in my life! Although Hungary was still considered a socialist country, at the end of June and beginning of July 1990, it was already very different from the USSR. Sergei's Hungarian partner, whom I already knew, was supposed to meet us at Budapest International Airport. So, we went through border control and found ourselves at Budapest airport!

Everywhere people speak a foreign language, you don't understand any signs and you can't see the partner who is meeting us. Go wherever you want, the only question is where to go! I decided it would be better to wait a little for the person who is meeting us, it is quite possible that he was delayed on his journey. Fortunately, he did. After about ten to fifteen minutes, a man appeared holding a card with my surname on it. The man who met us spoke Russian fluently and turned out to be the father of Sergei's Hungarian partner. He had lived in the USSR for a long time and therefore knew Russian very well. He took us to a place that neither I nor the others were particularly enthusiastic about, which looked very much like a hostel. He gave each of us daily allowances in forints for two weeks and gave us another seventy thousand forints for the agreed payment. Seventy thousand forints was equivalent to one thousand US dollars in 1990. It is difficult to say whether this was a lot or a little, but as I later learned, the monthly salary for most Hungarians was six thousand forints! So the nearly one hundred thousand forints that each of us received was quite a substantial amount. Our rooms resembled dormitories, but the man who greeted us assured us that in the morning he would move us to a more dignified place. He let us recover from the journey and we arranged a meeting for the morning.

We checked out the place, it was nothing special, and after I had a shower to wash off the road, I went to bed. The next morning, our guide arrived as promised. We loaded up our belongings again and set off for our new place. The new place turned out to be a chic apartment in the estate of a Hungarian aristocrat with a wonderful view of the Danube and close to the famous bridges over the river. The old town was a ten-minute walk away. After showing us around and explaining the most important things, he wished us a pleasant stay and we set off on our first excursion in Budapest. I think Budapest is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. I haven't seen everything, as Budapest was the first European city I visited, but the cities I visited later in Europe and the United States did not make the same impression on me. Of course, I am talking about the old town; the buildings of the new Budapest from the socialist era are not very different from similar buildings in the USSR. The Royal Palace and the Hungarian Parliament building were grandiose and Gothic in style. The Hungarian Parliament building rivalled the British Parliament in its beauty. If my memory serves me correctly, the Hungarians wanted to "surpass" the first-class British at least in this respect, and even the halls of parliament were copied from the English ones. The colour of the upholstery and carpets in these halls was the same as in the House of Lords and the House of Commons of the British Parliament. At least, that was the impression left in my mind.

after the explanations given to us by the mother of Sergei's Hungarian partner. Most of the time we were left to our own devices. Several excursions around Budapest were organised for us, and we even visited a traditional Hungarian village. Everything was unusual and unfamiliar.

The complete lack of understanding of what the people around you were saying and what they were saying

created a very strange effect. The inability to explain yourself to the people around you created a rather helpless effect. I didn't feel mute, but helpless. After all, a mute understands everything but cannot say anything, and for the first time in my life I found myself in a situation where not only could I not say anything, but I also did not understand anything. I must tell you that this is a very unpleasant state of affairs. Fortunately, my host knew Russian very well, so I got at least some idea of Hungary. I had a lot of free time and, together with my companions, I explored the centre of Budapest quite thoroughly. For us, the abundance of shops was incredible. You could buy almost anything, as long as you had money. Compared to Moscow shops in 1990, there was complete abundance. However, in Hungarian terms, it was very expensive, because most Hungarians, as I already mentioned, earned a salary of six thousand forints.

I knew I was going on a trip to Germany, so I decided to spend my money to look decent during the trip. I really didn't want to look shabby in Germany. So I decided to take care of my appearance. I bought a pretty good suit that cost twenty thousand forints, a few decent shirts, some good *Salamander* shoes, a tracksuit, trainers and a good suitcase, which cost me twenty thousand forints! With all my money, I had sorted out my wardrobe. Of course, it wasn't great, but everything I bought allowed me to look decent during my future trip to Germany. I didn't want to feel humiliated by the people I would have to interact with in Germany. Some people might find this approach strange: why spend such "crazy" money (what I spent on my wardrobe was equivalent to about a hundred thousand Soviet roubles in the 1990s)? For me, this money was also a lot; in fact, it was the first time in my life that I had had so much money (for a Soviet citizen) in my hands, and the first time in my life that I had held the currency of another country in my hands. I spent that money and felt no regret at having "parted" with such a "large" sum. For me, human dignity has always been more important than any documents, regardless of the fact that without those very documents, you are "neither here nor there"! Anyway, I had acquired a decent appearance for my future trip to Germany and did not regret spending the money on it at all, and it did not matter to me what other people thought about it. Not because I don't care what others think, but because I have my own understanding of what I need to do and how to do it. I have never imposed my opinion on others, but I have never allowed anyone to impose theirs on me either. I preferred to have my own opinion about everything, which I always justified to myself. So I was prepared for my journey, or so I thought at the time.

My trip to Budapest was not just a holiday. The second purpose of this trip was to organise the production of my psi toys. They showed me my future office, which was located on the premises of some Hungarian institute. The name of this institute slipped my mind almost immediately. I began discussing a joint project for the production of therapeutic psi devices. In my opinion, it was necessary to develop a special device for this purpose. I wanted the shape, colour and electronic functions of the device to fully correspond to its purpose. I wanted it to be a device with a liquid crystal display and buttons, similar to a calculator watch. Pressing this or that number or button with the image of this or that human organ would activate this or that health improvement programme. In fact, I "linked" all these health improvement programmes to a liquid crystal carrier. Due to the lack of a special medium, I used an electronic wristwatch with a calculator, which at that time were flooding all the second-hand shops in the country. I simply used this watch as a basis on which I "imposed" my device, which was created on other levels of reality. After such a "procedure," this watch could no longer be used as a watch; it stopped showing the correct time and behaved unpredictably. The liquid crystal screen of this watch became the basis of my device, which had several levels. To make it more

familiar and convenient for the user, I linked this or that button on the watch calculator to this or that programme for improving human health. Pressing this or that button activated the level of my device, which had a healing effect on this or that organ or system of the human body. The user only had to press this or that button and... and he received the healing effect for himself. At the same time, it was possible to adjust the strength of this effect. To do this, the user only had to press the necessary numbers the required number of times, which corresponded to the optimal level of impact of this device on the person, which was determined practically by the person themselves.

It was very simple, but I used an electronic watch with a crystal dial because I didn't have a device with my own design. In the end, all I needed was liquid crystal and nothing else! But my potential Hungarian partner didn't like this beautiful idea. He told me that there was no need to order specially designed devices if I could buy a large batch of electronic watches with calculators very cheaply and then install the necessary programme on them. Why "reinvent the wheel" when you can do just that? None of my arguments that it would be completely wrong to use a simple electronic watch with a mass-produced calculator were effective, even though I gave a very compelling reason for my position. The point is that for most people it was simply impossible to imagine a situation in which I would "attach" other levels to a liquid crystal that most people cannot see, feel, touch or smell! This in itself was beyond the comprehension of most people. I always found it amusing to observe the reaction of sceptics when pressing one button or another on an electronic watch with a calculator caused the human body to react in a very real way to the influence of something that, according to their understanding, could not exist in principle! According to their understanding, it cannot exist because it can never exist!

Here, too, ordinary mass-produced watches are taken and subjected to some strange manipulations, during which nothing in them, from their point of view, is changed (the mechanical or electronic device of the watch during these actions has not changed in any way, and in mass-produced watches it is impossible to change anything). And suddenly, after these strange manipulations, the watch began to act on the human body after pressing this or that button with a number! And the strangest thing for sceptics was that pressing this or that button had a healing effect on the mentioned organ or system of the body! Both sceptics and non-sceptics tried to find a "reasonable" explanation for this fact. In one case, it was suggested that the effect was not caused by the device, but by me. In another case, it was suggested that the effect was nothing more than self-suggestion on the part of easily suggestible people who, having heard that pressing the button would have a health-improving effect on one or another of their organs or systems, "simply" suggested it to themselves!

In principle, these positions are justified, especially the first one, since the second position is based on the ignorance of its "authors". The fact is that any disease in its chronic phase leads to morphological changes in the tissues of certain human organs. To understand what this is, it is necessary to clarify for everyone what this is - morphological change in tissues. Morphological change in tissues consists of morphological changes in the cells that make up this tissue. Therefore, once we understand the nature of the morphological changes occurring in cells, we will gain an understanding of the nature of morphological changes in tissues and organs. There is very little left to do — to understand what happens in cells during disease! The main cause of almost all diseases are the so-called pathogens. So, what are these pathogens? They are viruses, bacteriophages and bacteria. And what do these simple microorganisms do in the human body to make people sick?! Diseases are caused only by parasitic microorganisms that live inside humans. These parasitic microorganisms live inside humans,

Most often in the intercellular space or in certain cavities and hollows in our body. Viruses also penetrate the cells themselves if their size allows them to pass through the cell membrane. In principle, it is not the microorganisms themselves that cause harm, but the products of their vital activity, which they release into the external environment. The fact is that the external environment for microorganisms is nothing other than the human body. Parasitic microorganisms absorb nutrients and building blocks of organic and inorganic substances from the human intercellular space to sustain their life and reproduction, and excrete their waste products. The waste products of these parasitic microorganisms are active chemicals that begin to penetrate the membranes of human tissue cells and, once inside, alter the chemical composition of the cells.

These chemically active substances, which are unnecessary for the cells, begin to react chemically with cellular inclusions and other organic and inorganic molecules in the cells. As a result of this chemical activity in the cells, irreversible chemical changes occur in the molecules that make up the cells themselves. Cells altered in this way are unable to perform their functions properly. It is precisely this structural and qualitative change in the cells that represents the morphological change of the cell. If such changes have occurred in many cells of the tissue of a particular organ, we can speak of morphological changes in that organ, and such an organ ceases to function properly and we can speak of a disease in the person. Therefore, if a person suffers from this or that disease, especially in the chronic phase, when extensive morphological changes have already occurred in the diseased organs and tissues, **NO SELF-INSPECTION**, no matter how suggestible a person may be, **will** lead to the morphological changes in the cells disappearing and the cells becoming healthy again. This is only possible when the diseased (altered) cells are destroyed and new, healthy (unaltered) cells are created in their place, because only healthy cells are able to function properly. Therefore, no self-hypnosis or suggestion can make diseased cells healthy! Self-hypnosis or suggestion can only cause the diseased organ or system of the human body to work more actively, in a mode of overburning. In this case, a temporary improvement in the person's condition can be expected, but the wear and tear on the organ or system will only be even greater! So this version of the sceptics does not stand up to any criticism.

The version about the possibility of my influence on the person rather than on the device itself really had every right to exist from all sides. But a whole series of experiments made it possible to rule out both this version and the version about the person's self-inspiration. This series of experiments consisted of the device I had created, based on an electronic watch with a calculator, being turned on without my presence, and I did not even know that someone had turned on the device I had created and that some kind of experiment was being conducted with my devices. In this way, the possibility of my influence on a given person, both consciously and subconsciously, was completely ruled out. But that's not all! In order to rule out even the slightest involvement of the test subject, the latter was not even informed that the device was turned on and what could be expected from it. And what a surprise it was for the experimenters when the device's measurements showed a sharp increase in the studied parameters of the human organism, indicating that the organism of a person who knew nothing about the switched-on device actively and very strongly reacted to the influence of my device! So the devices work and their effect is very real, whether someone likes it or not.

But you cannot explain to everyone that a liquid crystal watch with a calculator is only the basis, and that the device exists on other levels that cannot be "felt". For experimental models, ordinary stamped watches were suitable, but for the industrial production of such devices, it was absolutely impossible to

use such stamps! And here are the reasons for this. First, if the device is no different from other stamped watches, this would allow anyone to present them as my psi device and thus deliberately mislead people in order to discredit me, or mislead people for personal gain by presenting ordinary watches as a psi device that looks exactly the same. Second, the external indistinguishability of the psi device from the stamped watch on which the psi device was based allowed any opponent to shout about the "universal deception" of naive fellow citizens. And in such a situation, it would be difficult to prove otherwise, especially if you are not given the opportunity to say a word or simply keep silent about everything you say. That is why, during negotiations with the Hungarians, I made it a fundamental requirement that my device should look like the design I would develop myself, and not in any other way!

There were several attempts to convince me that my assumptions were unfounded, that it would be much faster to produce my psi devices based on existing stamped electronic watches, a large batch of which could be ordered in China for "pennies," and so on and so forth. I saw that these people were only interested in one thing - making a huge profit from my devices, and then - whatever happens, happens! I was not happy with this turn of events. It was important to me that my psi devices helped people. I knew that they could really help, if not everyone, then at least many people, if not to get rid of their illnesses, then at least to alleviate the course of their current illnesses, to prolong their lives - their active lives. They offered me outright hacking work, a quick way to make money and... That's it. That's what I didn't like. I don't want to say that I wasn't interested in the money, I would have found a way to use it. But money has never been my main goal. In this project, my goal was to make a mass-produced psi device that would be accessible to everyone and really help people heal themselves. That was the main goal for me, and the money I earned in the process was just a bonus, a bonus that was far from my main goal. And that doesn't mean I was a completely selfless person. During the events described above, I was travelling to foreign apartments in Moscow, while my one-room flat in Kharkiv stood empty and had not even been renovated after I received it. I was already working on the manuscript of my first book, *The Last Appeal to Humanity*, and money was needed everywhere.

No one ever came and said: No one came and said, "You are doing a necessary, good deed — here is some money, and don't worry about anything else..." People came to get something from me — either health, or my knowledge, or new opportunities, etc. In practice, there were no people who asked me how they could help me, and there was not a single person who came and offered money for my developments and projects. On the contrary, many people wanted to make money from me and made money from my work, as they did after I cleaned up the radioactive contamination in Chernobyl in early 1990, as happened after the restoration of the ozone layer of Midgard-Earth, and from much smaller deeds, they made money from the people I helped for free, while the "caring" intermediaries squeezed money out of them, supposedly for me. What was missing was simply someone coming and offering their financial assistance. That's how I realised that if I wanted to realise my dreams and projects, I had to earn the money to make them happen myself. I didn't consider money earned honestly through my own labour and sweat to be dirty. But despite the fact that I needed money, how that money "smelled" was very important to me. Many times in the USSR, I was offered "manna from heaven" if I agreed to engage in this or that "small" business, which I considered "useless" to do! In principle, I could have done what they offered me, but I refused not because I couldn't do something, but because what they offered me contradicted my life position, everything I had dedicated my life to. I was well aware that by refusing certain offers, I might be signing my own death warrant, but my answer remained the same, even though at the time I did not know if I would be able to resist in this war against the forces I was refusing. I simply

I hoped that I would be able to find a method that would prevent these forces from taking revenge for my refusal. And this is not bravery, I really did not know whether my home methods would be effective, and very soon life gave me the opportunity to test my assumptions in practice. But more on that a little later...

So I was unable to reach an agreement with potential partners who were only interested in quick "foam" and the opportunity to make money off me. I was surprised by the fact that they didn't want to organise everything seriously and make a steady profit, rather than a one-off sum. Their plans did not include a creative business, but only a parasitic one. To speculate with my psi devices and get away with it. Speculation was extremely profitable for them because they had minimal costs, as I was the only one who produced psi devices and could create millions of such devices at once. That's what made my project so attractive to them. Perhaps they themselves did not believe that my psi devices really worked, even though my devices had already worked and helped many people, and laboratory tests had shown that they were extremely effective. In any case, nothing came of my wonderful idea to create industrial production of therapeutic psi devices. Once they realised they would not be able to make money from me, my "partners" quickly lost interest in me, even though there were brilliant prospects for a creative business. Just before I returned to Moscow, my companions and I were paid the remaining amount for the services I had provided earlier, and I returned to Moscow!

In principle, despite the failure to establish a joint production base for manufacturing health-improving psi devices, my first trip abroad was successful. I gained some experience in communicating with foreigners in their home country. Getting to know Budapest and its surroundings served as a kind of adaptation to the abundance in the shops, which the inhabitants of the USSR had never even dreamed of. In the end, we spent the first few days with our mouths open, literally and figuratively, at the unusualness of our surroundings. In the end, practically all USSR residents at that time who travelled abroad were shocked to a greater or lesser extent by what they saw. The frightened, uncertain and confused look on the faces of the inhabitants of the USSR could be seen almost instantly. In any case, I returned to Moscow with new experiences and new skills. There was still more than a month to go before the trip to Germany, which had been talked about for quite some time. On the German side, the invitation came from a businessman named Norbert Stoyler, if my memory serves me correctly. His company performed intermediary functions and he was very interested in a number of my projects.

Part of July and the whole of August passed in the usual way, with the exception of one event. At the end of August 1990, the central television station filmed several reports on my topic. Vladimir Sergeev organised a studio recording of my conversation with Boris Katargin and with journalist Mikhail Dekhta and his wife. Let me remind you that Mikhail Dekhta was a journalist who, along with a group of other people, came after the press conference of the Folk Medicine Foundation on 29 March 1989, where I spoke and talked about the possibility of a qualitative transformation of the human brain, which opens up absolutely incredible opportunities, and about the possibility of solving the problem of the ozone hole in Midgard-Earth. In addition to Michael himself, his wife Elena also underwent a similar transformation, and after the transformation she had an amazing vision. Mikhail Dekhta did several radio interviews with me, which were broadcast in the USSR and on foreign programmes in Russian. Soon after, he was sent as a journalist to an African country. In August 1990, he and his family were on holiday in Moscow, and our paths crossed again. He told me an interesting story that happened there, and it is related to... my toy psi. At the very beginning of my work with him to transform his brain, he asked me to help him quit smoking. To do this, I took his watch, a simple mechanical watch, and used it to make a psi device that would block his desire to smoke. This device had an effect on him, and then...

he stopped smoking. As he later told me himself, when he arrived at his new job in Africa, he met other members of the Soviet mission. He told one of his new acquaintances about the watch and how it had affected him. His new acquaintance, upon hearing his story, asked him to give him the watch, and here's why. His wife was a heavy smoker, and he couldn't get her to quit. But the most unpleasant thing for him was that his wife refused to stop smoking under any circumstances. After receiving the "magic" watch, he gave it to his wife. And that's when the most interesting part began. After putting the watch on her wrist, his wife lost all interest in smoking. Her body turned out to be quite sensitive to the influence of this psi device, and while it was working, she completely lost the urge to smoke. She would usually take out a cigarette and... put it away. The reason for this "strange" behaviour was not clear to her at all. This continued until one day she forgot to put the gift on her husband's arm. When she found herself on the street, she sat down on a bench, took out a cigarette out of habit and started smoking as if nothing had happened. Her joy knew no bounds: she was finally well! She returned home joyfully, but she could not smoke at home. She conducted an experiment and found that she could smoke again at a certain distance from home. Closer than that boundary, she could not smoke again. She connected all this with her husband's "gift" and... gave him a good life. This is the curious story that Mikhail Dehta told when he returned to Moscow.

Incidentally, he gave the watch to an acquaintance and started smoking again. The most interesting thing about this story is that the woman did not even suspect that the seemingly ordinary watch was a psi device, and yet, being sensitive enough, she reacted to the blocking desire to smoke through the influence of my psi device. It is also interesting that this woman found that the effect of my psi device has an impact on people within certain limits, and thus we can talk about the radius of action of my psi device. According to my understanding, the blocking radius of my psi device depends on the level of sensitivity of the person. The more sensitive the individual, the greater the radius of action of the psi device. This unexpected blind experiment provided further confirmation of the reality and effectiveness of my psi devices. In addition to this interesting fact, Mikhail Dehta told the camera how in 1989 "scientists" reacted to his request to comment on my statement at a press conference that there are non-technical methods for restoring the planet's ozone layer, when a person, with the power of their consciousness, with the power of their thoughts, can try to restore the ozone in the atmosphere destroyed by civilisation. The director of the Institute of Earth's Atmosphere and Ionosphere refused my request to comment on my statement, saying that he would not even give a negative comment on the matter, because in that case his fellow "scientists" might think that he was taking such a statement by a madman seriously, and he values his scientific reputation (those who wish to can hear this for themselves by watching the video posted on my website www.levashov.info).

By August 1990, the ozone hole over Antarctica had disappeared, as reported by the media. But neither the Soviet nor the foreign media "for some reason" reported the reason why this happened. When I spoke about the possibility of solving the problem with the planet's ozone layer, I was declared crazy, and when I restored it and it happened as I had said beforehand, the "scientific" reputation of a scientist was "for some reason" ignored by the director of the USSR Institute of Atmosphere and Ionosphere and everyone else. I am not at all offended by this reaction from the "scientists" who have appropriated the right to absolute truth. To a certain extent, I understand them. But my understanding lasted only until the moment when they themselves, with the help of their instruments, received confirmation that the ozone hole over Antarctica had completely disappeared at the very beginning of 1990, which means a 30% recovery of the ozone layer destroyed by technocratic civilisation.

The middle ground, and the "scientists" knew they had nothing to do with it, if only because it was simply impossible to do with the existing technical means. And nature itself is not capable of creating such a thing! The only "explanation" for what happened was published in the magazine "Young Technician" No. 4 of 1990, if my memory serves me correctly. In that issue, they wrote the experts' opinion on why the ozone hole disappeared in early 1990. It turns out that, according to the "experts," the disappearance of the ozone hole was due to the fact that, as a result of solar activity, the oxygen in the atmosphere was ionised and formed... ozone, which was extremely insufficient. This is an astonishingly stupid explanation. But, strange as it may seem, this explanation was "swallowed" by scientists and everyone else who does not consider themselves scientists, but nevertheless almost all of whom have graduated from high school. Sometimes one just wonders what people do in schools, colleges and universities. After all, the essence of ionisation and ozonisation is explained very simply and clearly even in a school textbook, and they have nothing to do with each other and even represent opposite chemical processes. Of course, I could have commented on this myself in my television interview, but I decided that it would be appropriate for the event to be commented on by a reputable scientist recognised in scientific circles.

I had such a learned husband, in the full sense of the word. He was Boris Ivanovich Katargin, Doctor of Technical Sciences, Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR, one of the main developers of Energia, who himself witnessed the events described. I am extremely grateful to this man for his courage to say what he knows. I met him by chance; he had heart problems, and people who knew him turned to me and asked me to help him. He started coming to see me, and I quickly normalised his heart function. He turned out to be a very interesting person who was interested in many things, both during my work with him and afterwards, and we talked about many topics, many of which were far beyond what the average person is used to. He did not even try to mention that he was a doctor of science, etc., and who was I to talk about these or those problems. He was genuinely interested in my understanding of this or that natural phenomenon, we discussed various aspects of these phenomena, and I was pleased to see that there are still people for whom truth is above arrogance and ambition, that there are real scientists. Very often, other people were present at these conversations, including Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev. Therefore, when the question of a television interview arose, I had no doubts about whom to turn to with a proposal to participate in such an unusual interview. Boris Ivanovich did not refuse, gave a full interview and said much more than I even expected from him. From my point of view, he showed not only scientific courage, but also simple civic courage. During the interview, he also mentioned a project that we had discussed with him and many others. It concerns the taming of hurricanes.

During our conversation, you once mentioned that it would be wonderful to use artificial satellites in real time to continuously and directly monitor the formation and development of a hurricane, and then to begin to influence the hurricane in order to neutralise it. In principle, this was possible even then, but neither in the USSR nor later in the United States could such an experiment be carried out. And although in 2002 I accidentally conducted my first experiment to neutralise a hurricane, I was unable to carry out the experiment according to the plan that Boris Ivanovich Katargin and I had discussed back in 1990. (For those interested in this aspect, I recommend reading my article "[Taming the Rebellious](#)" on my website). And although in 2004 the American side promised to fulfil my requirements for the work, it never did:

For now, let's go back to August 1990. The material was filmed in a television studio, but... it was never broadcast. Someone really did not want this information to become public. But I still have the tape with the recording of this interview, and those who wish can see it on my website www.levashov.info.

21. Hello, Germany

In August, my trip to Germany was finally decided. They insisted that I come to Germany alone, but I insisted that a few more people come with me, and my conditions were accepted. I decided to take with me two people from Moscow, whom I had begun to teach the basics of the work relatively recently, in 1989, and one person whom I knew from Kharkov and who was one of the first to undergo a brain transformation. The first two were called Sergei and Vladimir, and the third was called Igor. I am deliberately not mentioning their surnames; later it will become clear why. I went to Hungary with the first two, and the third asked to come with me when I went to Kharkov in early August to get my driving licence and met some of the guys from that first group, in which I had my first quality brain transformation.

The reason I insisted that a few more people come with me was very simple. I knew very well that if I wanted to carry out my plans, I needed people I could rely on and who wouldn't stab me in the back at the most inopportune moment, although there was no such thing as an inopportune moment for betrayal. I decided to test the reliability of these guys. In principle, this was the main reason why I took Sergei and Volodya with me to Hungary a little earlier. And even during that trip, some aspects began to emerge that made me a little cautious, but I did not focus my attention on these "moments" for one simple reason: I had to see the true face of each of them. Of course, I could have considered all the possible options and drawn my own conclusions (which I did with confidence), but I have always believed and continue to believe that one should not deprive a person of the opportunity to do the right thing until the action itself is taken. A person should be held responsible for their actions, not for their thoughts about a possible action. After all, there is a small chance that a particular person will do the right thing at the last moment, even though they had previously thought wrongly. And even though such a miracle does not happen very often, one should not deprive oneself of such a chance. That was and is my belief, but I did not have time to wait long. So I developed my own psychological method, the essence of which is very simple.

I was aware that if I reacted openly and externally to certain aspects of a person's behaviour, it would not lead to anything good. If a person would benefit from being around me for one reason or another, showing my dissatisfaction would only make them more cautious. And I didn't want to constantly watch and control the people around me; I wanted to trust them and be sure that they wouldn't stab me in the back. To clarify things as soon as possible, I decided to simply observe the behaviour and actions of these people, making a mental assessment for myself, giving them a "mark" of one kind or another. And then, when the picture became completely clear, I would give each of them a decision. In this case, without seeing a negative reaction on my part, the person would show their true colours much more quickly. That was my idea, and I began to implement it.

I began actively preparing for the trip. Stoilers sent invitations to all the people I had requested, and things began to get busy with applications for visas to Germany. In 1990, it was already possible to submit everything necessary for visa registration and, for a considerable fee, all the problems with visa registration would be "taken care of" for you by others. When my ward arrived from Kharkiv, it turned out that he did not have a foreign passport. Again, obtaining a passport quickly was not a problem if this desire was backed up with a certain amount of money (at that time, there were already official OVIR cooperatives that did all this quickly). The Kharkiv "competitor" "accidentally" had no money for either a passport or a ticket. Without saying anything, I paid for everything myself and made a mental note. Perhaps he was in a difficult situation; anything can happen in life, and travelling to another country is not an everyday occurrence. Why not help the man, I thought.

It was me, but I started to look at it carefully. Anyway, they all had passports with German visas and tickets for a flight from Moscow to Frankfurt am Main on 30 August 1990, if my memory serves me right. And so the four of us crossed the border and passed through customs control. It is also interesting that my departure for Germany was filmed by a film crew who attended the press conference of the Folk Medicine Foundation and witnessed my statement about the restoration of the planet's ozone layer. Strange as it may seem, they had not forgotten what I had said and what happened to the ozone layer afterwards. We boarded the plane and flew into the unknown. At least for me, a new chapter in my life began, bringing both new disappointments and new joys, as happens in the life of every other person.

At Frankfurt am Main Airport, we were met by Norbert Schötler and his Russian interpreter. We were all seated in a minibus and set off. What immediately caught my attention was the cleanliness. Not a single piece of paper, everything was so clean and tidy that from a distance it even seemed artificial. The houses looked like toys, as if they had been painted. We all stared around, amazed by the cleanliness and order that surrounded us on all sides. First of all, we were struck by the roads. The car was driving on the motorway, and the road surface was so smooth that it felt like the car was flying through the air. No potholes, bumps or unevenness. You had to close your eyes and immediately you had the feeling that the car had stopped and was not moving anywhere. Only when you opened your eyes did the feeling of movement return. After our roads, the German roads seemed unreal. Small towns flashed by along the road, and for several hours we drove almost exactly south.

We were accommodated in a small hotel in the small German town of Müllaquer, not far from the host company's office. Norbert Schötler himself lived not far from the office, in a small, neat, single-storey house, as it turned out later. After a short rest following our journey, we set off on our first excursion, walking up and down the street where our hotel was located. The town was small, at the foot of the Alps. The hotel stood on a small mountain stream, which, to our surprise, had trout and crystal clear water. The ruins of fortress walls and watchtowers could be seen on the hills. We found ourselves in a part of Germany that the Germans call the Black Forest. The nature in the surrounding area was impressive. The day after our arrival, we went to the company's office and began discussing the action plan. Mr. Scholler had planned a whole series of meetings and, of course, the topic of treatment came up. I was asked to take care of his sons, his mother-in-law and father-in-law, and several acquaintances. In addition, his Russian interpreter, Irina, knew many Russian Germans, many of whom wanted my treatment. I again talked about the possible intersections of our interests, the possibility of creating certain types of psi devices and new products with my "additives" that might be of interest to German industrialists. We planned a meeting with the management of the Porsche automotive concern to discuss a psi device that reduces exhaust emissions, increases engine power, and creates conditions for complete combustion of the fuel mixture. Several tests of these devices have already been conducted with encouraging results.

In addition, Norbert Schötler negotiated with a shampoo factory for new products based on my methods. A meeting was also planned with the Minister of Medicine for the Black Forest region, as well as with the directors of what was then the only private institute for parapsychology in Germany, located in Frankfurt am Main, and with doctors working on the AIDS virus. There was also a meeting with German billionaire North Bauling, whom I had met in Moscow before arriving in Germany, where even then he was interested in my abilities to treat many diseases that were considered incurable from a medical point of view. This was the initial plan for this trip. Another issue that came up when we were talking about the plan and goals for my visit to Germany was setting up a joint venture. None of us

He knew German and helped us a lot, especially in the beginning, the husband of the translator Stoyler. Because she was almost always busy in his office. In his free time from official meetings, he showed us around German cities and served as a liaison between us and everyone else. My preparation for the trip to Germany was not in vain. Everything I had learned in Hungary was very useful, as I had to dress according to protocol for serious meetings and not embarrass myself. But there was one small problem. My fake from Kharkov had "accidentally" not brought a suit, and he had no money. I had no choice but to buy a suit for him too. Unexpectedly, he chose a suit for himself, which "ate up" a large part of my currency "reserves". I didn't mind spending the money; I thought that I and "my" people had to look decent, and that was more important than any amount of money. And all my companions agreed with me on this, as long as it was my money. But all this was in good times. I wanted to see how those travelling with me would pass the money test.

After a while, I had several patients. The fact that I had achieved something in the USSR did not interest the Germans at all, and I saw how distrustful they were of my words about the possibility of treating certain diseases. That is why I decided to ask my patients to pay me a few pennies for my work, just to attract people and show that I could not only talk, but also do what I said. I could have puffed myself up like a "turkey" and said that I should be paid a lot of money for my work, etc., etc. But I thought that this approach was tactically wrong, and I decided to do exactly as I described. I needed to prove that I could really do something, and then I could set my own terms, having effective arguments at my disposal. That's what I decided, and that's how I started acting. My first patients were Russian Germans, most of whom didn't have much money. So I set a minimum fee of 100 marks per session. And this strategy had its effect. People who felt my influence began to believe that I could really do something, and they started telling others about it. After a while, I opened a "reception" in Scholler's office and saw ten to fifteen people a day, and although not all of them paid me for my work, after about ten days in Germany I received my first payment.

From that moment on, things became a little easier, as there were not only current expenses but also income. I did not exclude myself and shared everything equally with everyone. My "popularity" as a healer spread quite quickly, first among the Russian Germans and later among the "German" Germans. I never sat on anyone's doorstep, so financial independence was desirable for me, allowing me to maintain my personal independence. The host country was also very pleased with this situation, because in this case it drastically reduced the costs for my group. That is why they supported and helped in every way to organise my work. If necessary, Stoiler's translator helped me with translations for my "German" Germans. There was a trip to the Porsche car company, but the engineers there were not interested in my proposals. For them, everything they did not understand provoked rejection and hostility. With their "German" brains, they could not understand how a device that was not directly connected to the car's engine system could have any effect on the car. For the disciplined minds of German engineers, this proved to be an unsolvable problem. As it turned out, this was not only true for German engineers! Anything that does not fit into the picture of the universe recognised by the "luminaries" has no right to exist, even though it exists and really works, but these are insignificant "trifles" that you can turn a blind eye to and then find peace of mind.

However, I gained new experience in communicating with foreigners. Ultimately, I perceive many things telepathically. And telepathic perception has no language barriers. You simply tune in to your conversation partner and perceive very specifically what they are thinking, what questions excite them, and so on. Of course, at that time, I did not fully understand this whole mechanism. However, many people have told me that I have started to give answers to

many questions even before they have been asked. For this reason, I sometimes find it difficult to separate thoughts that have been expressed aloud from those that have not yet been expressed. For me, once they arise in my head, they have already been expressed, which for most people is far from clear-cut. Of course, I don't "get inside the head" of every person I meet. I believe that the contents of the brain are a personal matter for each individual, regardless of their position, beliefs, or disbeliefs! But when you have a conversation with a person or a group of people, you inevitably tune into their thoughts and begin to construct your explanation from the positions that are most understandable to that person. That is why my explanation of the same phenomenon is never repeated, not because I cannot repeat the same thing, but because different people have different levels of education, different analytical abilities and different capacities for accepting new things. The old foundation cannot simply be removed from the brain, even though it is untrue. It is necessary to find areas of perception in the old foundation of a particular person that are present in both the old and new foundations. And through these unique bridges, which provide a new explanation for what is already present in the person's brain, we can proceed to build the springboards of the new foundation, which gradually begins to replace the old one. At the same time, it is impossible to do this too abruptly, since the brain of each individual has its own limits of flexibility. Crossing these limits does not lead to anything good. If you want to achieve enlightenment through knowledge of a specific person, this is the only correct way.

When explaining to a group of people, one must "go through" all the variations of people's perceptions and build one's explanation strategy so as to reach as many people as possible. In this way, one unconsciously slows down the speed of enlightenment by targeting the majority, even though some listeners are ready for more. And then, in order not to target those who are less ready, it is often necessary to apply the method of transmitting "insidious" knowledge. Of course, there is no such thing as "insidious" knowledge, but in certain situations, if it is necessary to give understanding to a person or group of people while others are not ready for such information, I usually do the following. I say everything I think is necessary to say, and each person retains what they are ready for, while the information they are not ready for is simply not registered by the brain, and the person does not even remember anything that was said. This method has proven to be very effective, as it is simply unrealistic to conduct individual training with each person, and so everyone gets what they are ready for. That is why people who have listened to the same lecture of mine will receive a completely different depth of understanding of the same information, but the most important thing is not the different understanding, but the same understanding. At the same time, each person assimilates this information at their own level of readiness, depending on the degree of readiness and capabilities of their brain. And everything that is "unnecessary" for a given person is simply forgotten or, rather, not even perceived by that person.

Similarly, if there is an "unknown" among the listeners, whether a provocateur or an "enemy agent," his negative agenda is erased from his memory. He "simply" forgets his task, and the recording devices record "white noise"! Later, we often heard from such people that "for some reason" they had not recorded anything, that their equipment had broken down "at an inopportune moment," etc. They had no idea why **ONLY** their equipment had broken down and only they had "forgotten" important information. It turned out that in Germany it was absolutely . So all the phenomena I listed above did not depend on the language the person spoke. Of course, I realised most of this later, when I lived in the United States for a long time, but I will talk about that later. For now, I will return to Germany in 1990...

Unable to understand how my devices worked, Porsche's engineers did not even dare to experiment. But, as they say, free will is the salvation of the saved. The next meeting was with the leaders of what was then Germany's only Institute of Parapsychology, located in

the vicinity of Frankfurt am Main. As far as I remember, we arrived a little early and went to the nearest café together. And here we are, politely invited to the conference room, and the meeting begins. The meeting began with the director of this institute and his assistant proudly and pompously told everyone present about their "achievements", the essence of which was that they give lectures on various parapsychological phenomena that occur in the world. They did not conduct any research of their own. Pleased with themselves, they condescendingly gave me the floor, and I, in my naivety, thinking that my information would be at least interesting to them, began to talk about my achievements and results, results confirmed by practice.

Imagine my surprise when, as I told them about this, their faces grew increasingly sombre. They completely "faded away" when I told them that I had discovered a method for transforming the human brain, after which a person gains new abilities that have always and in all ages been considered a divine manifestation or a temptation of the Devil! I explained that a person acquires the ability to see the internal organs at any level and even control this process, to move into the past, present and future, to influence natural processes at almost any level, and so on and so forth. I concluded my speech by offering to organise my school for Germans on the basis of their institute. That was the last straw for them. The director immediately waved his hand and, with uncharacteristic German emotionality, began to convince me that no one in Germany was interested in all this and that no one was interested in such a restructuring of the brain! This reaction surprised me, but it greatly upset Norbert Stoyler. I could see that he doubted whether he had done the right thing in inviting me to Germany. He became even more disheartened after their response to the question about my upcoming meeting with the Minister of Health of the Black Forest the next day. Our "leading parapsychologists" in Germany began to convince us that medicine in Germany did not recognise anything like this, that they themselves had problems with doctors and therefore strongly recommended that we cancel the meeting before it was too late!

The next day we went to a meeting with the Minister of Health. Our hosts were not particularly happy; they were already certain that the meeting would have negative results. But despite this, the meeting took place. The Minister of Health turned out to be a short old man, and he was accompanied by his assistant. We began the conversation with the problems of modern medicine, the wrong approach of doctors to the essence of diseases, etc., etc., and, to my surprise, he understood everything correctly. We began a normal, productive conversation about urgent problems. I told him about my methods, and he asked me, if possible, to demonstrate my method of diagnosis and treatment. I did a full scan and conveyed my understanding of the processes taking place in his body. He was very surprised by what I told him, and after that, the conversation became even more friendly and warm. He informed me that alternative medicine had recently appeared in Germany and recommended that I contact the chairman of the alternative medicine association. He gave me his phone number and said that he would contact him himself and explain the situation. After such a welcome from the Minister of Health of the Black Forest, the mood of the hosts improved. The minister may have been a narrow-minded person, but that would not change the essence of what I was saying and doing. It was disappointing to see the reaction of the host, who was not really interested in the truth and the real benefits of my work and achievements, but in how certain officials would react to all this! They were primarily interested in the opportunity to make money from all this, and what was or was not true and right was not so important. Business is business!

Anyway, shortly after meeting with the Minister of Health in the Black Forest, we set off on a beautiful road surrounded by stunning nature to meet with the president of the German Association for Alternative Medicine. This centre was located on the shore of a large mountain lake on the border between Germany and Switzerland. The small town on the German shore was very clean and tidy, like all the towns I had seen in Germany. The mountains and the large lake gave this town a special charm. The meeting was

very successful, and we agreed in principle to further cooperation. The meeting had already been partly arranged by a phone call to this person from the Minister of Health himself. We even discussed possible points of contact, but it so happened that I lost touch with these people after I moved to another apartment in Moscow, and those who knew my contact details and who were known to the German side did not deem it necessary to inform me that I was wanted by the Germans. Apparently, once they realised they would not be working in my team, they decided it was not worth looking for me. It would not have worked for them! But more on that later.

Meanwhile, everything is going as usual. The planned meetings are taking place, I am working with my patients, and in my free time we are exploring the surroundings of the city and going on organised trips to local attractions. The husband of Norbert Stoyler's interpreter, Vladimir, had a lot of free time and showed us around the cities and shops of southern Germany. When I had patients, the "competitors" who came with me, unaware of their participation in the competition or of the competition itself, were quite relaxed at first, until I started paying them. As soon as they saw that my income exceeded my expenses, their mood deteriorated more and more with each passing day. Especially when several of my patients paid me for ten sessions. Seeing so much money in my hands, which they immediately converted into rubles, their "patience" broke down. They also wanted to receive money, but none of them had treated people in the USSR, even though I had repeatedly recommended that they start treating people, which was and is the most important condition for the development of every person. After all, the strategy and tactics of treating a specific person are no different from solving any other problem, the only difference is in the problem itself. For beginners, working with people is the best way to quickly and effectively master my methodology. But in the USSR, they were not particularly eager to do so, finding many reasons not to learn from treatment. The main reason, in my opinion, was that they did not want to spend their time studying the human body and practising treatment because they did not want to work just to gain experience. And people would not pay them without proof that they could do something, not just talk.

In any case, they do not seek treatment in their home country, but when they come to Germany, "for some reason" they "suddenly" feel this desire, which they explain by the fact that they are tired of sitting around for days doing nothing. When I asked them why they had not pursued medical practice in the USSR, and now, without experience or results, they had expressed such a desire, the answer was that they were not interested in money, they "just" wanted to help people, but "for some reason" this desire had only appeared among the local residents of Germany. The real reason for this "unexpected" enthusiasm was clear to me! But I didn't tell them that, and I trusted their words that they would "treat" people for free. They immediately agreed. It was important for me to see how far their greed would go and how many of my "ticks" they would get as a result. So I asked the translator Irina to send a few of them, but not to me, but to them. That's how they "got" their first German patients. By that time, we had already moved from the hotel to the house of a German acquaintance of Stoilers, with whom I had a barter agreement. The cost of our accommodation was deducted from my payment for treating his family. By that time, rumours of my healing successes had already spread among the Germans, and my "bodyguards" decided to take advantage of this, as few people knew my name, but they knew that the Russian healer performed miracles of healing. That's what they played on, pretending to be this Russian healer. It also helped that there were rumours that several "healers" had come with me. They had, as they thought, the "tenacity" of businessmen and were not fooled by anything. From their very first "patients," they began charging two hundred marks per session, instead of "learning" to treat people for free, as the owl from the animated film "Winnie the Pooh" said. "For some reason, they were getting two hundred marks per session, and later even more. They started doing the 'right' business!"

I don't need to explain to everyone what the results of this "treatment" were, but they weren't interested in it at all. The only thing that interested them was how much currency they could grab for themselves, and the fact that they discredited everything I had started to build in Germany did not interest them at all. Seeing such a transformation, I even regretted insisting on their trip to Germany. But at the same time, I was glad that these people had started to show their true colours so quickly. I was in no hurry to dot the *i's* and cross the *t's* for one simple reason: I wanted everyone to reveal their true colours completely, but in the meantime, I quietly noted mine. And this tactic worked very well! It turned out that these people were not free from greed, and that made me very sad. When you put your labour and your soul into someone, you want to believe that this person will follow a bright path and be your colleague in the cause. But very often it turns out that many people say beautiful words just to get what they want and what they cannot get in any other way! Every time you encounter something like this, you feel real pain and regret that the person has chosen not the path of development and creation, but the path of consumerism and personal gain, which sooner or later leads to the camp of social parasites. Why is man so weak and so easily succumbs to the temptations offered by the Dark Side? After all, everything that the eternal seducer offers to man is so insignificant and primitive! And man is ready to replace himself as a creator in the name of useless trifles!

Either way, many people "buy" these or those "shiny things," quickly forgetting the popular saying - not all that glitters is gold! And for that, you don't need anything — don't rush to sign a "contract with the devil". After all, the "devil" gives nothing for free, and if he gives something, he takes back incomparably more. Is it so difficult to understand and at least think about what I have that the "devil" needs so much? It is not my soul, otherwise the "devil" would try to make a deal with everyone, because everyone has a soul. So the Dark Forces hunt with their methods not for souls, but for what these soul bearers can do. Greed and envy are the most fertile ground for the Dark Forces, which, very skilfully playing on these feelings, conquer the human soul. And this is not just an abstract argument, but a bitter reality. The shock of the prosperity surrounding us and the shock of the standard of living of the Germans led to my wards feeling a burning desire to get everything similar to themselves at any cost, through deception, betrayal, etc. But the future showed that even this did not help them get what they wanted. But more on that later, and now let's go back to southern Germany in 1990....

Indeed, neat German houses with beautiful gardens, clean roads and pavements with no litter in sight. The roads and pavements were washed with shampoo every day to such an extent that if you lay down on the road in a white shirt, it would remain as white and clean as before! For us Russians, all this was quite unusual, because even our generation was affected by the war. While not everyone lived in the conditions that my early childhood and that of my brother and sister did, the majority lived in slightly better conditions. If someone had their own home, it was only small, and even then people were extremely happy, just as we were when my father got a 33.6 square metre flat for a family of five. The standard of living of the defeated was incomparable to that of the victors in a terrible war, the victory in which cost my people about thirty million lives, including three men from my family, among them my maternal grandfather! One cannot help but wonder: who defeated whom in this terrible war? If we compare the standard of living of the Germans and the citizens of the USSR, we cannot help but think that they were the victors.

Of course, the standard of living in Germany would have made a strong impression on a Soviet person in 1990, when there were no normal products in the shops, not only in the provinces but also in Moscow. But I could not even imagine that all this would blow the minds of my assistants, as I thought at the time.

my assistants' heads, as I thought at the time. In the end, they were not only lying to me, saying that they just wanted to work with people without money. Supposedly to gain "experience" in treating patients, although, as I already mentioned, in their homeland, "for some reason" they did not have such "enthusiasm". Of course, I realised they were lying, but I had to see how far they were willing to go, driven by their greed. They couldn't sleep peacefully knowing that I was making money and they weren't. They didn't even think about how and why they ended up in Germany with me. They didn't want to realise the simple fact that only I was needed in Germany, not them, who were just around me. Doing business and standing around is not the same thing, and only a completely blind person or someone who doesn't understand anything about what is going on could fail to realise this.

Perhaps I am also to blame for their behaviour. I thought, and still think, that it is immodest to talk about a person's deeds, emphasising who did what. I believed that it was important to do the deed, and that who did it was irrelevant. It turned out that others thought differently! They believed that if they sat or stood next to me while I was working, they shared all the "laurels" of my work. And I also unconsciously encouraged them to think this way when, instead of saying that I had done it, I said that we had done the work, etc. I thought it was immodest to emphasise my role in this or that achievement, but they thought that in this way I was confirming the importance of their standing next to me. But none of them even considered the fact that I was doing the work and they were only observers and witnesses. I thought it was wrong to emphasise my role in important matters, that other people should judge the deeds, but it turned out that the "others", who were only witnesses to some of my actions, were making "conclusions" about their "participation" in the great deeds of saving humanity and nothing less! And they began to behave accordingly. They saw that I could heal people quite well, and they considered this sufficient to consider themselves "great" healers. And strange as it may seem, they believed in this absurdity. Or perhaps they didn't believe it, but simply thought that it cost them nothing to "wave their hands" as I did. After all, they had seen me "wave" my hands more than once! But after observing my actions for a long time, they still did not understand that it was not a matter of "waving" my hands. It's not about how many times and in what direction I move my arms, but about what happens in my brain at the moment of arm movement! And that's simply impossible to understand by observing the movements of my arms!

In any case, my charges decided on their own, without having cured a single person, that they were master healers. It seems that they adhered to the principle - if I can do it, then they can do it too! An important factor, a "carrot" for such appeasement of their conscience, in my opinion, was the money they already saw lying in their pockets and already saw themselves as owners of luxury estates, cars, etc. In my opinion, there is nothing wrong with dreaming of a nice house, car, etc., the only important thing is how a person will get the money to make their dream come true! If this is achieved through betrayal, deception, etc., I personally **reject** this way of realising a dream, no matter how "significant" and "great" that dream may be! In principle, if a person is willing to walk over the corpses of others, they cannot have any great dream. And if they declare it, it is only for self-deception or to appease their own conscience and, of course, to deceive others. I don't think my wards had grand plans for the good of humanity; they had their simple human dreams and desires to live better, but the methods they chose to realise their dreams are as old as the world itself - betrayal and deception.

After reading these lines, some may say that I am overreacting, and perhaps they are right. It's just that I have my own ideas about honesty and decency, and I understand them in my own way. My protégés, in whom I invested a large part of my soul and gave, as I thought, a lot, also deceived me by saying that they **ONLY** wanted to gain experience in treatment, using their time in Germany to their advantage. It was assumed that they were tired of sitting around with nothing to do day after day. They also deceived those people who, having heard that Russian healers had appeared, came to them in the hope that they were the Russian healers. And they did not dissuade anyone from this, but immediately began to extract

"bubbles" in the form of money from this situation. And when the money started to "flow" into their hands, they simply "got carried away". I call their actions treason for the simple reason that they did not care at all that their actions discredited everything I had started to create in Germany. When the Germans heard about my results, they flocked to them, thinking that they were the healers, and without receiving anything in return for their money, the victims announced to everyone else that it was all a lie and a scam! As events unfolded, this is exactly what happened, but I will talk about that later. For now, I will return to describing the development of the situation in Germany.

The next meeting was to take place at the home of North Bowling, a German billionaire whom I already knew from Moscow, at his estate in Bamberg. This beautiful city was located in Bavaria, in a picturesque area. The journey there took at least six hours on the motorway, with the car travelling at the maximum possible speed for that particular vehicle, as there was no speed limit on the motorway in Germany in the two left-hand lanes. Mr. Bauling welcomed us with his wife and a family friend, a doctor well known in German government circles. We all sat down in the reception room of the host's mansion and, after the traditional tea and coffee, we got down to work. The work consisted of me examining Mrs. Bauling using my methods in the presence of the family doctor, who was well acquainted with all her health problems. The master of the house, his wife, the doctor and I retired to another room, where I proceeded to make my diagnosis. After examining the lady of the house using my own methods, I reported all my findings to the family doctor, who was quite surprised by what I told him after a few minutes' examination. I pointed out a number of illnesses that he was aware of, as he was the woman's doctor. In addition, one of the illnesses I reported is very rare and not every doctor can diagnose it correctly. Nevertheless, I managed to do so without much effort. What surprised him most was not even the correct diagnosis, but the fact that I described in detail not only the development of this disease in this case, but also the mechanisms of the disease and the root cause that led to it. Usually, my perception and analysis of disorders in the human body differs greatly from traditional medicine, not least because I analyse processes at the cellular and molecular level that were and remain inaccessible to modern medicine. What surprised him even more was the possibility of making changes at these levels, with possible changes in the damaged genes, which was and is beyond the scope of medicine. The family doctor could not even hide his amazement at what he had witnessed. I deliberately did not mention the names of this woman's illnesses, not because I did not remember the results of the scan after seventeen years, but for one simple reason: this woman did not give me the right to talk about her problems to outsiders. If I talk about a person's illness, it is only when I have been given the right to do so by that person.

Norst Bowling witnessed my work and was as surprised by the results as the doctor. I even think he was more surprised than the family doctor, as he did not understand much about the human body, let alone health issues. We returned to the others, who continued to drink tea, and the master of the house, still under the impression of what had happened in the other room, gave each of my charges a thousand-mark note. Two of them calmly put the banknotes in their pockets, but the third, after recovering for a moment, approached me and gave me a very amusing tirade. He told me that he understood perfectly well that I, not he, had earned the money, but he did not offer to take it for the simple reason that I would not have taken it from him anyway! He was right, I would never have taken the money from him because I wasn't the one who had earned it, despite the fact that others had been rewarded for my work. But he didn't know my situation and wasn't sure I wouldn't, so he didn't risk handing me the banknote; what if I did take it and wasn't as honest as he

he thought me to be? In his version, he found the best compromise between his honesty and his greed. By saying the right words, he risked nothing. Neither then nor later did this man remember "for some reason" that I had spent a lot of money on him personally, nor did he remember that the debt had to be repaid. I never regretted the money, I just didn't like it when people turned into parasites who were ready to make money for themselves whenever possible.

In one way or another, I observed my three mentees and, to my horror, discovered character traits in them that personally revolted me and against which I protested. From Bamberg, we returned to our main base in Germany, as I still had a trip to a factory producing shampoos and other perfumes ahead of me. At the factory, I worked on the samples I was given so that the products I had treated could then be tested on volunteers to determine the effectiveness of my actions. As a farewell gift, we all received bags of products from this perfume company.

Another meeting took place at an AIDS research centre. We arrived at the centre, all dressed in special protective suits, and were taken to the research centre so that I could try to influence the culture of the AIDS virus. When I first started my work, all the computers in the control centre began to behave strangely and froze. It took me some time to neutralise my influence on the electronics. Apparently, I had "turned on" too much, worrying about the maximum cultural impact of this deadly virus, as I was sure at the time. What happened to the electronics gave me confidence that my impact on the culture of this virus would be fine. At the time, I was convinced that the AIDS virus was real; I couldn't even imagine that people, especially doctors, could lie to the whole world, scaring everyone with a virus that was deadly to humanity. All the media were screaming about this deadly enemy of humanity, categorising the AIDS virus as a virus that could be filtered out. In other words, the AIDS virus could very easily be isolated in a pure culture and studied. It was this isolated culture of the AIDS virus that I was asked to influence with my methods.

Of course, I was not shown this specialised culture, even from a distance and through multiple means of isolation. I was simply told that "it" was in the next room. And I, believing that the culture was there, tried to destroy the virus with my irradiation. A few days later, I was informed that nothing had happened to the culture. This news upset me greatly, even though I realised that in such cases, the first attempt is not always the best. But that did not make the disappointment of the first failure any more pleasant. The approach of traditional scientists to the situation is also interesting. They themselves work on this or that problem for years, and sometimes decades, conducting thousands, and sometimes tens of thousands, of experiments or tests, and they do not always achieve the desired results, and this is considered "normal." In your case, at best, they give you one try, and if that one try does not lead to a positive result, they immediately rush to cry quackery, and if everything works out, they rush to say that "it was this and that" or simply keep quiet about the result. Of course, I was upset after the call from the AIDS research centre, but nothing could be done about it. It was only much later, when I was living and working in San Francisco, that I learned about the greatest fraud of the 20th century - AIDS! It turned out that no one, ever, during the whole AIDS hysteria, had ever obtained a culture of the virus. Even those who received Nobel Prizes for research in the field of AIDS — American and, if I am not mistaken, German doctors — when asked about the culture of the AIDS virus, refer to each other. The pharmaceutical mafia simply profits from such hysteria about AIDS, as it helps them line their pockets quickly and reliably! All the hysteria surrounding AIDS from the very beginning is nothing more than a specially created hoax, the purpose of which is to generate yet more excessive profits. However, not all doctors have remained silent on the subject. Many books have been written in which they call on the public to open their eyes to this fraud.

Many people may wonder what people who are said to be suffering from AIDS are actually suffering from, and why they are dying from it. After all, people are dying from a non-existent virus, how can that be? Yes, people are dying, they are dying from immune system depletion, but this immune system depletion is not caused by the AIDS virus, but by other causes. And these other causes are, first and foremost, the consequences of the destruction of the human immune system through huge doses of antibiotics, drugs and medications, which lead to the almost complete destruction of the human immune system. The worst thing in this case is that the attacks of drugs on the human body lead to the birth of children with complete or partial lack of immunity. And then any infection becomes fatal for a person with a weak immune system or one destroyed by drugs or medications. And modern medicine and the pharmaceutical companies behind it are to blame for this. The latter, in pursuit of excessive profits, are ready for any kind of fraud and falsification, just to cover up the traces of their crimes against humanity and not lose their profits. And so, much later, I learned that I had been asked to influence the "black cat" in the "black room" when it was not there. In this case, the black cat was the notorious AIDS virus! So the scientist epidemiologist who offered me to destroy this virus most likely knew very well that no such virus existed! And then he reported "negative" results. I wish I had known then what I know now, that one should not blindly believe "scientists" just because they call themselves that.

I also believed blindly that scientists don't lie, that if they say something is true, then it must be true! It took me a long time to free myself from this blind faith through my own experience. But I could have checked whether the AIDS virus existed or not before believing it and starting to influence others! If I had realised that then, I would have understood even then that I and everyone else had been deceived. And the funny thing is that if other people don't have the opportunity to check the truth of this or that statement, I had that opportunity, and not only did I have it, but I used it many times, and it never let me down! I simply couldn't imagine that anyone, especially doctors, could deceive everyone else in this way; such a thought seemed sacrilegious to me at the time! But the most interesting thing is that this Big Lie is still being spread by the media, which is financed by the almost bottomless pockets of the pharmaceutical monsters. These monsters profit at the expense of people's health, and it is not profitable for them (the pharmaceutical monsters) for people to become healthy, just as it is not profitable for modern doctors, for whom the best patient is the eternal patient! But back in 1990, I could not even imagine that anyone, let alone a medical scientist, could mislead and manipulate the truth for the sake of one interest or another, most often personal interests. That is why I was very upset by the "negative" result with the "culture" of the AIDS virus, which, as it turned out later, does not exist in nature.

Anyway, things continued as usual. After meeting with North Bowling and his wife, it was agreed that I would visit them for the first course of treatment. When the pre-planned meetings took place, I travelled to Bamberg again. This time, only one person travelled with me – one of the Moscow "competitors" who knew English more or less well. Schoeller's interpreter could not come with me for obvious reasons, because Schoeller's company was not only involved with me, but also had a number of other projects, many of which were related to the USSR. Anyway, I found myself back in Bamberg for ten days. Rooms were booked for me and my ward in a hotel not far from the Bauling estate. He and his wife welcomed us very warmly. Every morning I had my session with her, and then she, as our hostess, showed us around the local sights. Bavaria turned out to be rich not only in history but also in natural beauty. So those ten days spent in Bamberg were very interesting from an educational point of view. Every day we were shown a new place - old castles, medieval military fortresses, simple little towns in Bavaria. Almost every one of these small towns had its own museum or some kind of national craft. On Saturday and Sunday, Norst Bauling travelled with us. When they wanted to communicate more thoroughly and in better English, a

a Russian-German translator was invited.

This married couple was very pleasant in every way. I did not sense any arrogance or contempt for poor Russians from them. And at that time, practically every Soviet citizen, with the exception of the Soviet elite, had almost nothing. North Bauling also showed me his pride and joy — his car collection. The huge hangar was full of unique cars, some of which existed or had survived in only one copy! Mercedes, Rolls-Royces, Porsches, Jaguars, Ferraris and cars of other brands that had found their way into his collection because of one or another unique feature. In 1990, every resident of the Soviet Union had, at best, seen these cars in films, but here they were, right in front of you, in the flesh! Of course, it was amazing! What person today does not like cars, which have replaced horses? Men have their "toys", a gun, a horse or a car - every era has had its "toys", but they have always been there! So almost every man will understand me when I found myself among so many "toys", and the owner himself was simply beaming with pride at his collection. And he had something to be proud of! Not only did he assemble this collection, but he also restored all the cars using only original parts. It was nice to see how the parts under the bonnet of a fifty-year-old car shone as if it had just rolled off the assembly line yesterday. The total value of this collection was around three hundred million marks in 1990! In short, those ten days in Bamberg gave me a better idea of Germany than the rest of my stay. After the initial ten-day course, the intention was to continue the treatment later, but fate decided otherwise. After my return, I took part in several other meetings, but there was nothing remarkable about them. One weekend, Norbert Stoyler suggested that we all go with him to the German countryside to help his brother, a dairy farmer, harvest grapes. It was very interesting to learn about life in a German village, and I, like everyone else, agreed to go.

And here we are. We are in a German village, where we are cutting ripe grapes from the vine, which is not difficult work, but requires some skill. You use special scissors to cut the grapes, and the next moment... Grape harvesting in Germany is no different from grape harvesting in any other country, but I have never had to harvest grapes before, so for me it was a bit romantic. But what I encountered after the grape harvest is something you don't find in any other country. The owner of the house, a good-natured Burgundian (peasant), set a table for everyone after the grape harvest. The presence of the translator made it possible to start a conversation at the table about this and that, and somehow the conversation turned to the topic of fishing. It was a perfectly ordinary conversation, if it weren't for one small BUT. The owner of the neat German house told us

quite seriously that in order to become a fisherman, you have to take a special course and pass an exam with about a hundred questions. That was a little strange to hear, at least for me, but nothing more than that. The most unexpected thing happened when he began to explain the rules for the fisherman's actions after catching the fish. The fisherman must have a special rod with an iron ball at one end. After the fisherman has caught a fish, he must use this special rod with an iron ball at the end to kill the fish so that it does not suffer! Well, this is simply the highest form of humanism, which is difficult to disagree with! And everything would have remained rosy for me if the impure one had not confused my question about what a fisherman should do if another fisherman pulls the fish out of the water but does not kill it with the special rod. The answer to this seemingly simple question shocked me. Perhaps it only shocked me, I cannot judge for everyone else, but when I heard that a fisherman who sees that another fisherman has not killed the fish properly, so that it does not suffer, must find the nearest telephone (there were practically no mobile phones at that time) and report to the police that so-and-so and so-and-so have taken the fish out of the water but have not killed it properly! The police must respond to this call and issue a ticket for torturing the fish! And when they asked him why he didn't kill the fish himself if he felt sorry for it, or remind

When I asked my neighbour why he had forgotten to kill it, he replied, "It's not my job, I have no right to tell someone else what to do, and I can't kill the fish myself because he caught it!" And all this was said quite seriously, and when I asked what a true German should do if he saw someone raping a child or a girl, I heard the same answer. You have to find the nearest telephone and call the police, the police will come and... I think it's clear to everyone what happens next! The answer to every such a question was the same - tell the person who needs to know, and it is their responsibility to take action. I just have to inform the person I need to inform, and that's it! Such a response is not unique to him; you can hear it from almost any German! Germans are, of course, a disciplined nation, but this was perhaps the first time I was proud to be Russian and to have been born in Russia!

You can build a beautiful, neat house, you can wash the asphalt with shampoo, but you cannot do the same with the soul; the Russian soul has been, is, and will remain mysterious to foreigners, and for the first time I understood why! Practically every German will report any violation committed by another German, but will not report on themselves "for some reason", nor will they lie if it is beneficial to them. And I have my own examples of this. Here is one of them. Norbert Stoyler asked me to help his friend's wife, although the concept of friendship among Germans is also very strange. The woman had a prolapsed uterus, and the several operations that, according to the doctors, were supposed to solve this problem, led to an even more serious condition. She couldn't leave the house and had to lie down most of the time. It was an unenviable situation. At his request, I started working with her, everything was going well, she could get up and walk normally, but when the day came to pay for my work, her husband said that unfortunately everything had returned to its previous state and therefore he would not pay. What can you say in such a case - prove that you are not a "camel"! Anyway, the truth came out a little later. On the last evening before I left Germany, I invited Norbert Scholler and his interpreter to a restaurant, and what a surprise Scholler had when he saw his friend and his wife entering the restaurant! The woman was completely healthy, dressed in a light, elegant dress, she did not look like a seriously ill person and there was no indication that she had any specific problem. When she saw me, she blushed deeply, realising that the deception with her husband had come to light in the most inappropriate way.

For me, such "miraculous" recoveries after a person's refusal to pay were not unusual, but for Steeler it was a big surprise. A few days earlier, he himself had heard with his own ears the regret that my treatment "had not helped her" and therefore they would not pay for my work. Without paying, his own father-in-law and mother-in-law disappeared; they did not say that my treatment had not helped them, but simply did not show up on the day of payment that they had set. I suppose they suddenly developed "sclerosis" and I probably didn't treat them for what they needed. So in this respect, people behave in the same way in the USSR, in Germany and, as the future showed, in the USA. Everyone wants to get something, but not everyone is willing to pay the bill honestly. This is probably a small part of what unites people, regardless of their nationality or class status. This is what the poor, the middle-income, the rich and the very rich did. So in this respect, people have a "kindred spirit" despite all other differences!

Incidentally, it turned out that the concept of friendship in Germany is also very specific. During our conversations, Norbert Stoyler was quite candid with me and told me about some of the problems he had encountered in his life. When I asked him why he hadn't turned to his friends for help, he replied that he would then have had to part with half of his company. I was very surprised by such "friendly" help and asked him what the others had done at the time. He replied as follows: "Others, upon learning that you are in trouble, will do everything they can to finish you off and get your company for a song, and if possible, everything else." . At least for me, this situation unacceptable. It was unacceptable in 1990, when I was in the Soviet Union, and it remains

unacceptable now that I have been living in the United States for fifteen years. A person must remain a person under any circumstances, regardless of the conditions in which they live, the social system they are part of, or the country they live in. And no reasons can justify betrayal, meanness, dishonesty, etc. Usually, people look for excuses for their actions to ease their conscience, if, of course, they have one! As I later realised, not all nations have a concept of conscience, and some nations are not even familiar with the concept of a guilty conscience. The Jews, for example, in the Torah clearly and categorically give instructions and orders that Jews have no obligations towards gentiles (non-Jews), that they do not need to fulfil oaths and promises made to gentiles, and much more.

I am more familiar with the concept of the so-called Russian soul, which many nations have failed to understand and are unlikely ever to understand. The mockery of the mysterious Russian soul arises from the fear that inevitably arises in many nations whose mentality does not allow them to understand what it is — the mysterious Russian soul! And what they do not understand, they fear and hate, because on a subconscious level they are envious! Of course, there are enough crooks and scoundrels among genetically Russian people, especially since almost the entire 20th century was marked by the deliberate physical destruction of the cream of the Russian nation and the imposition of "new" moral norms on the survivors. In no way do I view the essence of things blindly or one-sidedly, as some might think. It's just that the Russian people still have a precious spark of spiritual purity that other nations have either completely lost or never had in the first place. But, as they say, there's no accounting for taste, and some people are happy to part with "some" stupid conscience in order to make their life easier and more pleasant. Some people are ready to walk over dead bodies, and unfortunately, it is not so rare to see them doing so. But this was unacceptable to me both in Soviet times as it is now.

After returning from Bamberg to my "base," I continued to see patients. At that time, I had received information that my patients had a very strange understanding of gaining experience in treatment for free. Their "pro bono" services turned out to be much more expensive for the people who believed them than my paid help. When I reminded them of what they had promised and that they had no moral right to take money for their "treatment" because they had no experience and had never cured a single person in their lives, not even a cold, a riot broke out. Two of my clients protested in front of me. They claimed that I did not know how to handle cases, etc., etc. They even complained that I was getting paid more for my work than they were, when I had secured them a salary of 900 roubles a month, while I myself was getting 1,200. They were getting 900 roubles a month in 1989-1990, which was a lot of money back then, but for some reason they didn't remember that it was money for work that I had done myself and that they had nothing to do with! Since I couldn't get the full amount, I decided to do a good deed and put them on the payroll, as they were both unemployed at the time and I wanted to help them. I heard similar statements about the trip to Hungary, which they ended up going on only because I insisted on it. In short, I won't list everything I heard from them. I was very surprised that these people took everything for granted and accepted it as a given. Sometimes it is surprising: you try to do something good for someone, and they take it for granted and start demanding more because they have convinced themselves that if something has been done for them, they deserve more.

Anyway, the situation had reached a critical point, so I decided to put an end to all *the questions* and said that I had been observing their behaviour for a long time and if they wanted to discuss the problems, they should hear what I thought about the situation. I expressed everything I thought about their behaviour and the nature of their actions, and I am glad that they showed me their true colours so quickly. To some, their true faces may have seemed quite attractive, but to me they were repulsive, which I told them to their faces. And I told them that from that day on, they would run their own "business" and I no longer wanted to see them around me.

At least I won't get in their way. After that, they completely separated themselves and looked at me as their enemy. They obviously thought I would continue to carry them on my back, and they were very surprised that I would no longer do so. They were even more surprised that the people they started "hanging out" with without me didn't even want to talk to them, even though I hadn't even told anyone that they were no longer with me. When they asked if I was aware of their actions and when they stated that they were now "on their own," they received a polite refusal. They obviously took the polite and respectful attitude towards them when they were around me personally and were surprised that they didn't even want to be heard. But that would happen to them a little later, and then they enjoyed their "freedom" from my idiotic moralising, as they thought at the time. In the meantime, they were given the opportunity to do whatever they wanted, and they wanted one thing - money, as much money as possible, and they started doing it without hiding it. I was disappointed to see how greed was turning the people I had known for several years into some kind of human likeness before my very eyes. They must have had a weak core that was easily broken at the sight of someone else's prosperity.

And it wasn't that I felt sorry for them or was offended if they made money. It wasn't that, but the fact that they had never treated anyone, didn't know how to treat anyone, and with this approach, they were unlikely to learn! The shameful thing is that with their actions, they discredited everything I had worked so hard to create – people's belief in the reality of healing in this way. With their actions, they misled people because they told them things they couldn't do and didn't know how to do. They believed that if they attended my work with people, that would be enough to become master healers. And it wasn't even that I was hiding my secrets from others, but that healing a person requires knowledge, knowledge and more knowledge. Knowledge and experience that you cannot obtain even if you study modern medicine in depth. The fact is that modern medicine is oriented towards a false system of understanding the nature of diseases, or rather, modern medicine has no understanding of the nature of disease, since it (medicine) is oriented towards the symptoms of diseases, not the root cause, and does not even have an understanding of the true nature of living matter, and much more...

I have always been surprised by people's confidence that if they have seen me working with patients, standing next to them, they have understood everything and know everything. This is usually the case. "I know everything, I can do everything and I understand everything." They simply copied the movements of my hands. And these "experts" couldn't even understand the simple truth — the brain works, and the hands are just sensors, conductors. And even when I asked the person I was working with to tell me when he (she) would feel this or that or see this or that, it only meant that these or those sensations, these or those images are nothing more than the tip of the iceberg of what is happening, and it is faster and more convenient to control the process this way! I have said this many times, but for some reason everyone thinks that this is not the case and that it is enough just to copy the movements to get the sensations that are "necessary" from their point of view. It's all in the hat! But it turns out that the "hat" is not what it seems.

expected, and "for some reason" does not "want" to fulfil their wishes. When I encountered such naivety, I involuntarily remembered an old film about Hotabych. When asked to make a telephone, he used his magic to create a marble telephone box from the finest marble and a telephone with a gold receiver. But it was impossible to have a conversation on such a "telephone"! The external form did not correspond to the internal content — the eternal philosophical problem of the unity of form and content. So my "wise men" - mentors saw only the outside of the process and thought it was enough to make me! They obviously had no problem with "modesty". They seemed to take my "I" seriously. My desire to emphasise not myself but the importance of what was happening was interpreted in a very unexpected way - it gave these people the confidence that their presence in my work meant more than just being eyewitnesses, but the future showed that they had made a crucial mistake in thinking this way. My reluctance to create any kind of aura around myself had led to

halos "appearing" before the witnesses of my actions. I could not even imagine that such absurdity was possible; reality was richer than my imagination on this matter! Unfortunately, these people were not the last to do so, but that was yet to come.

Just before leaving Germany, I decided to buy a car. After all the expenses and since not everyone had paid for my work, I didn't have enough money to buy a new car. So I decided to buy a good second-hand car. I chose a ten-year-old silver Mercedes-Benz 230. The previous owner had obviously taken good care of the car, which had many extras, the most interesting of which was a device installed in the cabin that allowed the driver to increase or decrease the pressure in the tyres without leaving the cabin. So, after some consideration, I bought this car. I had obtained my driving licence shortly before this trip to Germany and had only driven the car a few times while preparing for my driving test. That is, if you don't count the fact that as a child my grandmother let me drive her Zaporozhets a few times. And then it became a stumbling block for me to start the car from a standstill. It was explained to me that in order to start the car, I had to gently press the accelerator pedal with my other foot at the same time as releasing the clutch. And that became a problem for me. Instead of gently pressing the accelerator pedal and slowly releasing the clutch pedal, as I had been instructed, I tried to "catch" the momentum of the clutch by moving the accelerator and clutch pedals simultaneously. I managed to do it periodically, but not always. My grandmother turned out to be a bad driving instructor. But despite this ridiculous misunderstanding, I still loved cars. But that didn't change anything — I couldn't afford to buy a car. In principle, I could have saved up for a used car, but there was always a situation where I had to help one person or another, and because of that, I couldn't save up the necessary amount. For this reason, I had no opportunity to gain driving experience. So when I bought the Mercedes, I had no idea how to drive it.

Of course, I had sat in the passenger seat next to the driver many times, but it is one thing to sit next to him and watch someone else do it, and quite another to do it yourself. Moreover, the interior layout of Soviet cars differed significantly from that of German cars. Especially at night, the many illuminated devices gave the impression that you were in a "flying saucer" or at least in the cabin of a passenger plane! In addition, my Mercedes had an automatic transmission and two pedals instead of three, nothing complicated, of course, but when you don't know what to do, you get a little confused. I didn't take the risk of driving myself to the house where I had rented accommodation. In the evening, when few people could see my attempts to master the car, I began to "tame" my iron steed. In principle, I was worried in vain, everything turned out to be quite simple and I quickly got used to driving the car. The next day I was already "racing" on German roads. And the day after that, I tried the motorway. I have a pretty good sense of speed and distance, I wasn't afraid of other cars or speed, and for the first time in my car, I tried to squeeze out the maximum. Unfortunately, the maximum speed of my Mercedes was only two hundred and twenty kilometres per hour. But despite this, there was an incomparable feeling from driving at such a speed, especially on roads like those in Germany. At such a speed, the car doesn't even move, it runs smoothly and softly, and I couldn't even believe that such a thing was possible after our roads. I bought gifts for my relatives, bought a Japanese TV, a video recorder, etc. I "changed" the wheels of my car to Swedish winter tyres. In short, my car became a "gem"; it was a pleasure to look at it and an even greater pleasure to drive it. Just before I left, a small problem arose. I was still not used to the size of my car, especially when parking. In front of the house where I lived, the road sloped upwards, and when I parked on the hill between my neighbours' cars, I reversed too far and didn't notice that I was dangerously close to another car and damaged my neighbour's car with the hook on the boot. My Mercedes didn't have a single scratch, but the front of my neighbour's car was dented from

the powerful tow bar. The previous owner had reinforced this tow bar considerably, obviously travelling frequently with a heavy trailer. In any case, for the first time in my life, I encountered the effects of an insurance policy. I had insured my car when I bought it, and this proved beneficial. The owner of the house was a solicitor, and after taking the necessary details from me, he took it upon himself to deal with the hassle of the insurance policy. This incident was the only one that did not upset me much. There were a few days left before my departure, and I began to prepare for it.

At that time, my third client turned to me for advice on what I would recommend he do with his money. I answered his question as I understood it. That the best investment would be to buy a second-hand car, which he could later sell in the USSR for good money. This option would allow him to get the maximum profit for every mark he invested. He thanked me for the advice and asked Vladimir, our interpreter's husband, to help him with this matter. He also asked me to go with him to help him choose a car. I agreed to help him with that. However, I was a little surprised by one thing. This man did not even ask me how much he owed me during our stay in Germany. He obviously thought that my expenses were my problem and had nothing to do with him. He lived, ate and dressed at my expense for two and a half months, not counting my expenses for him before we left. It's one thing when he had no money, I thought that in that case I should pay the expenses, but it's quite another when a person has money and has earned it, just like me. But he didn't even ask about it. This surprised me, and I continued to observe him. At least the first two rebels reimbursed me for the expenses they owed me. I simply told them that I had spent so much on our accommodation and food and that, if they deemed it necessary, they would reimburse me for those expenses. Dividing the total expenses I had mentioned into four would not be difficult for anyone. After saying that, I withdrew, I did not insist that they reimburse me for the money I had spent on them, I just thought that every decent person should do the right thing, as I would have done in a similar situation. A person must first and foremost repay the debt of honour, and with the remaining money, they are free to do whatever they want. That is their right. I had such ideas about honour, but I did not require others to act according to my ideas, only as their conscience dictated.

It was a big surprise to me that two rebels were still able to part with money that was so valuable to them, and one of them brought me his debt. With obvious regret, but they did it. I was glad that they still had a conscience. But the conscience of my third ward was fast asleep and there was no time to wake it up. How else can I explain the fact that he didn't even bring it up then or later? But, as I already mentioned, he asked me for advice on how to spend his money better. The rebels "Gniloch" ended up in one place, and the third branch in another. We found him a car according to his budget, and he bought it for himself.

22. The road back to the USSR

So I had a companion in the car on the way home. I bought two walkie-talkies so that I could communicate while driving. We had worked out a route and were basically ready to make stops. On the last evening before departure, as I already mentioned, I invited Norbert Stoyler to a restaurant, and the next morning we came to the office to say goodbye and set off, each in our own car. For me, this was my first test and, at the same time, a learning experience. We took the motorway, chose the right direction and drove at the maximum speed our cars were capable of. We drove from south to north for quite some time, gradually veering eastwards. The route was chosen so that, travelling north, we could turn east without entering Berlin and reach the border with the USSR near Brest on the road crossing Poland from west to east. We only stopped at

petrol stations to refuel, buy cold water or drinks, etc. Somehow, my charge always ended up in the toilet "for some reason" when it was time to pay. His stomach "suffered" from a strange disorder, which was very convenient for the owner.

I continued to observe my last ward. Money has never had power over me, but I always had to earn it through my own labour. No one has ever come and given me money in the form of gifts or in any other form, and I would not accept such gifts. By nature, I don't feel comfortable when someone does me a favour, so I have always preferred to earn the necessary funds myself. And I did not believe that someone would come and offer me money to realise my plans and projects, or rather, a little later, whatever my heart desired, but the payment for such "manna from heaven" was unacceptable to me. Nevertheless, I did not fuss about money, even though I realised that without it, it was almost impossible to achieve anything, especially in the field to which I had dedicated my life. Nevertheless, I did not respect consumers, people who only cared about themselves and for whom nothing was sacred except money. My last mentor continued to show off, and I increasingly disliked the consumer's face shining through his mask. A telling detail is that just before he left, he decided to buy another suit, but this time with his own money. And "strangely" he chose the cheapest suit, several times cheaper than the one I had paid for. Perhaps I need not continue, this approach to buying speaks for itself.

I watched with sadness as people who spoke such beautiful words about lofty things, when confronted with reality, "for some reason" immediately forgot about those lofty things when it came to themselves, their own interests and their own benefit. They instantly forgot everything and turned into the most ordinary fools. It is clear that there was no real core in them, it is clear that the great spirit of their ancestors had degenerated in them, which was what the enemies of the human race, destroying the flower of the Russian nation, the Russian people, had been striving for! But I still believed that there would be real people, people with a capital letter, who would become my true comrades, not companions until the first danger. And despite everything, I knew and believed that the hour and day would come when the memory of their ancestors would awaken in people and they would once again seek to free themselves from spiritual slavery. But I also knew that people themselves would not wake up and that I would have to fight the enemies who had plunged people into this "sleep". And that I would have to fight alone! At that time, I did not know that I would meet a person — my future wife Svetlana, who would become not only a spiritually close person to me, then my wife, but also my companion in my war against the enemies of the human race — the social parasites, as I later called them. And at that time, I became increasingly sad when I saw how people were becoming superficial right before my eyes.

We were lucky that there were no traffic jams on the motorway and we moved forward very quickly and with a fresh wind, literally and figuratively. After seven or eight hours, we turned right and started moving east. Very soon we crossed the former border between the two Germanys. This became clear at the first petrol station when we looked in the toilet. In the former GDR, the toilets were, of course, not like those in the USSR in 1990, but they were far from the cleanliness of the toilets in West Germany. And the roads... The roads in the former GDR were not the same! I had nothing else to compare them to, as the chosen route did not pass through a single town, even a small one, in the former GDR. Around midnight on the same day, we reached the German-Polish border and decided to take a short break. We rested in our own cars, with the seat backs reclined as far as possible. I wouldn't say that such a rest is no worse than a five-star hotel, but we managed to get some tolerable rest. After a few hours of rest, we were ready to hit the road. But before continuing, we waited for the customs office on the German side to open, and here's why. On the advice of Vladimir, Irina's translator's husband, we made special

documents (with his help, of course) for our purchases in the shops, according to which we were refunded part of the money we had paid for purchases at the border, which is included in the price as tax for citizens and does not apply to foreigners. With these documents, I got back a pretty decent amount of money, and after exchanging a few marks for Polish zlotys, I crossed the German-Polish border without any problems. The German border guards just looked at the documents and gave permission, and the Polish ones put a transit stamp in my passport, and here we are... already travelling on the roads of our recent great friend. Poland. The roads in Poland were not so good, although there were no particular potholes or bumps. The petrol stations were both good and far from what could be called such. It seems that not everywhere and not everyone had time to "reorganise", especially in rural areas.

We travelled through Poland at maximum speed wherever possible. Fields, forests and lakes could be seen outside the car window. We crossed large and small rivers, one landscape replacing another. Our route also took us through Warsaw, but we passed through without even stopping. We didn't want to get lost, so we followed the road signs without deviating from the map. After passing through Warsaw quite quickly, we headed for Brest. The road to the border with the USSR was very narrow, with only one lane in each direction. And in this regard, there was an incident on the road. Not far from the Polish-Soviet border, the following happened. My protégé was driving his car first, and I saw him overtaking a truck. According to our agreement, I had to follow him. That's what I did. And when I started to overtake him, I realised that it wasn't just one lorry, but a whole convoy of vehicles. At the same time, each car was practically tailgating the one in front, so it was almost impossible to squeeze in between them. And it was impossible to see the end and the edge of this convoy. My acquaintance's car began to pick up speed to rush past this convoy, and I did the same, as it was impossible to drive endlessly in the opposite lane. Oncoming cars could appear at any moment with all the consequences that would entail. And now I see the car in front of me overtaking the truck in front of the column, and I am already satisfied that everything went smoothly. The problems were avoided, but the accident could not be avoided. Suddenly, my ward's car stops right in the opposite lane in front of me! On my right, there is a solid wall of trucks and there is no way to squeeze between them, and in front of me, in the opposite lane, is the car of a driver with five years of experience, as he boasted! This is one of those situations! There is no time to think, and I do the only thing possible - I go around the car that has stopped right in front of me on the left. After going around such an unexpected obstacle in this way, I understood the reason for my companion's strange behaviour. A Polish policeman was standing by the roadside waving his baton. He waved at me too, and after overtaking the first truck in the convoy, I stopped my car on the side of the road, on my side of the lane, not on the opposite side. However, when the policeman asked me to stop, my passenger could not think of anything better than to stop immediately in the opposite lane, without even considering that in such a situation there was nowhere else to go.

He must have lied "a little" about his five years of driving experience, because otherwise, if I hadn't reacted correctly in that situation, at best, both his and my cars would have been seriously damaged, and at worst, we would have had a lot of trouble! But everything was fine, I paid the fine to the policeman and said a few words to my companion about how skilfully and "super professionally" he had stopped his car in the opposite lane. Everything turned out with minimal consequences — I had to pay the fine only for myself and for him, as he had no more currency "on hand". I have no intention of emptying his pockets and proving that he is lying. It's just that the closer we got to the border with the USSR, the more reluctantly he parted with his marks. He must have already calculated how much each mark was worth in roubles and felt sorry for the "birdie", i.e., sorry for the German marks! Anyway, that was the most serious incident of the entire trip back. We soon reached the border near Brest. We passed through border control and customs without any problems and parked our cars in the car park. To continue on, we had to pay a road tax for the cars.

My charge had arranged with his relatives to bring the necessary amount of money to customs. I asked him to bring some for me, as there was no one else to bring the money. His relative brought the money and after we paid the customs fees, we continued on our way. We rested for a few hours while we waited for the man with the money to arrive. And now we are travelling along the roads of Belarus, passing through Minsk and onwards... along the roads of Ukraine. The roads in Ukraine and Belarus are better than in Russia, but they are not perfect either. The condition of the road surface on the strategic motorways is better, so it was possible to drive at a good speed. As before, where the road allowed and there were no traffic jams, we drove at a maximum speed of over two hundred kilometres per hour. Of course, we slowed down at traffic police checkpoints, and the drivers' brotherhood almost never failed us. A quick flash of the headlights and you knew that ahead of you were waiting "friends" in police uniforms, who were completely indifferent to the fact that you were breaking the speed limit; for them, it was only to their advantage - each of them got twenty-five roubles, and they were not masters of the machine "milking"! That's why I personally didn't get upset about speeding violations, because the money from the "fines" went into the traffic police's own pockets. Anyway, my native fields and forests flashed by on the side of the road, the signs could be understood without a translator, and communication did not make me feel inferior. That same night, we arrived in Kharkiv and spent the night at my ward's flat, as my apartment was still uninhabitable, just bare walls. After I slept, I contacted my acquaintances and we agreed on the registration of the car. After all, we had come with German registration plates, and it was impossible to drive for long without registration. I arranged everything and in the evening I went to visit my acquaintances, where I introduced my ward to these people.

One of the reasons I didn't stay longer in Germany was that in early November 1990, the Phenomenon School was supposed to be held in Kiev, which was one of the first in the USSR to get the right to issue diplomas under the Ministry of Health of the Ukrainian SSR. Albert Ignatenko, a well-known artist in the USSR in this original genre, headed this centre and ran the school. I had never met him before, but I knew his name from television films in which he demonstrated his unusual abilities in suggestology, as he called his method of influencing people. My acquaintance from Kharkov knew him well, as he had worked with him several times as an assistant during concert performances. Although my name was already more or less known in the country, I did not have an official "document", and as everyone knows, without a "document" you are a beetle, and with a "document" you are a person! I couldn't get a "document" for myself, if only because I didn't have any organisation under whose "roof" to work. Of course, if I wanted to, I could have had a "roof" right away, but unfortunately, not the one I wanted. I think everyone understands what kind of "roofs" I'm talking about. Anyway, I worked as a "freelance artist". I was free, I never "bowed down" to anyone and I never intended to "bow down" anymore. That's why I needed such a "document" to secure me in some way from the bureaucratic side! And the "Phenomenon" centre, which issued a completely official diploma, suited me perfectly. So, just a few days after returning home from Germany, I was already on a plane to Kiev with my mentor from Haskovo and another person I knew before moving to Moscow in 1988, whose name was Valery. We all stayed at a hotel near the airport and the next day we went to listen to the lectures on the first day of classes. At Albert Ignatenko's school, the lectures were given by several people, except for him.

I wanted to listen to his lecture, as it was the first time I had seen him and heard him speak. He presented his understanding of suggestology from the perspective of a practising, naturally gifted person, but I did not get the impression that he himself fully understood what he naturally possessed. And no wonder, he was not a scientist in the full sense of the word, he was a creator of

an original genre, who not only used his gift, but also tried to understand its essence. And to give him his due, in this respect he achieved more than most people who called themselves and considered themselves scientists. After the lecture, my protégé introduced me to him and we met for the first time... For ten days, I conscientiously attended all the lectures, and not because they gave me anything new; unfortunately, I already knew and understood, if not everything, then a great deal. Many things presented as revelations were familiar to me not theoretically, but from my own practice. But I did not consider it possible or necessary to say so. As they say, don't enter someone else's monastery with your own rules! And I tried to stick to that rule. No one asks me why I should interfere with my own understanding and get in the way of others, no matter how right I think I am. A guest must follow the rules of etiquette. But I was unable to avoid one unintentional intervention. During the break between lectures, one of the students in the course suddenly approached me and, with great surprise on her face, asked me if I remembered her or not. I had never seen her before and was about to say no, but I wondered how she knew me. So I began to review the situation related to her and started to list what had happened to her. She was even more surprised and, clearly confused and not understanding, she left. The next day, she came to me again and showed me an article in an old newspaper, asking me again if I recognised the girl in the photo. I looked at the photo and, after studying it carefully, replied that it was a photo of her when she was younger. This surprised her even more. Now it was time to tell her why.

In the year when her photo and article were printed in the newspaper, due to certain circumstances, she found herself in a state of clinical death. She died of severe poisoning, and when her soul left her body, she saw a bright tunnel. Suddenly, a being of light appeared before her, stopped her and said the following: "Now is not your time to leave, return to your body and heal people!" After saying this, the luminous being returned her to her physical body, and there was no longer any poison in it! This woman's name was Maria, and unfortunately, I did not remember her surname. She was an atheist, like most of the inhabitants of the USSR at that time. After what happened to her, she began to believe in God, as her own experience gave only a divine explanation for everything that happened to her on that day when she was in a state of clinical death. Not only did she start believing in God, but she also started healing people, and on the day she saw me for the first time, she was already a national healer in Ukraine. When Maria saw me during the break, she recognised the man who had brought her back to her body. At first, she thought it was just a resemblance, but my description of everything that had happened to her that day confused her greatly. It was only when I recognised her again in the old photo that she stopped doubting that it was me, a human being, and not God or even an angel, who had saved her and brought her back to life in such an unusual way. I also told her, "I'm sorry I'm not God, and I'm not even an angel from heaven!"

And yet, how strange human beings are. When faced with something unusual, intelligent people immediately attribute a divine nature to everything unusual. But what seems most convenient to explain is not always correct! It is not for nothing that the saying goes: when it seems, a person crosses himself! What happened to her, and my participation in it, has no divine nature and is generally contrary to any religion existing on our Earth Midgard. It's just that many religions take advantage of the fact that people don't understand certain natural phenomena, attribute these phenomena to themselves and declare them to be God's providence, and people humbly accept this lie! I am very sorry that my actions caused this woman, then a young girl, to throw herself into the arms of the church. But she was lucky (or maybe not, maybe she was upset by the realisation that it was not God or an angel who brought her back to life, and I had unwittingly destroyed her beautiful fairy tale, which might have made her life easier) and she met me and remembered my face well, and later recognised me. And how many of those I have helped in the same way continue to believe that they are

saved either by heavenly angels or even by the Almighty Himself, and who will never meet me, nor remember my face, nor even think to compare it with the face of any man. One would so much like the Lord God Himself to take an interest in your face, or at least send His angel as His representative! But here is a little man! Well, what can you do, I am a human being, my parents were quite earthly men and women! No star appeared at the time of my birth, there was no immaculate conception, etc., etc. I am not God, I am not the Son of God, I am not the incarnate Christ, but an ordinary person, well, perhaps not quite ordinary, as it turned out, but still a person! Later, I learned many interesting things about how and who brought my parents together, resulting in the birth of my brother, my sister and me. Now I even know why they got together and that my mother was very involved during the birth. That the birth of my older brother had serious consequences for my mother and that the doctors strongly recommended that she have an abortion, scaring her with the possibility of death during childbirth for both her and me. But my mother said "no", it will be what it will be, and she gave birth to me quickly and easily, without any problems for anyone! Then she decided to have a third child and gave birth to her long-awaited daughter, my sister, but, as my mother later told me, my sister's birth was difficult, but she gave birth to a healthy girl. Only my mother's birth was quick and easy.

It is interesting to note that my future wife Svetlana had a very similar situation, only in a more severe form. Before her, her mother had given birth to two children by Caesarean section – a boy and a girl – who died shortly after birth. Only when her mother gave birth to her did everything go smoothly and quickly, and without a Caesarean section. Her mother gave birth to two daughters and one son, of whom only my future wife Svetlana survived, while my mother gave birth to two sons and one daughter, all of whom survived, but there were serious problems during the birth of my brother and sister. I am glad that neither my brother nor my sister were affected, and I can only imagine the grief of Svetlana's parents when their first two children died shortly after birth. Yes, now I know and understand why and what caused all this, but it has nothing to do with God's providence in any form, even though fate brought my parents together. Let's take, for example, the fact that after graduating from rural school, my mother went to medical school in Kislovodsk, and not in some other city where there was a medical school, at least in Rostov-on-Don itself. The main reason for choosing Kislovodsk was that my mother's aunt, her mother's older sister, lived there. My paternal grandparents settled in Kislovodsk shortly before the war began, after somehow managing to escape exile in Siberia. And after several years of "lying low" in the steppes of Kazakhstan (more correctly - Kazakstan - Kazakoy Stan), where they even had my father's older sister, they settled in Kislovodsk, even though my grandfather's relatives lived in Vladikavkaz (Ordzhonikidze).

By a strange coincidence, the Caucasian mineral waters turned out to be a very unusual place. It is the only place on our planet where magma has not broken through the surface, but has only swelled the earth, thus forming the Pyatigorye Mountains! These mountains are a unique and one-of-a-kind natural phenomenon. This place is a powerful energy hub of Midgard-Earth and was considered sacred by our ancestors. It was in Pyatigorsk that one of the most ancient capitals of the South Slavs was located - the city of Kiev-2 (not far from modern Pyatigorsk) - the capital of the Ruskolan region. And only after the exhausting wars with enemies and the betrayal of the related Goth tribes did most of the Rus' people leave for the northwest and build the new city of Kiev on the Dnieper, which was already the third in a row and far from the first city of the Rus' people, and moreover, it is not the mother of Russian cities, as presented in the modern version of events from the recent past. In the Pyatigorsk region, uranium ore is mined on the surface, thanks to which there are the well-known radon waters. Of course, all natural factors indicate that this natural corner is unique in every respect, and, most likely, that is why fate has

brought my parents to this place – the site of one of the most powerful springs of the source of life mentioned in the Slavic-Aryan Vedas. And this is one of the reasons why the North Caucasus has always been a stumbling block for many nations, states and empires.

One way or another, the following fact remains: <https://> My father was born in Kislovodsk, and My mother came to study in this very city! Some would say that such cases are rare. And they would be right, if it weren't for a few other very strange events that happened after my parents "accidentally" met and started dating. My father was stabbed in the back after confronting some mountain dwellers who had always been disrespectful to Russian girls. They waited for him with a knife around the corner while he was accompanying my mother to the flat where she lived with her friends. He was saved by the fact that it was December and he was wearing a sleeveless wool jacket and a thick coat with drapery, the thickness of which prevented the knife from reaching his heart by a centimetre. As children, we often asked him how and why he had such a scar on his back. But that wasn't all! Shortly before my mother graduated from college, she and my father had a serious argument and didn't see each other for some time. And just at that time, my mother was sent to Kazakhstan to work on a dairy farm at the foot of the mountains, where she lived for a while. My father was not ignored by girls, and he welcomed their attention. And my mother did not suffer from a lack of attention from other boys. But she was slow to accept marriage proposals and even hid from suitors. Then she left for her homeland, without even working until the end of her contract, as she was not provided with even the most basic conditions for work and life. The nearest shop was more than a hundred kilometres away and could only be reached by chance when the dairy farm sent its products to the centre. In short, it was a desert! The young specialist did not even have a place to live, and the paramedic's "station" was a small room. After enduring eight months in such conditions, my mother returned home and started working at the district polyclinic in the village of Orlovskaya, which was also the district centre. It was there that my father found her again. He had come to ask her to marry his older sister's husband, telling my mother that he would not go anywhere without her. With his persistence and determination, he achieved his goal, and on 15 July 1958, they signed the marriage certificate, and in September, they had their wedding in Kislovodsk. And even though my father brought my mother to tears with his womanising even after the wedding, he still did not want to see anyone else as his wife. So it came to the point where someone or something did everything possible and impossible to keep them together, and at the same time, someone or something did everything possible and impossible to prevent this from happening. And the knife that accidentally pierced my father's heart is very strong evidence of this conflict of forces. Of course, this may happen in every family, but I have never heard of anything like it.

Much later, I understood the reason for this attention to my parents. It was very important for someone to combine the genetics of my father's ancient princely family and, quite possibly the equally ancient lineage of my maternal grandfather, who was from Siberia and, as a career officer (and he was still a royal career officer), was sent to serve in the Salyan steppes. But despite the many oddities in my parents' fate, there was and is nothing divine about it. Of course, many people would have been happier if I had started talking about my chosen status and divinity, because I managed to do some things that clearly do not fit into the ideas of modern science and are more suited to God's providence or the deeds of the Messiah. But I knew very well that this was not the case, and I never tried to use the misconceptions of some and the protests of others to make my path easier. Many people simply did not want to admit that I, a human being, had managed to understand what I had set out in my books. Many people would have been happy to say that I had been chosen by divine or extraterrestrial forces as a conduit for what they wanted to convey. But many people were not happy with the fact that everything I know and understand is nothing more than

except for my own understanding, based on the interpretation of my own experience, and that I, a human being, have managed to do it on my own, without any higher powers! How low these people think of humans, to believe that a person can only gain understanding from someone else, but not through their own development. It is entirely possible that I was fortunate enough to find the right key to my genetics, received from my ancestors, and after awakening my genetic memory, I attained enlightenment through knowledge, but my enlightenment through knowledge is fundamentally different from that of my distant and not-so-distant ancestors, not least because I have taken a completely different path and realised this much later, when I got my hands on the Slavic-Aryan Vedas and read about the ideas of our distant ancestors.

But I got a little carried away with philosophical musings, and it's time to return to the events of November 1990, when I didn't understand much and still didn't know much. But one thing I knew for sure: everything I did and could do had nothing to do with divine providence or any other providence, and I told people that, even when they wanted me to say the opposite. After all, if I had told Maria back then that I was an angel from heaven, it might have been easier for her to acknowledge and accept what I had done for her. But I repeat - I do not believe in God and I am not his "instrument", nor anyone else's, and if I do something unusual, it is only because I understand and know why and for what purpose I am doing it, and I take full responsibility for my actions, rather than cowardly shifting that responsibility to God or a higher power, just in case! Whether someone likes it or not...

After attending the course of lectures, I received my diploma and returned to Kharkov. In Kharkov, the registration plate for my car was ready, and after replacing the German one, I drove to Moscow. My mentor in Kharkov asked me to go with him. Taking turns driving, we reached Moscow quite quickly. Valery, with whom I had attended Albert Ignatenko's courses, soon arrived in Moscow. And everyone went about their business. My protégé from Kharkov was interested in one thing: that I return as quickly as possible the money that his relative had taken to customs so that I could pay the duty. He didn't say a word about the fact that he owed me money for the ticket, the passport and his entire stay in Germany. I could see that he was very afraid that I would mention this and not give him the money. It was very unpleasant for me to see this because the only reason he went with me to Moscow was that the money was in the flat where I lived in Moscow. But his conscience is his conscience, I had asked him to provide me with a lift with money to the border and I am responsible for my words. So, as soon as I got to the apartment in Novo-Girevo, I took out the money and returned the full amount requested. After receiving the money, he left Moscow, and with that, my life. I didn't need someone like that in my business! His behaviour reminded me of a character from the magazine "Eralash". During the school holidays, a fat boy was munching on an apple, and another child was standing nearby watching his friend eat the apple. When the apple was eaten, the boy who was watching said regretfully, "If I had an apple, I would share it with you!" To which the other, calmly licking his fingers, replied, "Yes, it's a pity you don't have an apple!" My Kharkiv protégé turned out to be an ordinary consumer who only "looked out for himself." Of the three impostors I went to Germany with, I didn't keep a single one by my side. And the main reason was greed, and greed again. Each of them, to a greater or lesser extent, thought only of their own personal gain, not of making the world a better place! They thought only of themselves, not of others, they needed opportunities only to solve their personal problems with their help, and that is why they never got them from me.

This does not mean that I think people should be selfless — not at all. I just think that a person should have a goal, and that goal cannot be personal enrichment. I simply believe that people should strive for something lofty and beautiful, and money has never been and never will be associated with either of these things! Although in our world, it is necessary in order to be truly free! Money can only be

A tool, but never a goal! Otherwise, one can expect the worst kind of slavery, from which one will never be able to free oneself! It was funny how my ward from Kharkiv formulated his request to get his money back. He said that it was his parents' money and that he had nothing to do with it, but he demanded that the money be returned to him. I just wondered if he had returned the money to them, or if he didn't think it was necessary either. It's funny how people are willing to resort to meanness, lies, deceit, betrayal, etc. for money. It made me very sad to see how people I had done good deeds for and helped solve their problems behaved, even though I had asked for nothing in return. Problems that they would never have been able to solve on their own, and these problems were not only related to health. When the need arose, I took money out of my pocket, sometimes a lot of money for those times, and helped them without any conditions or requirements. But it turned out that they only thought about their own interests and never even considered why I was doing this for them, probably thinking it was just me being kind. And I assumed that people should help each other, share everything they have with each other. Did they think that I would not find something to spend my own money on? They did not even know that by helping them financially, I was denying myself something - the realisation of my dreams, believing that helping these people was more important and that the realisation of my dreams and projects could wait. But "for some reason" the others didn't think that way.

None of my students passed the German language test. I don't regret the money I lost in the process, but I am sorry and offended that not a single one of the "contestants" passed the test. Nevertheless, I am glad that all this came to light so quickly and that the greed of these people will no longer harm the cause I was serving back then – the cause of justice, the cause of the fight against social parasites, the essence of which I was just beginning to understand. Of course, it is a pity that these people failed the "lice" test, but it would have been really bad if they had managed to hide their true colours and later revealed them at the most inopportune moment. After all, my enemies — the social parasites — have almost unlimited financial resources, and therefore, if a person has such a "worm," they will always find a way to discover it and bring it to the necessary state. In this way, the potential traitor lies dormant within a person, and when it awakens, it can lead to serious consequences. This "Trojan horse" is very dangerous, but until a person has shown through their actions that they have become a slave to their weakness, you cannot blame them in advance for what they have not yet done. A person has the right to a chance to do the right thing, even though in their mind they have already committed treason. A person can overcome their weakness at the last moment and act according to their conscience. A person should not be deprived of this right; a person should be judged not only by their thoughts, but also by their actions. Only with this approach is it possible to avoid mistakes.

The tactics I used during my trip to Germany proved to be very effective. Of course, I could have conducted an "analysis" after each sting, but that would only have made them act more cautiously and secretly, and if they already had the virus of greed, betrayal or cowardice, it would have led to all of this simply being hidden within them, waiting for its "moment of glory." Such a "mine" is very difficult to detect and prove that it is real! But I am repulsed by even the thought, even with the best of intentions, of monitoring the people around me. I wanted to be sure that if I did have collaborators, I could safely "turn my back" on them without expecting a "stab in the back." And the tactics I used allowed me to do so very quickly and with minimal losses. It is better to face your enemies alone, then you know for sure that you can only rely on yourself, without expecting a stab in the back. It is better to take a "circular defence" and not be caught off guard by someone you have trusted. And a person should earn trust with their real deeds, not with grandiose statements about them, as is most often the case. The fact that my fake in Kharkiv did not deem it necessary to contact me and tell me that I was wanted by the Germans confirms the correctness of my

Conclusions. The fact is that after I returned to Moscow, I moved out of the flat where I had been living before my trip to Germany and moved into my cousin's flat in Butovo. The Germans were looking for me because the results of my experiments with shampoos and creams were positive and they wanted to actively collaborate with me. The Germans tried to find me using my old phone numbers, but without success. So they called my department in Kharkiv. And he, realizing that he couldn't "get anything" out of me, didn't even tell me that they were looking for me. Although he knew where and how I could be found, he also knew people with whom I was in constant contact and who would have given me the information. "Somehow" he didn't do it, which quite eloquently characterises his consumerist nature. I understood what it was years later. So my conclusions about his human suitability to work and fight against social parasites turned out to be correct.

Unfortunately, the last thousand years of increasing activity by social parasites have borne fruit. For many people, money has become an idol, especially after the genetic cleansing of the 20th century, which almost completely destroyed the cream of the Russian nation, from the aristocracy to the peasantry. The survivors were imposed with a dead worldview that was false in its essence. Hiding behind beautiful words, the communists actually created complete lawlessness, promoting only those people who, for the sake of their own well-being, were ready to walk over the corpses of others, and so on. As a result, a new "elite" was brought up on these principles, and many of those who did not make it but really wanted to be part of this "elite" began to orient themselves towards it. It became unprofitable to be honest, dignified and noble. And after the destruction of the flower of the nation, some of the bearers of Russian genetics without this core of the nation began to "remagnetise" themselves, adapting to the new conditions, acquiring, like chameleons, the colour of the new "nobility" - the social parasites. Fortunately, not everyone does this.

So, unfortunately, none of those I considered as potential future collaborators passed the "louse" test, as I call it. Well, it is better to have no partners at all than to have partners who can stab you in the back at any moment, as long as someone offers them good money. It is better to fight your enemies alone, knowing that you can only rely on yourself, than to rely on others who, at the first sign of danger, will leave the battlefield or, even worse, betray or sell you out! It is better to have no such "companions"!

23. The war begins

In Moscow, I spent some time sorting out my affairs. As I mentioned, I paid off my debts and moved into a new flat. My new temporary base was my aunt's flat in Butovo. My cousin Lena was in charge of her flat and offered me the living room. My aunt Tamara also had no objection. At that time, my sister was a fifth-year student and, like many young people, she was interested in everything I was doing. I moved my modest belongings into this flat and after a while I travelled to Kharkiv again in my car. I had a few things to do in that city and wanted to at least tidy up my flat a little. After I received a one-room flat in September 1988, I didn't live in it for a single day. There were several reasons for this, one of which was that the first thing I had to do in the new flat was to renovate it, as I had to repaint the linoleum, repaint the walls and ceiling, etc., etc. So I decided to tidy it up after all. To this end, I bought the necessary building materials and all that remained was to do it. And so, after settling my affairs with the move to the new "base" in Moscow, I travelled to Kharkiv in my Mercedes and, after a few days in that city, flew to my homeland just before New Year. My parents were very

They were delighted at my arrival, and I gave them the gifts I had brought them from Germany. On top of that, my sister had recently given birth to a son, whom I had not yet seen. I did not know when I would be able to visit my parents again, and I was right, because I did not return home until sixteen years later. I certainly did not think or imagine that I would have to live in the United States for many years. But my parents were happy to see me at home and hear about my impressions of Germany. After spending a few days at my parents' house, I returned to Kharkiv and began renovating my flat.

At my request, my friends sold one of the video recorders I had brought with me at a good price, and I had a little money for living expenses. I had to start by clearing away the construction debris that was "for some reason" under the linoleum, and then redo the plaster, level the corners, etc. Then I had to prepare the walls for wallpapering, and to create the illusion of high ceilings, I installed the cornices I had ordered earlier around the perimeter of the room. All this decorated my home, and after the wallpaper was hung, the flat began to look very good indeed. A friend helped me with all this work, and I am very grateful to him for his assistance. So, the flat took on a more or less decent appearance, but it was... empty! It was still necessary to find and buy furniture, preferably... decent furniture. Thanks to my acquaintances, I was first able to buy a very nice carpet with a pleasant pattern for the whole room, and a little later, a Yugoslavian wall unit, very comfortable armchairs with a coffee table and a pull-out sofa, which formed a set. In Soviet times, all this could only be "obtained" through connections or, more easily, through bribery, or by waiting in line for several years, or by paying several times the price to get it quickly. I didn't have to overpay because my acquaintances helped me. Anyway, the furniture was assembled and installed, the apartment looked lived in, and it was time to go back to Moscow. The thing is, Director Albert Ignatenko invited me to give a series of lectures at his school, which was supposed to start in mid-February. I decided to accept the offer, which meant I had to return to Moscow. So I didn't even have to live in my flat after getting it ready in a few days.

A few days before my departure, I told a guest about my involvement in the Chernobyl affairs, about my request for help, which I addressed to one of the highest hierarchies of the Universe, with whom I was in contact at that time, and at my request they sent a rescue spaceship, whose actions prevented the planetary catastrophe that was supposed to happen in early October 1987. As I have already written about this, the actions of the extraterrestrial spaceship were observed by those involved in the events surrounding the sarcophagus of the fourth reactor. The appearance of the spaceship above the sarcophagus was a complete surprise to everyone and was kept in complete secrecy from the masses by the special services, and not only that! So my account, with its minute details and precise timing on the one hand, and my explanation of the reason for the appearance of this spaceship on the other, attracted a great deal of attention to me from the Soviet special services. And it was from that moment that a fundamentally new chapter in my life began - my clash with the special services, first of the USSR and then of other countries. And, of course, I didn't realise it right away. You could say that life itself presented me with a fait accompli, without asking me whether I liked it or not, whether I wanted it or not. A few days after that fateful conversation, as if in passing, on the street, after I had insured my Mercedes with the State Insurance Company, I was offered the opportunity to wear epaulettes again. However, judging by the salary they offered me, the proposers had clearly "mistaken" the size of my stars and the way they (the stars) were placed on my epaulettes when I left the army in 1986. They offered me a salary of 600 roubles, complete freedom of action, full cooperation from the authorities in all my endeavours and a green light for all my actions! And I wouldn't even have to wear a uniform, I could go wherever I wanted and as much as I wanted, I just had to do what was asked of me "sometimes"!

It was a very "nice" offer, but I didn't get the "right" enthusiasm and excitement! I declined, saying that I preferred freedom in my actions and was not prepared to carry out orders that contradicted my ideas and beliefs, but that I was prepared to do everything in my power in cases where requests for assistance corresponded to my ideas of what was good and what was bad. Of course, I realised that refusing to cooperate with the special services, more specifically with the GRU, would be shocking for me, but that did not change my decision. I had already freed myself from naivety and Soviet propaganda and did not believe that the 1917 revolution and everything that happened to my homeland afterwards was and is for the benefit of my people. Even then, not entirely and not in all its "colours", I had an idea of who did what to Russia and why. Of course, I could have said that I would think about it, but that was not in my nature. I expected that my refusal would be followed by repressive actions on the part of the "merchants," but at that time I did not know and did not imagine what they would be and how quickly they would follow.

After I had basically finished renovating my flat and furnished it to my taste with what I could afford, I was ready to return to Moscow. I had several conversations with Director Ignatenko Stella about the start of his school in Moscow, and after receiving the exact time of the start of classes, I decided to go to Moscow with my car. The last night before my departure, I slept for the first and last time in my own apartment, also the first! I parked my car in a secure paid car park for the night. As it turned out, this did not help to avoid trouble, except that no one broke or stole anything. As I found out a little later, the paid car park even added something to my car, more precisely to the tyre of the left front wheel. On the day of departure, I wanted to leave early so that I could reach Moscow before dark. But after driving the car to my home and going up to my flat on the ninth floor, I decided to get some sleep, as I was a little tired from the repairs. That "little" turned out to be a very long time, because instead of leaving in the morning, I left in the evening. I will not describe again my first acquaintance with the "gratitude" of the Soviet special services for the fact that back then, in early October 1987, I asked the hierarchy of the Universe for help. A small radio-controlled explosive device detonated in my wheel in response to a signal from a small radio beacon installed on a dangerous section of the Kharkov-Moscow motorway. This happened only because I left later and stopped on the way because the trucks in front of me were splashing mud on the windscreen of my Mercedes, and I decided to sleep in the car in the car park and drive at night when there were almost no cars on the road. If it hadn't been for that, who knows how things would have turned out, but anyway, after the tyre exploded on a section of the road with very steep slopes, only my car was damaged, mainly because it hit the safety barrier with the right side of the front door.

My car stopped in the most incredible way, instead of rolling over many times before reaching the bottom of the ravine. No one wanted to believe that this had happened, even though there was clear evidence of it. The car stopped only because the steel cable of the fence caught on the hook of the boot and thus stopped the car. At the same time, the impact was so strong that the lower part of the car's boot was bent. By a lucky coincidence, among the few cars on the road at that time, there was a truck with a winch, which was used to pull my Mercedes back onto the road. I thanked everyone who helped me, replaced the left front wheel with a spare, and continued on my way. Early in the morning, I arrived in Butovo and, after unloading the car, went to rest. When I told Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev what had happened and my opinion about it, he began to convince me that the reason for the accident was my inexperience as a driver. But I was not convinced by his explanation, not because I considered myself a "hard" driver, but because my inexperience had nothing to do with the huge hole in the wheel tread. It was not a punctured wheel or a burst tyre, but a wheel with a huge hole that looked exactly like what happens in an explosion. But the confirmation is not even what could be attributed to some hidden defect in the tyre, which in itself would be very strange, but the fact that this attempt to rid the earth of my presence was not the last! I really did say to

Sergeev said that it was unlikely that our special services would be able to remove me or force me to do something against my will, but they either did not believe his message or decided to check it out.

Anyway, the second attempt to get rid of me did not take long. Shortly after my arrival in Moscow, classes began at the Phenomenon School. Albert Ignatenko offered me to give a series of my lectures at his school. I usually had several lessons almost every day. Besides me and Ignatenko, several other people also gave lectures. During my lectures, I shared with my listeners my understanding of nature in general and human nature in particular. I worked with people, qualitatively transforming their brains and creating an evolutionary leap in their development. The place where the lectures were held was not far from the garden ring, so my way home was always the same. From the garden ring, I turned onto Warsaw Highway, passed Danilovsky Market, and then took the motorway to Butovo. I travelled to the classes with my brother and cousin, who were also participating in the seminar. One day in February, after the classes were over, I was travelling home with my brother and cousin. After turning off the Garden Ring and heading onto the Warsaw Highway, I saw a convoy of military trucks on the road. As far as I remember, there was a very long brick building with many shops on the ground floor along the highway, and then there was a car park in front of the Danilovsky Market. So the military convoy was standing next to this long building all the way to the intersection. Well, it was a military convoy, what was so special about it? It would have been just that, if a truck hadn't pulled out of the middle of the convoy, stopped on the side of the road and rushed towards me. My defence system kicked in and I managed to avoid a serious collision in time. The military Ural only knocked off the handle of the right rear door. I was in the second lane and managed to get into the third lane without any problems.

I stopped and listened to the explanations of those responsible for the incident. It turned out that the convoy belonged to some KGB unit (quite curious, isn't it?), the driver was a sergeant who had left the army a few months later, and so on and so forth. But the most curious thing is that this car was moving in the middle of the convoy. I myself served in the army and travelled in a convoy of cars. I was a senior officer in the car and I know that a car in the middle of a convoy cannot move in principle; this is a gross violation of orders and regulations. Neither the sergeant in charge of demobilisation nor the ensign in charge of the car could have known this! Most likely, the following happened. This convoy was waiting for my arrival. They had obviously been informed that I had already left and was on my way, but I crossed the section separating us faster than they had expected, and they obviously did not have time to give the entire convoy the order to move. Only those who were tasked with staging the accident were forced to rush out of the convoy, but even that did not save the situation. I managed to block the actions of the Ural driver, otherwise one can imagine what would have happened if that Ural had crashed into the side of my car at full speed. The second failure did not reassure them either. In April, there was a third attempt, even more complicated. After this incident, there was a lull on the "front" for a while; it seems that the other "side" was thinking about what would be good to do to me. Meanwhile, my life went on...

At the suggestion of Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev, whom I already knew, I met Victoria Mikhailovna Zub, who at that time was working as a director for a Russian television channel. We got talking and she really liked what she heard from me. As a result of our several conversations, she came up with the idea for a series of programmes called "Portrait Against the Background of the Universe". Four thirty-minute programmes were created and broadcast. The first programme was filmed at the television centre in Ostankino, and the programme consisted of an interview with me. While we were talking about general ideas and concepts, the "talking head" format was more or less acceptable, but when it came to specific concepts and phenomena, I suggested to Victoria Mikhailovna that we intersperse our "talking heads" with various stories related to the topic of conversation. As

Starting with the second programme, there was more and more explanatory material in the broadcasts, so that while I was explaining something, viewers could see what I was talking about on the screen. For example, when I was explaining cell division and the phenomenon of the complete disappearance of the old cell and the appearance of a new one only after a certain interval of time, Victoria Mikhailovna managed to find a fragment of a recording of the process of cell division observed through a tunnel microscope. When I later watched the programme on air, it was very impressive! In other programmes, for example, a specially filmed segment was used, my experiment, when a person whom I had put into a state of altered consciousness was filmed with a brain encephalogram, and the camera showed that the person in this state was thinking, answering questions, etc., while according to the recording device, the person should have been in a state of clinical death or coma! For me, the process of working on the programmes was very interesting, as Victoria Mikhailovna, as they say, did not step on my "neck". We discussed the stories together, and there was a good creative atmosphere. As a result of her approach, each subsequent programme was more interesting than the last.

Alongside my work on these programmes, I accepted several invitations from Albert Ignatenko to give lectures at his Centre for Phenomena. After giving lectures in Moscow, I also gave lectures in his hometown of Nikolaev. At the school in Nikolaev, I was given more hours, and besides me and Ignatenko, several other people also gave lectures. The last time I gave lectures with Albert Ignatenko was in Donetsk, where he also invited me. In this mining capital, there was a course of lectures for doctors, and I gave about half of the lectures, while Ignatenko gave the other half. In principle, this ten-day training course at the Centre for Phenomena was based solely on his and my lectures. And once, when the course was almost over, the organisers of these seminars from Donetsk came to me and said that, with all due respect to Albert Ignatenko, they would very much like me to hold my own school in Donetsk. Then, for the first time, I thought: why not? After all, to run my school, all I needed was myself, a place to hold it, and, of course, people who wanted to do it. I and the people who wanted to do it already existed, and finding a place would not be difficult. The only drawback was that I could not give my students diplomas for attending my lectures. I said that I would think about their proposal and if it was not important for them to receive a "diploma", then my school could be there. Among the group of Don citizens who initiated the project was a journalist named Valentina, who asked for my phone number and expressed a desire to write an article about my work related to Chernobyl. Soon after, she came to Moscow and we even met several times. Nothing came of all this, but this woman tried to interest an American businessman in me, whom I even met once, but nothing came of that meeting either.

But what I am really grateful to this woman for is that she introduced me to my future wife, Svetlana. And it happened in a rather amusing way, as I later learned. At the time, Svetlana was working as a television journalist for the Polish branch of the European television company Antenna, and one of her tasks was to search for people with unusual talents in the USSR. Thanks to Svetlana, many names became famous in the country in the late 1980s and early 1990s. For example, Valentina, a journalist from Donetsk, after meeting Svetlana, once asked her if she was interested in Levashov, who was restoring people's brains. Strange as it may seem, after giving Svetlana my phone number, she suddenly disappeared and I never heard from her again, nor did she call me. Apparently, her role was to connect us, and that was all! To act as a kind of link between our destinies. And for that I am very grateful to her.

Around the same time, in April 1991, the "military action" against me resumed. Late one evening, the alarm in my car went off. I looked out the window and saw nothing, thinking that someone had simply touched the car with their hand. The next morning, I was travelling to another meeting, as my cousin often travelled with me to these meetings. That was the case that morning as well. The night before, I had filled

the full tank of my Mercedes and all the spare cans, of which I had four in the boot. Anyone who remembers those times knows how things are with petrol and how you have to queue up to fill up your car's tank. So, I went to the meeting, it was April, there was mud on the roads... in short, it was a normal April day. And then, as I was driving, I noticed that the fuel gauge was dropping very quickly! So quickly that it was literally crawling down. At first, I thought the fuel gauge sensor was broken, so I stopped the car, checked all the connections, etc., and set off again. But nothing changed, the fuel in my car's tank continued to decrease incredibly quickly. I stopped again, but this time I didn't turn off the engine and got out of the car. Until then, I had no idea where the fuel pump was located in a Mercedes. But I had a clear idea that the problem was under the right front fender of the car. I bent down and saw a very curious sight. From the fuel pump (as I realised a little later) at the bottom of the car, a fountain of petrol was gushing out, which, hitting the pressure at the bottom itself, flew in drops in different directions. Nearby were the terminals of the electric motor that drove this petrol pump. So, petrol splashes, electric sparks... it was an amusing situation with a very predictable outcome.

Realising the danger of the situation, I pulled my cousin out of the car, found the nearest telephone, called and cancelled the meeting, and then called my mechanic and told him about my problem. Apparently, I didn't explain the problem clearly enough, because when I got to him (and it took me quite a long time to get to his garage, travelling about thirty-five kilometres after discovering the problem and a full seventy kilometres from home) and he saw everything with his own eyes, his first question was, "How did you get here alive and not explode?" And that's exactly what he said to me. The fuel pump housing is specially made from an alloy that breaks into small pieces in the event of an impact or other damage. All this is done to prevent pressurised petrol from leaking through cracks in the petrol pump body, because in such a case an explosion is inevitable. In my case, there was a very curious situation. Someone had drilled a small hole in the body of the petrol pump on my Mercedes, and in such a way that the petrol escaping from this hole under pressure fell onto the bottom of the car and scattered in all directions. Drilling such a hole in such an alloy is only possible with a special high-speed drill, otherwise this alloy will shatter into pieces. Such drill bits and drills could not be bought in a shop either then or even now! So it is very clear who drilled this "hole" and why. Even then, the mechanic looked at me and said he didn't understand how I had even made it to him and hadn't exploded. According to him, I should have exploded any second, and the fact that this did not happen was a miracle in itself. I had expected something like this, but the fact that I did not explode was not unusual for me. This was the effect of my protection, which I had mentioned and which the secret services had tested. It was a pretty good idea. If this "event" had been successful, I would have burned alive in my Mercedes and no one would ever have known about the small hole drilled in the fuel pump of my Mercedes.

Due to the lack of a new petrol pump, the mechanic placed a "clamp" over the punctured hole, and I continued my work. I hoped that my protection was working, but I couldn't be 100% sure, as I had no way of testing its effectiveness in action. So I had to test it in real conditions, where even the smallest mistake was fatal, and not just in a figurative sense. The hostilities initiated against me by the special services were the first tests of my methods on a purely earthly level, and they did not let me down! I think it was an unpleasant surprise for the special services to discover that my words about the protection system I had created were neither a bluff nor the ravings of a madman. After that, they "lay low" for a while, but not for long. In the meantime, they changed their tactics. But more on that later. First, I would like to continue my story about the more pleasant events in my life in April and early May 1991....

24. New twists and turns in my destiny

At the end of April and beginning of May 1991, several other very important events took place, which later became significant for me personally and for what I was doing and am doing. But in order not to create chaos, I will continue my story in the order of events. As I wrote earlier, after my arrival from Germany, four half-hour documentaries about me and my ideas were shown on the Second Russian Television Channel under the title "Portrait Against the Background of the Universe". The director of these films was Victoria Mikhailovna Zub, with whom I had the pleasure of working during the creation of these four films. Together, we tried to find the best way to make these films interesting for the audience. I hope that Victoria Mikhailovna also enjoyed working with me. After these films, Valentin Raskazov, who at that time was working as one of the editors at Arkhangelsk Television, contacted me through her. In principle, I did not specify what position he held; I have never been interested in a person's position, only in what they talk about and what interests them. Valentin Raskazov called me and we met. We met several times; he came to see me in Butovo, where I was living in my aunt's flat at the time, and I went to see him at his hotel. In short, it was the usual routine of meetings that might have led to results. Valentin Raskazov and I discussed many issues, and I presented my view of what was happening. As a result of these conversations, he came up with the idea of organising a series of lectures by me in Arkhangelsk. We agreed that I would come to Arkhangelsk, and that was all. He introduced me to his son Dmitry, who quickly became interested in what I do and what I say. Then they returned to their hometown, and we kept in touch by phone.

As I already mentioned, I gave lectures at Albert Ignatenko's courses. I gave these lectures in Moscow, Nikolaev and Donetsk. Several people from Nikolaev suggested that I give public lectures in their city as well. I did not give a positive or negative answer, but promised to think about it. Then there was an unexpected development that I had not even anticipated. But more on that later. For now, I will return to the end of April and beginning of May 1991...

One day, I received a call from a woman who introduced herself as a journalist from the Polish branch of the European television company Antenna. She called and said her name was Svetlana and that my phone number had been given to her by a journalist from Donetsk named Valentina, who had told her that I was reprogramming people's brains. She said that if this was really true, she would very much like to meet me, as she was interested in such phenomena and was looking for people with extrasensory abilities in the USSR, and if people really had them, a documentary film would be made about them, which would then be shown throughout Europe. We arranged a meeting and she asked for permission to bring her friend along. She had a very strange accent, even though she spoke excellent Russian. I couldn't imagine who she was and assumed that she was probably from Poland, as she represented Polish television. But, as it turned out later, I was wrong. But I won't get ahead of myself...

Svetlana, a journalist, came to meet her friend Olga. When I opened the door to let them in, I saw a very beautiful woman with incredible green eyes. I did not expect to see anything like that. Her pleasant melodious voice (later it turned out that she was a professional singer, a graduate of the Vilnius Conservatory and a Lithuanian pop star) was combined with a bright and expressive appearance. But as it soon turned out, she not only had a melodious voice and beautiful appearance, but also exceptional intelligence and, on top of that, extraordinary paranormal abilities. I invited the guests in and offered them tea to create a more trusting atmosphere. The tea allowed us to relax somewhat and find the right "tone" for conversation. After a brief conversation about the weather and the pleasures of travelling in Moscow and its surroundings, we got to the heart of what my guest had come for. She talked in more detail about what she does and how she does it, mentioning some names she had discovered and, as they would say today, promoted. The names were quite well known. If she discovered

An interesting personality, she first invited him (or her) to be featured on Central Television of the USSR before the material was sent to Europe. Svetlana told me that she was surprised by the words of a journalist from Donetsk who said that I had restored my brain. She asked me to explain what that meant and whether she had understood correctly what the woman had said to her. And I... began to tell her about my work. The conversation turned to what I had dedicated my life to and why I had gone against the grain, despite the smiles and ridicule of those around me. Although only those who had no idea what they were mocking smiled and mocked. Usually, the smiles and mockery disappeared very quickly when I began to demonstrate what I was talking about.

I started telling her all this and was surprised that I didn't see any mockery on her part, not even in her thoughts. I usually start a conversation with a new person with something controversial and see how they react to what I say. If I see that the person takes the information normally, their brain doesn't start to "boil" and they don't think that someone (me) "hasn't got it all together at home," I gradually start to give more and more interesting (from my point of view) information and talk about how and in what way I came to one conclusion or another or to a certain understanding. And even if the person perceives my information adequately, usually after an hour and a half most of them start to "overheat" anyway. In the case of this woman, the opposite was observed - the more I told her, the more she came alive and the more inner interest I saw in her eyes. It's always nice to meet someone who understands what you're talking about. So, I was so absorbed in my stories that when I realised it was very late and the last train to Moscow had already left. Svetlana asked me if it was possible to call a taxi in Butovo, and I said that it might be possible, but it was unlikely that a taxi would come. That you can usually find a taxi near the station, but not always, and... she offered to drive me to the hotel in my car. I dismissed all her objections that it was inconvenient for her to take up so much of my time. I explained that it was better for beautiful women not to tempt fate late at night, took the car keys, and went to see my guests off. My Mercedes was parked in front of the entrance, right under the windows of my aunt's apartment. I put my guests in the car and we set off. Svetlana was living in the Kiev Hotel at the time, near the train station in Kiev. At that time, there weren't that many cars on the roads in Moscow, and late at night, or rather during the night, the roads were almost empty and you could drive at high speed, fearing only the traffic police with their fines for speeding, even when the road was completely empty. This was the only factor that held me back, but I rarely drove at speeds below 100 or 120 kilometres per hour at night. So I dropped my guests off at the hotel relatively quickly and, after saying goodbye and good night, I headed back.

Svetlana came to visit me a few more times with her friend Olga, and then she started coming to see me on her own. Her friend Olga wasn't interested in our conversations, and her bored look, which she didn't even try to hide, spoke volumes. She was interested in something completely different, and seeing that she had nothing to "gain" from my interests, she was obviously bored. The conversations with Svetlana were interesting not only because she was a grateful listener who understood what I was talking about, and I didn't have to control myself and dose the information so that she wouldn't think I was "crazy". It was precisely her understanding of what I was talking about that distinguished this woman from the many others I had to talk to. After all, I can always tell when a person understands what I am talking about and how they understand it, how completely. Very often, the person would choose something more or less understandable to them from my story and had the illusion of fully understanding what I was saying. Sometimes a person understood more on a subconscious or genetic level than on a conscious level, even though such understanding was necessary and important. Sometimes a person really wanted to understand, and that desire was very strong, but it did not help them understand. Svetlana understood almost everything exactly as it should be understood, and if something was unfamiliar to her, she quickly "grasped" the essence of

what I said. And the reason for this understanding became clear quite quickly. As we developed mutual trust, she began to share with me facts from her own life that she had told almost no one, including her loved ones. But I won't get ahead of myself...

When I met her, she was addicted to cigarettes. After several conversations with her, I decided to pay attention to her and began my usual campaign against smoking. She did not object to my arguments, but did not consider the harm of smoking to be so serious. So I decided to prove her right. The best way to prove a point is to let your opponent convince themselves. So I offered to help her kick the habit and rewire her brain so she could see for herself that I was right. In principle, she was not against it, but she told me that it was unlikely to work because no one had ever tried it with her and no one had tried anything else, and she was not hypnotised or influenced in any other way. I told her that although I was hypnotised, what I was doing and offering to do with her had nothing to do with hypnosis, but was a qualitative transformation of the brain that opened up fundamentally new possibilities. Anyway, she agreed and I began the transformation. It turned out that she had wonderful sensitivity and very dynamic genetics for what I was doing. After only a few minutes of my work, Svetlana could already see her brain and other internal organs. When that happened, I suggested an experiment. I suggested that she smoke a cigarette and observe for herself what was happening to her and her brain. The result of this experiment was a shock to her. Svetlana saw how, under the influence of smoking, the neurons in her brain began to shrink and die. The result of this experiment was "equivalent" to an atomic bomb explosion! Her face reflected genuine amazement at what she herself had witnessed.

After this experiment, she quit smoking for good. When she saw all this, she was not only disturbed by what she had seen, but also concerned about how to compensate for the damage already done. I reassured her and offered to cleanse her of the consequences and restore the destroyed neurons in her brain. I began my work, during which Svetlana saw her white lungs and the black tar films covering the bronchioles and alveoli of her white lungs. After this work, she began to cough up the tar clots, which further convinced her that what she was seeing under my influence was not my suggestion, but the truth. Gradually, a greater understanding developed between us. After several days of communication, Svetlana once asked me why no one knew about all this, why she had never heard my name. After all, she was looking for exactly such people, and she had not heard about me from anyone until a journalist from Donetsk told her about me personally. She had heard about my ex-wife, but not a word about me. And she was looking for exactly what I was giving her - understanding.

She told me that she had accepted this job because she hoped that by working directly with people with unusual abilities, she would be able to find answers to questions that had tormented her since childhood. Although many people had passed through her hands, no one had ever been able to give her an understanding of what they were doing or an explanation for what had been happening to her throughout her life. I tried to explain this "ignorance" to her by saying that I had serious disagreements with the special services, or rather, I did not have disagreements with them, but rather they misunderstood what I was doing and why. And that is why my name was blacklisted. Svetlana said she could prove me wrong and that this situation was most likely due to the fact that I had not been active enough. She told me that in order to prove it, she was ready to do so right now, in my presence, and told me that she would call Merkulova, a well-known television journalist in those years who had several very popular programmes on Moscow's third channel, and that this woman had already done her many favours by showing the "oddballs" needed for Eurovision at the most watched time in those years - on Friday after the programme "Vremya". Not only did she show them, but she even aired the "oddballs" at Svetlana's request, instead of the appearances of Boris Yeltsin and Gavril Popov in the heat of the election campaign for the first president of the RSFSR and the first mayor of Moscow! I was all for it, and she, without putting the question "in a long box", picked up the phone and dialled the right number. I could only hear what Svetlana was saying. After the usual exchange of

After exchanging pleasantries, Svetlana said that there was a new "oddball" she had to show me. As the conversation progressed, it became clear to me that the person on the other end of the line was asking for details: on which day, for how long, etc. Then Svetlana said my first and last name and... I saw surprise on her face. And the following happened. After hearing my surname and first name, Merkulova fell silent for a minute and... saying she couldn't do it, she hung up. After that, she never called Svetlana again, even though she had never refused her before and called her very often.

Svetlana was very surprised by Merkulova's behaviour, but that was not the last surprise she had in store for me. She knew Vadim Belozorov well, who had committed fraud with video recordings of the results of the experiments and the results of my work. I told Svetlana how and why he had done it, removing me from all the recordings and putting another person in my place. Svetlana asked him to provide the working materials for the film he had made, for possible use in preparing a programme for European television, and he gladly agreed to do so, but after she told him of her desire to find out the truth about who owned the footage, he disappeared and was never heard from again. As Svetlana told me, during her three years of work in Moscow, Vadim Belozorov always responded to her requests with great enthusiasm, always found time for her, and she spent hours looking through the footage from his archive. He himself suggested that she review the materials he found interesting so that she could select what she needed. In his archive, she reviewed the recordings of two hundred "oddballs" — both those that had been broadcast and those that had never been shown. After she called him to ask for materials related to me, he "disappeared." Svetlana called him several more times, but he was "for some reason" extremely busy and no longer had time for her. Apparently, he had a lot of work to do! All these facts surprised Svetlana greatly; she did not expect such a thing to be possible and had to admit that I was right about the "blacklist". But these facts did not deter her from her personal interest in what I do, in what I think about this or that. It only made her interest even stronger.

25. Svetlana's Secret

After I managed to help her quit smoking in an unusual way, Svetlana confided in me the secret that had tormented her for many years. For some reason she couldn't understand, she periodically began to hear the thoughts of people she passed by. It was especially unbearable for her when her clairvoyance manifested itself in public places. When the voices of thousands of people began to sound simultaneously in her head. Everyone's thoughts sounded in her head like words spoken aloud. This phenomenon is depicted very well in the film "Scanners". In the film, the cure for such hypersensitivity was a special medicine, without which the scanner went crazy. But that's in the film, and in real life there was no such medicine. Of course, there were and are drugs that are given to people in similar situations, but these drugs only "fry" the brain, nothing more, and the "doctors" consider the issue resolved. And the very state of clairvoyance is defined by modern medicine as a mental pathology, with which this phenomenon has nothing to do. Very often, people with these or those tasks of extrasensory perception, after "treatment," really do acquire mental problems. Therefore, knowing all this and realising that there was nothing wrong with her psyche, it was very difficult for Svetlana to withstand the influx of foreign voices in her head, but she could not share this with anyone. We can only imagine how much willpower it took her to keep her sanity and not show those around her that something like this was happening to her!

So she decided to tell me about her problem. By that time, I already understood the nature of telepathy quite well, so I told her that I hoped I could help her with her problem. Her problem stemmed from the fact that she had strong paranormal abilities by nature, but had not been able to develop them properly during her childhood and adolescence. That is why Svetlana could not control these abilities. Realising the cause of the problem, I made the necessary evolutionary changes, after which she was able to control the reception of telepathic information at will. What's more, I made this correction in "combat" conditions. The thing is that Svetlana began to exhibit another clairvoyance of crowds of people when we were together on Arbat Street among thousands of people who usually came to this street, which at that time was a cultural centre. After my correction, the chaos of voices completely disappeared from Svetlana's head and never reappeared. But this did not mean that Svetlana's gift of telepathy had disappeared; on the contrary, her ability to receive information telepathically increased many times over, only now she could control this gift herself, becoming not a slave to her gift, but its master. She had acquired the ability to "turn on" and "turn off" telepathic reception of information at will, to receive it from the person she wanted to receive it from, and not from anyone who happened to be near her, and much, much more.

I had to see Svetlana's joyful face to understand what a heavy burden I had lifted from her shoulders with my actions. She had become a true mistress of herself, and her gift no longer hindered her but began to blossom rapidly. My stories about space and other civilisations fascinated her so much that she once asked me if it was possible to see the Great Cosmos, the galaxies, the stars and other civilisations with her own eyes! Her natural abilities were simply magnificent, and my brain transformations, necessary for working in space, were laid on a wonderful foundation. After the qualitative transformation of Svetlana's brain, necessary for working in the Great Cosmos, she "got into" this work as if she had always been doing it. For many people who underwent brain transformation, it was very difficult to "get used" to their new abilities, it was difficult to get used to completely different conditions and principles, for many people such a change in the principle of thinking became a "stumbling block". It was necessary to get rid of the habits of the three-dimensional world, to learn to think differently, to react differently, to perceive differently and to act differently. This turned out to be the most difficult thing for most people. And so they began to invent familiar things for themselves and

objects. If they have to fight someone, they create "energy swords" and, in the best case scenario, after watching science fiction films, blasters or laser guns and cannons. And they start "shooting" with them, not realising the simple truth that they are not acting in the usual reality, but in the reality they have reached not with the help of rocket carriers or even flying saucers, but as a result of moving through space with the help of willpower! And this is a completely different level of development, incomparably higher than moving through space with flying saucers, not to mention the "spaceships" of modern Earth civilisation. And we must act in accordance with this level.

Of course, contemporary science fiction writers have their own "contribution" to this state of affairs, projecting the Earth mentality into their works. Undoubtedly, there are civilisations in the Great Cosmos that are at a lower level of development than Earth, and there are civilisations that are at a much higher level of development than ours, but even a much higher level of technical development does not mean a higher level of development. More advanced technology only allows us to penetrate the Great Cosmos deeper than is possible for our modern civilisation, and even if it is billions of light years away, it is still only a small step in the vastness of the Universe. The inhabitants of Midgard-Earth have the unique opportunity to penetrate the depths of the Universe at distances that are simply unthinkable for most civilisations. The people of Midgard-Earth, with proper development and the right foundation, have the opportunity to influence global processes at the level of the Small and Large Universe with their consciousness, simply through the effort of their will. But when this or that person, by a twist of fate or as a result of some other factors, unexpectedly finds themselves in the Greater Universe, they begin to behave in it like a small child, with all the consequences that follow. And very often, representatives of the so-called Dark Forces of the Great Cosmos (cosmic social parasites), seeing the discrepancy between content and form, take advantage of the ignorance and unawareness of such people and begin to manipulate them at will. And the people... who have fallen into the "hands" of such cosmic tricksters do not even suspect that they are simply playing "cat and mouse" with them, and they play only because they see that they are facing beings who have qualities but do not have the slightest idea of what they possess. Of course, such "evolutionary babies" cannot be blamed alone, but they also bear some of the blame for being turned into controlled puppets. They do not want to think differently, they do not even consider phenomena that are completely new to them, but simply project their usual worldview. And that is the worst thing!

So Svetlana was very different from many of the people whose brains I had to reorganise. She very quickly "got into" the new rules, as if she had just refreshed them in her memory and they were as natural to her as breathing, for example. Later, the reason for this phenomenon became clear. But everything fell into place... In the meantime, I opened up the world of the Great Universe to her, and she immersed herself in this world as if it were her real world (which turned out to be not so far from the truth)! I made new and new transformations for her, invented new "things" and tested them on myself before creating the same ones for her. I usually tested every new idea on myself, made new transformations in my brain and... observed my reaction to the innovation. And while I was "assimilating" the new properties and qualities, I brought them to their optimal version and only then did I make new transformations for others. In those cases when I did the transformation on someone else first, the period of adaptation to the new qualitative brain structures was usually very difficult for those people. That is why, after several such attempts, I experimented only on myself and, taking into account my own experience, I brought the innovations to such a degree that when I made brain transformations in other people, they practically did not experience any unpleasant sensations or excessive overload from the qualitative transformations.

I would also like to note the fact that the qualitative transformation of the brain, which

What I did was accompanied by a qualitative change in human nature, with the creation of new essential bodies that humans did not have before my intervention, but without their creation it was simply impossible to create new qualitative structures, or the creation of qualitative brain structures without a corresponding qualitative change in human essence was dangerous. The activation of such structures without the corresponding structure of essence could severely damage human essence or even completely burn it out from the power of the flows of matter passing through these structures. And this was not said for the sake of saying something, but it was the truth! Without qualitative harmonisation of brain structures and human essence, this is exactly what can happen. And this is a fact based on personal experience. During a job I was doing, a powerful stream of matter passing through my body burned the nerves in my right hand. The sensation was not pleasant. I couldn't stop the work for certain reasons, I had to finish it despite the very sensitive pain. The nerves in my right hand were almost charred from the excessive strain; I had the feeling that molten lead was spreading through the nerves in my hand. After finishing the work, I not only restored what had been destroyed, but also qualitatively changed everything that was necessary to harmonise the structures of my brain and my essence. And since then, I have always adhered to this rule - I have accompanied all qualitative changes in my brain with corresponding qualitative changes in my essence. Therefore, considering all of the above, it was fundamentally important during such work to obtain the most reliable information about how the next change would occur during my next work. That is why Svetlana's magnificent vision and her very high-quality telepathic reception of information, which she possessed after bringing her natural gift to the appropriate level, became simply indispensable in my work. And I began to actively transform myself, practising more and more of my ideas, the refinement of each of which gave me more and more new opportunities, which I realised again and again.

Svetlana's invaluable help allowed me to realise my ideas very quickly, with minimal side effects that had to be "assimilated," and this enabled me to move forward very quickly. While doing this work, I also transformed Svetlana in a qualitative way; she was almost always the second person to "go through" my transformations. In order to help me in my work, she had to possess the same qualities and abilities as me. Otherwise, she would not have been able to help me in any way. In order to see something qualitatively, it is necessary to have the same qualities and properties that I worked with. To understand this, it is enough to imagine a situation in which a person who has been deaf and blind since birth would answer the questions of the questioner and point the way. For this to be possible, we must first give the blind and deaf guide sight and hearing, and last but not least, an understanding of his surroundings. The latter is the most difficult task because, in order for understanding, enlightenment with knowledge, to arise, it is necessary for the person who has acquired sight and hearing to be able to comprehend everything correctly at fundamentally new levels of understanding. Again, for comparison, we can give the example of the perception of the surrounding world by a person who has been blind and deaf since birth. In this case, too, the person has his own perception and understanding of the world. So, after acquiring sight and hearing, such a person cannot and should not retain the perception they had before acquiring them. And if such a person continues to retain the old habitual perception from before acquiring sight and hearing, such behaviour would be simply absurd. This is probably clear to every sighted and hearing person, but the funny thing is that when a sighted and hearing person acquires radically different "sight" and "hearing," for some reason they continue to use their old perception.

This is illogical, but almost no one thinks about it or pays attention to it when you point it out specifically. Most people think they are "in their own right" and know better how to use what I create for them, even though in this situation they are the ones who are "blind" and "deaf" from birth, to whom I have given fundamentally new sight and hearing. But

I suppose that's just how human beings are. And so, Svetlana very easily and quickly mastered this new perception, as if she were "simply" remembering what she already knew well. It's like with amnesia (memory loss as a result of trauma or stress), a person " suddenly" remembers a memory from the past that seemed lost forever. This was the case with Svetlana — after I transformed her brain, she perceived everything as if she had "simply" remembered something well and long familiar, and as it turned out later, this was indeed the case. All this is related to the fact that her essence before incarnation on Earth in Midgard was at a very high level of development, and she consciously incarnated on this planet, knowing that after incarnation she would forget many things, knowing that her essence would "sleep" until it was awakened. And this is a big risk, as there could be many reasons that would make this awakening simply impossible. But she came to Midgard-Earth voluntarily, but that's a special story...

Svetlana's beautiful natural features, unconventionality and dynamic personality allowed her to "enter" my world very quickly and easily, which quickly became her world too. The state of "sleeping beauty" that she voluntarily accepted before her incarnation on Earth in Midgard is much more unpredictable and fraught with dangerous situations than the fairy-tale sleeping beauty who awakens from the kiss of a handsome prince. The state of "sleeping beauty" for a highly developed essence is equivalent to being immersed in darkness, with very little chance of awakening from this evolutionary "coma". There are too many random factors that simply cannot be predicted, too many opportunities for the Dark Forces (social parasites of all scales) to attack and harm such an entity, so that there will never be a way out of the evolutionary "coma". And to do such a thing voluntarily requires exceptional courage and the highest level of responsibility.

Anyway, what had to happen happened in the ideal case, which in itself is a miracle, and the awakening happened! Only the key to awakening from the evolutionary "coma" was not the kiss of the fairy-tale prince, but the transformation of the brain that I did. This transformation almost instantly brought Svetlana's essence out of the evolutionary "coma," and not only that! These transformations of the brain and essence that I made not only completely awakened her essence from the evolutionary "sleep," but also gave her such abilities and qualities that her essence did not have before her incarnation on Earth in Midgard.

26. Brain transformations

Perhaps it is time to clarify the situation with the transformation of my brain. Many people misunderstand the essence of this process, assuming that I "simply" unlock the brain of a person who is in a "sleeping" state. I do not simply unlock the brain of a person with "dormant" abilities; during my work, I create qualitatively new abilities in the person I am working with, abilities that they have never had before. Some of these abilities may appear in a particular person with proper development. How long it will take for a specific person to reach such a level of development is difficult to predict because everything is very individual, but judging by the average state of development of currently living subjects, it is unlikely, at least under the current conditions for development. And this applies not only to our planet, but also to most other planets. After all, development is not something guaranteed for a rational being. Such development is only possible if the necessary conditions for it are met. And the condition for this is not only the presence of reason in the developing being, which is, of course, necessary but not sufficient. For this purpose, it is necessary to have a suitable genetic basis for this development, analytical thinking, as well as the ability to rise above patterns and see, at first glance, new things in ordinary phenomena, and, of course, independence in conclusions.

and many, many other things. With the qualitative transformation of the brain, not only the human brain changes, but also its essence. The process of transformation is accompanied by the development of new essential bodies, which do not exist and have never existed in most cases in people undergoing this procedure. Only in very rare cases is there a release from the blockages of those bodies of essence that it had before its incarnation on Midgard Earth. Svetlana's case is one of those rare exceptions.

Most of the brain structures I create require a level of development from their carrier that is much higher than the planetary one. The zero planetary cycle of development represents a level of human development at which six essence bodies develop. These are material bodies that differ qualitatively and quantitatively from the physical dense body, but nevertheless remain material bodies, regardless of the fact that our five sense organs are unable to respond to them. But our senses and even our instruments do not respond in any way to *the* so-called *dark matter*, which constitutes 90 percent of the matter in our universe. Does the fact that the five human senses cannot perceive this dark matter mean that it does not exist? Of course not — even modern scientists acknowledge this. As I wrote earlier about my experiments, even if the perception of a human being is shifted to another level of reality, it begins, even with the help of the ordinary five senses, to react to other levels of reality in the same way as it reacted to physical dense reality before that moment. In this case, physical dense reality may be perceived by the person as illusory, even though it remains real for everyone else who remains in resonance with it.

The development of the six essential bodies of man in Hindu philosophy corresponds to the attainment of nirvana, merging with the Absolute, etc. According to their beliefs, this is the end of human development, and it is so if a person blindly and foolishly uses what Nature has given him from birth. But in reality, this is only the end of the planetary cycle of development and the beginning of the cosmic cycle, and is equivalent to the "hatching" of a chick from its cosy but now useless egg. Hatching from the eggshell does not mean the end, but only the beginning of the chick's life. Similarly, the development of the six essential bodies of a human being does not mean completion, but only the beginning of human development, but on a radically different level - galactic, metagalactic, universal, metaverse, etc. The reason for such a mistake on the part of the Hindus is that they, having received the foundations of knowledge from the Slavic-Aryans about five thousand years ago, did not understand it and, having distorted it and later published it as their "great" wisdom, they began to impose this initial and distorted knowledge as the highest revelations. Because of this fact, they blindly use their physical body as an absolute basis, and therefore each subsequent essential body (when they use their distorted system) is synthesised more and more "finely". "More subtle" not in the sense that it is less material, but in the sense that fewer and fewer cells of the human physical body participate in the formation of each subsequent body of the human essence. And this is so despite the fact that the number of primary matters forming each of the subsequent bodies of the human essence increases and reaches six for the seventh material body of man! This results in a ridiculous situation. If the second material body of a human being is formed from all the cells of the first material body of a human being (the physical body), but from only one primary matter, then the seventh material body of a human being is formed only from some neurons of the brain, but from six primary matters. An unusual trend can be observed: the higher a human being rises evolutionarily, the simpler and more primitive the forms of the bodies of his essence become.

If the first material body (the physical body) of a human being is a complex multicellular organism, then with evolutionary development, each subsequent body of the essence becomes simpler and simpler. The vertical development of a human being leads to its simplification at higher levels. A paradoxical situation arises when the development of a human being on the

the physical dense plane leads to its simultaneous simplification at higher levels. On the physical plane, man achieves more and more, but at the same time, at the new levels that man breaks through during his development, he becomes simpler and simpler. If we compare this process with the development of living matter from single-celled organisms to complex multicellular organisms, then in the vertical development of man, everything is exactly the opposite - we can conditionally say that there is an evolutionary simplification from higher organised forms to simpler ones, from a "multicellular state" to a "single-celled state".

Most likely, this fact is the reason why Hindus believe that when a person develops seven material bodies (one physically dense body plus six material bodies of the essence, developed by the person during vertical development), they merge with nirvana (a state in which all six planetary qualitative barriers disappear) and reach the evolutionary ceiling. The reason for this misconception among Hindus lies in the fact that their spiritual leaders, who borrowed and distorted Vedic knowledge from the Slavic-Aryans, never realised a simple truth: if you are a consumer rather than a creator, sooner or later you will hit a wall. In all contemporary Hindu spiritual movements, development occurs only as a result of special training of the physical body, which in itself is undoubtedly important and useful, but it is not enough to escape the planetary trap. And as a result of this misconception, a paradoxical situation arises. In their vertical development, humans open all planetary qualitative barriers, open all six "doors" of their home planet, and standing on the threshold of their own home, declare that there is nowhere else to go.

I would like to immediately put an end to the "noble" indignation of Eastern people and accusations of my ignorance regarding the spiritual methods of the East. So, I am familiar with most meditation techniques, but they are actually techniques that allow a more or less powerful flow of primary matter, or a greater or lesser number of primary matters called prana, chi energy, yin and yang, etc., to pass through the meditator in one way or another. etc. But regardless of how these or other people practising Eastern teachings call *the dark matter of the Universe*, as scientists call it, the essence does not change. As a result of this or that method, the human being achieves his evolutionary development thanks to the fact that, through willpower and persistent training, he causes the primary matter (*dark matter*) to "flow" through him, which, under certain circumstances, leads to the development of the already existing bodies of the essence and to the development of new ones, but... for the reasons mentioned above, it reaches evolutionary stagnation when it reaches the level of development at which planetary barriers disappear.

The reason for this evolutionary contradiction is that the methods that were passed on, especially to the Hindus by the Slavic-Aryans about five thousand years ago, were intended **ONLY** for the development of humans at the initial stages of development! They are necessary at the level of evolutionary "kindergarten," but are completely unsuitable even for evolutionary "primary schools." Not realising this, the Hindus began to spread these techniques, slightly modifying them, beyond the evolutionary "kindergarten". It is precisely because of this misunderstanding that misconceptions about merging with the Absolute during the evolutionary development of the seven bodies of man and the completion of his development have arisen. The dark forces that control the civilisation of Midgard-Earth at the present stage skilfully use this and other delusions of humanity to prevent seekers from moving in the right direction. When I was just beginning my quest and activities in the Great Cosmos, I was also influenced by this propaganda of the Dark Forces. In 1987, when I first "went out" into the Cosmos and had already visited more than one planet and made a number of fundamentally important (at least for me) discoveries, I remember how once, after completing a task in the Cosmos, I decided, somewhat anxiously, to find out how many essential bodies I had accumulated, if a person has seven bodies (counting the physical body) when they reach the state of nirvana. At that time, I was afraid that I might not

it turned out that all my efforts could only lead to some kind of "scratch" and that I was still far from the level of "nirvana". At that time, I thought that this level was unattainable, and I really did not want to appear in the eyes of others as a round dummy who had convinced himself that his actions had led to evolutionary growth.

Like anyone else, I didn't want to look ridiculous, but that didn't stop me. I even asked someone else to count the number of bodies of my essence for the sake of objectivity. The situation was somewhat reminiscent of the animated film "The Goat Who Could Count to Ten," in which the main character had to count everyone on board, and only if there were fewer than ten passengers would the ship not sink. The main character in the cartoon counted everyone correctly and was thus "saved"! This is the situation I found myself in when I embarked on a "feat" - I decided to determine how many essential bodies I have! You hope there are enough, but at the same time you worry that there might be too few! And what a surprise it was when, after counting them, it turned out that I had **seventeen!** Exactly seventeen, not three, four or even six, which should be the maximum according to Hindu teachings, according to the assurances of their mahatmas! Subsequent recalculations did not change the result. The man who had counted the number of bodies of my essence had, in the end, correctly solved a first-grade math problem. Others who had higher education gave the same seventeen bodies of my essence. This surprised me greatly, as I had not expected such a thing. But this fact saddened me, because in practice it turned out that the high spiritual teachings of the East are not always true and do not deliver what they claim to deliver - "divine spirituality".

At that time, I knew the teachings of the Hindus only from the few books I had come across, and I could assume that such a discrepancy between their practice and theory could have arisen either as a result of someone's machinations, or the deliberate distortion of the essence of these teachings by the Dark Forces that control finance and, accordingly, the press; or that the Mahatmas themselves, for reasons known only to them, had given false information. And while the former is entirely plausible and understandable, the latter would not fit in with my ideas of high spirituality. As it turned out later, both were true. But I will not go on, but will continue my story. After I got the idea that I had seventeen essential bodies at that time, I didn't think that I had already "achieved everything" and even "surpassed" the Hindus in this matter and that there was nothing more for me to do. I came to a different conclusion. I knew that I was only at the beginning of my journey, not at the end. And so the fact that I already had seventeen essential bodies, instead of the maximum six possible according to Eastern teachings, did not upset me, nor did it make me happy. Perhaps I felt a little sad because I realised that I would have to figure everything out for myself, despite the apparent abundance of "spiritual" teachings. Of course, there were golden grains of truth in these teachings, but it is still necessary to be able to separate them from the chaff. And for this purpose, the one who separates these grains must know much more than what is contained in these teachings. Otherwise, after "immersing" themselves in such a teaching, seekers will never be able to find the thread of truth and may remain forever in such a labyrinth of "Minotaur" illusions. And the saddest thing in this situation is that a large number of people, receiving crumbs that they are able to "touch" with their "hands", are swallowed up by this swamp with their heads and will never find what they set out to find in their spiritual quest - enlightenment through knowledge.

Perhaps there are books somewhere that reflect the truth, but at that time I had not come across such books. I consider myself very fortunate because, when I began searching for the truth and came across one or another book with "great" spiritual teachings, my own experience was already rich enough to allow me to see through the false facades of these "great" teachings, coated with the sweet honey of false promises, which attracted those seeking spiritual enlightenment like flies. This does not mean that I considered my achievements to be great. Not at all, it was just important and interesting for me to

"reach the truth" and not wander around in some maze of illusions. Some may object to this, saying, "Where is the guarantee that the path I have chosen is not just another illusion?" Of course, especially at the very beginning of my journey, I could not say with certainty that my perception was not an illusion. But the further I walked along the path I had chosen, the more I received confirmation, real, very material confirmation that could be "felt" with my hands and instruments, that I was at least moving in the right direction. And I also thought: why should I follow someone else's path, and where is the guarantee that this path does not lead to a dead end? A simple analytical review of these spiritual teachings gave me quite serious reasons not to trust them. And here are the reasons: over the several thousand years of existence of these spiritual teachings, many millions of people have been their followers, dedicating their lives to these teachings, often giving their lives for them, but... how many of these millions have achieved at least what these teachings promise!

The facts show that only a few of these millions have achieved even a small part of what was promised to them. Many may respond to this by saying that these millions of followers were simply not sufficiently "imbued" with these teachings, did not invest enough time and effort, or were simply not worthy of these teachings. I have not applied harsher judgements to these people, which I have often heard from so-called spiritual "teachers". There is some truth in this, but only some. I also do not believe that anyone who picks up a brush or pencil will be able to create works equal to those of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, and others. No two people are alike, and unfortunately, not everyone has natural talent or aptitude. But that is not their fault. In fact, even great talent requires a lot of hard work to blossom. All this is true, but most of these millions of people were the most talented and intelligent of their contemporaries. After all, the best people are those who set out in search of spiritual growth, who want to rise above the ordinary existence of a rational animal. But even among these people, only a few have managed to progress. That is one side of the coin.

On the other hand, I saw the results of my search. I have never considered myself a great teacher or anything like that. I was simply searching for truth and understanding; I wanted to reach an understanding of the essence. I have never sought greatness or fame. In this search, I had to and still have to go against the general trend. My results and conclusions have become a "bone in the throat" for many people, but I still follow this path. Many times I have been offered huge sums of money and great honours if I give up what I am doing and stop doing what I am doing. I have always refused and received... problems, problems and more problems. But even the modest results I achieved gave me strength and faith that I was going in the right direction. What I considered to be elementary things and phenomena were presented in these teachings as the highest achievements. But I knew that all this was just kindergarten, and I treated it accordingly. Many things that are presented in these teachings as the highest achievements happened to me in childhood and were ordinary for me. At that time, I did not even consider them unusual, but simply thought that this was how it should be and that such things happen to everyone. Much later, when I became a student, I realised that many things that happened to me did not happen to others, but even then I did not consider these phenomena to be supernatural. I simply realised that I was a little different from others, and that was all; it did not even give me the thought of my "exceptionality," but only the hope that with the help of these peculiarities I could come closer to understanding nature.

After I figured out the transformation of the brain and essence, the whole process of getting to know Nature became much faster, on the one hand, and on the other hand, I got practical confirmation that after certain qualitative transformations of the human being, practically everything that is considered the highest achievements in Eastern teachings becomes accessible and possible for practically every person. And what is most curious is that in order for

make these things accessible to humans, it was not a high level of spiritual development that was necessary (which would also be useful), but certain genetic properties of the individual. And that all these manifestations, which in Eastern teachings are presented as manifestations of higher spiritual development, are related only to a person's genetic predispositions, and not to their level of development. After many people went through my transformations, I saw that even the presence of these new possibilities, created by me for them, did not change their spiritual level, and sometimes all this led to the person who received such a gift even beginning to descend in evolutionary terms, because they could not use my gift properly and began to act and use this gift not for what it was intended for. I have seen how people who have undergone such an evolutionary transformation could not even understand correctly what was happening, even though I tried to give them a complete understanding of what it was and "what it was for".

I gave people the tool and the rules for using it, what to do and how to do it, and what not to do. People listened and then did it their own way, thinking they knew better than me what to do. Instead of using the new opportunities, mastering them and working, working and working again, mastering these new opportunities to achieve understanding and enlightenment of the knowledge and opportunities that they received by chance and nature, many of them turned to the "great" Eastern teachings, believing that they would find the necessary understanding there, and not in the words of the unknown Nikolai Levashov. Although it was I who gave them these new opportunities and abilities, they did not consider it necessary to listen to my explanations of how, why, and for what purpose they should use their gift. In any case, the majority of those who went through my transformation did not follow my recommendations on how to use their new abilities to first obtain reliable information through scanning and then make a qualitative analysis based on it in order to develop effective tactics and strategies for action. Most of them believed that they could do everything right on their own, just like me. They were not even deterred by the thought that they had not invented and carried out the qualitative transformations, but that I had, and that was why I understood better than them how and what needed to be done. I have always been struck by the blind reverence for what was imposed by the media or "public opinion." There were and are very few who "listen" not to public opinion, but to the essence of what is said. If you are not covered in the media, if public opinion is silent about you, if you do not have "scientific" degrees, no one is interested in your opinion, even if you are doing what no one has ever done before and can explain what no one has ever explained. And I am not writing this out of resentment, because for me, people's unwillingness to accept what I say does not change anything, as I continue on my chosen path, and personally, as they say, "neither hot nor cold" about whether a person will listen to my recommendations, whether they will use my gift correctly or not (negative use is automatically blocked). I am sorry and offended that a person who has received new qualities and opportunities from me does not move forward or treads water, while others move forward with seven-kilometre strides!

As for the "great" Eastern teachings, I can say the following. Much later, I had to deal with a woman (I will not mention her name, as this is not about her personally) who had and still has the title of mahatma. So, one of my students met her and told her that I transform people's brains and essence, etc. When she contacted me, she was interested in only one thing: could I perform this transformation for her too! We spoke on the phone several times, and I did not hear from her any reason why I should perform such a transformation for her. Nothing, except that she herself would very much like to go through it. But that was when I was no longer "rushing" to perform such a transformation on anyone who wanted it. She asked me several times to help her treat some people, but all I saw on her part was consumerism, which has always disgusted me in people. During our conversations, I raised the question of whether she knew where the Hindus had obtained their Vedic knowledge. She replied that this knowledge had been given to the Hindus.

by white teachers who came from the north, from the Himalayas. The woman mahatma knew that the Vedas were given to the Hindus and were not their own creation. She knew this, as did and do all mahatmas, and not only those in India itself. But knowing this, they continued to deceive the whole world by saying that these were their teachings. But that's not all. I asked her what she thought a teacher did when he came to kindergarten - did he start teaching children who could not read or write the theory of quantum physics, or did he start by teaching them the alphabet and grammar of the language! I don't think I need to explain the answer she gave me. Then I asked her on what basis Hindu children, having received the basics of Vedic knowledge from white teachers, distorted the knowledge they had been taught, attributed it to themselves, and then... now present it to the whole world as the Great Spiritual Teaching of the Hindus! How can one speak of the Great and the Light if this "great" and "light" is mixed with lies and deceit and is a "broken telephone"?

I have not received any answer to this question, and every developing person, not to mention a mahatma, should first and foremost be an extremely honest person. But in the widely disseminated "great" Eastern teachings, no one even mentions where the teaching originally came from. It would be understandable if they did not know, but they do know and remain silent, simply because they do not want to lose their status as "great teachers," who, moreover, have distorted what was passed on to them. And this position of thieves, although understandable, means a complete discrepancy between what they say and preach and what they themselves do. And let me remind you that such things happen at the level of the mahatmas - the highest spiritual hierarchies of India: <http://.....>

27. Problems of vertical evolution

Now I will return to my "sheep," that is, to my understanding of how to solve the evolutionary problem that arises when a human being moves upward evolutionarily. In fact, each subsequent material body of a being is formed from an increasingly smaller number of cells of the human physical body. It turns out that each subsequent body of the human essence becomes simpler, and the seventh material body of a human being is in fact something like a volvox – a small colony of identical single-celled organisms. It is curious that the evolution of life on a physically dense level has progressed from single-celled organisms to complex multicellular organisms, at a certain level of development of which intelligence appears. And in the vertical evolution of intelligence, the process goes in the opposite direction — from a complex multicellular organism at the level of the physical dense body to a group of cells creating the seventh material body! This raises the question: How could I have seventeen essential bodies? It turns out that in all this... the Hindus are right about the maximum number of bodies a person can have. But let's not jump to conclusions. And what is most surprising is that the qualitative structure of the bodies of my essence does not simplify from one body to another; on the contrary, each subsequent body of my essence becomes more and more complex and perfect. In any case, they were not formed from a few cells of the physical body.

But is this possible, am I not contradicting myself, and am I not "excluded" from the excessive strain on my brain?!

I can assure you that I have not "gone," not because I have such a "high" opinion of myself, but because the contradiction arises only when someone, without thinking, tries to "break through" the wall with their "forehead" instead of stopping and thinking a little with their own brain! And that is exactly what I did... When I understood for myself the nature of life and the nature of human consciousness, I faced a dilemma that I began to ponder. The dilemma is this: the capabilities of human consciousness are, in one way or another, determined by the complexity of the organisation of its nervous system and, above all, its brain. In any case, the human brain is an instrument of human

development, and the capabilities of the brain determine the capabilities of human development. Therefore, the human brain, as an instrument of development, is at the same time an inhibitor of that development for one simple reason: the number of neurons in the human brain is limited by the volume of the skull. Therefore, the power of this instrument of human cognition is directly related to the volume of the skull. And the facts show that the volume of the skull of *Homo sapiens* over the last forty thousand years of its existence on Earth in Midgard has not increased, but on the contrary, has decreased. It is therefore unclear on what basis contemporary scientists predict that the human of the future will have a disproportionately large head. Perhaps the reason for this is the misconception that the power of the human brain is determined by the number of neurons located in the skull, and hence, as a consequence, the disproportionately large head of the human of the future.

The vulgar mechanical approach of modern science is due to a complete misunderstanding of the nature of living beings in general and the nature of the brain in particular. Modern science still cannot answer the questions of what consciousness is, what memory is, how a person thinks, etc. It all boils down to the position that humans think because they have consciousness. This is analogous to the answer that the wind blows because the trees sway. With the exception of vague concepts that often contradict each other, modern science has no answer to this question! And that is precisely the problem! Thanks to what I have been able to understand for myself about the nature of living matter and the workings of the human brain, I have come to the conclusion that memory, consciousness, and human thinking itself do not take place at the level of the physically dense brain neurons, but at the level of the second, third, etc. bodies of these same neurons (⁷). The first thought "flows" in a person's head when the second and third bodies of the neurons connect with each other, creating horizontal chains of brain neuron bodies at these levels! The thought "flowed" and since then has been "flowing" better or worse in the minds of living people. It is precisely the possibility of interconnection of neuron bodies at the level of essence that became the basis for the emergence of consciousness and mind.

Information flows through physically dense brain neurons do not change them externally, but only internally biochemically, and even then, in most cases, for a very short time. That is why the physically dense brain neurons themselves do not change in practice. This is confirmed by modern scientists' research into brain activity. In a single brain neuron, the ion balance changes very slightly during the thought process, and that's all! Nothing more... and similar things happen in all other brain neurons with insignificant differences. And the most amusing thing is that regardless of the type of mental activity, the neurons of the brain react in almost the same way, regardless of which part of the cerebral cortex is activated in the process of this or that intellectual activity. So, no matter how much scientists have searched for thought in the neurons of the human brain, they have never found it, and they have not found it simply because it has never been there! The process of thinking takes place at other material levels of the brain's neurons, and the physically dense neurons only facilitate this process. They (physically dense neurons) are only the basis that provides the process itself, but they do not participate in it (they provide the potential at other levels of the brain and deliver information received through the senses). Without this foundation, the emergence of consciousness is impossible, but nevertheless, consciousness itself, the mind, arises at other material levels of the same neurons.

When I clarified all this for myself, it became clear to me that it is not even about the volume of the skull, or rather, even about the size of the skull of the bearer of consciousness, and not even about the number of neurons! The number of neurons is important only in the primary phase of the emergence of consciousness, because only with a certain number of interacting brain neurons is it possible to

⁷ For more information on this subject, see Nikolay Levashov, "[Essence and Mind](#)," volumes 1 and 2.

possible for mind to be born. At the most primary stage, the minimum number of interacting neurons is very important, but no more than that. Once the necessary and sufficient conditions for the emergence of mind⁸ are met, the number of neurons ceases to play a decisive role. After the emergence of mind, other material bodies of the same neurons begin to play a decisive role - the level of development of the second material bodies and especially the third and, if any, the fourth, fifth, etc. bodies of the neurons. These material bodies are also part of the human brain, but the vast majority of people are not even aware of their existence. However, as the saying goes, ignorance of the law does not exempt one from responsibility for breaking it. The same applies in this case: ignorance of the laws of nature does not change the way they work.

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Of course, I haven't read and heard everything, but I think that if such things ever happened, they must have appeared at least in legends and myths. But to this day, I have never encountered anything like that. But even if someone tried to do such a thing and failed, and I knew about it, that would not prevent me from doing it. Someone else's unsuccessful attempt does not mean that my attempt must also fail. So I had no qualms about doing it. And the opinion that it is impossible because it has never been possible, or that I am "out of my mind," would not stop me anyway. I have never been afraid to go against the grain, and in my own experience I have seen many cases where I was told that something was impossible, but I did what almost everyone thought was impossible. At the very beginning of my search, I went against the grain with some excitement and with the thought, what if everyone else is right and I am wrong! But even then, I felt that I had to try anyway to convince myself. Besides, I was doing all this not to prove anything to anyone, but to find understanding for myself. What others would say about it was their prerogative and never stopped me, no matter how "crazy" my idea might have been. And I can tell you with confidence - I didn't shout about what I was going to do - I just did it, and that's that!

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As a result of this action, I received a brand new neuron in my brain.....Then I decided to replace all the other neurons in my brain with this neuron. And I did it again I played around with it a bit, repeating the whole "procedure" several times times. In addition, I decided to change all the other cells in my body in a similar way, fortunately, the actions with the dimensions of other levels of reality, the folding and unfolding of the newly created structures did not affect the physical world. In the sense that nothing external changed for me, everything happened on other levels that most people were not even aware of. And that was the whole "beauty" of it! It was possible to create something incredibly large on other levels and "attach" it to something incredibly small (if we compare the sizes) on a physical dense level, for example, to my own physical body and even to a single neuron! The fact that I was able to do this, and the possibilities that opened up as a result, made my soul rejoice. It was precisely because I had done this that it became possible to have any number of bodies of the essence, and not just as many as Hindu teachings say. But the most important thing is not the number of bodies of the essence, but

⁸ For more details, see Nikolay Levashov, "[The Last Appeal to Humanity](#)," [Essence and Mind](#), Volumes 1 and 2.

the fact that my approach allowed me to break out of the natural limitation of development. I do not know if anyone else has succeeded and how, but I succeeded in this way! And most importantly, this approach to solving the problem allowed me to solve it once and for all! Of course, I realised this much later.

And after I discovered that I already had seventeen bodies of essence, and understood why this was possible, I began to consciously work with the bodies of my essence. The essential thing is that each new body of essence allows you to actively interact with those spaces or levels of reality with which it is in harmony. In other words, in order to influence a given space in any way, one must first possess qualities and properties that are in harmony with that space or level. For example, in order to influence the physical dense level, we have a physically dense body with sensory organs to receive information about the world around us. Imagine a situation in which a person has no sensory organs — no sight, hearing, touch, smell, or taste. The world around such a person would be the same, they would have a physical body, but such a person would be absolutely unable not only to develop, but even to simply live! This ability is given to humans by our sensory organs, through which our brain receives information about the world around us. But the sensory organs have a physical body; in order to act on any other level of reality, in addition to the corresponding body, we must also have "sensory organs" corresponding to that reality, which allow us to receive the necessary information about everything that happens on that level. Well, if not for everything, then at least for what is vital for our actions to be responsible and thoughtful. These "senses" for other spaces or levels of reality were the brain structures I was creating.

In this way, the creation of new bodies of the essence, brain structures, together create optimal conditions for development. It is precisely this development that means that through such a transformation, a person acquires new and new "organs" of a new type of senses, and it is this that allows the owner of these new "organs" of the senses to act actively on other levels of reality, in other spaces, and last but not least - to move forward in their development. Penetrating into new and new spaces and levels that no technology can ever penetrate! But for all this to happen, it is necessary to make the appropriate changes, without which it is simply impossible, as accurately as possible. That is why Svetlana's natural abilities, combined with my brain and essence transformations, created simply ideal conditions for very rapid progress. And one of the most important factors was that Svetlana easily understood what was happening during the work and could really help me in what I was doing.

I could create new opportunities for many people whose genetics are dynamic enough for that, but it is impossible to teach them to think, to reason, to perceive new things in a new way. You can only help a person move in the right direction, give them methods and strategies for mastering new properties and qualities, but the person themselves must "assimilate" all this, process it in their mind, and achieve enlightenment in a new way! And this turned out to be the most difficult thing for the vast majority. Because almost everyone, only after receiving new qualities and opportunities from me, began to "create" their own understanding and perception, including how and what to do with my gift. Almost no one thought about the fact that it would take them a very, very long time to master even the basics of what they had been given, let alone be able to do something on their own. I suppose this is also my mistake, because I didn't want to keep telling people that they had to be extremely careful and carefully follow all the rules I told them, that they had received from me as a gift something that would take them many millions of years to achieve even a small part of what I had given them, if they ever reached that level of development on their own. I didn't want to offend people by constantly pointing out their "place," emphasising that not everything (if not everything) I can do would be something they could reproduce, let alone surpass. And not because I overestimate myself too much, but because in order to go further than me, a person must

do all the things that I myself have done. And the facts show that most people are not even able to understand what it is that I have created for them, and what "feeds" it!

My fault for such a reaction from people probably lies in the fact that, after going through my transformation, these people had the opportunity to observe what I was doing, and this gave them the illusion that everything was so easy. And this happened because they saw with their own eyes how quickly and easily I did certain things, and they had the illusion that they could do the same, and even much more quickly and easily! Theoretically, this is possible, but practically... it is unlikely. But I didn't even try to talk about it because it could be misunderstood that I was simply "afraid" that they would "catch up" and "overtake" me, so I tried to "scare" them with all sorts of "horrors" so that they wouldn't even try. Their self-deception went so far that they didn't even think about the fact that it was I who gave them everything they have, and that they themselves have not yet created anything and achieved nothing, but only passively received it from me! What is the point of me giving them new properties and qualities, only for them to envy what I have given them! But in practice, no one even thought about such obvious things and saw in my every attempt to teach them to use what I had given them correctly only an attempt to "stop" their "growth". As absurd as it may seem, that's exactly what they thought every time I tried to warn them about something! One of the reasons for this ignorance was perhaps the fact that

After many people went through my transformation, they became witnesses and participants in the movements in space and time that I caused. Figuratively speaking, they were passengers on my "shoulders" during my movements. I transported myself and them to other planets, other galaxies and universes, and travelled into the past. They witnessed my actions, my contacts with other civilisations and cosmic hierarchies. And they did not have to do anything for this.

In order for all this to happen, I had to create the necessary potential, to create new properties and qualities so that all this could happen. They were just observers. And so, quite possibly, they had the misleading impression that everything was so simple and easy. I didn't pay much attention to this fact; I didn't want to offend them, intentionally or unintentionally. And that wasn't how it was understood. I did not focus on the potential I was expending on this or that action, and outwardly I did not try to show how difficult it was for me, even when I had to force myself not to "collapse" from exhaustion immediately. The workload was enormous, but I did not pay attention to that. After another job, the only thing my "passengers" noticed was my excessive paleness. And none of them ever saw me go back to my "den," fall exhausted on my bed, and lose consciousness. No one saw it, and almost no one knew about it. Everyone saw only the external, colourful and incredible side, and that is why many of my "travellers" had the impression that everything was very easy and simple to accomplish.

During these trips, I made sure that my companions were not affected by any shocks or burdens; I created protection for them. All this, "for some reason," remained outside their attention, behind the "frame," and they saw only the result of what I was doing, only the tip of the "iceberg" of my work, and... many of them wanted to do the same. They were left with the impression that all this was easy and simple, and when they began to hint that they also wanted to do something similar, I began to explain to them that they were not yet ready for this, I recommended that they begin training in proper scanning, processing information, creating tactics and strategies for solving this or that task. And I recommended that they start all this with very simple, inconspicuous and unremarkable actions. He said that it was necessary to achieve very fast work through practice, to learn to analyse quickly and to find and make decisions quickly. And that in order to achieve any mastery in this, one had to spend a lot of time and effort before one could even begin to "stick one's nose out".

independently. But in most cases, all my explanations simply "went in one ear and out the other." Instead of listening to my words, these people began to think that I was simply scaring them so that they would be afraid to do anything on their own, and in this way I was preventing them from starting to do "great" things on their own. Their blindness reached the point of absurdity. And that made me very sad because I couldn't rely on anyone. No one could be my companion in my endeavours.

Svetlana was a rare exception to the general rule. Not only did she quickly grasp everything that was happening, but she also never thought that I was trying to restrict her in any way when I explained what was going on. She was wonderful to work with, she quickly grasped situations and felt right at home! We understood each other perfectly, and during my experiments I was able to quickly develop all the options that interested me and act more quickly and effectively in the situations that arose. I remember her indescribable delight when I first showed her the Great Space. The unearthly colours, the unique grandeur and beauty of the Universe filled her with joy and awe at the majesty of Nature. Particularly shocking for her was her first visit to an inhabited planet, when she learned to communicate telepathically with other intelligent beings. To do this, she had to periodically create special brain structures to adequately perceive thought forms. This was especially important in cases where the thinking and logic of other intelligent beings differed radically from ours. In any case, Svetlana very quickly became a collaborator in my work, which she had strived for throughout her conscious life. But the fact that we met was not accidental either.

It so happened that in 1988 we arrived in Moscow almost simultaneously. She was driven by her interest in finding answers to questions that had haunted her since childhood, and I was driven by the desire to give those seeking answers to these questions, at the very least, to share my understanding with them. And this was connected with Moscow, because only in Moscow was there a real opportunity to do both, if, of course, we were lucky. But at least we were lucky — our destinies crossed at one point. Fate can sometimes be strange. Everything random is regular, and everything regular is random. In other words, if we translate everything from beautiful philosophical language into language that is familiar to everyone, not just to the "scientific" ear, this phrase can be conveyed as follows: randomness is a pattern that has not yet been understood and discovered! Everything that we do not yet understand, but only observe its manifestation, is random, generally speaking. The fact that we arrived in Moscow at almost the same time and met in a very incredible way was just such a regularity. A regularity that became clear to both of us a little later. And why it was so became clear to both Svetlana and me a little later, but I won't get ahead of myself. The only thing I would like to add, in response to the possible arguments of sceptics that everyone invents such arguments about predestination for themselves, is that I am well aware of their arguments, but they are not aware of mine. Therefore, before I continue, I want to reassure the sceptics that I know how many people come to Moscow in search of enlightenment and how many people who want to be "enlightened" come to Moscow. But the point is not in the statistics, but in the fact that Svetlana sought me out without even knowing what I looked like in my earthly physical body. This is equivalent to going I don't know where to find I don't know what. On a subconscious level, she was aiming exactly where I was supposed to appear. She, a professional singer and designer at the peak of her popularity, abandoned both careers and left for Moscow as a journalist whose work was directly related to paranormal phenomena. She had to master her new profession as a television journalist, and she did so very successfully. She achieved great success in this field as well. The television interviews she managed to organise for Europe were unique. Take, for example, the interview with Patriarch Alexy, which he gave at his residence, something that had never happened before. In addition, she was given permission to film the Orthodox funeral ritual for the first time. And no

In just a short time, she managed to discover many interesting and extraordinary people in the USSR, many of whom became famous not only in our country but also abroad thanks to her. But that's another story. I have mentioned all this to show the originality and versatility of Svetlana's talents, which, as I have listed, are far from exhaustive. But her most cherished dream at that time was to find answers to the questions that had tormented her since childhood. It was for this reason that she left her home and went to Moscow.

After I made a few brain changes in Svetlana and the concepts of the universe from the field of philosophical theories and hypotheses of theoretical physics became an objective reality for her, she, like a child who had received a long-desired toy, plunged into the Great Cosmos, as they say, with her "head," in the literal and figurative sense of the word. The incredible beauty and diversity of the Universe, the possibility of almost instantaneous movement over almost any distance with complete preservation of consciousness, activity and possibilities that even the most daring fantasists had not dreamed of - all this filled Svetlana with genuine childlike enthusiasm and joy. And she "rushed" into this Great Space with an open soul and childlike naivety, believing that in such beauty nothing bad could happen and nothing bad would happen to her. Unfortunately, with such a perception, one cannot act not only on our blue planet, but also in the Universe, despite all its beauty and splendour. In the Great Cosmos, apart from all this beauty and splendour, unfortunately, there is also a lot of nastiness, abomination, very often much more subtle and unpleasant than even our "native" Earth.

Having received a "pass" to the universe, Svetlana began to "wander" through it in search of other civilisations, inhabited planets, etc. During these "walks," she began to meet other "walkers" there, but not all of them pursued the same goals as her—exploring the universe itself and its diversity. Of course, there were no other Earthlings among the "walkers," and one of the main reasons for this was the false system of ideas and development imposed by the Dark Forces through many "spiritual" teachings of the East, at the heart of which lies the idea of leaving one's own physical body. In this case, the exit of the essence is limited by the level of human development (the analysis of Eastern "spiritual" development is given above) and by the maximum length of the so-called "silver thread" that connects the empty physical body of a person and their essence. As is perfectly clear to any sane person, even in an extremely stretched state, this "silver thread" is very short when we talk about cosmic scales. A person cannot travel very far along such a "cord", even within the confines of Mother Earth herself, no matter how she "spins" in both the literal and figurative sense of the word. And it is precisely for this reason that there are practically no earthlings among those who "travel" in the Universe. After undergoing transformation using my method, a person is completely free from such limitations. In order to travel in space and time, a person does not need to "leave" their body as an entity. Travel takes place in a situation where the essence is in the body, and for the reasons described above, there are practically no restrictions on travelling any distance and in time, both in the distant past and in the distant future (billions of years). And with all this, a person, from an ordinary observer, as in the case when the essence leaves the body, gets the opportunity for active conscious action with practically no restrictions. And this is not an assumption, but the fact itself...

And so, after receiving such a "toy," Svetlana plunged headlong into the world of the Great Cosmos. Like any other person, she was interested in visiting other planets and meeting other intelligent beings. And she got just such an opportunity. She was indescribably happy about it and, like a child, immersed herself in this endless and beautiful "ocean" of the Universe with a pure and open soul. And for a while she was lucky, because during her "journeys" she met the hierarchs of the Forces of Light. And her joy knew no bounds when, during one of her "journeys", she met a wonderful being of light with whom she established contact

and had her first telepathic communication with this being. But very soon the "dark forces" found out about her "walks" and organised a real hunt for her in order to obtain through her those qualities and abilities that she had received and had not yet fully mastered. It is precisely this period of mastering new properties and qualities that is most vulnerable for the newcomer, because he has not yet had time to master his new qualities and abilities, and until that happens, cosmic social parasites try to subjugate the newcomer and take over his abilities in this way.

28. My first tour of Arkhangelsk

The days of June 1991 were not particularly remarkable. It was a rather hot summer, when brains sometimes began to melt under the direct rays of the sun. The sky was losing more and more of its unique blue colour and was becoming increasingly white. Usually, this was a sure sign that the summer would be hot, and it was. In June, my mother came to Moscow, and for a few days while she was in Moscow, I spent my free time with her. At that time, I could not imagine that I would not see her for fifteen long years... But at the time, I didn't even think about the possibility of such a thing. Many people will probably ask me how I didn't try to predict my own future, since I did it for others and very accurately at that! If you do it for others, why not do it for yourself, so you know in advance what awaits you in the near future?

This question was also posed to me, and for a long time I could not understand why my own future was closed to me. Much later, I understood the reasons for this. One reason was completely beyond my control, but the other was directly related to what I was doing. The reason beyond my control was that before I incarnated into an earthly body, I was denied the opportunity to see my destiny, and the reason for this was the need to prevent me from projecting possible tasks onto myself. To make it clearer, I will provide some explanations that are directly related to the second reason for my inability to see my own future.

My future was very secure until a certain point in my life. Until that DAY, I could do many things that others would consider impossible, but nevertheless could be easily seen if I wanted to, but at that time I still did not know how to do it, or rather, I did not even think that such a thing was possible. And when I realised that I could see the future of others and future events, I couldn't see my own. Or rather, I could see it, but it wouldn't have been useful. And here's the reason why. To be more precise, it would be right to start not with the reason, but with that very day, "M". There was nothing mystical about my Day "M". Unfortunately or fortunately, I was not abducted by a "flying saucer" and did not even see it (i.e. the flying saucer) flying in the sky, as has happened to many witnesses of UFO flights. No heavenly angels visited me, and no apples or bricks fell on my head, nor was I struck by lightning or a million volts of high voltage. I didn't even fall into a state of clinical death. Everything was much more ordinary and at the same time more incredible. My M-day was the day I invented my first transformation of the human brain! From that moment on, my life and future changed fundamentally, and I "fell" off the path of destiny. From that day on, my thread of destiny ceased to be part of the fabric of the destiny of humanity on Earth; I "simply" "fell" out of that fabric and set off on my own voyage of destiny, where my actions and only my actions determined where the ship of my destiny would "sail," and not only my destiny. Of course, I learned all this much later, and when I first changed fundamentally, I was completely stunned by my inability to see my destiny.

It (my destiny) simply did not exist, or rather, from Day One, I created my own destiny with my actions, and it was entirely up to me where it would "go." And every new change in my brain structures, the development of new essential bodies, new properties and qualities,

fundamentally changed even the direction of my future path. Everything changed particularly dramatically when I invented something fundamentally new, something that no one before me had ever created, not only on our planet, lost in the outskirts of our galaxy, but also in other worlds. And again, I learned about this much later. Perhaps something similar was expected of me, and that is why my essence closed not only the memory of previous reincarnations, but also the possibility for me and others to see my destiny. It is entirely possible that if I had seen my future before the moment when I began to change qualitatively, I would have started striving to fulfil that very future and to accomplish tasks that were feasible for my essence, embodied in a specific genetic makeup. Perhaps this future would have been necessary and essential for something, but it would have been based solely on the possibilities of my genetics before the changes I made, which affected both my essence and my genetics. Therefore, knowing my destiny in one way or another could have led me to a point where I would never have thought of changing anything in my brain, my essence, or creating structures. All this became possible probably because I did not know all this, and so I began to dare, and from all this courage I got what I got. In 1991, I didn't understand all of the above, but even then I didn't try to see my own future, not least because there was hardly a day when I didn't do something special with myself. And sometimes I had to rework myself several times a day, especially if I was working or fighting some cosmic parasite. Either way, I understood that I was "forging" my own destiny, literally and figuratively. And I didn't try to understand my destiny — why should I, because it's much more interesting to move forward and not know what will be revealed to you behind the next "turn". Especially if something unusual and unknown to you is hiding behind the turn!

So, in June 1991, I spent a few days with my mother, not knowing that I would not see her for fifteen years. My mother's visit to Moscow was connected with my father's examination at MONIKI, where my mother's younger sister worked. The reason for the examination was that my father had somehow fallen from the upper shelf of the train onto the table in the compartment when the train stopped abruptly. He broke several ribs, but didn't think much of it, thinking it was just a bad bruise. My father didn't tell anyone about it, went to work and worked with broken ribs. This led to improper healing of the ribs, pressure on his lung and caused an abscess, which forced him to seek medical attention. He didn't want to bother me with what he considered minor problems, and I couldn't give him the sick leave he needed to recover. But the results of the examination showed a large abscess on his right lung, and the doctors began to talk about removing that lung. I couldn't disagree. Sick leave is sick leave, but losing your right lung is too much. So I started visiting my father with my mother, and when my mother went home, Svetlana and I started visiting him together. My visits to my father were accompanied by my work with him; I didn't even move my hands so as not to annoy the doctors. And... after a while, none of them even mentioned removing his right lung, and my father came home with his right lung intact. My visits to my father at MONIKI were the last days I saw my father alive. He was taken away with a blow to the heart in 1994, on 31 August, to give me a "gift" after I refused to cooperate with yet another secret service. But that would be in 1994, and in June-July 1991, I saw my father for the last time without even realising it.

At the same time, there was an event that was not epoch-making, but nevertheless quite interesting. Once Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev came to see me in Butovo with a good friend of his, who was widely known in the world of cinema as a talented film designer and had even won an Oscar for her work on one of his films. I had seen this woman many times before; she was a very pleasant and intelligent conversationalist, but this time they had not come to philosophise about certain issues, but with a very specific question. As a specialist, she had been invited to design costumes for a historical film, whose

events took place in France in the 14th-15th centuries. And in order to create costumes appropriate for that era, she needed to know, for example, how dresses for upper-class ladies were made at that time. She couldn't find anything on the subject she was interested in, either in specialised libraries or in Lenin, and knowing my capabilities, she asked me to help her with this. I was very far removed from all this and had no idea about costumes, especially women's clothing from the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, I decided to try to help her in this endeavour. After moving at the appropriate moment, I began to describe to her what I could see with my untrained eye. As a professional, she asked me specific questions about what interested her and was important for understanding the technology of clothing production at that time. After answering all her questions, I forgot about this episode for a while, and it was only later that this woman told me some interesting information about my work.

It turns out that she had sent an enquiry to the National Library of France about the technology used to make the clothing of the upper aristocracy in the 14th-15th centuries and... after some time, she received a reply. The reply shocked her because it coincided almost entirely with the information she had received from me. Moreover, my information was more complete and allowed for a more accurate reproduction of the techniques of that time. The materials sent from France contained many gaps and it was almost impossible to reproduce the techniques based on them. In other words, my information was complete, while the information sent was fragmentary! In such an unexpected way, confirmation of the reality of travelling into the past was obtained! In this way, completely material confirmation of the reality of travelling consciousness into the past was obtained, and in such a way that sceptics have no way of refuting the reality of such a thing. After all, neither I nor the costume designer had any idea about the technology of making clothes in 14th-15th century France. Neither I nor she could have known about this either consciously or subconsciously. Such information simply did not exist in the libraries of the USSR, and even in the libraries of France it was incomplete. Thanks to my information, this woman was able to reconstruct the technology that interested her. Thanks to my information, the data from the French library, which had been scattered in various pieces, became a whole, and not the other way around!

At the end of June, I was supposed to go to Arkhangelsk to give a series of lectures, as agreed with Valentin Raskazov. But before that trip, I received an unexpected "gift" from those who wanted to organise similar lectures of mine in Nikolaev. One day in June, the organiser of the proposed events called me and informed me that the hall had already been rented and announcements had been printed for my performances in the glorious city of Nikolaev! I was surprised by such an approach and such audacity. After all, I had not given my consent to hold my performances in this city, and I said that I would only think about it. But the organisers were not interested in what I thought, they already saw in their pockets the money they could earn from me. Of course, they didn't care what I thought about it, but I did, so I told them that under these circumstances I would never come to this city with my performances. To which these "comrades and friends" responded with a surprising question: "What should we do now?" To which I replied that they should have asked me that question before they started their adventure, not after. And now it's not my problem. When they realised that their trick with me had failed, they tracked down my brother and offered him to replace me, convincing him that it would be a pleasant surprise for me, and asked him not to tell me anything before the performances. I had taught my brother something a few months earlier, and the adventure organisers knew about it. Everything was presented to my brother in such a way that he would be helping me a lot with his actions... and he agreed without realising what he was actually doing. People had heard the name Levashov, but not many people knew Nikolai or anyone else. Therefore, the calculation was correct. A week before "my" speeches, when I was already in Arkhangelsk, in

The local newspaper published an article stating that Nikolai Levashov had been in a serious car accident and was in intensive care, and that his life was in danger, so his brother would be giving public speeches on his behalf. It was only during the first speeches that my brother realised what a scam he was involved in, and, taking the opportunity to speak on local television, he said that he would not participate in this performance and would stop giving speeches. He gave several interviews to local newspapers, exposing the scam using my name. But, strange as it may seem, this did not change anything. The organisers of the scam, using my name and my brother as bait, continued to hold performances themselves, deceiving people and attracting them with their "healing" sessions.

There is one curious detail in all this - the publication that I was on the verge of life and death after a car accident. Someone was absolutely certain that I would be in such a condition, and the attempts to cause a car accident in any way that I described earlier fully confirm these plans and the fact that the organisers of the Nikolaev affair also knew about these plans! Otherwise, they would not have dared to publish such a statement. And such confidence clearly shows who these organisers of the affair were working for, or at least who they were collaborating with! And they chose the time for their deception precisely when I went to Arkhangelsk on my first tour! Isn't that a strange coincidence? Meanwhile, I was preparing for my trip to Arkhangelsk. Svetlana had left on her own business in Lithuania, her homeland, in the glorious town of Alytus, where her parents and her son from her first marriage lived. It so happened that I did not dare to suggest that she come with me to Arkhangelsk, assuming that this would be misunderstood. And Svetlana did not ask me to go to Arkhangelsk, even though she was very interested in seeing my performances with her own eyes, thinking that I would misunderstand her. This turned out much later, and then I accompanied Svetlana to the train to Lithuania, and before that I took her shopping in my car so she could buy gifts for her relatives. Anyway, Svetlana left for Lithuania, and I went to Arkhangelsk, where my cousin asked me to come with her, as she was also very interested in what I do. She had just graduated from university and had some free time.

And so, for the first time, I found myself in Arkhangelsk, in the Russian Lukomor'ye, on the shores of the White Sea, in the lands of the famous Pomorians. It turns out that Lukomor'ye from the tales of A. S. Pushkin existed not in fairy tales, but in reality. Of course, these tales were not created by Pushkin, but only adapted. And he transferred these tales into a special form of particles of truth about the Great Past of our ancestors. Our ancestors called the coast of the White Sea Lukomor'ye because the shape of the coastline resembled a bow. Our ancestors gave their lands many figurative names. Over time, the three words "bow by the sea" merged in the vernacular into one word, Lukomor'ye, and in this form the word found its way into Russian folk tales.

Near Lukomorie there is a green
oak tree, a golden chain on the oak
tree,
and day and night, the cat is
learned, everything goes round in
circles: круги:....

These lines from Pushkin's poem "Ruslan and Ludmila", known to almost every Russian, carry a lot of meaning that few people know about. Lukomor'ye is perceived by everyone as a fairy-tale land, invented by Pushkin himself for a good "rhyme", but in fact Lukomor'ye is not a fiction, but a very real ancient name for the Pomor lands. Again, few people know that our ancestors revered the oak tree as a sacred tree, and the Rus people would gather around the ancient sacred oak to listen to the speeches of the spiritual teachers, the Volkhvs, who brought enlightenment to the people for more than a hundred thousand years. It was only with the arrival of the Greek religion in the Russian lands that the sacred forests and oaks of the Rus people were mercilessly cut down, and only in remote places, one of which was for a long time

In the Russian north - Lukomorye, these trees, sacred to the Rus, could still be found. And the cat scholar in the poem behaves like a magician: "...going to the right, he begins a song, to the left - he tells a fairy tale...". In fact, it was through songs and tales passed down from generation to generation that sacred information about the past of the Rus and their culture was transmitted in Russia; this became especially important after the Greek religion became the state religion and almost all ancient books were destroyed. It was no coincidence that our ancestors chose the oak as a sacred tree. Many people know that oaks can live for more than a thousand years. And it was precisely this fact that made these trees sacred to the Rus.

What does the lifespan of a tree have to do with anything, some may ask.

The most obvious! The fact is that trees store information about events that have taken place in the immediate vicinity of where they grow. That is why a person who is able to read this information from a living natural computer has the opportunity to go back in time and reproduce in the present everything that the ancient oak tree has witnessed. But not only can the sage or sorcerer read, they can also "record" any information, any message for future generations on such a natural "computer" so that they (future generations) can receive it. By tuning into each annual ring of the oak tree, the sage or sorcerer can reproduce the information transmitted from the past with an accuracy of one year or even one day. The enemies of our ancestors knew about these living "computers" and therefore, along with ancient books, they mercilessly destroyed the sacred oaks and forests.



But that's not all. Sometimes it happens that the fairy tales familiar to almost every Russian from childhood have such a deep meaning that sometimes you can't believe it! I will continue to analyse the word Lukomorye. Luk by the sea... means that the coastline of the White Sea resembles the shape of a bow - not a bow made of burdock, but a weapon of war. But the natural question arises: how did our ancestors know about it if, in order to see the coastline, they had to rise high above the surface of Mother Earth? And not just high, but very high! The bow-shaped coastline can only be seen from near-Earth orbit, approximately the same as it is today. But, as modern "historians" claim, in those ancient times when this name was given, there were no

Slavs, as has been drummed into our heads by lectures, through the mass media and even writers write their "historical" novels and scientists their "scientific" works? And, as it turns out, many Russian names and words familiar to every Russian contain information about the highest level of technical development of those who are ALREADY referred to in Russian history textbooks as wild and ignorant Slavic tribes... But I will not digress from my story, although, on the

the other hand, much of what has surrounded us since childhood literally "shouts" at us: "Hey, look, here is your great past!" But we quietly "pass by" without seeing the obvious, like blind and stupid people! We utter words, but they, like dead things, do not come alive in our speech, because we have ceased to understand their meaning, because the unique images that the living Russian language carries within itself are not born from dead sounds.

But it is time to return to the journey itself to the glorious city of Russian glory - Arkhangelsk. In Arkhangelsk, my cousin Raskazov Jr. met me and my cousin, and we went to the hotel where the rooms had been reserved. An apartment had been reserved for me, and after going through the usual procedures in such cases, each of us went to settle into our rooms. I paid for both the rooms and the tickets myself, and I mention this for one reason only - everything had a very unexpected continuation, which I will tell you about later. The next morning, I was interviewed by a journalist from the local newspaper, who had published an advertisement for my performances. In addition, they filmed a short interview for Arkhangelsk television so that people who do not read newspapers could learn about my performances. They showed me the hall where I was to deliver my speeches. The Officers' Chamber in Arkhangelsk was chosen for this purpose. Before the speeches began, a short tour of the local sights was organised, and then the evening of my first public performance arrived. The performance began at seven o'clock in the evening. On the first day, the hall was half empty or half full, depending on who liked what. The hall manager announced my performance, and I found myself alone with the audience.

I didn't have stage fright, or rather, I didn't have it anymore. Although it wasn't that easy to get rid of it. As a child, when I didn't understand what was happening to me at all, it was very difficult for me every time I had to perform in front of new or unfamiliar people. In my class, where I knew all my classmates and teachers, I always felt completely free. I could freely react to any material and never had any problems expressing my thoughts. But... as soon as a new person appeared in the class, my eloquence... "disappeared somewhere". When the teachers called me to the blackboard, when the headmaster checked the lessons, for example, I would start mumbling and "spouting" something meaningless. I would "swallow" my tongue and couldn't say anything useful, even though I knew the lesson material perfectly well. When I felt someone's gaze on me (I was already used to my classmates and teachers), I began to feel uncomfortable under that gaze. I didn't understand the nature of this feeling and began to blush and look around to see if everything was okay. Were my buttons fastened where they should be, were all my shoes the same colour, and so on and so forth. And every time I was fine, but nevertheless, the strange and incomprehensible feeling of awkwardness did not leave me, and I could not even string a few words together properly.

This strange condition always annoyed me; I saw the surprised and uncomprehending eyes of the teachers I respected, but I couldn't do anything about it. And on a nice, or perhaps not so nice day, which was basically no different from any other, I told myself that this should not happen again. Of course, this does not mean that everything was fine at once, that the next day I could feel free to speak in front of new people. Of course not. It just means that in such cases I gathered my willpower and did not allow the incomprehensible confusion to overwhelm me. When I was a child, I did not understand the essence of this phenomenon, and only when I realised its nature did I understand why I had this strange feeling. The whole point is that every person, whether they realise it or not, influences every other person they talk to or even just stand near. This influence is especially strong if a person concentrates or focuses their attention on someone in particular. That is why the speaker is bombarded with glances from those listening to them. They basically hit the speaker like a whip, and if a person is sensitive enough, they actually feel the glances of others as blows. This is especially true if the thoughts of the people sending these glances have a negative component or if a person has a powerful field by nature. And it does not matter whether a person understands this or not, at the subconscious level there is a scanning of the person who is speaking or is in

the centre of attention. That is why a sufficiently sensitive person will feel as if they have been psychologically "undressed", and this "undressing" is not always associated with sexual thoughts; rather, it can be called psychological "undressing". We do not realise that if we concentrate mentally on someone, we create a very material thought stream directed at the person we are interested in. I understood all this much later, but I felt it very tangibly every time, for one reason or another, I found myself in the centre of attention, willingly or unwillingly. When this happened to me, I felt disappointed in myself and offended that I couldn't control my feelings and that this made me look ridiculous and clumsy. And like any normal person, I didn't like that very much. Sometimes I got angry at myself, not at the situation in which I looked ridiculous. Maybe others didn't see it or think so, but that's how I felt. My first victories were that I quickly learned to shut myself off from the outside world and focus on what I had to say. I still didn't like speaking in public, but I was now able to overcome my inexplicable state of mind at the time and convey my thoughts more or less coherently. This does not mean that I did not react to the emotional blows of the audience; I was always very nervous before each speech, but necessity compelled me to force myself to overcome this very unpleasant state. And this does not apply to speaking on stage, but only in class and at meetings.

And the stage... I was, how should I put it, a little prejudiced and tried not to go on it unless it was absolutely necessary. Even as a child, I tried to avoid the stage in every way possible. And I did everything I could to do so. I remember once, when I was in seventh or eighth grade, we were all herded into the school auditorium and began auditioning for the choir. The audition itself was a bit like the situation in the legend of Odysseus, when he and his companions were trapped in the cave of a man-eating cyclops. The cyclops, blinded by Odysseus, let his sheep out of the cave, feeling each one before letting it go. Odysseus came up with the idea of throwing sheepskins over himself and his companions, thus escaping the clutches of the man-eating cyclops. So the situation in the school auditorium was somewhat similar to this legend. The only way to leave the auditorium and go home was to audition. I hated auditioning, but there was nothing I could do. One by one, my classmates left the auditorium. Some were rejected, others were accepted. I really didn't want to be on the list of those selected, so I had to come up with a "sheep's skin" on the fly. When my turn came, I moved to the piano with resignation. The young woman conducting the audition played the chords and asked me to sing the notes. I did as she asked, and then a saving thought struck me! When they played another chord one tone higher than the previous one and asked me to sing the notes, I sang in the same key as the first time. For some reason, this greatly upset the young woman, and she asked me to try again to sing in the correct key. And I... sang the notes again, just like the first time.

After tormenting me several times, she said with annoyance that I was probably the only bass with such power in the whole country, and asked me to sing the notes again in a different key. And I, with an unhappy expression on my face, sang in the same key as the first time. And I got what I wanted... They let me go and I went home, pleased with my trick. My trick was that I was perfectly capable of repeating everything in the right key, but after watching several auditions of my classmates, I realised that everyone who couldn't repeat in the right key was eliminated. I didn't want to deliberately give a "rooster" for the simple reason that it looked very funny from the outside, and I myself didn't want to look funny. So I decided to sing everything in the same key - no one laughed, and I achieved the desired result. I tried my best to avoid a situation where I would have to be on stage. But I didn't manage to do it. The funny thing is that the situation was almost the same again when I became a first-year student at Kharkiv University. This time they "caught" me and once again I was "misled" by the word

Yes. When I gave someone my word, I always kept it, no matter what it cost me. The promise I made to my mother not to take off my corrective glasses when I was a child cost me a torn muscle in my right eye, which I have written about before. Of course, I tried not to "throw away" my word, knowing that I would have to keep it later. That's why I usually didn't rush to give my word or make a decision, trying to weigh all the positive and negative aspects of my decision as much as possible before making a choice or giving my word. Here's an example of one of the decisions I made: [http://....](#)

As a child, I was addicted to reading. I would rush home after school, quickly do my homework, grab the next exciting book and dive headfirst into another adventure or fantasy novel (I read a lot about history, biology, geography and many other subjects). Of course, I was particularly fascinated by science fiction! So I loved reading books and... chewing sunflower seeds.

Of course, when you read and chew seeds at the same time, half of the husks ended up in my stomach. One day, my mother told me that if I continued to swallow seed husks like this, my appendix would soon become clogged with seed husks and then I would have to have it removed. I really didn't want to lose my appendix, so I decided to solve this problem before it was too late. I tried first to clean all the seeds from the husks so that I could throw away the cleaned seeds while reading. I obediently sat down to pick the seeds several times, but "for some reason," when I started reading, the peeled seeds ran out very quickly. After struggling with this for a while, I made a decision for myself. If books and seeds are incompatible or I can't manage to combine them, then I choose books... and from that day on, I have never chewed seeds again! And not just when I read books — I don't chew at all! Good or bad, that's my character. Well, my character has misled me from time to time...

One day, a young woman entered the classroom and announced to all of us that after the last lesson, we all had to be in such and such a room. We had all recently become first-year students, knew very little, and found it difficult to find our way around the corridors of the huge Kharkiv University, so, unsuspecting, we all went to the designated place. There was a piano in that auditorium, but it meant nothing to us. After a while, the same young woman who had made the announcement appeared with a man. She introduced him as the director of our university choir and told us that he would audition all of us to select people for the choir. We all realised we were in trouble, but there was nowhere else to go. I had already made friends with a boy from our group, Mihail Dark, and neither he nor I wanted to be the first to audition. And when the audition began, at least I didn't want to audition any more. The boys from our group were first, and when they heard the "tremolos" they made while pretending to sing, almost everyone laughed. Laughing at others was bad enough, but laughing at myself was even worse.

Soon, apart from me and Michael, there were no other boys left, and the girls in our group stared at him and me with questioning looks in their eyes. There was nothing I could do, and I had to audition for the second time in my life. The "bleating" of my classmates was very funny, but for some reason I didn't want to become just another "bleating" sheep. I didn't want to repeat everything in the same tone, as I did during the first audition, so I decided to try to pass this test without losing my dignity, as I thought at the time.

29. The road to the stage

This time they caught me very easily. After asking me to repeat a chant in a certain tone, the choir director said nothing after I did what he asked.

asked. This made me very happy, as I thought that his lack of comment was an indication that I would be rejected again! With relief, I sang the requested hymn in another key, then in another and another. The lack of comments gave me hope that I would soon be released. I was glad that no one was laughing at me, and I was ready to hear what I wanted to hear - "You, young man, can go!". But instead, I was "gifted" with something I did not expect! The choir director said to me, "You, young man, have a rare voice, both in power and range. You have both a basso profundo and an octave bass, and you must promise me that you will definitely come to the choir rehearsal on Monday evening..." Anyway, I promised I would come, and of course I kept my promise. My fellow student and friend Mikhail was also among those selected, which was even better, as we agreed to come together. That's how I ended up in the university choir. As a member of this choir, I had to perform in front of different audiences.

My "acclimatisation" to the stage went through several stages. Ultimately, when you are standing among many other people, you feel like you are "hidden" among them. But even in such a situation, you still feel like you are in the "spotlight" of the audience's attention. At least I did. It's true that I didn't freeze up when the curtain went up, but I was still walking around with excitement inside me. I didn't let it take over, but it was still there. But as soon as I concentrated not on the people sitting in the audience, but on the singing... all the excitement disappeared almost instantly. I was with the music, with the words and everything else... The boys in the choir often joked that there were five parts in our choir - basses, tenors, altos, sopranos and Kolya. This joke arose from the fact that during choir singing, I covered the entire choir, more than a hundred people, with my singing, so when our conductor asked everyone to "add warmth," he asked me to do the opposite. Because my "adding warmth" blocked everyone else. Due to the fact that I unwittingly became a participant in the university's amateur talent show, I was immediately "destined" to participate in the amateur talent show of the Radio Physics Faculty, where I was studying. I was simply presented with a *fait accompli* and no one even asked me if I wanted to. Anyway, for the first time I had to perform solo. I had no accompaniment and had to sing without it. So I announced that I would sing the Russian folk song "Step, step around...". They announced me, and for the first time I was on stage alone, without the friendly support of others. I didn't need a microphone, so I went to the edge of the stage, thus "burning my bridges" for myself, and after I adjusted to singing... I sang. It was my first solo performance, but it was also my own victory over myself. With the power of my will, I managed to overcome myself and make myself do what I had to do. It was a small victory over myself, over my natural shyness. I didn't become rude (at least I hope I didn't), but I was able to overcome that shyness if necessary. After my first solo performance, one of the judges approached me and told me that I should pursue singing professionally and that there was a very good vocal studio at the university. A few weeks later, I decided to go there and studied there until I finished my university studies. I wasn't interested in performing, I was more interested in learning to control my voice, which I think I succeeded in doing.

The vocal studio was run by Tamara Nikolaevna, a professional singer from the Kharkiv Opera, if my memory serves me correctly. I am very grateful to her for training my voice. My stage fright practically disappeared after an almost comical incident. As one of the vocalists, I was "picked" for the next concert of the patron of the amateur talent contest at Kharkiv University. As always, it was all done on a whim. We were accompanied by an accordionist with whom I had never rehearsed or, especially, performed. So I quietly hummed the melody of the song I was going to sing to him. He quickly figured out what song I was going to sing, but due to lack of time, we didn't have a chance to rehearse even a little. And so... they announced my entrance, and he started playing an octave higher than he should have! The situation is the same... I am forced to follow the melody, and it is much higher than it should be. I, of course,

"sang" the first verse, and in the second I shouted "... lower, play lower...". Of course, it turned out to be very funny, but strange as it may seem, this situation allowed me to completely disconnect from the stage and the audience, and after that incident, every time I went on stage, I felt completely free. I might have been nervous before going on stage, but when I went on stage, I was completely absorbed in what I was there for.

As a student, I often had to play music and organise parties for students, including New Year's Eve parties. I made costumes for these performances together with other boys and performed in these costumes myself. Once I even had to write a script for the whole evening and write songs for a student New Year's Eve party. I still remember some of the verses I came up with back then. I wrote the following lyrics to a melody from The Bremen Town Musicians:

They say that students are stupid,
Just like the earth gives birth to us.
Hey, professor, don't be stingy, We
need a scholarship!
Ooh la la, ooh la la,
We need a scholarship! Ooh la
la, ooh la la,
Eh, ma...

In the service of heaven,
They fear us like fire. Well, devils, as we
know,
We're not fit at all! Ooh la la, ooh
la la,
We're not fit at all! Ooh la la, ooh
la la,
Oh, my!

.....

There were a few more verses, but I have forgotten them now, and there is no particular reason to recall them. It was all like a typical student cabaret: a little humour, a little irony, and above all, self-deprecating. Another boy from the choir and I were both hosts and performers. Igor Yovenko was almost as tall as me and played the role of... Snow White, while I was Father Christmas. We both had moustaches, and as a sign of solidarity with him, I shaved my moustache for the first time... In short, it was quite original and a lot of fun.

I described my attitude towards the stage to show that even to go on stage, I personally had to work quite hard on myself so that I could feel confident even in front of a hostile audience and, despite the taunts of opponents, enemies or sceptics, deliver what was necessary regardless of everything else. The situations in my life developed in such a way that almost everything that happened in my life prepared me step by step for what I am doing now. But in order for the situations in my life to lead me to what I have now, I had to work very hard on myself, to create myself. Life situations were just the external force that made me do it, and without them I would hardly have done it. So from my own experience I can say that whatever happens to us in life is for the best. Of course, if you gather your willpower and don't let circumstances break you, but instead make circumstances work for you...!

It so happened that almost everything that happened in my life or to me, in one way or another, prepared me for the path of the warrior. In principle, every development is connected with overcoming oneself and circumstances. That is how it happens. And here I am, standing alone.

On stage, with several hundred eyes fixed on me, everyone expecting something from me, and very often not what I wanted to give them. The main purpose of my educational and health-promoting performance was to wake people up from their slumber. But... many people were asleep and did not want to wake up at all; on the contrary, they really enjoyed "sleeping". Such people were not interested in understanding the essence of things. They only wanted spectacle and nothing else. The rest of the audience needed nothing more than an entertaining session. Among the entire audience, those seeking understanding were a predominant minority. I realised this very quickly, as soon as I started my performance. I sensed the entire audience, the emotions and thoughts of the entire audience, and I understood that I needed to find some solution to the seemingly unsolvable problem - to give each viewer everything they came for, plus what they needed to wake up from their sleep. Every viewer... but there were at least three groups of viewers - those who had come to see a spectacle or "circus", as I call it, those who had come to receive treatment for their health problems, and the third group, who were looking for understanding, even the slightest understanding. And here it was necessary to give everyone what they had come for, and at the same time, during one performance. And I had to create the tactics and strategy of my performance in "combat" conditions. Without stopping my performance, I decided to try out the experiments I had done in the army and during my studies at university.

I improvised and immediately decided to put my idea into practice. I invited the audience to participate in the experiment and asked everyone to join hands. To the sounds of Jean-Michel Jarre's beautiful music, I led the entire hall, helping people to tune in with my voice. Combining hypnosis in reality with a direct impact on the audience's muscles, I tried to maximise their response. The words I spoke put people in the right state of mind for the most effective effect. All this lasted a few minutes, after which I asked everyone who had "stiff" arms to come on stage. The thing is that when a person has good sensitivity, their flexor and extensor muscles cease to obey the person themselves, and only I could remove this muscle blockage. I used moderate force so that I could reach as many people as possible without overloading the most sensitive ones. As a result of my action, there were several dozen people on stage who could not free their clenched hands. I freed all of them from these unusual "handcuffs" in several ways. Some of them were freed through verbal influence, others through mental influence, and still others through influence on the brain centres that control the muscles of the body. Then I began to demonstrate to the audience, using my volunteers, various methods of influencing people, while explaining what these methods have in common and how they differ from one another.

I tried to show and prove that hypnosis, which everyone is familiar with, is the most primitive way of influencing a person and that there are many other methods that do not involve anyone staring intently at someone else, forcing them into a hypnotic sleep. When a person can speak in a completely normal voice, without staring, and another person, without falling into a hypnotic state, with complete independence at first glance, will do what they are told and will not even think about the fact that they are carrying out someone else's orders, being absolutely sure that they are acting according to their own mind and reason. That the exact same result can be achieved when no one is around, and the orders will be carried out anyway, even though no one is saying anything. Here, on stage, I rearranged people's brains and they began to see the internal organs of other people, to accurately determine the health problems of people completely unknown to them. Using various methods of influence, I made it so that people could not lift their feet off the floor, bumped into an invisible wall and could not pass through it. Everything was accompanied by harmless jokes and teasing. Everyone laughed - the participants in

my performance, the audience remaining in the hall, and myself. Then I transported people to past eras, where they ran from dinosaurs, fought Roman gladiators, and much, much more. Throughout, everyone retained their independent thinking, acting in the displaced realities according to their own character and understanding.

From time to time, the hall erupted in laughter. I laughed heartily with everyone else. There was no way I could predict people's reactions, nor did I want to. It was simply that people's actions resulted in many absurd situations that I could not even have imagined. In short, the hall was completely attentive, and I, showing people the next effect, explained what was happening and what it was all about! And at the end of my performance, with the beautiful music of Jean-Michel Jarre, I had a healthy effect on the entire hall. And again, I calculated the strength of my influence on the average level of perception, and after that, there were sometimes several dozen people for whom this influence was too strong, and they "fell into a slumber," sinking into a state between coma and clinical death. My influence simply blew their essences out of their physical bodies, like a strong wind blowing hats off people's heads. Anyway, after my influence, I went down into the hall and brought everyone back into their physical bodies. As a result of all this, my performance ended around eleven o'clock in the evening, and I arrived at my hotel at midnight. And although I was a little tired, I was generally satisfied with the solution I had found, which allowed me to "feed" everyone what they wanted, and also to convey to everyone everything else I wanted — the basics of knowledge and understanding that a person is more than just a physical body and that a person really has powers that animals simply cannot have, and these powers are real and do not fit into the ideas that have been imposed on people by social parasites to make it easier for them to control the masses.

Of course, not everyone understood everything, and those who thought they understood were actually only a hair's breadth away from understanding, but nevertheless, it was the beginning of an awakening, and it was wonderful. The next evening, the hall was already full, as word of my "miracles" began to spread throughout Arkhangelsk. I spent some of my performances in the same way, trying not to repeat my actions on stage, inventing new and new variations of my influence and the actions of the people on stage. When moving into the past, for example, the usual reality disappeared for the person and they found themselves in the reality of the past, as if they had fallen through themselves, even though everything else remained unchanged. If I moved several people at once, they found themselves in the same reality, fully conscious, with their own perceptions and individual behaviour. I did not impose a specific algorithm of behaviour on them; everyone acted according to their own mind and reason. At the same time, they perceived what was happening in that reality adequately. If they found themselves in the reality with the dinosaurs, they all saw and heard the sounds made by these animals. They touched all the smells, all the other nuances of this reality. Because of all this, they saw and acted in the same reality, not each in their own. All the details of this reality coincided down to the smallest detail, differing only in spatial nuances.

For greater clarity, let me explain what this means. Every person who travelled back in time was at a different point in this reality and therefore observed the same event from a different angle. Some saw the dinosaur on their right, others in front of them, and still others on their left! That is the only difference, but otherwise they saw the same thing from their point of view. Their descriptions, actions, and reactions to what was happening were completely synchronised. And the synchronisation was in the smallest details. But the most interesting thing is that I often moved people around and only then asked them where they were and what they saw. So I didn't even have the opportunity to tune them to the same "wave" in any way. But the most curious thing was that I moved them into the reality of the past, and even I myself did not know what they would see at the point in space in the past where I had moved them. This is equivalent to the fact that before looking out of a window overlooking the road, a person knows that they will see cars on the road, but how many of those cars will be on the road at that moment, in

who looks through the window, and what brands and colours these cars will be, that person will not be able to say. The same applies to the situation with travelling back in time — I open a kind of "window to the past," but I do not know what the person will see in that window when they "look" through it. I can only say with certainty that if I have done everything correctly, that person will see dinosaurs, not extinct amphibians. If that does happen, it means I have missed an era. That would also be undesirable. But it seems that I have not "missed" anything, and the displaced people fall exactly into the eras I was talking about.

Of course, it is almost impossible to describe in words what was happening on stage. Different people reacted to the same situation in completely different ways: some, seeing a live dinosaur, quietly slumped to the floor of the stage; some stood dazed with their mouths open; some slowly moved as far away as possible; others, on the contrary, gave advice! After the dinosaur was paralysed, people looked at the motionless animal with genuine fear, with great anxiety, ready at any moment to rush and run away without looking back. They approached the motionless head to lift the upper jaw and look into the mouth of the "cute" animal! But the most interesting thing is that many people, displaced from reality, began to act in this reality completely independently, without any control or correction on my part. Many things happened at the level of reflexes. For example, when a person was fighting a wrestler in the Roman amphitheatre, he reflexively dodged his punches, just as he would have done in a real fight. It is simply impossible to act this out, which means only one thing: the fight was real. The fighter saw his opponent just like any boxer in the ring, although the rest of the audience, who had not been displaced into this reality, saw only this man and... nothing else. And for them, the situation was extremely comical. The man dodges blows, throws his own, jumps aside, etc., and for them... there is no one there. After he finally managed to knock out the ancient fighter, several people dragged the knocked-out fighter aside, made room for him in the corner of the stage, and brought him to consciousness in the Russian way, splashing water from their mouths on his face and gently patting him on the cheeks.

The hall erupted in laughter as several boys attempted to squeeze through the narrow gap in the brick wall created for them after they had failed to overcome it. They placed their hands against this wall created for them and... nothing happened, they couldn't move an inch, but their hands were imprinted on the brick wall, just as anyone else's would be if they tried to push through a brick wall with their palms. But for the rest of the audience, no brick wall appeared on the stage, and the attempts of the poor people seemed most amusing to them. I accompanied all these demonstrations with my explanations and clarifications, trying to wake people up from their sleep, to show them how much richer and more colourful the real reality is than the one they know. Every evening, batteries of three-litre jars of water and other glass containers appeared on stage. And the water was charged during my several-hour performance or, as it is scientifically called today: the water was "structured" on stage for several hours. The word "structured" sounds more pleasant to the "scientific" ear than the word "charged". Obviously, the scientific "ear" has reasons for this preference.

So the water on stage "sealed" within itself everything that happened on stage, including my influence when people's brains were reorganising. And this very fact had a very unexpected continuation, as it turned out during my second visit to the city of Arkhangelsk. But I will come back to that later. In the meantime, every evening I went on stage in front of a packed hall. During my healing mass sessions, someone would "fly away" from their body every time, and I had to bring the "flyers" back. I would usually approach the next "flyer" and quickly bring them back to their body. The person would return, and I would go to the next "flyer." But one day something unusual happened. I was called to another "flyer". The "flyer" turned out to be a young girl of about twenty, who, judging by her appearance, did not have a higher education and

respective interests. As usual, I returned her essence to her body, she woke up and even opened her eyes, and her gaze began to take on some meaning. Seeing the signs of a return to normal, I hurried back to the next "flyer" who was waiting to return. As soon as I took a few steps away from this red-haired girl, she returned to her original state. I decided that I had not sufficiently stabilised her essence in her body after the overload, and I repeated the entire return procedure again. Again, as soon as I moved a few steps away from her, her essence jumped out of her body again. Once again, I performed the procedure of returning the "stray" essence back into the body even more carefully and... with the same result. When all this happened three times, I decided to find out what the problem was. As a result of telepathic contact, I was able to understand the reason for such strange behaviour of this girl's essence. Her essence DID NOT WANT to return to her physical body. The essence said, "How grateful I am to you for freeing me from this stupid body!" It seems that a female essence of a fairly high level had entered this girl's genetics and, for one reason or another, was unable to develop her physical body, finding herself imprisoned in it! It turns out that this happens and, unfortunately, is not so rare, but this was the first time I had encountered such a case. When I understood the reason for the girl's strange reaction to my actions, I said to her, a little prematurely pleased with the essence, "Please, my dear, be so kind as to return to your body and try to wake up in that same body. I returned her to her body, blocking the possibility of her "jumping out" of it again. I hope that with some help from me, the essence of this girl managed to change her development in this physical body. Only after my actions did everything work out, and the girl's essence did not "fly out" of her body anymore. Finally, I was able to go and help the other "flying out" essences, but I did not encounter any more such stubborn essences.

After the speeches, people came to me with their problems. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't help everyone, so I told them to only let people with small children in, whom I worked with individually. I put the displaced hip bones back in place after "correcting" the shape of the pelvis, removing the children's humps, etc., etc. During these sessions, I had an interesting experience. Another child's fingers were underdeveloped. I began to work on them and placed the child's hand on my palm. And after a few minutes of my work, his undeveloped fingers began to move and grow right before my eyes! Everything happened in the same way that educational films show how quickly plant roots grow when footage from several weeks is shown on screen within a few minutes. It was the same with this baby - his fingers moved, grew and lengthened right before my eyes. The mother of this baby brought him only once, probably frightened by what she saw, and then I didn't have to work with this baby, but I hope that the process of his fingers growing did not stop after I started this process with him.

In the afternoon before the performance, they showed me the sights of Arkhangelsk. With each passing day, the crowds grew larger and larger, and everything was filled to capacity. But my performances were not very long, and when the last day of my tour came, there were no indifferent people left in the hall, and the three categories of spectators I wrote about earlier had changed. Still, I managed to excite people, and I was happy about that. Everyone asked me if I would come back to Arkhangelsk and hold my school. Everyone wanted to know exactly that. After the last performance, an elderly man approached me and said that he was a clairvoyant and wanted to warn me of the danger that threatened me. He said that I was in danger of a car accident in which I would die. I thanked him for his concern and told him not to worry — everything would be fine. His reaction was amusing. He thought I had taken him for a madman and that was why I had reacted that way to his message. So he continued and told me that I had misunderstood him, that he worked for the police and searched for missing or murdered people, and that there were many cases confirmed by the authorities. He wanted to convince me to pay attention to his words, that he was not crazy and that his visions of the future had never failed him.

I listened to him carefully and thanked him once again for his concern for my fate. And I told him not to worry, everything would be fine.

I don't think this man ever realised that I myself knew about the attempts on my life and that I had already survived several attempts without even dying! And that the KGB's next attempt would be neutralised by me, just like all the previous ones. It simply did not occur to him that someone could change his future by influencing him and neutralising the actions of the special services. For many reasons, it was difficult for almost anyone to imagine such a thing. I did not try to convince him that I was right because he was absolutely certain that I would die! But nevertheless, this did not happen, even though the attempts to rid the blue planet Earth of my presence did not stop. However, I quite successfully blocked all these attempts, and this did not fit into the "mosaic of the world" that was in the minds of almost everyone. What could I do? I had to disappoint everyone — well, I did not allow them all to convince themselves that the majority is always right! No, that's not how it is, and they are not right very often! One person can be right, and everyone else can be wrong, if that person knows what everyone else does not know, they can do what everyone else cannot do. And the issue here is not excessive pride, but simply the fact that this person may have discovered "magic words" that allowed him to open the "doors" to the "cave" of fabulous possibilities and achieve enlightenment of consciousness.

Although I was generally satisfied with the results of my performance, a surprise awaited me afterwards. When I went to the accounting department to receive my payment for the performances, it turned out that the hall was less than half full, and all the costs of renting and maintaining my performances had been deducted from my earnings. my travel and hotel expenses were not reimbursed, and not a single rouble was deducted from the organisers' share of the proceeds. I decided to clarify the situation a little and told them that just because I was a theoretical physicist by profession did not mean that I knew nothing about economics. I also told them that I had been offered a degree from the Faculty of Economics at Kharkiv University, but I had refused (I now regret my stupidity and laziness at the time) because I had to take several exams in subjects that were not taught at the Faculty of Radiophysics.

So I told them the following: "For some reason" they "mixed up" the total profit from the event and the net profit. All expenses, including mine, should have been deducted from the total profit, and only then should the net profit have been divided as agreed. What they did was simply illiterate. They divided the total profit, supposedly according to the agreement, and then deducted all the expenses for my performances from my share, which is basically financial fraud. In addition, the hall was only half full on the first day of my performances, but on all the other days it was full and people even sat in the corridors on chairs they had brought with them, and all this was captured on video, as my performances were recorded on my video camera. Valentin Raskazov tried to convince me that this was a misunderstanding and that it would not happen again. And that he personally, as well as all the residents of Arkhangelsk, would be happy to see my performances again and would want to learn more about my system! I promised to come back and returned to Moscow. What I encountered when receiving the money I had earned, as I later understood, is called "literature," when official documents say one thing, for example, that only half or even a quarter of the hall was sold, while the hall was filled to capacity. This was usually done to reduce tax payments (so-called double accounting), and the difference between the black and white accounting was distributed among the participants in the financial fraud.

However, in my case, it was exactly the opposite: I paid them everything for everyone, but the organisers received everything through black accounting and did not even warn me about it. But I do not regret it; the most important thing was that I did not participate in this fraud, and it was not important to me.

money, but the people who had begun to awaken from their centuries-long slumber. That was the main reward for my work. When you see people's eyes burning with life, your soul simply rejoices. Unfortunately, many people quickly caught fire and just as quickly... "went out". The reason for this was that an awakened person had to act according to their conscience and honour, and this very often comes at a high price, causing many problems and inconveniences. A person can suffer from this, lose their job, jeopardise their career, etc. And that is precisely why many people (well, not all) were not ready for it. It is better to sleep "sweetly" and see "beautiful dreams" when the truth about reality is so ugly, and can even be overwhelming. In short, a typical philistine philosophy. But I would like to remind those who are asleep that when a person freezes, at that moment they become very warm and have beautiful dreams, but those beautiful dreams are dreams of approaching death. So the "sleeping" people should not forget that their "sweet dream" can very quickly turn into a "frosty" dream, so isn't it better to wake up, even if they are "frozen", and start acting with the understanding that many things can change, perhaps even everything!

However, many people prefer someone else to do all the dirty, thankless, and sometimes dangerous work, and if something "works out," they are ready to join the winner afterwards. It was precisely this consumerist, philistine attitude that our enemies were looking for. But to my delight, even if only a few, there were people who cared and who were not afraid to declare themselves for the right cause, without thinking about whether it would bring them personal gain or big problems. And while these people were just beginning to wake up, I continued my war alone. But I was already expecting a new turn of fate and the appearance of a faithful companion in my endeavours, but I will not get ahead of events.

30. Moscow "holidays"

I returned from Arkhangelsk to Moscow. During my absence, nothing interesting happened in Moscow. The life of the city and its inhabitants continued as usual. However, some changes were noticeable. In 1991, Moscow witnessed a scene that was unusual for Moscow, but familiar to the rest of Russia. Shop shelves were emptying not in days, but in hours. Whereas previously there had been queues for scarce goods in Moscow, and these queues were mainly made up of people from the provinces and neighbouring regions who came to Moscow specifically to buy food and other goods, in the summer of 1991 more and more Muscovites themselves joined the queues, and these queues were not only in the centre of Moscow, but also in areas where travellers had never shopped before. You had to queue for all kinds of goods or buy them without queuing at markets, where prices were very high for the vast majority of people. And so, Moscow greeted me with queues almost everywhere. After returning to the capital, I continued my usual activities, working with people directly and on the phone. I met interesting people, people who were looking for answers to their questions from me. Everything was going as usual, which for many people was incredible even for Moscow standards. Shortly after my return from Arkhangelsk, Svetlana returned from Lithuania. She brought some delicacies from Lithuania, mainly Lithuanian meat products, which turned out to be incredibly delicious. Lithuanian carbonates and various types of smoked meats were a big surprise for me. There was nothing like this in Russian shops, and there were few markets where you could find anything similar.

As Svetlana explained to me, every town in Lithuania had its own recipes for smoking meat, its own specialities. Every master smoker had his own secrets, and Lithuania produced a lot of these meat products, most of which were exported abroad. The inhabitants of the Soviet Union (with the exception of Lithuania itself) had to eat "sausages" that contained almost nothing but the name. But convoys of high-quality meat products went abroad.

Soviet people had to eat, at best, almost pure starch, but everyone abroad had to eat well!

In general, the Soviet Union had a very strange attitude towards its own citizens. Every foreigner who arrived felt like a real king, even though in his homeland he might have been an ordinary teacher or shepherd (cowboy), but in the USSR he was almost a god. Every foreigner was taken care of, there were special shops, restaurants and hotels for them, which ordinary Soviet citizens were not even allowed to enter. I have never seen anything like this anywhere else in the world. In 1991, I travelled to Hungary and southern Germany, and later to the United States, but nowhere did I see anything like it. In all other countries around the world, their own citizens were given priority, and all newcomers were seen only as a potential source of income. In no other country in the world was it the case that a citizen of a given country could not enter a restaurant, shop, etc., while visitors were allowed in without any problems simply because they came from another country. The Soviet authorities showed their true colours by treating their citizens in this way. The inhabitants of a huge country were treated like slaves in their own country, even though we were all taught from childhood that the opposite was true. One could only realise the depth of this lie after visiting other countries and seeing with one's own eyes how the authorities of other countries treated their inhabitants. For them, their own citizens are human beings, while newcomers are something like second- or third-class people, depending on which country they come from. Such brutal treatment of its citizens is possible only in the USSR and nowhere else. But I will not digress...

When Svetlana returned from Lithuania, she began to visit me almost every day. The world of the Great Cosmos that I had opened up to her became like a "drug" for her — she was drawn to the stars more and more strongly. This became the meaning of her life. But this turn of events did not please certain forces, and they were very real, not mystical or otherworldly, as some people might think. Several people, very influential in the Soviet system and hunting for people with pronounced parapsychic abilities, as in the case of Svetlana, had long had their eye on her. So when they learned that she had "connected" with me and did not intend to give up what she had learned from me, they began to openly poison her. The harassment is very real and happens at all levels. Svetlana's "friend," who called her her dear sister, "for some reason" put poison in the drink she herself served to Svetlana, expressing her gratitude to her for all the good she had done for her. Quite an interesting way to express your "gratitude," isn't it? Svetlana called me while she was in a terrible state, literally turned inside out by her "friend's" "gratitude." This happened quite late in the evening, and as soon as Svetlana called me, I immediately went to her hotel. At that time, she was staying in a nice room at the Kiev Hotel, which was located near the Kiev railway station. The road was almost empty, and after about half an hour I was already with her.

I made it in time. The poison hadn't had time to do its dirty work. Perhaps it helped Svetlana that I had already worked with her a lot and had changed many things in her. Anyway, when I arrived, she was alive, and I immediately set about destroying the poison in her body and the damage it had already done. After some time of my work, Svetlana began to feel better, the severe pain that had gripped her throat disappeared, and her healthy complexion returned, although she was still pale. I suggested she try to get some sleep, and after making sure everything looked fine, I headed back home. In the morning, we called each other and there was no longer any threat to her health. Nevertheless, I went to check on her again to examine her. I did a little more work with her to clear her up more quickly. Her "friend", as one might expect, had disappeared without a trace. Of course, she had not been abducted by aliens or "fallen" into a parallel world, but the very next day, "for some reason," she urgently left for home without even informing her "best friend" for obvious reasons. And so, as soon as Svetlana came to my side, her "fun life" began too. The poisoning was the first swallow, but by no means the last. When the "friends" who were behind these

actions, they realised that they had little chance of success with poisons and other similar methods, so they began to act differently. They began to attack her psychologically, and quite severely. With her natural sensitivity, such attacks were particularly difficult for Svetlana. The attacks were carried out by people she knew, who threatened to destroy her if she continued to communicate with me. They told her that she would be destroyed, that her son would not live if she did not renounce me and betray me. That her father, whom she loved so much, had a weak heart and it could "suddenly" stop. And when words did not help, they resorted to action. They began to beat her, and very severely. The blows were so strong that they drove Svetlana out of her body. Sometimes, as a result of these blows, she fell into a deep coma, with barely noticeable signs of life, and sometimes into a state of clinical death. Each time, I managed to bring her back to normal. Although sometimes her "blackouts" from the blows lasted quite a long time - an hour, and sometimes even two! After each such blow, I not only brought Svetlana back to life, but also made another rearrangement so that something like this would not happen again. But her "friends" would strike her in a completely new place, and I would have to restore her again after these blows and create new qualities and properties to protect Svetlana from such blows. When the blows of the local "madmen" still did not achieve the desired results, they apparently complained to their masters and began to strike Svetlana themselves, and these blows were now more serious.

After two attempts to start my own family, I no longer believed that such a thing was possible for me. "Ordinary" women couldn't understand my goals and values, and those who were "advanced" in these matters almost always turned out to be narcissistic egoists who enjoyed basking in the glow of their own imagined greatness, as I discovered from my own experience. Besides, I have never been interested in relationships for their own sake. For me, love has always meant, above all, a kinship of souls, and so before I met Svetlana, I thought I would have to be alone for the rest of my life. After meeting such a beautiful and intelligent woman as Svetlana, I was delighted to have found someone who really understood what I was talking about, who was genuinely interested in what I did and what the meaning of my life was for me. I have always been able to tell when a person truly understands or is just pretending to understand. Naturally, I had warm feelings for Svetlana and was afraid that if I talked about anything more than friendship, I would ruin everything with my own hands. I really wanted to preserve this kinship of souls and not scare it away with some foolishness. Besides, my past experience had not inspired me to be romantic. But I saw with my own eyes how Svetlana was fighting for what I had been striving for my whole life, and I realised that she was my soulmate. And even when I realised this, I didn't rush to tell her my conclusions, because I assumed that she might misunderstand me and ruin this wonderful union of souls with her own hands. After they tried to poison Svetlana, I decided that because of me she was in mortal danger and that as long as she was close to me, it would not stop. And so I had to explain everything to her so that she could make her own choice: either to leave me and return to her normal life, or to decide once and for all how she felt about me. Because only if she is with me all the time can I help her when they beat her. So life itself was pushing me to act, and no matter how much I worried about her possible refusal, I decided there was no point in delaying any longer.

One evening, I called Svetlana and asked her if she would be available that evening, and after receiving a positive response, I went to her room at the Kiev Hotel. Before going to her room, I bought a beautiful bouquet of roses (at least I thought so) and when I entered Svetlana's room, I handed her the bouquet and asked for her hand and heart. I was a little nervous... and when I heard a positive answer, I was delighted. As I travelled back home, my soul rejoiced and I felt happy for the first time in my life. I have always liked Mr. X's aria from the operetta "The Princess of the Circus". I often hummed this aria quietly to myself, it was very close to my heart, the beautiful words of this aria were close to my heart: *"...flowers bloom on the sand, no one knows how lonely my path is, but where is the heart that will love me, may my destiny always be in a mask..."*. Although I have always acted without a mask,

the meaning was no different. I thought that the path I had chosen doomed me to loneliness, because it was difficult to imagine a woman who would be willing to go with me against the tide and expose herself to danger, and doom me to a constant struggle, without which my path is impossible. And so, such a woman was found, and now she is by my side... But the most incredible thing about this woman came to light later, when we started working together and the events of the past began to unfold one by one before us, and the truth about the past became clear.

Shortly after I proposed to Svetlana, I found a flat in one of Moscow's residential neighbourhoods, and we moved into a one-room flat in a standard Khrushchev-era apartment block in a working-class neighbourhood. The flat was small, like all one-room flats of this type, but that didn't matter. After that, our "friends" got more active, and they weren't "friends" from here anymore, but from there. They used such different, really nasty methods of influence that there was no room for surprise. Even the most sophisticated sadists and torturers would envy the sophistication of their torture. I have always been surprised by the inventiveness of the Dark Forces in creating all kinds of mischief. If only this inventiveness were directed towards something good and creative, rather than destructive. But these monsters were not interested in creative endeavours. There was only one good thing in all this. In order to strike again, they had to "take out" more and more of their "trump cards" from their arsenal each time, and after resolving their meanness, they had fewer and fewer "arguments" in reserve that were unknown to me. Moreover, after applying their new "trump card," they gave me information to think about. In order to solve their next "task," I had to create new qualities and opportunities, to develop new bodies for myself and for Svetlana. After another quarrel with those who were striking blows, there were sometimes small pauses between the blows, and then I, having received another portion of "food" for the mind, created fundamentally new structures, created bodies and qualities that I had not even suspected until recently. Moreover, in order to neutralise the blows, I first had to study the nature of these actions, and once I understood this nature, I created properties and qualities such structures and bodies that allowed me to oppose not only this particular action, but also the entire spectrum of similar actions based on this nature and all possible combinations of them that I could think of.

I was able to quickly calm down the most violent ones in the immediate vicinity of our universe. At the same time, my actions were not limited to creating protection against such attacks, but also to... punishing the entire hierarchical system behind these attacks. After all, the attacks were often carried out by "pawns" who were sacrificed by those above them without much regret. That was exactly what they were counting on. If they failed, they would lose their soldiers, and that would be all. But I had a different strategy. Responsible not only, or rather not so much, the perpetrator, but the one who orders such actions. That is why, after neutralising the next attacker or attackers, I usually put them in "straitjackets" and started a conversation with them about who they were and why they were attacking, as well as who had given them the order to strike. In this way, I would work my way up the chain of command to the person who had given the order to their system. I would usually protest against such actions and challenge them to a fight. Fights with the leaders of the hierarchies were sometimes full of surprises that could not even be predicted. First, they always had surprises prepared, which they kept behind the curtain. Very often, they started the fight by learning what I had, but I was also "one of them" and revealed only part of myself, not everything, so that I would have the greatest possible advantage at the end of the fight. In other words, during the battle, each side tried to learn all the reserves of the opposing side, while at the same time maximising their own. When gaps were found in my system, they were hit with their own reserves. And those reserves were usually strikes that I did not have during the battle. That was my Achilles' heel in every battle and, at the same time, my slippery slope!

As I already wrote, when I was attacked with something I did not have, during the strikes I managed to have direct contact with new qualities and properties, with new matter that was unfamiliar to me. Direct contact allowed me to scan all of this and create similar qualities in myself. In this case, I was able to create new essential bodies, brain structures, and create something special. Because very often the information received during the battle and the new qualities and properties gave me the missing piece of the mosaic, without which it was impossible to create something fundamentally new, and not only for myself. Almost always during these battles, after receiving new qualities and properties, I managed to take an evolutionary step forward on my path. And during these battles and fights, Svetlana helped me a lot with her wonderful vision and telepathic technique. Thanks to her, I was able to concentrate only on the tasks arising during the battle, and Svetlana provided me with the necessary information, and thanks to this, everything happened much faster and more efficiently, with minimal losses and minimal damage, which in itself is important. I managed to come up with very effective tactics and strategies, but I had to take the blows instead of running away from them. It was always unpleasant, but always effective. I felt no fear, not because "the sea was beside me," but because I realised that if fear penetrated my soul... I would lose. Only the conscious absence of fear allowed me to act quickly and effectively, to make the right decisions, etc., despite the pain and partial destruction of what was part of me. I can assure you that this did not bring me joy, but I knew that this approach would allow me to find a solution to the problem before I was destroyed. And once I found a solution to the problem, I would immediately start applying it and emerge victorious.

Sometimes I recovered, sometimes I recovered radically during the battle, and sometimes I did it after it. But anyway, I kept moving forward, solving increasingly complex problems, which required me to change my perception of what was happening more than once, because without that, using the old models, it would have been impossible to solve almost all the problems that arose on my way. It is precisely this narrow-minded thinking that is the death of progress. I realised this quite quickly at the beginning of this movement. That is why every time I tried to find a new approach to solving problems, sometimes I succeeded immediately, sometimes it took time and the necessary "pieces" of the mosaic accumulated for a new leap in the approach to solving the problems that arose along the way. My mind was always open to the new, I never said to myself, "This cannot be because it can never be." If I encountered something new to me, no matter how incredible it was, I always started by researching what it was and whether I could figure out its essence... and strange as it may seem, I almost always managed to solve seemingly unsolvable problems. And again, sometimes the solution came suddenly, sometimes the problem sank into the depths of my mind and "burned" there with an unquenchable ember until the necessary "pieces" were found, and then the solution would explode in my brain like a supernova, in the moment when a new solution was born. This has always happened to me, even when I was inventing various devices. I would throw a task into my mind and it would "simmer" there until a ready solution was born. When that happened, I would see the finished solution in my mind's eye in the form of a real device, sit down at the drawing board and draw the finished version in one go, without any intermediate versions. An immediate solution with all the necessary details. And this method of my approach to solving emerging problems was very useful to me during my activities in space. Anyway, everything I did in my life before TODAY "M" was useful to me in my star wars, and not only that...

Secondly, it turned out that most of the black hierarchies I had to fight were captured light hierarchies that were subjugated to the will of the more primitive blacks who had captured them. The evolutionary ceiling for the development of black hierarchies is very low (compared to white hierarchies), but they compensated for this by developing their flexibility and dynamism. Before capturing a light hierarchy, they usually sent

against him their servants, who attacked this hierarch and in the vast majority of cases were destroyed by these hierarchs. But those who sent their servants to their deaths were completely indifferent to what would happen to them; they calmly watched from the sidelines, without interfering in what was happening, but only studying the bright hierarch whom they had chosen as their victim. The purpose of this observation was to discover weaknesses in the defence, or better yet, evolutionary gaps that simply cannot be avoided at any level of development. The gaps will be different for different levels, but they will always be there, as there will always be something that is unknown to a given being. Once they had found a gap in the structures of the light hierarchies in this way, the dark hierarchies did not rush to attack their chosen victims. If they lacked the qualities necessary for the attack, they first set out in search of those who possessed them, and by attacking those they could handle on their own, they absorbed those who had lost themselves and thus acquired new qualities necessary for the planned attack. Only then did they attack their planned victim. In such a scenario, the weak hierarch found themselves in a position where they had no way to respond to the blow or blows and were captured. In such a situation, there is only one way out - to very quickly scan the attacker and create new qualities and properties, new bodies and structures during the battle. This is only one possible outcome, as it is impossible to defend yourself against what you do not know.

Unfortunately, few of the light hierarchies adhered to this type of combat. It is difficult for me to judge why this is so, as I did not set out to understand the reasons for it, since I had to fight rather than study the past of the matter. In any case, the Dark Forces have always acted as parasites both on the planets they have conquered and in the Great Cosmos, which they have tried to put at their service. Unable to develop themselves, the Dark Forces have always parasitised on those who had such an opportunity, exploiting their mistakes or shortcomings. This is a fact, however sad and unpleasant it may be to accept.

31. White Brotherhood

In any case, I was lucky and managed to block the next attacker without any consequences. After putting on my "straightjacket", I knew from my own experience that I could not trust the words of the black hierarch. I gained this experience at the very beginning of my cosmic odyssey in 1987, during the clash with Iyori, which I wrote about earlier. At the same time, I developed a method for radically solving the problem.

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Returning to the point of evolutionary distortion and giving another chance for development on the path of light, from my point of view, allows both to stop parasitic hierarchies and civilisations, and at the same time to preserve for the Universe the uniqueness of every civilisation, of every form of life! Isn't that great! I, perhaps by accident, managed to discover a way, and a radical one at that, to completely neutralise parasitic systems without destroying the uniqueness of every form of life and being. And so, applying my method , I got a completely unexpected result. When I started this process, after neutralising my first serious opponent, who turned out to be a light hierarch captured by the Dark Forces, a real miracle happened. The process continued only until the moment when this The being was captured by the cosmic parasites, and this being became what it was before its capture. In other words, the light being was completely freed from the control of the Dark Forces and once again became what it had always been in essence. It is difficult to imagine the joy I felt when this happened for the first, but not the last, time. Each such liberation of another captive of the cosmic parasites was a joy for me.

Once freed from the control of the Dark Forces, almost all of them were ready to

fight against such filth. They, more than anyone else, knew what the dark side was like. It is not for nothing that they say that for every defeated person, there are two undefeated ones. So in the case of those freed from the control of parasitic systems, their personal experience and justified indignation and desire to put an end to the parasitic system, wherever it may be, made them the best warriors against these forces. For a better understanding of the cynicism and meanness of parasites, I would like to mention a few methods for capturing them. For cosmic parasites, it was necessary to preserve all the unique qualities and properties of a bright hierarch after his capture. Therefore, when capturing them, they did everything to preserve him, without worrying at all about how the captured hierarchs themselves felt. The "happiest" ones were those who, in the full sense of the word, remembered nothing of what he (or she) had done after being captured. These lucky ones seemed to fall into a lethargic sleep after their capture and came out of it after their release, remembering nothing of what they had done during their memory loss. These are the "lucky ones" because there are also some who are not so "lucky," and here's why. In some cases, the parasites were unable to use the properties and evolutionary qualities when the consciousness of the captured light hierarch was shut down. Therefore, in these cases, they did not shut down the consciousness of the captured light hierarch, but only controlled his actions. It is difficult to imagine the grief of such a being, who saw with his own hands the destruction of everything that was the meaning of his life, everything that he himself had created, his companions, etc.

After freeing themselves from the control of the parasitic forces, these beings went through the most difficult period, but after overcoming this mental depression, they became the most active warriors in the battles with the parasites. They, more than anyone else, knew what cosmic parasites were. The liberation of the next captive meant not only the liberation of the chief hierarch from parasitic control, but also the transformation of the entire hierarchical system headed by this or that hierarch. The liberated hierarchs joined this struggle and became our allies.

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This does not mean that one can attack any civilisation or hierarchy of civilisations simply because their ideas do not coincide with ours, no matter how wonderful they may be. This is the difference between the Light and the Dark Path – that you cannot impose anything, even good things, on anyone. It's like that joke about the gentleman and the lady: should the gentleman insist that the lady get off at a certain stop if she needs to go to the next one, just because he is getting off at that stop and wants to do her a "favour" by getting off the transport with her! This is not the way to impose anything on anyone, no matter how good the thing you want to impose is. Interference in the internal affairs of other civilisations and their associations is unacceptable, as long as that civilisation or association of civilisations does not pose a threat to other civilisations or associations through its actions or direct aggression. Only in such situations is intervention without invitation possible. But, unfortunately or fortunately, the nature of the dark parasitic forces is such that they cannot exist without attacking other civilisations or their associations in order to assimilate their resources and the acquired properties and qualities of the light hierarchies. Therefore, there is no need to touch them, they will touch everyone. For a long time, their strategy and tactics worked flawlessly, but those days are gone, and when more flexibility is used against flexibility, and even more so, dynamics and mobility against dynamics, the parasites have nothing to "hide" behind. A new era has dawned in the Great Cosmos, when the Forces of Light have received in their hands such a weapon against the Forces of Darkness that they have and cannot have any serious counteraction. My accidental or not so accidental discovery has become the key to the effective fight against the parasitic forces. When even war leads not to destruction but to creation, when the parasitic forces defeated in this war are not physically destroyed, are not banished to locked cosmic reserves where they only accumulate malice and nurture even more insidious

plans in case of release, but are given another chance to return to the point of evolutionary distortion and follow the path of creation instead of destruction.

By the way, regarding the creation of doubles and the merging of units. This idea came to me back in 1987, when, after reviewing my own path of development, I discovered that at the moment of my conception, three entities at different levels of development had entered. The fact is that my main entity, named ... had such a level of development that it could not coordinate with the developing biomass in any way. The levels of development of the foetus and this entity were so different that there could be no question of its direct entry into the biomass. Therefore, the first entity to enter the evolving biomass was one with a level of development that had the ability to harmonise with the evolving biomass. In the same way, the essences of extinct animals successively enter the fertilised egg for a certain period of time, during which they evolutionarily elevate the developing biomass to a higher evolutionary level, allowing the entry of a higher-level essence, and so on, until the essence of the actual human being has the opportunity to harmonise qualitatively with the developing human genetics. In my case, everything was the same, except for one detail. The level of development of my main essence was such that the levels of the earthly essences of extinct animals were not sufficient to achieve harmony between the developing biomass and my essence. That is why two additional human essences with an intermediate level of development were introduced. Their task was exactly the same as that of the essences of the extinct animals - to become an evolutionary "step" between the main essence and the developing biomass of my physical body. Without these intermediate essences, my main essence had no chance of catching up with my genetics.

The levels of these two intermediate entities are also different. The first of these entities, the male entity, was the first entity to enter my biomass, which allowed it to develop quite rapidly to a certain level. The second intermediate entity was the female entity, which coordinated with my physical body after the first male entity had raised the evolutionary level of development of the physical body to the level necessary to coordinate with the second, female entity. This intermediate female essence, being in my physical body, raised the evolutionary level of my physical body in the shortest possible time to the evolutionary point where it was possible to harmonise my main essence with my physical body - ... The harmonisation of the main essence took place when I was fourteen years old, and then there was a development of this essence in my body. The sequence in which the intermediate essences entered my physical body is interesting. During the first seven years, the first intermediate male essence "worked" in my body, and during the remaining seven years, the second intermediate female essence. This is related to the fact that during the first seven years of life, male essences develop more quickly, while during the next seven years, female essences develop more quickly. During the first seven years, there is rapid development of the second material body (the etheric body), and then there is rapid development of the third material body of the essence (the astral body). In this way, both male and female intermediate essences raised the level of development of my physical body as quickly as possible, while the main male essence failed to harmonise with the physical body.

I only understood all this in 1987, when I began my reorganisation. During one of the discussions on human development, I encountered the concepts of yin and yang, male and female origins, and the majority opinion that human development is impossible without harmony between male and female origins. That the female principle has qualities and properties without which the evolutionary development of men is impossible, and vice versa, without the properties and qualities of the male principle, the development of women is impossible for similar reasons. The only way out of this situation was to seek a soul mate and obtain the necessary qualities and properties for development through the so-called white tantra. For some, this may be a fascinating path, but not for me, primarily because the chance of finding a soul mate

soul is very small, and the "intensive" searches in which some people try to find harmony through trial and error usually lead seekers to black Tantra, and as a result of the evolutionary "leap" they evolutionarily decline, primitively understanding the harmony between man and woman as intimacy between man and woman, which is an absolutely wrong understanding, specifically instilled by the Dark Forces through a number of Eastern "spiritual" teachings. The harmony between the masculine and feminine principles is the complementation of the masculine with the feminine principle at the level of essences, not at the level of physical bodies, and is a merging of the streams of primary matter that permeate both the masculine and feminine essences.

When I realised this for myself, the question naturally arose as to how I could achieve this harmony, rather than waiting for it my whole life (and there is no guarantee that you will find your soul mate). And then it somehow dawned on me! Look, your body has been consistently developed by three essences, one of which is female. What if we try to unite the male and female essences? Wouldn't that lead to a fusion of the male and female principles, which is so necessary for further development? But the fusion of the male and female essences creates a closed energy ring, which in itself is not conducive to development. And again, I found the key, strange as it may seem, within myself. After all, my body has been consistently propelled forward by the male essence, then by the female essence, and then again by the male essence. And a "crazy" thought occurred to me: what if we unite these three essences involved in the formation of my physical body? The merging of a male and a female essence results in the merging of the male and female principles into one, and the third main male essence, merging with the intermediate ones, provides the necessary qualities for my development as a man, as a male essence. The situation is similar for women, except that it is necessary to merge two female essences and one male essence into one whole. Isn't that a simple and beautiful solution? It has been done. I had everything at my fingertips – my own essences, participating step by step in the development of my physical body. I took my essences out of my body, "built" them according to the "thread" and announced my decision to them. For one reason or another, the auxiliary essences did not object, and I merged them into one. After that, I repeatedly merged with doubles of other beings or with essences that had decided to merge with mine and no longer wanted to incarnate.

Thus, the White Brotherhood was formed by the light hierarchies, freed from the control of the parasites. The White Brotherhood is not defined by skin colour, but by the essence of its worldview and principles of creation, rather than destruction, as is the case in parasitic systems. Among these Light Knights there were mainly humanoid beings, more or less similar to earthly humans, with the differences between them being mainly in skin colour, eye shape and colour, face shape, height, and the structure and shape of their hair, or what we call hair. The first to be freed and join them were the hierarchs: Dark and York, Thor, Ayan and Vilen. I would like to draw special attention to the latter two. The whole point is that the latter were not captured light hierarchs, but black hierarchs. More precisely, they began their evolutionary development in hierarchies that had already been captured by cosmic parasites, and underwent their evolution under the influence of the Black Forces. They knew no other way of development than the one imposed on them with their mother's milk. But despite this, having the desire to move forward, at a certain stage of this movement they "stumbled" into a dilemma - in order to move forward, they had to either become parasites, stealing new qualities and properties from those who were able to develop independently, or develop these new qualities themselves. They chose the second option and from that moment on ceased to be Dark Hierarchies. Of course, this did not happen in an instant, but from the moment they made this decision, they began to move in a completely different evolutionary direction, still within the parasitic system. They became, in the full sense of the word, strangers among their own and their own among strangers.

Of course, when they followed the bright path of development, they did not make "official statements," but simply, understanding the parasitic nature of the Dark Forces, tried to

minimise the consequences of this way of life on neighbouring spaces from their positions, not allowing the spread of parasitic systems. They were forced to hide their true nature from their immediate surroundings. It was not their fault that it was precisely the parasitic civilisations that had led to their existence. In such conditions, it was disproportionately difficult for them to reach the Light, but they managed to do so. When I first met them, their scan and behaviour told me that they were not black hierarchies. They had honour, which black people cannot have in principle. And many other things that suggested to me that the being in front of me was a light being. It was not easy to determine whether this was a cunning game of the enemy or not quite an ordinary situation in which the being found itself due to circumstances. But I determined their essence by looking deeply into their essence, where I saw nothing black, and I believed them, and later I never regretted it. It is always important to see the essence behind every form, and without it, you simply cannot move forward.

And this White Brotherhood set itself the goal of cleansing the entire Cosmos of social parasites at all levels! Who, if not you, knew better than anyone else what social parasites were? And who, if not you, had the right to do it? And who, if not you, would not be deceived by all the tricks and cunning of those who "devour" all good things? And in order to undertake this super-task, they did not need to attack social parasites on a cosmic level! So many civilisations and associations of civilisations constantly needed help in the fight against the parasite aggressors. And not only that — the cosmic parasites themselves constantly attacked the Light Hierarchies that had appeared out of nowhere, operating on a principle unknown to the parasites, because they posed a mortal danger to the parasites, a danger to their very existence, and they understood this perfectly well. During the battle, the "new" Light Hierarchies could develop new qualities and structures, and everything new created by each of them became the property of the entire White Brotherhood! And in this way, every surprise prepared by the parasites after their victory over the attackers became a new weapon against themselves, against which they had no defence.

Perhaps for the first time in the entire existence of reason in the Universe, the Forces of Light had the opportunity to truly and effectively oppose the Forces of Darkness without becoming like those they were fighting. When the opposition of the Forces of Light was carried out on the same level as the actions of the Dark Forces, sooner or later the Dark Forces still prevailed. Because, while repelling attacks on the material level, the Light hierarchies did not pay much attention to actions on other levels. And these actions have always been the main ones, while actions on the technological level have always been only a distraction. Most importantly, the new principle of fighting parasites allowed only the parasitic structures and systems to be destroyed, freeing all captives from their control, not only individual hierarchies, but entire civilisations and even hierarchical unions, among which there were many civilisations enslaved by cosmic parasites!...

32. A big "layer cake"

But in July 1991, all this was just beginning. There were only the first hierarchies freed from the control of parasites, the first civilisations freed from the slavery of social parasites. Earlier, I described the events that took place at the level of our hexahedron. But that was only the beginning. After all, a hexagon, no matter how huge it may be from an earthly point of view, is equivalent to an atom in the space of our Matrix for the Great Universe. Each of the six rays is located at the nodes of the honeycomb structure of the matrix space, and the matrix space itself is a Möbius strip of colossal dimensions. Matrix spaces of one type of spatial quantification form a multi-layered "pie" of the Great Universe from their Möbius strips, but this pie is not

the only one! When, during our "ascent" into the Universe with Svetlana, we reached the edge of the "multi-layered pie" in which our Midgard-Earth is located, we found ourselves facing the black, bottomless abyss of the Great Universe. It was like standing on the shore of a huge ocean, the other shore of which was nowhere to be seen. Out of habit, I "moved" forward through this black abyss, but, as they say in one of the anecdotes, "...I came out of the forest... and immediately entered...". And I immediately entered for one simple reason - as soon as I moved into this abyss, the bodies of my essence and my structures began to burn and disintegrate, which did not give me pleasant sensations.

After getting a bit "burned" during my first attempt to overcome this failure, once I recovered, I was forced to think about such an unexpected problem. It turned out that even with my developed bodies and structures, it was impossible to escape alive from our "layer cake," and I really wanted to escape, but the question naturally arose: how? Because the presence of all the bodies of my essence, which I had developed precisely in this "layer cake," was not enough even to "cross" this abyss! I had to come up with a fundamentally new strategy and tactics for this and test it all on myself. It was important only to find such a strategy and tactics that would not lead to another "burning" of my essence. In other words, to cope and stay alive. That was the problem, the situation — you couldn't think of a better one! If I failed to find a fundamentally new solution, I would be doomed to "wander" within the confines of our "multi-layered cake," which in itself is not a bad thing, but... I had a tremendous desire to look beyond this abyss and understand what was there! And I started to "stir" my brain, which is sometimes very useful! I began by scanning and analysing the area of failure closest to where I was. And I realised that I did not have a single essential body or structure that would agree even with the closest area of failure. It seemed that it was time to "dry the oars," but I was in no hurry to give up. If I didn't have a single body or structure, why not create some, because I had previously created fundamentally new bodies and structures for myself, so why not try to do it now?

The only question was how to create bodies and structures in this very unusual case? And then it occurred to me to first find a material from which it would be possible to create the necessary bodies and structures. And I began to separate from myself that matter which in some way corresponded to the qualities of this failure. My logic was simple: if our spatial "layer cake" calmly coexists with such a black abyss, this can only happen if the border spaces are in a neutral state with this black abyss, in which there are no spaces and nothing else in the form familiar to us, but this does not mean that there is nothing there, just that in the black abyss there is fundamentally different matter. And I began to assemble new bodies, properties and qualities from the few pieces I had, which allowed me to take a small step into this black abyss without starting to disintegrate. After creating the first step across the abyss in this way, I began to create from the other pieces I had the next system of bodies and structures that allowed me to take the next step across the abyss and... and so on, until Svetlana, for whom I did the same as for myself, and I found ourselves on the other side of this abyss. And there, after this black abyss in which there was nothing - neither dead nor living matter, nothing at all - there was again a majestic Cosmos of incredible beauty, slightly different from that in our native "layer cake". Svetlana and I found ourselves in another "layer cake," in which the laws of the Universe were slightly different from those in our native one, but nevertheless it was the Cosmos in the literal sense of the word, with its stars and galaxies, Universes and matrix spaces. However, the basis of this new multi-layered cake was a different type of matter compared to ours, but that did not make the "local" spaces any less beautiful and majestic.

On the other side of the abyss, Svetlana and I were surprised. As soon as we crossed the abyss, we were greeted by an unusual creature. It was humanoid, but very unusual, even by our standards. Its body seemed to be covered in some kind of

unusual matter flowing through its body, which, according to our perceptions, was silver. The creature's name was Ordan, but what it "said" shocked Svetlana and me. Let me remind you that by "said" I mean telepathic transmission of information from brain to brain, because at these levels communication is telepathic. So, Ordan, who greeted us on the other side, "said" to us: "What took you so long?" We were both surprised by this question, and our first reaction was that there must be some misunderstanding. But it turned out that there was no misunderstanding and that it was the silver-red Ordan who was waiting for us, and that is why...

It turned out that Svetlana and I had come from precisely those spaces. My essence had long ago voluntarily embarked on an important mission in the spaces from which Svetlana and I had just returned. The goal of my mission was to find the key to solving the problem with the parasitic systems that had sprung up everywhere and had already twice led to the Great Universe, which contained many "layer cakes" of matrix spaces, had perished because the activity of these parasites had caused the very "fabric" of the Great Universe to become unstable twice, and it perished each time, or rather, another configuration of the Great Universe perished. The Great Universe perished in order to be reborn in a slightly different form. If the mythical bird Phoenix turned to ashes and was reborn from the ashes, then after its death, the Great Universe was also reborn, but not in the same form, and all the civilisations that existed in it perished almost without a trace. And everything started all over again.

The causes of the demise of previous Great Universes were the actions of parasitic systems which, lacking the opportunity for vertical development, parasitised on the conquered light hierarchies and hierarchies. As a result, often not understanding the essence of the opportunities obtained through parasitism, they tried to use them for their own purposes. Sooner or later, the moment came when such actions led to instability in the entire space, and the Great Universe perished, only to be reborn in another form. Parasitic systems have always acted like a "cancerous tumour" that sooner or later "killed" its host, whether it was a human organism or the Universe itself. Svetlana and I learned this and many other things from Ordan. In order to try to solve this problem in some way, or at least to "find" ways to solve it, I was sent to those spaces from which Svetlana and I had just emerged. And so it happened that in the course of this search, my essence found itself on our old Earth. Svetlana's essence voluntarily followed me, and in the end we "collided" on the Earth of Midgard. But everything fell into place...

After recovering a little from the shock of Ordan's words, we continued our journey. Having acquired new qualities and properties as a result of overcoming the black abyss and entering fundamentally new spaces, I joyfully began to create new bodies for my essence and for Svetlana's essence, without which it was impossible to move forward. I also created new brain structures, new qualities and properties. Ordan had provided us with a large part of his arsenal, which made things much easier for me. Anyway, after we overcame the black abyss, another qualitative transformation took place in me and Svetlana.

We learned a lot about ourselves from Ordan. It turned out that my essence voluntarily passed through this black abyss and, at the same time, during the transition, burned many bodies and structures that had already been developed before the transition. The purpose of this transition is to try to find in another "layer cake" the solution to the problem with the parasitic systems. There were no temporary solutions when the legions of parasitic systems were defeated in one battle or another, when their successive attempts to increase the size of the cosmic areas they had enslaved were only repelled. In the end, the maximum that the Forces of Light achieved was the creation of isolated quarantine zones in the Universe. These space-universes, into which the "virus" penetrated

of the parasitic system, they simply isolated themselves from the rest of the space by creating black abysses, through one of which Svetlana and I had just passed. The methods used by the Forces of Light only allowed the spaces "infected" with the virus of parasitism to be isolated from the "healthy" ones and to be observed with regret through these spatial qualitative barriers, through which the parasitic forces had no way of breaking through, how these parasites, both literally and figuratively, devour the civilisations and hierarchies that were not fortunate enough to fall into such a quarantine zone. All this is essentially similar to amputation in gangrene, when a part is sacrificed to save the whole. But with each such "amputation," the "whole" became smaller and smaller, because parasitic systems appeared independently of each other in different places. Such a method only prolonged the agony, because each "amputation" brought the parasitic system closer and closer to the "heart" of the Light Spaces, and sooner or later this method still led to the Great Cosmos dying again from the "cancerous tumour" of parasitism. And it was for this reason that I went to one of these quarantine zones in search of a radical solution to the problem of parasitism and eventually ended up on Midgard Earth, which had already been taken over by parasites. And so it happened that it was on this small planet on the outskirts of the galaxy, in conditions of complete memory closure, that I managed to find a radical solution to the problem of parasitism.

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Of course, I was lucky that with the complete closure, and most likely thanks to it (the closure), I managed to find this fundamentally new solution to the problem. Regardless of whether, as a result of all this, I ended up on Earth in Midgard, in the body I have [nowbтp://news.bg](http://news.bg)

Svetlana's essence had always been with me for billions of years until the moment I voluntarily set off into the black abyss. I left without telling her for one simple reason: I didn't want her to be in serious danger or to die in the process of finding the solution that had prompted me to embark on this journey. When Svetlana learned what I had done, she rushed after me, overcoming the black abyss on her own, and following in my footsteps, she also found herself on Midgard-Earth. Let me remind you that in order to incarnate in a physical body, the essence first reaches one planetary level or another. And being at this level, the essence waits for conception, at which point a qualitative leap occurs, harmonious with the level of the essence, and then this essence incarnates and begins its development in the genetics that correspond to the disclosure of its possibilities. In some cases, in order to accelerate the necessary fusion of the necessary qualities of genetics, the essences themselves or their "nannies" influence the destinies of certain people so that their life lines intersect and the desired incarnation of the essence becomes possible. As in my case, so in the case of Svetlana, it was arranged that the destinies of our parents crossed and the appearance of me and Svetlana became possible. As a result, the destinies of our parents not only crossed, but were also prepared to make our birth possible. The dark side, which also knew about our essences, did everything to prevent this from happening, going so far as to kill us before we were born. But anyway, Svetlana and I both appeared on Earth in Midgard, and for a long time we didn't even know why we were on this planet and why we were together. Each of us lived our own lives, but fate invisibly led us to the moment when our paths crossed at the same point, which in itself is already a miracle, considering all the circumstances and conditions in which we found ourselves after the incarnation of our essences.

Our paths crossed at a certain point in our lives, and we have been together ever since, even though we sometimes have to be apart for quite a long time, often through no fault of our own. Our enemies do everything possible and impossible to prevent us from being together. Although they managed to separate us physically, our spiritual unity did not weaken, but only grew stronger and stronger. They counted on the fact that, according to

their ideas physical separation should lead to spiritual separation, without realising the simple truth – when there is kinship and unity of souls, no distances and trials are frightening for those who have this kinship. The servants of the Dark Forces and the slaves of their physical bodies do not understand that there is something higher than physiology, and if a human being has reached at least the stage of a true human being (a person who controls their instincts), then for such a person the concept of love rises to a level unattainable for the stage of the rational animal, to the level of such emotions and such values that those who have not reached the level of a true human being do not even suspect or imagine that such a thing is possible. And so, by creating problems for us, by dividing us through circumstances they created, they thought that in this way they could achieve what they wanted - to destroy our union, but as a result of all their efforts, despite the difficulties we had to overcome, our feelings for each other did not weaken, but on the contrary, grew stronger many times over. The reason for this was that they projected their own ideas and concepts onto something they had no understanding of.

In general, the servants of the Dark Forces are capable of thinking only in their own categories and do not realise that someone else may feel and perceive the world around them in a different way, that there are other values besides those they know and besides which they know and understand nothing. But their lack of understanding or appreciation of everyone and everything outside their own "bell tower" does not mean that someone else cannot have different principles and values. And in vain, because with their meanness they only harden and strengthen what they so foolishly try to destroy. And despite the fact that their actions caused Svetlana and me emotional pain and suffering and created great internal tension, which required us to draw on our inner strength. But this intensity of mental strength did not destroy us, it only made us stronger, and this is precisely what our enemies did not understand. But all this was in the not-so-distant future, and the summer of 1991 was only the beginning of our joint opposition to the parasites. We could not even imagine many of the things that awaited us in that future, but I would not hesitate to choose the same path, despite all the difficulties that awaited me along the way. The only thing I would wish for if I had taken the same path would be the opportunity not to let my friends die. If it were possible to turn back time, that is exactly what I would do — I would prevent their deaths so that they could continue their journey to us, so that I could always feel their friendly support.

But war is war, and unfortunately, it cannot be fought without casualties. That is the harsh reality, and that is why we always had to close ranks and continue our fight against the parasites. And even though the parasites had an overwhelming numerical advantage, no one gave up. On the contrary, everyone continued to do their job with complete dedication. Neither death nor trials could stop this small army of true knights who fought and died not for their own benefit, but to free from the slavery of the parasites all those who did not even know about this invisible war that never stopped. They fought and died for those who were not even able to appreciate their feat. But they fought not for rewards and gratitude, but because their souls demanded it, because they simply could not do otherwise, even if those they defended and tried to save considered them weirdos and not of this world, because almost everyone they defended would gladly accept the benefits that these knights of the spirit refused. Such is, unfortunately, the reality. Most people have no chance of reaching the stage of the true human being, because the parasitic system does everything possible and impossible to prevent the masses from ever overcoming the stage of the rational animal (when instincts rule man), because only then are they able to rule and control the masses. But those who have managed to overcome the evolutionary barrier set by social parasites begin their struggle against this parasitic system so that others can wake up and become free people in the full sense of the word.

In any case, without seeking any kind of war, Svetlana and I found ourselves in the thick of this war, both in space and on Midgard Earth. In both places, we had to fight the parasites, which, as it turned out a little later, formed a unified parasitic system at all levels, both planetary and universal. Social parasites of various guises and levels created their own black "network" in the Universe, in which both individual civilisations and entire hierarchies of civilisations were caught. And one of the reasons for the invincibility of this parasitic system is that in order to defeat this system on a single planet — Earth, which the parasitic system had penetrated with its relatively small "tentacle" — it was necessary to destroy this entire "hydra" at all levels! Only then was it possible to free both the specific planet and the entire Cosmos from this filth. This is the essence of the struggle against parasitic systems. The struggle of a single civilisation or group of civilisations has almost always been doomed to failure. Even if a civilisation managed to free itself from its social parasites, the external parasites would either re-enslave the rebellious planet or simply destroy it if the local inhabitants put up serious resistance, or if the strategic importance of the planet was insignificant and it was not "worth" spending time re-enslaving it. Only war against the entire parasitic system of the specific planet Earth, simultaneously with war against the entire parasitic system of the Great Cosmos, offered a chance of victory in this truly universal war. The problem was that very few people understood this and could recognise the outer tentacles of the parasitic system, which extended to many Earth-like planets.

The particular complexity of the parasitic system of the universe was also reflected in the fact that practically no one could detect these "dolls" because they were created from the matter of the penultimate universe, which had perished before the appearance of the current one. When the parasites stumbled upon this incredibly well-preserved island from the previous universe, they realised that they had stumbled upon the "Klondike" they could only dream of. From that moment on, the Universal parasites began to devour one after another the hierarchy of light civilisations at an enormous speed, and it was precisely after the application of their "Trojan horse" that it was decided to isolate the infected spaces with a black abyss that the parasites could not cross, even if they had the matter of the dead Universe at their disposal. This does not mean that in the vastness of the Universe, separated from the "infected" spaces by the black abyss, there were no parasites of their own, but these parasites did not have the "absolute weapon" that their luckier "brothers" had stumbled upon. Only when Svetlana and I managed to come across the source of this "absolute weapon" of the parasites did I manage to find a way to radically solve the problem with the parasites on a full scale. But this would happen after many years of almost continuous war with the parasites. In July 1991, only the first stage of this Universal War with parasites was "launched". Neither Svetlana nor I could even imagine everything we would have to face in the near future. It was impossible to imagine how the events on our small planet at the edge of the galaxy were closely intertwined with the events in the Great Cosmos. All the most interesting and unusual things were ahead of us.

33. The one who makes the change

Meanwhile, everything went on as usual, I worked with my patients, met various interesting people; like everyone else, we periodically queued up for one or another scarce item, which was actually a basic necessity. There was practically nothing in the shops, but we could afford to buy food at the market. We usually went to the market in Warsaw, sometimes to the market in Riga. I didn't know Moscow that well, and although I've always had a good sense of space and could find my way around

quite well, I usually knew the neighbourhoods I needed to visit for work. And since I worked from home and people either came to me or I worked with them on the phone, there was no need to run around Moscow. But all actions in earthly reality were more of a necessity than a need, because real life for us was in space. It was the endless expanses of the universe that were our true home, our native home, to which we were drawn ever more strongly. With each passing day, more and more information about our past was revealed, and with each passing day, we became more and more aware of ourselves and our entire responsibility for what we were doing on this planet. Due to circumstances, we often found ourselves on different planets with one form of life or another. At first, obviously subconsciously, we chose humanoid civilisations for contact, but from time to time we also "encountered" non-humanoid forms of intelligent life. However, non-humanoids are fundamentally different from humanoids, not only in their appearance but also in their thought processes. With the qualitative change in the restructuring of our essence and brain, the basis for communicating with non-humanoids gradually emerged. But while this process was just gaining momentum, contacts were mainly with humanoid-type civilisations and hierarchies. Incidentally, the origin of humanoid or non-humanoid species of intelligent life is predetermined mainly by space itself. It is precisely the type of matter and the coefficient of quantitative distribution of space by matter that determine the form of intelligent beings originating from these spaces. It so happened that in our "layered cake" optimal conditions arose for the development of precisely a protein form of life, in its vast majority taking on a humanoid form.

But even among protein-based civilisations, something "special" can be found. At the very beginning of her "ascent" through space, Svetlana is struck by planet Earth, where huge flowers grow in shapes that are incredible to our "old ladies". But the most amazing thing was that these fantastic flowers with incredible shapes... sang. They sang, literally and figuratively. The "meadow" of these flowers sang a melody of incredible beauty, which is simply incomparable on Earth. To a certain extent, this music could be compared to organ music, except that the singing flowers formed a living "organ" of tens of thousands of sounding "pipes". And this sound of the flowers was not a cacophony, but an unearthly harmony of incredible sounds. This singing planet simply shook Svetlana. But even more so did the singing spaces we encountered beyond the black abyss. Of course, the spaces were not singing in the usual sense of the word. They pulsed in different rhythms, ejecting clots of different matter, which, overlapping each other, created universal "colourful music". But mostly, routine work was being done - defending against attackers and helping the attacked. The search for Svetlana was gaining momentum. The thing was, I was making more and more transformations to her brain and essence. Her new friends and allies in the fight against the parasites often brought her crystals from dead female entities they had found as gifts, most of whom refused the restoration I offered them and begged me to merge them with Svetlana's essence. After completing a specific task, my friends always came up with new developments, sometimes so radical that it was difficult to recognise them. Everyone shared their discoveries and new solutions with everyone else. Many of those freed from parasitic control

sought to fight this nastiness in the most active way possible.

If they were hierarchs of civilisations or associations of civilisations, they left someone in their place whom they could entrust with their responsibility for other people, and joined our cosmic "knighthood". Somehow, it just so happened that everyone considered me responsible, probably because I started this activity and began to free the hierarchies one by one from the control of the parasites.In Space, they even

they began to call me "the one who makes shifts". Of course, I passed on all my methods of action to my new companions, and they also began to make "shifts" — to free other hierarchies and entire civilisations from the control of the parasites. In principle, no serious work began without my participation, and I usually

I would assign roles and tasks to others or do the work myself. Gradually, the number of people wishing to join the Guard became very large, and it became necessary to select those who were best prepared and internally ready for such activities. As a result of the general discussion, it was decided to hold a competitive selection of those who were to form the permanent basis of this cosmic brotherhood. This was prompted by the fact that the problems my companions had to face more and more often required a quick and adequate response to emerging situations, as any delay cost the lives or serious damage to those delayed. Therefore, it was decided to leave only truly ready fighters, and there was no need for such a large number of warriors. There was a lot of work to be done to restore the normal state of the parasite-free expanses of the Universe.

Freedom from the influence of parasites does not mean the immediate restoration of enslaved hierarchies and civilisations and a transition to the path of truth. It was necessary for them to heal from the traces of the parasitic system, which required a considerable amount of time and effort. Therefore, reliable people were needed on this front. As a result, I developed special tests that were mandatory for everyone. After passing the first level of the tests, those who passed were allowed to move on to the next stage, and those who failed the tests were given the work that best suited their abilities and skills without any resentment. This did not mean that those who were "eliminated" by the test were alienated; they still had the right to visit, meet with friends, etc. In a bright hierarchy, there is no place for empty insults and foolish ambitions. In such a system, there is no place for patronage or any privileges. Everyone occupies a place in the battle formation that corresponds to their experience, abilities, and the responsibility they can bear. In general, the level of consciousness of the bright hierarchies has always amazed me, most likely because I myself was consciously formed on Earth in Midgard, where such a thing simply does not exist. I have never seen or heard any of them claim that he (she) is better (superior) than someone else, that he (she) deserves more, etc. Everyone was given a task that they were capable of solving, and in the event of an unexpected situation, the one who had the necessary qualities and properties to resolve the situation would help. The entire enlightened brotherhood was connected telepathically, and those in need immediately turned to others for help in unclear situations. There was no room for arrogance, such as, "I can solve everything myself and don't need anyone's help! There was no time for empty bravado when every moment was precious and procrastination was like death, not only for the "proud" but for all those on whom the solution of the task depended. For me personally, working with such comrades and brothers in spirit has always been the greatest honour and joy. Everyone was ready, if necessary, to die for the other, not in words, but in deeds. Unfortunately, such spiritual brotherhood is currently practically impossible on our Midgardian land, and this causes only sadness.

After some time, I managed to meet such beings on our old Earth, but most of them, despite having earthly bodies, possessed high cosmic essences. But it is difficult to expect the still unreasonable "children" of Middle Earth to manifest high cosmic morality; it is necessary first to create conditions on our planet that will allow the "seeds" of this high morality to "sprout". The "seeds" of this high morality. And so far, the "field" has not yet been ploughed, the "seeds" have not yet been "sown" in the "ground," and favourable conditions for the "sprouting" of these "seeds" have not been created. But this does not mean that we should give up on everything and wait for the "children" to grow out of their short trousers and reach the necessary level of consciousness. Unfortunately, most of them cannot and will never be able to do this on their own, for a number of reasons. The majority, unfortunately, need help in enlightening their consciousness. Of course, it is most valuable when a person achieves enlightenment on their own, but for this, a person must possess certain qualities and characteristics of mind and character, such as a well-rounded education, independent thinking, freedom from dogma and stereotypes, analytical thinking, diligence and... the ability to change qualitatively, creating new "organs of

feelings." And to all this we must add the speed of analysis, the speed of making the right decisions and... the presence of luck, which is also important in itself. And, of course, the presence of talent, preferably capable of self-development.

For a number of objective and subjective reasons, few people can and have managed to realise all this. And there is nothing discriminatory about this in relation to everyone else. Did Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt and the other giants of the Renaissance era discriminate with their works just because they managed to create their paintings, while all their other contemporaries were unable to create anything similar? Of course not! It's just that each person is capable of realising only themselves, not their "neighbour". What's more, over the last thousand years, social parasites have created a social system in which even those who possess the necessary qualities and characteristics must first break through the "concrete" of the education and upbringing system created by social parasites, which instils in everyone the idea of slavery - both physical and spiritual. In such extreme conditions, it is very difficult to even orientate oneself correctly, given that everyone is born an animal, goes through the phase of a rational animal, and only then reaches the phase of a human being. But this in no way means that one should give up and do nothing! On the contrary, it is precisely in such difficult conditions that everyone must do everything possible and impossible to overcome all these obstacles and barriers. And although not everyone can succeed in reaching their "ceiling of development," even moving forward one step on the evolutionary ladder is progress and the fulfilment of destiny. And let this not be the complete fulfilment of a person's destiny, but only one step, but in the next incarnation there is an opportunity to take the next step, then another, and so on, until the person who is moving forward realises their own potential.

Until that happens, those who have already awakened will have to bear the burden for themselves and for all those who have not yet awakened! This is equivalent to the question of whether we should save children from danger if they cannot see or understand that danger. The answer is unequivocal: we must save them, rather than wait for "manna from heaven," which is unlikely to fall from the sky, at least nothing like that has ever happened. When the planetary catastrophe occurred 13,016 years ago (as of 2007), it was not "manna from heaven" that fell from the sky, but thermonuclear bombs and fragments of the small moon Fata. And instead of "manna from heaven," the survivors received water poisoned by radiation, poisoned fruit, and a struggle for survival in the most difficult conditions. And although there is a popular phrase from an old Soviet film that "you save those who are drowning," any rational being, in the full sense of the word, cannot leave everything to chance just because others have not yet awakened. And if a rational being thinks and acts this way, it means only one thing — that being is not on the side of light! And the greatest responsibility for the rest falls on the awakened ones when the planet is under the control of parasitic forces. And by virtue of the fact that I managed to awaken and "shake up" some of the sleepers, I, still not understanding and not knowing the whole situation with the social parasites of Midgard Earth, felt it necessary to act. And I acted in the situations I encountered, willingly or unwillingly.

Of course, on the physical plane of reality, this struggle did not occur frequently. It so happened that the main war with the parasites and their systems was fought for me and Svetlana mainly in Space. It was only much later that it became clear that this was the only real way to fight the social parasites on our Earth Midgard. Without the ability to wage war in Space and without destroying the cosmic system of social parasites, there was no chance of winning the war against them on a single planet. This was the secret of the invincibility of the social parasites, which is why, without any regret, at the slightest danger to themselves or when the natural resources of this or that planet were exhausted, they mercilessly destroyed the planet along with its civilisation. Because for this cosmic parasite, a single planet or a single hierarchy was and is like a small "cell," and the loss of even a few million such "cells" was almost

imperceptible, and there is no need to talk about the sense of humanity of these cosmic parasites. That is why the fact that my war with the parasites began in earnest not with Midgard-Earth, but with the cosmic parasites, was not just a coincidence, but, as it turned out, the only correct tactic and strategy that gave a chance to defeat the parasites in principle, and not in particular. But this understanding came much later, not in 1991, when I had to defend Svetlana from the attacks of the parasites.

I often joked about this, telling Svetlana that if it weren't for her curiosity and wholehearted pursuit of space, who knows how many years, or perhaps even lives, it would have taken me to achieve what I did. After all, I couldn't allow Svetlana to be defeated and couldn't even allow attempts to capture her by the dark forces. And it was precisely my battles with the parasites that had begun to pursue Svetlana that made me "stir" my brain much faster, otherwise I myself would have been crushed and destroyed by them. So Svetlana unwittingly became an accelerator of my movement forward on the evolutionary ladder. And for that I am very grateful to her. It was a very interesting time, my usual life faded away, even though I continued to do my usual work. I worked with my patients, met with people, proved and explained to those who wanted to know how I understood what was happening in nature, but I perceived this more as routine work, while my soul demanded that I return to Space as soon as possible, because that was where our true life was, both for me and for Svetlana. And this is not an allegory or a beautiful phrase, but the absolute truth. At least our truth, our real life, in the full sense of the word. But, willingly or unwillingly, we had to "come down" from the "paradise" so dear to our hearts and deal with purely earthly matters.

Sometime in mid-July, Svetlana and I decided to go to Lithuania to visit her parents and son, whom I had not yet met. I couldn't go for a long period of time, but I managed to set aside a few days. We left Moscow around 6 p.m., and when we got on the motorway to Minsk, I pressed the accelerator and didn't let go of it until we arrived in the city of Alytus, where Svetlana's relatives lived. My Mercedes had an automatic transmission, but no speed limiter, so the muscles in my right leg began to ache unbearably from the constant pressure on the accelerator pedal, and I had to take my foot off and periodically press the accelerator pedal with my left foot.

We drove at maximum speed wherever we could and wherever we couldn't. For most of the way, the car was travelling at 220 km/h, including at night when it was almost impossible to see the road. I got out of the situation by orienting myself along the road, which was lit by my car's headlights, because that was the only way to determine where the road was. We stopped once to eat something at a roadside diner and fill up my car's tank. Early the next morning, we were in the small Lithuanian town of Alytus. Before visiting Svetlana's relatives, we stopped at the local market and I bought a basket of roses and... a basket of strawberries, paying three roubles for each. I am writing about this for one simple reason: the prices at Lithuanian markets were simply incredible for any resident of Russia, and not only for them. In Lithuania at that time, market prices were lower than those in shops, and the quality was incomparably better, especially for smoked meat and products that each seller prepared according to their own recipe. All this was simply incredible for all residents of Russia, who at that time could find practically nothing in shops, and prices in the markets were "biting" in both the literal and figurative sense. Surprised, I asked Svetlana: "Are there other prices in Lithuania, or just three roubles per bucket?" My question made her laugh, and after we had a good laugh, we returned to her home with a clear conscience.

I gave her mother a huge bouquet of roses and other gifts for everyone, which we had bought in Moscow, and the strawberries went very well with the dessert. I spoke to Svetlana's parents several times on the phone and was a little nervous about meeting them "in person". I met Svetlana's son when we were travelling to her home. He was playing with other children.

children on the street, and when he saw Svetlana getting out of the car, he rushed towards her. He was a wonderful little boy who timidly approached me and asked, "Can I call you Dad?!" There was such despair and unchildlike pain in that question that, as they say, "my heart was torn apart"! I answered yes, and his eyes lit up with happiness. How little a child sometimes needs to feel happy. Svetlana's parents welcomed me with rare hospitality, her mother quickly put together a rich feast, and I tried Lithuanian cuisine for the first time. The table was literally full of different dishes, everything was very tasty, they kept serving me and serving me and serving me. I tried the famous Lithuanian cepelinai for the first time. As I was told, people in Lithuania eat this way almost every day (at least in those days), and I was very surprised that with such a diet, there are practically no overweight people in Lithuania. That's what national metabolism means!

In our family, there was a tradition that everything on your plate had to be eaten. Russian families always treated food with respect, but this custom had a downside. So very soon I begged, literally and figuratively, for them to take pity on me and not put anything else on my plate. Svetlana's mother kept offering me to "at least" try one dish or another, but I couldn't even manage "one more bite". In short, I barely managed to "ward off" Svetlana's mother's culinary "attack". I lasted about an hour after a very hearty "breakfast", which was more like breakfast, lunch and dinner rolled into one, then I apologised and asked where I could rest for a while. After all, the twelve hours of driving, most of them at night, had taken their toll, and as soon as I touched the pillow, I almost immediately headed for the realm of Morpheus.

I woke up in the evening and Svetlana and I went to explore the surroundings of the town. She showed me the hills where the prince's castle had stood. Almost nothing remained of the castle itself, but the view from the hills was simply magnificent. The castle was located on a bend in the river, which in Lithuanian is called Nemunas, and from these hills you could see the entire bend of the river and the pine forest on both banks. One can only imagine what the view from the castle walls must have been like when they were still intact. The next day, we spent some more time exploring the city and talked a lot with Vasily Vasilyevich, Svetlana's father. It turned out that he had been interested in what I do all his life, not out of idle curiosity, but because his own daughter had shown abilities at an early age that were officially considered impossible for a human being. Unfortunately, the next evening we had to travel back to Moscow. But the most unpleasant thing was that we couldn't take Svetlana's little boy with us, not because we didn't want to, but because we simply had nowhere to go. We were hiding in rented flats, neither I nor Svetlana had a residence permit in Moscow, and therefore Robka (that was Svetlana's son's name) could not be enrolled in any Moscow school and was once again left in the care of his grandparents, who loved him very much, but at this difficult time for teenagers, he needed the firm hand of his father (he was eleven at the time). This was my first encounter with Svetlana's family and her son. However, I decided not to return at night, remembering our night journey to Alytus, when we had to find our way almost "by touch". So, after everything, I decided to leave the next morning. After saying goodbye to everyone, we got in the car and headed back. And even though I drove almost non-stop again, the way back was more fun.

Once again, I drove my iron horse at top speed, and the landscapes changed incredibly quickly, one after another. Unfortunately, there were many more cars on the motorway during the day, so it was not always possible to drive at top speed. Similarly, we had to slow down before the traffic police checkpoints so as not to pay the masters of machine milking, but this was not always possible either. Anyway, I had to pay fines to the "starving" traffic police several times, back then the "tax" was 25 roubles, which for most people

For residents of those "indestructible" times, this was a very significant part of the monthly family budget, which ranged from 80 to 200 rubles. Those "lucky ones" with a budget of 200 rubles were considered almost rich. However, all this mainly applied to the Slavic population of the country, which constituted the majority of the USSR's population. This state of affairs is perfectly reflected in one of the anecdotes from that time. A Georgian in his Volga, an Armenian in his Zhiguli and a Russian in his Zaporozhets had an accident on the Georgian military road. The Georgian got out of his Volga and said, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear - we'll have to work all week!" An Armenian got out of his Zhiguli and waved his arms in annoyance: "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear - a whole month's work!" A Russian got out of his Zaporozhets and said bitterly: "I've been breaking my back on this car my whole life!" A Georgian and an Armenian looked at the Russian and asked him: "Darogoy, why did you buy such an expensive car?"

We cannot help but reflect on the way in which the events in the USSR are presented around the world. It turns out that it was the Russian people who "imposed" communist ideology and Great Russian chauvinism on all other peoples of Russia, and later on many peoples of Eastern Europe, turning Russia into a prison for nations! But "for some reason", as can be seen even from the anecdotes of those years, the "enslaved" peoples of the USSR lived much better than their oppressors. Incidentally, now both Georgians and Armenians are free from Great Russian chauvinism, but "for some reason" they still do not live off the Russian people, even though they have a habit of taking advantage and crawling through all the cracks in Russia itself, which they throw mud at. Both Georgia and Armenia are now poor countries with poor populations, and there is not a single Georgian or Armenian who would not jokingly ask a Russian, "Why did you buy such an expensive car?" The Russian people as a whole have not lived with dignity, but they have a future, and it is a dignified one. But what is the future of those nations that have gained freedom... I got a little carried away again, but my soul hurts and demands periodic relief from this pain for my people, for their true culture and true history!

The last time traffic police stopped me on the ring road, they received another "tax for the hungry" from me, but this time they stopped me because I had a Mercedes-Benz and they were sure that in this case they would not be left "without milk". Nowadays, there are more and more foreign cars on the roads, but in 1991 they were still a rarity. When we approached Moscow and I slowed down to about 120 km/h, Svetlana looked around and asked me, "Why are we driving so slowly?" After spending almost the entire journey at speeds of around 200 km/h, she had become so accustomed to the landscapes flashing by at high speed outside the car window that 120 km/h seemed like a snail's pace to her. That was the end of my first and last trip to Svetlana's homeland. It was the first and last time I saw her father alive. The last time Svetlana saw her father alive, I recorded the trip and my conversation with her father on my video camera. It was the only video recording whose tape was later stolen from us. And that was the biggest annoyance that the theft brought us. Later, when Svetlana's father passed away, she repeatedly complained about the stolen videotape with her father, but... it couldn't change anything.

34. "I don't know any other country like this one..."

The events of 19 August 1991 left no one indifferent. When it was announced on television that the State Committee for the State of Emergency had been established and that Gorbachev had supposedly resigned from power for health reasons, it not only surprised everyone, including us, but also greatly alarmed us. Now it is no secret that all this happened with the full consent and approval of Mikhail Sergeyevich himself, that this was just another spectacle that the enemies of the Russian people tried to stage so that they could continue to destroy

the best people of the nation, under the guise of yet another false slogan about fighting the supposed "enemies" of the people. The Soviet Union was created by the international parasite to destroy Russia and the Russian people, its richest and greatest culture, and therefore the fall of socialism in the USSR was a real disaster for the world government. Under the guise of confrontation between systems, the world government had an excellent "cover" for its dirty deeds. All the actions of the leader of world parasitism - the United States - could easily be explained by the need to defend "democracy" from the red plague. And while the socialist system existed, especially the Soviet Union, the world government could get away with all sorts of antics. The whole world calmly watched as, under the slogan of saving the world from the red plague, the US subjugated one country after another. After the socialist system disappeared, there was no one left to play the role of the world villain, and they had to urgently come up with and test the idea of fighting global terrorism. But this idea proved to be not so effective. As events in Iraq showed, the actions of the United States revealed to the whole world the true face that the Americans had managed to hide for so long behind the "red" rag of the fight against the red plague. But that would happen much later, and in the meantime, the coup of 19 August 1991 took place with the full consent and knowledge of Gorbachev, who at that time was doing everything the United States told him to do. So the coup was beneficial above all to the United States and its faithful servant, M. S. Gorbachev, but by no means to the Russian and other indigenous peoples of the USSR.

I already had some idea of how the necessary control of the masses was ensured, so I began to search for the system behind the GKChP. Svetlana's help in this search was simply indispensable. We had to quickly find another generator, which this time the social parasites had implemented. There was no time for a second attempt; if it came to a military coup, the whole country would be plunged into darkness for a long time. Some people took to the barricades, but Svetlana and I knew that the real war was being fought on other levels and that only by neutralising the social parasites' new weapons could we stop the carnage that was already being prepared and the latest blow to the Russian people, which could turn out to be the last. I applied one method after another, but the strategies that had worked perfectly until then yielded no results. The parasites did not waste any time and used a fundamentally new weapon that was completely unknown to me. They acted according to the classic scheme - to use what the enemy does not have, in this case - me. This was yet another challenge of the "go there, I don't know where, bring this, I don't know what" type. At that time, I did not realise that the social parasites on Earth were only puppets in the tentacles of a cosmic monster. And there is no telling how it would have all ended if it hadn't been for the unexpected help. During this work, Svetlana informed me that some creature had appeared and asked me to listen to it as soon as possible.

We switched to this being for a while, and here is what it reported. The being, without even giving its name, told me that it had very little time and would be dead in a few minutes, and that it needed to give me information and structure to neutralise the situation I was working on before that happened. I had to make a quick decision on what to do about it. Should I trust this being and take advantage of what it brought me, or should I not trust it and continue to search for a solution on my own? In such a situation, you cannot rely on just one thing, whether to believe it or not. So I scanned both this nameless creature and its unexpected gift. The scan confirmed the truth of what the creature had reported. Of course, I could have been wrong, the scan could have given me false results, or I could have simply been deceived, but I had to make a decision and take full responsibility for the consequences. Because what I had been given were structures completely unknown to me, allowing me to control the flow of matter, which was completely unknown to me. At that time, I had no way of obtaining such structures and matter on my own. Because they were from spaces that I had not yet "reached" and "arrived" at during my cosmic

journeys that Svetlana had not yet reached during her productive travels through the universe. After weighing all the pros and cons in this situation, which was not quite usual for me, I decided to take a risk, as my analysis of the situation did not offer any other solutions. And so I took a risk and applied the structures and matter that had been given to me. My decision turned out to be correct and very timely. The application of the gift had immediate results. Svetlana informed me that after I used the gift, the system used by the parasites began to disintegrate right before my eyes. This happened during the night of 20 to 21 August, at two o'clock in the morning. And as we later learned, at exactly that time, the special Alpha squad and other similar groups, as well as the entire army, refused to carry out the orders they had been given. No one is belittling the courage of these people, but they could hardly have done so under the powerful psi influence of another parasitic generator, even if they had wanted to. The then head of the KGB, Kryuchkov, publicly stated that he did not understand what this force was that was capable of paralysing a perfectly thought-out plan.

Of course, no one knew or could have known about our work with Svetlana to neutralise a very dangerous situation and about the fact that an incredible creature paid for her help in this matter with her life and with the life of her essence. No one glorifies this hero, in the full sense of the word, who performed his feat in circumstances where no one could know about his actions. He remained forever an unknown hero not only to everyone else, but also to me and Svetlana, because he managed to pass on only structures and matter to me before he died. It would be more accurate to say that he was dying while passing on these structures and matter to me. Obviously, the parasites decided to play it safe and set up a self-destruction programme for anyone who tried to pass on these structures and material. They obviously thought that, by their standards, no one would be "stupid" enough to go to such lengths to pass on this information. They are unfamiliar with the concept of self-sacrifice for a higher purpose, for the sake of saving many, especially when those saved will never know who saved them and at what cost.

When everything was over the next morning and the GKChP dispersed, Svetlana and I breathed a sigh of relief. In the end, the right decision had been made and the result was immediate. And the fact that few people knew about it – we did it not out of gratitude, but because we couldn't do otherwise. True, we had to do a little more work when M. S. Gorbachev, who had been "saved" by a miracle, made an official statement about these events to journalists. At that moment, Svetlana and I were visiting the Popov family together with Vladimir Dmitrievich Sergeev and his wife. The Popovs had invited us to their characteristic Siberian pelmeni, and just as we were eating these pelmeni, the first president of the USSR said that it was impossible to put everyone under one "umbrella" because there were bad communists and there were "good" communists! In such a situation, we had no choice but to "poke" him a little, and the next morning he announced the dissolution of the CPSU, which was necessary.

The system created in Russia by its enemies after the 1917 revolution, aimed at the genocide of the Russian and other indigenous peoples, is state capitalism combined with slavery in its most horrific form. In Great Russia, where slavery had never existed in more than a hundred thousand years of its existence, where only in its western part Peter the Great introduced serfdom, it was in this country that real slavery was introduced in the first quarter of the 20th century! And not only introduced, but also imposed by force and accompanied by rivers of blood that do not accept the subsequent "common prosperity". A group of scoundrels without honour or conscience imposed the most terrible form of slavery on the territory of a huge country - slavery in which slaves were taught from childhood that they were the freest people on Earth! But at the same time, no one was allowed, under threat of death, to think independently or have their own opinion. For all this, in the "freest country in the world", people were punished with death, and under the guise of "fighting" the enemies of the people, the flower of the nation was destroyed, and

genocide was carried out, mainly against the Russian and other Slavic peoples in the USSR. So the lamentations for the Soviet Union, which can still be heard quite often, not only from pensioners but also from "new" communists, are due to the ignorance of the former and the brazen lies of the latter. The so-called socialist and communist social systems represent the maximum realisation in life of the plans of social parasites (for more details, see my book [Russia in the Crooked Mirrors](#).) The "democratic" system applied in the rest of the world and so stubbornly imposed on Russia is a "softer" version of the realisation of the plans of social parasites. But for them, it is a version of the "socialist" system, which was and is the ideal they strive for. But more on that later. In the meantime, let's go back to August 1991.

One way or another, I managed to destroy the parasitic systems controlling the socialist countries in Europe. After accidentally stumbling upon the first parasitic pyramid in December 1987, I unwittingly found myself involved in a millennial war of magicians, which few people knew about, and those who did know or suspected something preferred to remain silent about it because they believed, not without reason, that if they opened their mouths about it, they would be "shut down" forever along with their master. It so happened that my actions to destroy these parasitic socialist systems took place in three stages. The first stage was the first pyramid in December 1987, the second stage was September-December 1989, and the last stage was the main parasitic pyramid, "holding" the Soviet Union - 19-21 August 1991, when I worked together with my wife Svetlana. It is commonly believed that the West tried with all its might to destroy the socialist camp, but this is not true, it is a delusion that they tried to instil in everyone - both the ordinary person in the West and the ordinary person in the USSR. In reality, everything is exactly the opposite! In the end, the revolution in the Russian Empire was carried out with the money of American billionaires, and not at all in the name of "liberating" the proletariat and the Russian people from the oppression of the "damned bourgeoisie". In fact, it was precisely these damned bourgeois, the most important of them, who gave their money for the revolution in Russia and did everything to turn the Russian and other peoples of our homeland into slaves. To turn people into slaves and suck the country's wealth dry, as well as to use them as a scarecrow for dirty purposes, sucking resources from the peoples of the controlled countries under the pretext of protection from the red plague, and also to conquer other countries under the same pretext. But that is another story (for more details, see my book [Russia in the Crooked Mirrors](#)), albeit a very entertaining one, but it will not be discussed in this book.

As always, parasites cover themselves with beautiful words about brotherhood and equality of all people, but, as history shows, these words are immediately forgotten once they manage to seize power. Such "carrots" have always worked flawlessly, both in 5th century Persia and in 20th century Russia, especially when hard times come for ordinary people, who are very easily deceived by "beautiful" lies, especially when helped by psychics. in Russia, especially when hard times come for ordinary people, who are very easily deceived by "beautiful" lies, especially when psi-generators and black magicians, who used black voodoo magic in their practice, helped in this. And so, the fall of the socialist (parasitic) system for Russia was a salvation, and it is no coincidence that the fall of this system occurred almost at the end of the Night of Svarog, which freed Midgard-Earth from its black veil in the summer of 7504 A.D. .M.Z.H.⁹ (1995-1996). It does not seem strange to any thinking person that all attacks on Russian soil "fell" with the beginning of the Night of Svarog in the summer of 6496 AD (988), and the bloodiest regime fell with the last "breath" of that Night of Svarog in the summer of 7504 from S.M.Z.H..

⁹ S.M.Z.H. - The Creation of the World in the Star Temple - the conclusion of a peace treaty between Great Tartary and Arimia (ancient China) after a long and bloody war.

35. Foreign Baptist

The beginning of the Night of Svarog was accompanied by the violent imposition of the Greek religion in the lands of Kievan Rus by the Jewish "Grand Duke" Vladimir, on whose orders the army, which was supposed to protect the people, mercilessly beheaded the elderly population, so that no enemy of the Russian people could ever do such a thing - almost 80% of the entire population was ruthlessly slaughtered. In the name of a foreign God, 9 million of the 12 million population of Kievan Rus were slaughtered, and Greek priests instilled a foreign belief in the God of the dead in small children or, as our ancestors called them, unreasonable children! Our ancestors called children up to the age of seven without distinguishing between boys and girls. Only when a child reached the age of seven did it receive a sacred name from the Magi, and only from that age did our ancestors divide children by gender, calling a boy a young man and a young man (adolescent). It was precisely between the ages of seven and fifteen that the child received the nickname otROK or otROkovitsa. ROK is an old Russian word meaning fate or predestination. Leaving ROK, in other words, creating one's own destiny, is the time when every person passes through the phase of a rational animal and must free themselves from ROK - their animal nature, overcome their instincts and become superior to their animal nature!

The Greek priests left alive only the children of the foolish, who had not yet realised their spiritual affiliation with the great worldview of their ancestors and on whom it was possible to forcibly impose the genetically alien worldview of the slaves. Just think about it! Nine million out of twelve were physically destroyed by order of the "great" Prince Vladimir of Kiev, who through treachery and betrayal destroyed the sons of the enlightened Prince Svyatoslav and, after carrying out a coup d'état, seized the throne of Kiev. In the modern "interpretation," this is ostensibly the son of Svyatoslav by the "slave" Malka, the key keeper of Princess Olga, Svyatoslav's mother, who hates him. First, there was never slavery in the lands of the Slavs; even enemy soldiers taken prisoner were not turned into slaves. After victory, the soldiers received one or two prisoners who worked for them on the farm, ate with them at the same table, and slept in the same house. After working for his master for several years, the captive had the right either to marry and live as a free and full-fledged person, or to return to his homeland. Many of them, after serving their sentence, voluntarily remained to live among their conquerors. So, these are the cases of slavery in Russia, and not only in Kievan Rus, because Kievan Rus was only one of the western provinces of the Slavic empire at that time.

And I would like to say a few words about the "slave" Malka. Malka was the key, in other words, the most trusted person of Princess Olga, who converted to Christianity after her stay in Constantinople. Malkah was also a Christian, although she was of Jewish origin, and not just any Jews, but from the caste of the Levites - direct descendants of Seth, the son of Eve and God Yahweh, according to the Torah and the Old Testament! Malkha's father's name was Malik, which translates as king of the Jews. Even her name comes from the same word - Malik - Malkha. But that's not all! The most interesting part is yet to come! The brother of the "slave" Malka was a voivode in Svyatoslav, and her brother was called in Russian... Dobrynya (Dabran). So, the Jews had long used the tactic of adopting or changing their names among the people among whom they lived. This made it easier for them to carry out their dirty deeds, as they almost always remained in the shadows, hiding behind such names. It turns out to be interesting: her brother, a Levite from the highest Jewish caste, was a voivode under Svyatoslav, and her sister was a "slave" in the service of Princess Olga! How absurd! In reality, Dobrynya (Dabran) was a voivode close to Svyatoslav.

But that is not the only interesting thing. The ancient principality was annexed to the Kiev principality ONLY after Prince Igor made it his vassal state. In the modern interpretation, there was a well-known uprising of the Drevchans against Prince Igor, during which Prince Igor was killed. The reason for the rebellion was supposedly Prince Igor's attempt to collect twice as much

tax. These events took place in the summer of 6453-6454 AD (945-946 AD) and ended with the death of Prince Igor. However, it seems to me that there is another mystification here. Most likely, the ancients attempted to free themselves from their vassal dependence on the Kiev throne. And most likely, the first tax was nothing more than military compensation for Prince Igor so that he would not destroy the capital of the ancients, the city of Korosten. Otherwise, how can we explain the fact that Prince Igor came to collect the first "tax" with his entire retinue, while the second, the so-called illegal tax, came with only a small number of his men! It seems absurd! Prince Igor came to collect the "legal" tax with his entire retinue, and the "illegal" tax with only a few warriors. Most likely, if we take this point of view, it should be exactly the opposite! But if we assume that Prince Igor only subjugated this principality in the summer of 6453 AD (945 AD) and returned from a military campaign with rich spoils, and then returned for the tax due under the vassalage agreement, everything falls into place. And then it becomes clear why he came to collect taxes with a small number of vassals - in fact, he did not come again to conquer this principality, but only to collect taxes. And this moment was used by the Drevlyans to kill him. And then Princess Olga came with her entire retinue and burned the Drevlyans' capital, the city of Korosten, to the ground.

I will not quote a rather beautiful legend about how Princess Olga punished the murderers of her beloved husband, as it is well described in contemporary sources. But then the actions of the grief-stricken Princess Olga become quite strange. She makes the daughter of the Drevlyan prince Mala her gossip, and her son only gets close to Svyatoslav, born in the summer of 6453 by S.M.Z.H. (945). And even if all this happened a few years after the murder of Prince Igor by the Drevlyans and after Princess Olga threw the Drevlyan prince Mala into prison, his children - son and daughter - were not young, if Dobrynya was already of age when he became a voivode. Not to mention that Malka could not have given birth to Svyatoslav's son Vladimir, since she was already a girl when he was born! Be that as it may, it turns out that Svyatoslav's seemingly illegitimate son by Malka, the Drevlyanskaya princess, Vladimir, who was born in the summer of 6471 from S.M.Z.H. (963), after killing his older brothers Yaropolk and Oleg, after the destruction, Svyatoslav became the prince of Kiev for seventeen years!

But this is surprising in this story, because when Svyatoslav's illegitimate younger son Vladimir was born, Svyatoslav himself was only eighteen years old, which means that he conceived him at the age of seventeen, and he already had two older sons, Yaropolk and Oleg! Yaropolk was born in the summer of 6463 from S.M.Z.H. (955), when Svyatoslav was only ten years old, and he conceived his eldest son at the age of nine! It turns out that Prince Svyatoslav married no later than nine years after his birth! This is a discrepancy!

The situation is even more absurd when one considers that Prince Svyatoslav, apparently going to the new capital in the Bulgarian lands in the summer of 6475 AD (967 AD) Preslavets, to prepare for the upcoming war with Rome (Byzantium), he put his eldest son Yaropolk, who was twelve years old at the time, but already married and had children, in charge of Kiev, and Svyatoslav's other son Oleg, was placed by Svyatoslav on the throne of the Drevlyan principality, and the illegitimate Vladimir, at the request of his uncle Dobrynya, was placed to rule in Novgorod! At that time, Vladimir was only FOUR years old, but he was already married and had many concubines, according to some sources - as many as a THOUSAND! Well, I just read all this and was amazed - what kind of "men" there were in Russia back then. In fact, it turns out that Vladimir, according to the modern version of events, began to reign in Great Novgorod at the age of four and, in a short time, from the beginning of his reign, brought the number of concubines to a thousand and began to cut down in the true sense of the word, his opponents, both by himself and with the help of his loyal warriors! And all this happened when he ascended the throne of Veliky Novgorod at the age of four! Well, perhaps the number of his concubines reached a thousand when he was about seven or eight years old!

If we go by the official version, we end up with complete nonsense. And the nonsense is real if we take the version of the official "historians" at face value. But if we take the real situation into account, then everything falls into place, without any four- or eight-year-old supermen.

And it was approximately as follows: Prince Svyatoslav in the summer of 6472 from S.M.Z.H. (964) liberated the lands of the Vyatichi from the Khazar yoke. During the Khazar yoke, Jews settled in the lands of the Vyatichi, and then these lands were freed from the Jewish yoke, and the Jews living in these lands ended up in the lands of the Kiev Principality. As a result, Dobrynya appeared at the Kiev court together with his sister Malka, who very quickly won the trust of Princess Olga. Malka arrived with her son Vladimir, who was already a young man. She had been well trained by the black Jewish woman Tantra. After winning the trust of Princess Olga, who had become a fanatic of the Greek religion, she found herself in the grand ducal court, where she had the opportunity to ensnare the inexperienced young prince Svyatoslav in her web of sexual magic. As a result of all this, she gained some power over Svyatoslav and brought her brother Dabran (Dobrynya), who turned out to be a pretty good warrior, into the prince's inner circle. Svyatoslav apparently adopted Vladimir and thus signed a death sentence for both his own sons and the country. According to the laws in force at the time, an adopted son was entitled to the throne only if there were no living sons. Therefore, Prince Svyatoslav's biological sons were doomed, as were their children. It was no coincidence that Svyatoslav's biological sons were lost, and it was not difficult for the Jews, who were very experienced in such matters, to organise the necessary scenario. And so, the dark-skinned and black-haired Vladimir, whose appearance had nothing Russian or Slavic about it, became Grand Prince of Kiev.

And also the rather strange appearance and death of Prince Svyatoslav. After that, he and his retinue, following a long and difficult war with Rome (Byzantium), when Prince Svyatoslav's seemingly inevitable defeat turned into another victory, when the prince's rather small retinue inflicted considerable damage on the emperor's army and the continuation of the war could have left the emperor without an army at all and especially without his guard, Svyatoslav, surrounded, managed to get his retinue (or rather, what was left of it) to leave Bulgarian lands with weapons in hand and without extraction. In this way, the emperor confirmed the validity of the signed Roman obligations. And so, on the way home, most of his retinue, the majority of whom had converted to the Greek religion, left him, and during the night, while he was asleep, remaining loyal to the prince, they attacked the Pechenegs and in this final battle almost all the soldiers loyal to Prince Svyatoslav and the prince himself were killed, his head was cut off after his death as a trophy, and the khan (prince) of the Pechenegs, Kuryia, made a cup out of it.

The question is why Prince Svyatoslav (this is the correct spelling of the prince's name - his name comes from the word SVET, not SVYAT, as it was later written) did not receive help from Kiev, even though he and his warriors, who had endured many hardships during their last winter at the mouth of the Danube, had been expecting it. After failing to wait for help from Kiev, exhausted but loyal to their prince, the warriors returned home on boats, straight into the clutches of the Pechenegs. They knew that their enemies were waiting for them, but they had no other choice. Kiev threw its prince to the Pechenegs, knowing that the Pechenegs were waiting for him on the Dnieper rapids.

Of course, Prince Svyatoslav's death was favourable for Rome (Byzantium), as his military actions had brought the empire to the brink of collapse, and Prince Svyatoslav was dangerous to them while alive. The empire would not have withstood another campaign, which Prince Svyatoslav would undoubtedly have organised. But were they the only ones who benefited from Prince Svyatoslav's death? According to what happened in the lands of Kievan Rus after his untimely death, his death was favourable above all to the forces

standing behind the still young Vladimir. The bloody madness that ensued in the lands of Kievan Rus after Vladimir seized power and began forcibly converting the country's foreign inhabitants to the Greek religion shows much more eloquently who benefited most from the death of Prince Svyatoslav. His death was also an act of revenge for the complete destruction of Jewish Khazaria. In such cases, it is always necessary to look for those who benefit from this or that event in order to see the truth among the many factors that contribute to it! Yes, by the way, about the Pechenegs. The Pechenegs were Slavic tribes who led a nomadic lifestyle. They had their own winter "quarters," their own cities, where they returned with their livestock for the winter. During the winter, they "lay" in their homes or, as they said, entertained themselves on the stoves. That's where their nickname comes from - Pechenegs...!

Once again, I couldn't help myself, I got carried away, when in fact I only wanted to draw attention to one lie about Vladimir's conversion of Kievan Rus, so no, I couldn't help myself, out of habit I started to explain everything in detail. Kievan Rus was Vedic, and so was the great prince Svyatoslav, Vladimir's "father." The next Night of Svarog begins in the summer of 6496 (988) from S.M.Z.H. (from the Creation of the World in the Star Temple), and it is precisely in this year that Prince Vladimir begins to convert Russia. A strange "coincidence", but that's not all! Vladimir was raised by Princess Olga, who was a fanatic of the Greek faith, and his mother Malka was a Jew who had converted to the Greek religion. He was raised in an environment of people of this faith at a time when most of the inhabitants had Vedic beliefs. And now, contemporary history convinces us all that after his military victories, Prince Vladimir placed idols of Perun and Veles and ordered human sacrifices to be made to them, not forgetting to invite overseas ambassadors to such a colourful spectacle, and to top it all off, all these actions were included in all reports to all courts in Europe. It was precisely for the sake of loyalty that everyone claimed that Perun and Veles brought human sacrifices. This whole "prince" Vladimir demonstrated to the West, because no inhabitant of Kievan Rus, for whom the Vedic worldview had been the norm for many thousands of years and who knew perfectly well that no bloody sacrifices, especially human ones, had ever been made not only to Perun or Veles, but to any other god or goddess of the Slavic-Aryans.

Our ancestors called the gods and goddesses their ancestors and people who had reached the level of the creator. The word God had a completely different meaning from what it means today. And so, engaging in such "pagan" abominations, Prince Vladimir "suddenly" decided to convert to the Greek religion, followed by his entire retinue. And then this same retinue began to offer the most, that is, a real bloody sacrifice to the new God, and one that would not be small - they destroyed NINE MILLION out of twelve, leaving only small children alive. If Vladimir ordered prisoners of war to be sacrificed to Perun and Veles, during the conversion he ordered the inhabitants of the country to be sacrificed, the power over which he had so treacherously obtained as a result of a delicately executed deception. This is a "good" sacrifice for the new God, but what cannot be done in the name of conversion to the new faith? Once again, the "stupid" Slavs do not "understand" that for them the new faith is simply manna from heaven and therefore all must be sacrificed to the "peace-loving" God. During the so-called 10th century, the number of those destroyed, TEN MILLION, is simply incredible!

We must not forget that the Julian calendar was introduced by Peter I only in the summer of 7208 S.M.Z.X (1700)! Until then, no one anywhere had used this calendar in the lands of Kievan Rus, and later in Muscovy! And so, the last Night of Svarog began with the nine million victims that the social parasites brought to God Yahweh, and at the end of this Night of Svarog, in the 20th century, the number of victims almost reached one hundred million! And the greatest role in this sacrifice to God Yahweh belongs to the communist regime, whether anyone likes it or not, but it is a fact! The communists did

everything "possible" and impossible to make the number of these victims as large as possible, methodically destroying the strongest of the people, as stated in the Torah and the Old Testament! And it does not matter that in words they did not believe in God and were "atheists" - in practice they carried out with particular zeal the instructions of God Yahweh to destroy the strong men of the nation.

That is why this false "teaching" had to be destroyed in order to free the Russian people from their millennial stupefying slumber! And it does not matter under what name this doctrine was imposed on the people — under the guise of religion or under the guise of atheism — because these are the faces of the same God, Yahweh! And so, when I understood the true nature of this system, I did everything possible to destroy this parasitic system, regardless of what other guise it might try to take on once again.

Of course, I did not yet understand everything as I understand it now, but even then I understood enough to consider the socialist system a deadly poison for the Russian people. It is even surprising how powerful the Russian gene pool is! Even the millennia of incredible bloodletting and the launch of the deadly "viruses" of the Greek religion and the atheism of the communists could not destroy the powerful genetics of the Russians, which is reviving again even stronger and with powerful immunity against the various "viruses" created by social parasites. Therefore, when Svetlana and I managed to destroy the main parasitic pyramid of socialism, we felt only joy that we had managed to cope with it. It is true that this time the victory would not have been possible without the sacrifice of a being whose name we did not even have time to learn. He only managed to pass on invaluable information and died in the process. So our victory was overshadowed by this. But war is war, and there is no escape from it!

It is important that these sacrifices are not in vain, it is important that as a result of this war, social parasites are destroyed! And not physically, as some people think. Physical destruction solves nothing, but destroys everything. When the entire cosmic system of social parasites ceases to exist and... then the puppets of this system on different planets, in different spaces, will be left without their "poisonous teeth" and will not be able to do their dirty work.

36. New parasitic attacks

Meanwhile, life returned to normal, if I could say that about what was happening to me. After we managed to defeat yet another parasitic system with timely help, the attacks against me and Svetlana did not subside, but on the contrary, only intensified. If earlier the black ones had tried to capture Svetlana mainly, after numerous failures they decided to change their tactics. The new tactic was truly Jesuitical. Their tactic of pain was particularly repulsive. By targeting Svetlana's nerve endings directly, they caused her unbearable pain. Her body was engulfed in unbearable flames of pain, and at that moment they told her in that deep voice that she only had to renounce me and the pain would stop instantly. When they did not achieve the desired result, they increased the level of pain. Such pain caused Svetlana to lose consciousness, which allowed her to be free from the pain for a while, but they brought her back to her body so that she could feel the unbearable pain again. And Svetlana, in the true sense of the word, gritted her teeth so as not to scream in pain, rolled on the floor and refused, refusing to betray me. And I myself, seeing her suffering and not knowing how to help her, told her to renounce, but she did not agree. And then I had to ignore her (which, believe me, was very difficult) and look for the key to the system that was causing her unbearable pain.

The thing is, in order to stop such an influence, you have to find the source of it.

influence, understand the principle of influence and, based on your understanding of its essence, block it, then neutralise the source of influence and the influencer, and then create protection against such influence and the possible combinations of such influence that come to mind. But, as always, pessimists in such cases use what they do not have and still have to discover what they do not know, and at the same time your loved one is suffering. It's a very "pleasant" picture, isn't it? And it is in such a situation that you would prefer your loved one not to suffer and you were ready to take all this pain and suffering upon yourself, but the blow is aimed at your loved one to hurt you as much as possible. And in such a situation, you are forced to disconnect from what is happening before your eyes, to detach yourself from how your loved one is suffering and focus on finding the source, while at the same time trying to alleviate the suffering in some way using known methods. Because only in this case is it possible to find a solution and truly stop the insane pain that has overtaken your loved one. Because only when the source and the principle of influence used by the parasites are discovered is it possible to stop this madness and neutralise the next attack of the parasites, and most often behind this inhuman influence stands a bright hierarch captured by the parasites, who himself has become a victim of these same parasites and serves only as a tool in their dirty "hands". And one must take all this into account, detach oneself from emotions and focus on solving the problem, and only then is it possible to resolve the situation. Isn't the situation "ridiculous" — a person dear to you is suffering, and you have to gather your willpower, detach yourself from it and concentrate on the solution, on finding the key, knowing that you must allow only pity and sympathy to penetrate your soul, and if you lose, you will not be able to help the person dear to you in any way and, in principle, you will become the cause of that person's death. It's not much of a choice, is it! But it's not even about choice, it's about becoming completely calm and focused on the task at hand, despite the other person's suffering! Doesn't anyone want to try it? I don't recommend it, it's incredibly difficult, but it's the only chance we have to find a solution to the problem!

I myself have had to endure very severe pain, I know what it is like when your nerves are "burning" with a bright flame and the fiery pain tries to crush your will. But that is nothing compared to when another person is suffering, and you have to, without paying attention to the suffering of your loved one, enter a state of absolute calm and not rush to help the sufferer, but search, search and search again for a solution. This is really very difficult! It was especially difficult when this happened for the first time and I first rushed to create a more powerful defence, invented new defences, created one thing or another, restructured my essence and... nothing helped. And then I realised that I had to act differently, to look for the cause. It's like in the fairy tale about the immortal Koschey — you have to find an oak tree, and on that oak tree — a chest, in the chest — a hare, in the hare — a duck, in the duck — an egg, and in the egg — a needle, which is the death of Koschey! It's the same thing, except that you don't know where the oak tree you need is, or even that it's an oak tree, and therefore everything else. In mathematics, this is called an equation with many unknowns, but unlike in mathematics, here there are no clues about the relationships between these variables, and there is no connection between them. And you don't have time, because with every minute that passes, Svetlana is getting worse and worse, and you can see it, and you don't know how much longer she can endure this unbearable pain! And no one can help you!

What is this perspective!? How many of you still envy me?! From the outside, everything seems "simple" and "easy," one "wave" of the hand and... the human brain is reorganised, another wave of the hand and... the planet's ozone layer is restored. And why shouldn't I try to do something similar, someone might ask, or think that I am worse than some Nikolai Levashov? The thing is, he is not worse, it's just that for everything to happen

If possible, I suggest that those who want to go through this hell, and hell is not abstract but very real, look death in the eye almost every day, search for something without knowing what, go there without knowing where and... to win, to find solutions, to fundamentally change their perception of reality and not to make a single fundamental mistake, and if a mistake does happen, it is necessary to find the right solution very quickly and not to allow the mistake to be realised, and much, much more. Is anyone still jealous? Well, then... welcome to our "club". I'm not trying to scare anyone, just to warn them about what awaits those who follow in my "footsteps" or even in this direction. And when they hit you with the "big guns", you have to smile and not show those around you how hard it is for you, that you are literally "collapsing" from exhaustion, that you are in pain, especially when your enemies are watching and smiling.

After several unsuccessful attempts to use the tactic I described above, the parasites began to act in a new way. Having achieved nothing from Svetlana with the help of pain, they decided to possess Svetlana so that she would see me as a black man! What do you think about this turn of events? Taking advantage of the fact that Svetlana is very sensitive and excellent at perceiving visual and telepathic holograms, the parasites created a negative attitude towards me, tried to make her believe and strongly suggest to her that I am the black one who deceives her, and they are so "fluffy" and "soft," and I don't give them peace! This impact on Svetlana was no less strong than the painful one before it. They were right about one thing — I did not give them peace. But in everything else — from their point of view, I was really bad because I really destroyed their systems, because I really changed their executors, I made them so-called "traitors". All this is true, except for one small "but"! What I was fighting against was parasitic in nature, or more accurately, the nature of social parasites who destroyed the best, turning the survivors into a herd of controlled biorobots! But when a very sensitive person like Svetlana is subjected to a very strong influence that imposes such an opinion on her, it is almost impossible to get rid of such an obsession without outside help. And in this case, I had to ignore what was causing this obsession in Svetlana and look for the next key to the next "door" behind which lay the solution to the next problem. Again, the hardest part was the first time my "friends" used this tactic. I couldn't understand the reasons why Svetlana began to react in this way to everything I said, everything I did or had already done. At first, I tried to explain everything to her, but it was pointless. I said one thing, but Svetlana heard something else. I tried again to explain to her what I had actually said, but she heard even more distorted words. And what can a person do in this case? Give up? But that's not my way.

When I realised that what Svetlana was telling me was imposed on her by the strong influence of the parasites, I stopped trying to explain to her that I was not a "camel"! I started looking again for where this influence came from and how! Why the parasites did it, I think, needs no explanation. And so, after once again discovering the key to the essence of this latest influence of the Dark Forces, I found an "antidote" and created new defence systems and new brain structures for Svetlana's perception, so that next time she could see the essence of the influence coming upon her, so that she could distinguish truth from lies, seeing that lies are not filled with life, while truth is alive because behind it are real events and processes that it reflects. Learning to see this is one of the most difficult tasks, as parasites are great masters at creating so-called camouflage. In other words, the illusion of reality instead of reality itself. The truth is like the tip of an iceberg. The living truth has its continuation below the "surface of the water" of the ocean of truth, and the illusion of truth, no matter how beautiful it may seem above the "water", has nothing below the water of the ocean of truth, or has a "dead" continuation that is not filled with the life of real events.

After trying to influence Svetlana in this way several times and seeing

how pointless it was, the parasites soon stopped using this tactic. However, they occasionally attempted to use this tactic, relying on "chance," but they did not succeed because they made me think about this situation and I was able to create a scanning system for both myself and Svetlana, where the scanning takes place simultaneously in millions of different ways. When the scanning system changes itself during the scanning process, it leaves virtually no opportunity for false information to be imposed in any form! I used my experience to create such scanning structures, knowing that even during the scanning process it is possible to study the scanner and create counteracting systems.

I have never considered myself smarter than my enemies. If I have invented it, then my enemies can also invent it, if they have not already done so before me! That is why I have invented a new (or perhaps not so new) scanning principle, which at least complicates the possibility of information countermeasures by the parasites. So, while our brains are still "working," it will be difficult for the parasites, and they will also have a "fun" life, not just me and Svetlana!

37. Silver thread

And so, the "friends" kept Svetlana and me busy, both literally and figuratively. After the turbulent events at the end of August, there was a lull for a while. This did not mean that the black ones had left us alone, there were simply no serious attacks, and they were once again thinking about how best to destroy Svetlana and me. Almost every day, or rather every night, Svetlana roamed the vastness of the universe. After the changes I had made in her, her essence was no longer tied to her physical body, as it is in all others. The connection with the physical body still existed, but on a fundamentally new basis. In a normal situation, if the essence of a human being leaves its physical body, not only can it not pass through the qualitative planetary barriers, but it is also unable to move away from the body at distances greater than those allowed by the so-called silver thread connecting the essence to the human body. The further you move away from the physical body, the thinner and thinner this silver thread becomes, and at a certain distance from the body, the thread becomes so thin that it can break! This happens from time to time when inexperienced people try to leave their bodies or get too carried away after leaving them. It is like diving to a great depth in the sea, when a person, noticing something interesting or beautiful at the bottom, tries to dive down to it, and sometimes succeeds, but must remember that they have to return. And underwater, without a mask, distances are deceptive.

It can happen that a person reaches a shell but does not have enough air for the return trip. This example is not theoretical, but from my own experience. In mid-July 1986, before starting my military service, I went to the Black Sea for the first time in my life, to the town of Sudak, which is familiar to many people. It so happened that although I was born in the North Caucasus, almost equidistant from both the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea, I had never been to either of them before 1986. The thing is that during the summer holidays, when my parents were on leave, we always went to the Kundryuchensky farm in the Rostov region, where my maternal grandmother lived and worked as a beekeeper. The steppes there were magnificent - the Salsk steppes, but... there was no sea, neither real nor artificial. However, there were several very good lakes with fairly clean, slightly bitter water. It was in these lakes that I learned to swim, and quite well at that. And here, after seeing the sea for the first time, everything was strange to me. Near Sudak, the sea has a rocky bottom, so there is very little suspension in the water and the water is clear. One sunny day, I dived and really wanted to pick up a beautiful mussel from the bottom. To get it, I dived deeper and deeper. And when I reached the desired one, I started to rise to the surface, and in my lungs

I had no air left at all. I swam upwards as fast as I could, the surface of the sea seemed so close – just reach out your hand and you could touch it, but in fact it wasn't getting any closer. I couldn't breathe at all, my eyes told me - just a little more and you'll be able to breathe! But that little bit didn't come and didn't come. That's how I learned my first lesson in visual deception underwater. I managed to suppress my reflexive desire to breathe, no matter what, and finally reached the surface of the water and managed to inhale the much-desired air.

When you dive underwater, you enter a completely different world, so unfamiliar to those of us who live in an air environment. If the water is clear enough and the seabed is rich in colours, then, once you enter this mysterious world, you completely lose your usual sense of time and space. I have experienced this myself, and I think that everyone who has ever gone below the surface of the water has experienced it. And I have brought this feeling of immersion under water for one simple reason! When a person leaves their physical body, they find themselves in a completely different environment, where the laws are radically different from the physical world we are used to. That is why, when a person leaves their physical body by virtue of their consciousness, they retain their "earthly" consciousness with all the consequences that follow from it. Perceiving the world through our physical sensory organs is not at all suitable for action in the conditions after leaving the body. The differences in perceptions before and after consciously leaving the body vary greatly; one could say that they are incomparable to the differences in our perceptions above and below water! Therefore, in order to imagine at least these differences in perception inside and outside the body, those who wish to do so can multiply the differences in perception when diving underwater by hundreds of times. And if all the same laws apply below the surface of the water as above the surface, only with some peculiarities, then after leaving the physical body, the essence of the human being finds itself in conditions that are completely unfamiliar to it. Quite often, this causes serious consequences for the newcomer, and sometimes even leads to his death.

It should not be forgotten that consciously leaving the body is fundamentally different from leaving the essence during normal sleep. When a person falls asleep and their essence leaves the physical body, the barrier at the subconscious level is removed, the essence gains a complete understanding of how and what it needs to do outside the body, since practically every person has had previous reincarnations (incarnations) and quite long periods of residence between bodies, during which there was enough time to study the peculiarities of other planes of our planet. When a person consciously leaves their physical body for the first time, they have only one perception of reality — that which they have acquired in their physical body — and there is no awakening of memories of the past. This is mainly because the consciousness acquired in this particular incarnation does not allow for anything else. So, leaving their physical body and continuing to think in the same way as when the essence is in the body, a person finds themselves in completely new and unfamiliar conditions. But nevertheless, when a person consciously finds themselves outside their physical body, what they see and perceive is always amazing. A person ceases to orient themselves in time (we must not forget that time is a conditional concept introduced by humans) and space. The surrounding environment simply hypnotises and shocks a person who has left their body for the first time. And often, as if hypnotised, the person who has left their body consciously begins to "move away" more and more from their empty physical body, sometimes not even paying attention to the fact that the thickness and brightness of the silver thread connecting their essence and their body becoming smaller and smaller and losing its brightness and density. And if the person who has left the body gets carried away "a little" by what is happening around them, the silver thread often breaks and their physical body dies.

It is the same as diving too deep and not calculating the need for oxygen on the way back. Here too, by straying too far from one's physical body, one can break this silver thread and also perish! In addition, there are areas of

space where an inexperienced being can be easily swept away as if in a whirlpool, with all the consequences that entails. In addition, inexperienced travellers to other dimensions of the planet (these journeys are incorrectly called astral) are awaited by various predatory or parasitic beings, both conscious and unconscious, who track such newcomers and/or break the silver cord and turn the entity thus captured into their eternal slave or eternal donor of potential, or begin their dirty game with them in the name of that very potential. At the same time, the game can be played very subtly, usually by scanning the minds of newcomers and creating camouflage masks that the specific person can easily "fall for". If a person believes in or has even heard of "angels," "angels" appear before them, but it is only necessary to remove these "angels"" "costumes" to find the monsters themselves underneath.

How many people fall for these primitive tricks of parasites of one level or another simply because they carry their perceptions from the physical plane to other planes where completely different laws and concepts operate. Is it so difficult to understand that it is impossible for the perceptions acquired by human beings with the help of the five sensory organs on the physical plane to be transferred to other planes? Is it so difficult to understand that it is necessary for a person to expand their perceptions by creating new sensory organs for each new level! And with the help of these new sensory organs, to create new perceptions corresponding to each new level! Only the expansion of perceptions for the new levels, and not the projection of the already existing ones, allows a person to get a more or less adequate idea of the other dimensions. But "for some reason" such a trivial thought has not occurred to any of those who, in one way or another, have managed to "jump out" of their physical bodies. And one of the main reasons for such a "theatre of the absurd" is that the consciousness of these people has been deliberately distorted by the system of false ideas imposed on them by the social parasites who have been running the show on our Earth Midgard for quite some time! And, of course, there is also often a distorted understanding of one's own "greatness," which simply does not exist and cannot exist for one simple reason! Is it so difficult to understand that if you have seen an event in the "window," it does not make you a hero of that event! Contemplating an event is important, but it does not affect the event itself in any way. Only active participation in the event gives a person the right to talk about their participation in it, and depending on what the intervention has led to, the right to talk about it also arises. And even if this intervention was positive for the event or action, a normal person will not "shout" about their greatness, even if their actions really did lead to something significant or grandiose. Because the actions taken show that this person has reached a certain understanding of nature and responsibly understands all the consequences of their intervention.

And if a person has achieved understanding in the full sense of the word, it is simply foolish to engage in self-praise, and this shows that the person who praises himself has not grown up with an awareness of what he can do, and this is fraught with consequences. Such blindness speaks to different levels of development of such a person's abilities and consciousness, as well as responsibility for their actions. And if a person does not understand this and does not eliminate such a difference in their development, they become easy prey for parasites of various colours or sooner or later fall into the category of parasites themselves. Because such a qualitative difference between consciousness and capabilities can only exist for a very short time, during which the level of consciousness must rise to the level of capabilities or even higher! And this is impossible without a person rethinking their perceptions and understanding of what is happening and realising their responsibility for everything that happens. Understanding what is happening requires a person to take responsibility for it. I will try to explain the latter with an example that everyone can understand. If a passer-by sees someone drowning in a river or lake, a normal person will try to save the drowning person. If the person can swim, they must (if they are truly human) jump into the water and pull the drowning person

to the shore, and if necessary, they must do everything possible to support and save the drowning person's life. If a person cannot swim, they must do everything possible and impossible to find a way to help the drowning person. Throw the drowning person a rope, a life jacket, or any other floating device so that they can hold on while you call for other people to pull the drowning person out of the water.

And if a person who cannot swim does not try to do something to save a drowning person, and the latter dies, then one can only regret that this person did not try to do something to save another, but he cannot be blamed for the death, only for passivity. But if a person can swim, even very well, and does nothing to save a drowning person for one reason or another, then that person is responsible for the death of the person, even though they are not to blame for that person being in the water. He is guilty of his death because of his inaction. And he cannot justify himself by saying that there was no time, or the water was cold, or I was in a hurry, etc. - there can be no excuse for inaction that has caused the death of a human being. I hope that every normal person would agree with this position. This example, which is accessible to everyone, can clearly demonstrate a person's responsibility to others and, above all, to themselves for the consequences of their actions or lack thereof. In this example, the ability to swim is a person's capacity to act, and the actions to save a drowning person are the responsibility of the person who can swim for the life of the drowning person. The person who can swim is responsible for the life of the drowning person because the life of the drowning person depends on his action or inaction!

The ability to swim refers to a person's characteristics and capabilities, while actions or lack thereof refer to their understanding of their responsibility towards others and depend on the person's level of consciousness. Nothing changes if a person has fundamentally different properties and capabilities — to influence natural processes on a larger or smaller scale, to control these processes, or even to change them. The only difference between a person who possesses these abilities and a person who can swim is the level of responsibility for their actions or inactions. The more a person can do, the higher their level of personal responsibility, whether they want it or not, whether they like it or not! With this understanding, a person cannot have any thoughts of their own exceptionality, because the only exceptionality in such a situation is that person's exceptional responsibility for their actions or inactions. And this is not "basking" in the rays of one's own "glory," but a huge burden of responsibility for such a person before everyone else, especially if the others are still asleep!

Unfortunately, due to a distorted worldview, most people who are naturally gifted with certain abilities do not have an appropriate level of consciousness development. And it is precisely this discrepancy between the levels of abilities and the levels of consciousness that is exploited by social parasites at various levels. Of course, a *temporary* discrepancy between the level of abilities and the level of consciousness is inevitable, but a lack of understanding or neglect of this moment sooner or later leads such a person to the Dark Side or allows parasites to take over such a person.

I have always been surprised by a peculiarity observed in almost all those who claimed to be exceptional when, due to one circumstance or another, a person discovered that they possessed abilities that most others did not have. Very often, these natural abilities were discovered at an early stage, but the person did not even think about it, only emphasising that they possessed something that others did not have... and this filled the human soul with an understanding of their "exceptionality," which was usually immediately exploited by parasites. And so, the parasites of various colours, seeing such a contradiction between the level of abilities and the level of consciousness and responsibility, begin their dirty work. They do everything in their power to ensure that this sometimes still relatively small difference between abilities and the level of consciousness

is increasing more and more. And, of course, they can only achieve an increase in the size of this gap by distorting and twisting human consciousness, since they are incapable of creating new qualities and properties. And they achieve this quite simply. First, the parasites scan such a person and, after establishing what he believes in, they create a camouflage in accordance with that belief. For example, if a person believes in Christ, the parasites appear before him in the image of Christ, and in such an image that fully corresponds to the person's ideas of what Jesus Christ should look like.

This simple psychological trick, confirmed by the corresponding hologram, works flawlessly not only with Jesus Christ, but also with any other image in a person's mind that they trust, if not absolutely, then at least to a large extent. In this way, the parasites put on a camouflage that exactly matches the perceptions of the specific person at the level of his subconscious, and therefore this person feels extreme trust in such an image. And then, when the person has "swallowed" the camouflage, which immediately indicates a lack of understanding of what is happening on other levels of reality, the parasites begin their main game. This consists primarily in the fact that the "Jesus Christ" who has appeared, for example, begins to telepathically convey to such a person that he has appeared only because he (she) sincerely believed in him.

But the interesting thing is that the exact same words, "Jesus Christ," speak simultaneously to hundreds (if not thousands) of other people in the same situation. But then the significant differences begin in what this "Jesus Christ" communicates to his "chosen ones." These "chosen ones" then print the "revelations of Christ" that have been communicated to them, and what is most "strange" about these revelations is that all these "revelations" differ from each other like heaven and earth. And the most interesting thing is that the "revelations of Jesus Christ" in each case corresponded to the level of education, understanding, culture and, most importantly, the personal perceptions of these "chosen ones". And there is a very simple explanation for this: the parasites playing the role of Jesus Christ drew their "revelations" from the depths of the consciousness of their "chosen ones". But if it is clear why this category of "chosen ones" fell into a pitiful trap, it is very difficult to understand those who were primitively caught up in their personal ambitions! The person has just opened their "eyes," and those who have come into contact with them declare that he (she) has been appointed ruler of the Earth, the galaxy, or the universe, depending on the level of the person's ambitions. And the person begins to "swell" with their own greatness and does not even ask the question that is quite natural in such a situation: "What have I done to deserve such responsibility?" After all, simple logic dictates that the person still does not understand anything at the level of a planet (let alone something bigger), yet they are told that they must rule, for example, the universe! This is equivalent to appointing a small child who has just said "ago-ago" for the first time as commander-in-chief! Isn't that ridiculous?

For some reason, no one does this, and even more so, no one obeys the orders of the "supreme commander" like "agu," "mummy," "daddy"! And not because the "baby" is bad, but because the "baby" must first learn to walk, talk, receive a proper education, demonstrate its great talent as supreme commander, and only then will it be appointed supreme commander and bear full responsibility for its orders and for the people who have entrusted their lives to it. Somehow, this is clear to everyone, but this elementary understanding "somehow" disappears somewhere when the "evolutionary baby" takes its first "breath" at birth. And a person's breakthrough to a higher level is nothing more than their "birth" at that level, with all the consequences that follow. But if for a child born of a woman, the first words "mummy" or "daddy" are quite natural and normal, then for an adult "born" on another qualitative level, such behaviour is ridiculous, to say the least! A talented person can very quickly pass through all the intermediate steps between these levels, but it is necessary to pass through them first before the necessary experience and qualities for managing the Universe appear. And the lack of understanding of

This simple truth makes such an evolutionary "child" easy prey for parasites of all levels. Once caught in the "clutches" of parasites, such a person with a distorted consciousness is almost always doomed to evolutionary death, because as soon as the parasites see that this person has a discrepancy between consciousness and capabilities, they will do everything possible and impossible to keep this person forever in ignorance of what is real. But they will not only support false ambitions, they will also create conditions for this gap between the level of consciousness and potential to become a huge chasm over time. Because only in this case will they be able to constantly steal from the person who has fallen into their nets, to devour their qualities and potential! But the strangest thing in this case is that when you explain the situation to such a person and even show them who actually "elevated" them to the status of "ruler of the Universe," he (the person) continues to deny the obvious, because he personally likes being the "ruler of the Universe" and does not want to hear anything else on the matter! And in this way, it is entirely possible that he deprives himself of the opportunity to truly become the ruler of the Universe, if he had continued his development further, instead of stopping at the threshold of this development!

Honestly, I feel sorry for such people who, despite having natural talent and opportunities for development, buy into primitive lies simply because these lies coincide with their ambitions, lacking basic logic and analytical thinking skills! One way or another, parasites on a planetary level reap their rich harvest, and unfortunately very few people are able to break through their cordon. And the main reason for this is the attempt to project habitual perceptions onto a qualitatively different reality, instead of expanding old perceptions by adding new ones acquired at another level of reality. And this quality of expanding consciousness is the main condition for development. Because it is so obvious: our consciousness on the physical level is formed through the five senses, which serve to help humans adapt to the ecological niche that humans occupy as a species of living organisms. When, for one reason or another, a person breaks through to another qualitative level of reality, he (the person) finds himself in completely different natural conditions corresponding to that particular level. At this level, the five usual human sensory organs cannot adequately reflect the reality of this level. This is because at another level there are no light waves from the physically dense world, just as there are no sound waves, touch, smell and taste in our usual perception. Our brain, "tuned in" to another level of reality, does not have sensory "organs" for this reality and is forced to transform the information coming from this level into forms familiar to human beings. In this case, a huge amount of information is lost, and a person is essentially "blind" at this level, even though the brain can receive much more information than at the physically dense level of reality.

But more does not mean everything, only that additional information enters the brain that the person did not have before entering another level of reality. But this additional information is only a small "trickle" of the information that exists on that other level. Only this small "trickle" is not even suspected by the human being. Only by creating new sensory organs (brain structures) that replace the eyes, ears, etc. at other levels can a person expand their consciousness to a new qualitative frontier. After all, our physical sensory organs are just sensors through which the brain receives information, and only the brain "organises" everything on the shelves of our consciousness. When developing on other levels, a person does not grow additional eyes on the back of their head or elsewhere, or anything else, as many people who do not understand how our brain works may think. New brain structures, created and transformed into somewhat unusual "eyes", "ears", etc., appear at each new level of reality that a person breaks through in their evolutionary development. A human being who receives information in a slightly unusual way in their brain (through brain structures) can then transform it into forms that are familiar to them and others - visual or auditory. Of course, some of the information will be lost in this way, sometimes a very large part of it.

it, and one should not forget this. But if the purpose of such simplification is only orientation in space, then there is no harm in such simplification. However, one must always remember that when adapting information from other levels to forms that are familiar and habitual to humans, many things are "left behind," but if you use it only for orientation at other levels, it will only be useful. Once a person has selected the necessary information from their surroundings at another level with the help of such simplifications, they can "turn on" the rest of the information from that level, but only that which is really important and necessary. This method of two-stage, or rather multi-stage, work with information allows a person not to "drown", both literally and figuratively, in the information that saturates each new level of reality that opens up to a person as they move forward.

Yes, I would like to dwell a little on a very popular concept today – the information field, which a person can "tune into" and receive all kinds of information. Some people believe that all knowledge exists in the "information field" and that one only needs to "tune into" this field and "read" this information. But this is far from true, and some people deliberately impose it in order to create conditions for those who believe in it to "miss" only the information that is favourable, so as not to allow people to wake up after breaking through to another level. In the physical world, we are surrounded by nature everywhere, and every second our senses send information to our brain about what is happening around us. We see and hear the wind rustling the leaves in the forest, the buzzing of a bee collecting nectar from another flower to take it home, we hear the birds singing, we see them fluttering in the sky, we admire the beauty and diversity of nature. But is all this knowledge? No, it is only information about what is happening inside us and around us, and this information will only become knowledge when a person comprehends this information, understands the cause-and-effect relationships and ultimately achieves enlightenment through knowledge.

So, moving to another level of quality, a person encounters exactly the same situation. If there is an opportunity to obtain reliable information from another level, a person simply collects it. There, as on the physical level, knowledge does not exist in a ready-made form. A person can acquire knowledge only by passing new information through themselves and comprehending it, reaching enlightenment. But someone may object, saying that they have been given knowledge! Indeed, some people who have reached another level of quality are given this or that information. But the question arises: to whom and why is this information transmitted, and is it really reliable? But no one asks this question "for some reason", and the reason is that a person first becomes aware of their uniqueness, and when a person "melts" from this, they begin to transmit various "revelations" through them. And all this is done by... the same PARASITES! And their goals are the same as those I outlined earlier — to mislead and use the newly awakened person for their own purposes, preventing them from developing further. The fact is that the Forces of Light NEVER transmit knowledge for one simple reason - the awakened person must be ready for knowledge, and it is impossible to achieve enlightenment by simply transmitting knowledge. Enlightenment comes only when a person subjects themselves to enlightenment, passing new information through their consciousness and testing this understanding in practice through their actions. Only adequate practical actions show how well a person has understood the new information and is ready to move forward. Transmitting knowledge to a person who has not attained enlightenment is equivalent to giving a nuclear briefcase to a child with instructions not to press the red button under any circumstances, because otherwise something terrible will happen. There is probably no need to explain what a child will do after such a comment about the red button!

In general, earthly parasites have achieved a lot on our Mother Earth. They have created a "realm of crooked mirrors," imposing false ideas on all people, including about man himself. The imposed idea, by the way, is a double idea that works for

the destruction of human logical thinking and thinking in general. On the one hand, the idea that man was created in the image and likeness of God is imposed, which fills man with the idea of his greatness (after all, God's likeness), and on the other hand, the same person is forced to accept the idea of his sinfulness, uselessness and, most interestingly, that man is a slave to God! In fact, this is strange: in some way, God's likeness turns out to be his slave! Which in itself is absurd. But it is absurd only at first glance. Because if you "look" a little more carefully, you will discover a real "underwater mine". Opposing attitudes towards human consciousness, released simultaneously, "pull" this human consciousness in opposite directions and lead to the destruction of the integrity of this consciousness, to the creation of mutually exclusive "currents" in consciousness. This is why a situation arises where a person who has broken through to a qualitatively new level thanks to their natural gifts does not even think about developing their consciousness in fundamentally new conditions, but "simply" projects already existing ideas! Why should we develop anything if we are created in the image and likeness of God? After all, we already have everything, we can be "a little" lower than God, otherwise how could we be His likeness? And this logical trap works almost always! When a person consciously leaves their body, they retain all these false ideas. In principle, consciously leaving one's own body only further convinces a person that they are "created" in the image and likeness of God! After all, the seemingly incredible has happened — the departure from the physical shell of a person! This clearly speaks of the "divine" nature of man, according to those who have fallen under the influence of false ideas. And that is why they do not even think about self-improvement. After all, the "image" and "likeness" of God has nowhere to improve! After all, only God Himself is higher than the likeness of God! And they (still) do not claim to be God Himself, but nevertheless are confident in their inherent greatness, which does not exist and cannot exist for one simple reason: the greatness of man is in his deeds, not in his ego.

But the false system of ideas about human nature created by the social parasites on Earth is precisely such a breeding ground for man's imaginary pride. And if someone objects that not everyone on Earth believes in God, that there are so-called "atheists" who deny God and therefore do not fall under the destructive influence of false ideas on the consciousness. Unfortunately, this statement is also incorrect, because "atheists" say that man is the "king" of nature, and... that says it all! It is also important to note that the same social parasites created the belief in God and created "atheism" in order to more easily manipulate the masses and turn them against each other to achieve their own goals. In this way, social parasites "take under their wing" both those who believe in God and those who do not accept this belief! Isn't that a good idea! Social parasites have everything working for them! In both cases, they form a distorted consciousness in people, distorted to such an extent that it does not allow people to truly understand the essence of the person themselves, their consciousness and their possibilities. In both cases, the parasites lead people into the dead end of a false understanding of essence, because only in this case can they keep people under their control. Parasites deliberately create a contradiction between content and form. And unfortunately, people willingly accept this lie because it promises them imaginary "greatness," because the true greatness of every person lies in their deeds and actions, great and small, in the routine hard work that a person has to do every day, day after day, and in which, at first glance, there is no greatness, but true greatness is always born from such routine work in the name of something greater than the satisfaction of a person's physiological needs.

True greatness is not about shouting about your greatness; usually, people who have failed to realise their "great" ambitions shout about their greatness. True greatness is about working for the benefit of others without expecting gratitude or glory.

honours and recognition. All of this is a "flake" of distorted ideas imposed on people by parasites in order to cloud their minds with false ideals that they do not need to strive for. And all this together leads to the fact that a person who has just opened their "eyes", relying on false guidelines, closes forever (or for a long time) the path to greatness, the essence of which is the great responsibility for their every deed and action, the responsibility for those who depend on them! And it is very sad to see how people with great natural talents, relying on false guidelines, become puppets in the hands of parasites of various levels. And the most unpleasant thing is that such people most often refuse to help free themselves from the control of parasites because they do not want to give up the "throne" on which these parasites have placed them. For them, sweet illusion is more desirable than hard work in the name of who knows what! Here you are God, king and hero, but there you have to "move" your brains, solve emerging problems, risk your life and health, and it is still unknown whether there is enough "dust" for all this. This is the solution to the paradox - why parasites from different strata so easily and quickly subjugate to their control the majority of naturally gifted people who are just beginning to open their eyes... And now I will return to what I started with in my latest "lyrical" digression.

The brain restructuring that I managed to devise fundamentally changed the situation with the silver thread connecting the "empty" physical body and the human essence that emerged from it. After the transformation of the brain, a person can consciously leave their body at unlimited distances in principle! More precisely, the distance of the essence from its physical body after the brain transformation is determined only by the qualitative level of development of the essence itself, and not by the "length" of the silver thread between the body and the essence, as is usually the case. If, after the brain transformation, the essence "encounters" some kind of qualitative barrier and is unable to move further, it is enough to create new properties and qualities that are lacking, and... forward! An unusual qualitative manifestation after the reorganisation of my brain unexpectedly appeared during the instrumental examination. It was first observed in May 1989 during filming at the Brain Institute in Moscow. Journalist Mikhail Dekhta voluntarily agreed to act as a guinea pig. The encephalographic sensors were connected to Mikhail's brain in a Faraday cage, which excluded any other external field influences. When everything was ready, Sergei (I don't remember his surname), a member of the brain laboratory, turned on the recording and suggested that I do something special with Mikhail. I decided to try out an idea of my own. I sent Mikhail not into outer space, but into the microcosm, which I also found very amusing. I put him in the necessary quality state and... made him microscopic in size! And then I sent him to travel inside his own body. Once he entered his blood vessel, he travelled inside his own body with the flow of his blood. This was the first time I had conducted this experiment, and the first time Michael had been inside himself. You could say that Michael "inhabited" his red blood cell and began to move with it from organ to organ. When it all began, Michael was so shocked by everything he saw during his unusual journey that he told everyone about his impressions for a long time afterwards.

When he ended up in one of his cells in this unusual way, I suggested he take a walk through his own chromosomes. I shrunk him even more, and as a result, the spirals of his own chromosomes turned into huge tunnels through which he could "walk". With a slight adjustment to his perception, made by me, he could see every gene in the spiral, and knowing the chemical and spatial structure of the nucleotides that make up our genes, I gave each of the nucleotides a different colour, and he could see not only every gene on his own chromosome, but also every nucleotide! But that wasn't all! All I had to do was set the task, and Michael could not only see his own genes, but he could also find out which of his genes had this or that defect. The benefit of all this was that he could travel in the same way to any

another person and at the same time... not only in his present, but also in the future and in the past! But not only to travel, but also to "extract" any information about the state of the organism at the molecular or cellular level, depending on the need. And all this data reflected the real state of the person, the root causes of their illnesses. Mikhail himself could not control all these journeys; he was an observer-passenger whom I transported both into the past and into the future, controlling all these processes.

But even the role of a passenger was not so easy. Willingly or unwillingly, he was subjected to heavy burdens, which were nevertheless very important to him. Despite all this, during his unusual journey, Michael described everything he saw with genuine surprise and amazement. Some of those who read these lines, especially the sceptics, may be tempted to roll their eyes! But I would advise them not to, if only because, as very real tests with the most accurate instruments have shown, the information obtained in this way completely coincided with the results of instrumental studies, which sometimes took a lot of time and money, and the result was the same. Not only the same, but also much more complete, allowing you to obtain all the nuances you are interested in, which no instrument is capable of. But that's not all! You should have seen the face of Sergei, a researcher at the Brain Institute, and the way he looked at the readings on the encephalograph! According to the readings on the encephalograph, during this experiment, Mikhail was at least in a state of COMA! At least that, and usually such straight lines on the recording devices of the encephalograph correspond to a state of clinical death or even a dead person... if we believe the readings of the devices! So I suggest that sceptics "twiddle" their fingers in the "temples" of the devices! And at that moment, when according to the readings of the instruments Michael should have been dead or on his way to death, he calmly and even with great inspiration and amazement describes everything he sees during his journey! So one can imagine the confusion of a researcher at a brain institute! But this is, so to speak, an internal journey of a person, albeit a little unusual. Although Michael has not left his physical body, he walks with his greatly reduced essence inside his body. As for the "external" journey of the essence - everything is absolutely the same!

I first conducted experiments with the complete exit of the essence from the body while recording the brain electroencephalogram when I was already in the United States and acquired a multi-channel electroencephalograph with data output to a computer monitor. My wife Svetlana acted as a guinea pig in these experiments. At first, brain signals were recorded for some time in a normal state, when Svetlana's essence was in her body, and only after the device showed absolutely normal operation did I suggest that Svetlana leave her body. As soon as she left her body, all the readings on the encephalogram immediately dropped to zero! The data from the encephalogram was displayed on the computer screen in colours ranging from dark blue to red shades. At zero amplitude of the encephalogram signal, the colour was dark blue, and as the amplitude of the signal increased, the colour became "warmer" and "warmer" (blue, green, yellow, orange and red). So, after Svetlana left her physical body, the signal amplitude immediately dropped to zero and the entire screen turned dark blue! This condition corresponds to a very deep coma or death, but Svetlana was speaking calmly, she could move, her body temperature did not drop! All this indicated that she was in a normal state, while at the same time her brain's electroencephalogram showed that her brain was not functioning at all! This cannot happen because it can never happen! But it is REAL and it has been PROVEN to be so, whether anyone likes it or not! And if anyone still maintains their "scepticism", that is their right!

After all, there is still a "Flat Earth" society in South America that is convinced that the Earth is flat and not round at all! And they make this "incredible"

conclusion based on the fact that every morning they see the Sun rising in the east, moving across the sky and setting in the west, while the Earth remains motionless and flat, because they see the flat horizon with their own eyes! No arguments to the contrary satisfy them, because they trust their senses! Similarly, if we trust only the readings of instruments based on at least incomplete ideas about the nature of living matter, zero activity of the cerebral cortex means only DEATH for a person, or at least a deep coma in which a person can neither speak nor move nor exhibit any other activity characteristic of living and healthy people! And the most interesting thing is that... in the vast majority of cases, they will be ABSOLUTELY right! The thing is that the "oddities" in the behaviour of the devices appear only when a person has undergone a qualitative transformation of the brain, when the human brain begins to work in a fundamentally new mode, about which modern scientists have not the slightest idea. After a qualitative transformation, the human brain begins to operate in completely different modes; more precisely, a person can, at will, switch the brain's operating mode to different modes. These are modes that were simply impossible for a person before the qualitative transformation of the brain.

So, real instruments show that after a qualitative brain transformation (especially for Svetlana, who went through such brain transformations that I can only imagine), the interaction between the physical body and the essence of a person changes fundamentally. When consciously leaving the physical body in a normal state, the person's physical body ends up in a deep coma, which is very close to clinical death. A person in this state shows virtually no signs of life, breathing is very weak and imperceptible, and heartbeats are very rare. They neither speak nor move normally, and the body is an empty vessel. After the brain transformation, with practically zero activity in the cerebral cortex, which was confirmed both by experiments at the Brain Institute and by my own experiments with an electroencephalograph, the person continues to behave as if the essence is still in the body, even though it is not there! For quite understandable (I hope) reasons, I will not describe how I managed to achieve this, not because I cannot explain what I did myself, but because I do not want the detailed information to fall into the hands of enemies who, using this knowledge, could cause a lot of harm, not to me, but to many other people.

In one way or another, after the transformation of the brain, a fundamentally new qualitative interaction arises between the physical body and human essence, when the essence, when consciously leaving the body, does not find itself tied to its body like a silver thread, but acquires true freedom from its physical body without leaving it forever! But that's not all! In the case of ordinary conscious leaving of the body, the human essence finds itself in the state of an ordinary observer and has the potential that this essence has accumulated at the moment of leaving the physical body, but after the transformation of the brain, the essence still has all the potential of its physical body, just as when this essence is in the body. With such a conscious departure of the essence, not only does the body continue to behave as if the essence has not gone anywhere, but the essence, being outside its body, disposes of the potential of its body in the same way as when it is in its body. It is also necessary to take into account that the conditional term "brain restructuring" should be understood as a qualitative transformation not only of the brain itself, but also of the essence of the person, of their physical body at the chromosomal level, when not only are the so-called "dormant" genes activated, but fundamentally new structures of these genes are created, when chromosomes become multidimensional and qualitatively fundamentally different from the original ones, despite the fact that neither the person nor their genes change externally.

The human brain undergoes quite a significant change, which leads to the fact that even the shape of the skull changes slightly, but this is not so important for the present analysis. Therefore, after the transformations that Svetlana undergoes, she can not only

move when leaving the body, whether it is a conscious exit from the body or an exit of the essence during sleep, she can not only move incredible distances without harming her physical body, but she could also, while outside her body, act actively, if not to the full extent of her potential (after all, the essence and the body are separate), then very close to it! And this radically changes the situation - throughout the entire existence of the civilisation of Midgard-Earth (and perhaps beyond), the possibilities of consciously leaving the body or, as many call it, during "astral travel" (which is completely wrong), are practically limited to contemplation. And although contemplation is also important and useful in many situations, it belongs to the passive type of action and contributes little to the further development of the person. After the transformation of the brain, a real opportunity arises not only for passive contemplation of what is happening when we consciously leave the body, but also, with appropriate analysis, strategy and tactics, to perform active actions, continuing our development even when we consciously leave the body and even during the most ordinary sleep, when the body rests from its righteous labour during the day.

In this way, in every situation there is the possibility for continuous development, as well as for action that radically changes the situation. This also means the following: if, in one way or another, my enemies manage to eliminate me physically, for example, or put me in a coma, or damage my physical brain in one way or another (this is in the case of "if"), my actions will not suffer in any way as a result, but on the contrary, for certain reasons I will be able to act on a much larger scale! It turns out that a situation has arisen in which the presence or absence of a physical body does not change anything in practice! Simply, as long as my physical body has not yet been destroyed, my physical body remains the basis of my essence. When I lose this physical body, for certain reasons, I am able to create any physical body and in any place, and if necessary, I can create several physical bodies existing independently of each other, and at the same time my essence will be in them, however paradoxical that may sound.

It is difficult to imagine what opportunities and qualities a person can acquire if they follow the right path. At the same time, the world around us becomes truly multifaceted and stunningly beautiful, magnificent, wonderful, delightful — there are simply not enough synonyms to convey the full splendour and multidimensionality of what we are accustomed to calling the Universe! But what modern humanity understands by the concept of the Universe differs from the real Universe, the one that actually exists, just as the sky differs from the earth!

As usual, I have once again indulged in a "little" philosophising, but the only thing that comforts me in such cases is that my philosophising will help someone understand certain issues. I sincerely hope that this is the case. And now I will return to the events of my life in the "real" world: <http://.....>

38. Second tour of Arkhangelsk

In September, life was going on at its usual pace. Normal for me, but not for most people. We are all so organised that even the most incredible events, if they happen regularly, become ordinary for us. That is why "news" in life becomes something that changes this "usual" balance of things. At the beginning of September, I received a call from Kirill Kasatkin, the same young diplomat I had met after my speech at the press conference of the Folk Medicine Foundation at the Historical Museum on 29 March 1989, and who had organised a press conference for me at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The two of us kept in touch sporadically, as not only was I not often in Moscow, but he was also almost constantly travelling abroad on business. And so, Kirill, after returning

During his latest business trip, this time to the United States, he called me and told me that while in San Francisco, he had visited an American millionaire, Harry Orbelian, who had emigrated from the USSR during World War II, and told him about me. Now the Orbelians are in Moscow for the treatment of Harry Orbelian's wife, Vera Ivanovna, who has been diagnosed with the so-called Bekhterev's disease. This disease is considered incurable, and all attempts to get rid of it in the West have failed. And now they have come to Russia in the hope that they will find help here. Treatment in clinics in the United States and Western Europe has not brought even slight relief, and this woman is now forced to walk with the aid of a cane.

When we met, there were only a few days left before our departure for the United States. Vera Ivanovna had never encountered a method like mine before, so she was very curious to see what I would do with her. It turned out that she was very sensitive and tolerated the stress of my work very well. During my work, she saw her own vessels and nerves and was very surprised by this. But she was even more surprised when, after the concert that same evening, she completely forgot about her cane, without which she had been unable to cope for a long time. She was so shocked that she stayed in Moscow for another ten days until her husband returned home as planned. During those ten days, I worked with her every day. We travelled to the apartment of her son, Konstantin Orbelian, who at that time was already a well-known conductor and pianist and who rented an apartment in the famous Naberezhnaya building. During those ten days, not only did I work with Vera Ivanovna, but all of us, including her youngest son Konstantin, talked about various aspects of life, especially paranormal phenomena. And almost every day, Vera Ivanovna told me and Svetlana that we absolutely had to come to America, to San Francisco. And that her eldest son, George, would be overjoyed to meet us.

Ten days passed and Vera Ivanovna flew to the United States and began calling me from there to continue her treatment. She began repeating that we absolutely had to come to San Francisco, that all her friends, after learning what had happened to her in Moscow, wanted to undergo my course of treatment, since almost all of them had their own ailments that they wanted to get rid of. Vera Ivanovna had arrived in the United States from Nazi Germany, where she had been kidnapped by the Germans, who had stopped the tram she was travelling on and taken all the young boys and girls from it to send them to Germany to work as slaves. She tried to escape from her slave owner and ended up... in a concentration camp. In 1941, she graduated from the Kharkov Medical Institute, got married and... instead of a hospital room, ended up in a concentration camp. She was Russian, like millions of other boys and girls who were taken to Germany. After the end of the war, she went to a camp for displaced persons in the western sector of the occupation and... was afraid to return to her homeland and end up in a Soviet concentration camp, from which she would hardly come out alive. She returned to the USSR only at the end of the 1980s, during the so-called perestroika. And so it happened that she knew Kirill Kasatkin, who suggested that she meet with me about her medically incurable illness. As I already wrote, in 1990 I was in Germany for almost three months, and I was invited to go back to that country. But the situation was such that two people invited us to come to San Francisco. Vera Ivanovna was the second person from that city who invited me and Svetlana to this glorious city and... after thinking about it for a while, we decided that we should go to the United States, since I was in Germany, and both Svetlana and I wanted to see distant America.

In any case, we promised Vera Ivanovna that we would definitely come to America. One of the strong arguments in favour of America was the fact that Vera Ivanovna said that many potential patients were already waiting for me in San Francisco, shocked by what had happened to her. I assumed that she belonged to the circle of wealthy people, and I would have no problem finding patients who could pay for my work. This way of thinking, although it seemed logically correct, in fact had nothing to do with reality, and not even because there were no wealthy people in Vera Ivanovna's social circle, but

everything fell into place. In September 1991, Svetlana and I were still in Moscow, and I was preparing for my second trip to Arkhangelsk. At the end of September, Svetlana went home for a few days to visit her parents and son. I periodically called Dmitry Raskazov about the preparation of my course for doctors, which we had agreed on during my first visit. Nadezhda Yakovlevna Anshukova, at that time chief physician of the Arkhangelsk Medical and Preventive Sanatorium, was actively involved in organising my course. As it happened, I had to give two lectures every day, but more about that a little later.

So, just a few days before we got to Arkhangelsk, Dmitry Raskazov called me to sort out the schedule, and while we were chatting, he asked if I could do something about the acid pollution in the Arkhangelsk region. It had gotten to the point where the water in the region's rivers and lakes had become acidic. Acid rain had become the norm in the region, fish in rivers and lakes were floating upside down, and in the Dvina delta, acidic water had destroyed the flora and fauna of the White Sea. In short, a real ecological disaster had occurred. The reasons for this state of affairs were the industrial enterprises in the region, which dumped their waste without caring about the consequences of their actions. Over time, the ecological situation in the Arkhangelsk region became critical. It was this situation that Dmitry Raskazov outlined to me and asked, "Can I do anything about it?" I promised that I would try to do something about it. In principle, you can solve any problem if you find the right key to it. I have managed to solve many serious problems very successfully, and I have written about this before. I saw no reason why I couldn't solve this one too. Without putting the question in a long box, I started to solve this problem, and Svetlana helped me with it. By analogy with solving the ozone layer problem, I decided to separate the acids in all the waters of the Arkhangelsk region - in rivers, lakes, swamps, groundwater, in other words, everywhere where there was acid poisonous water. The thing is that, working together with my wife Svetlana on the problem of water acidity in the Arkhangelsk region, I took five minutes and all the rivers, lakes, swamps and groundwater in the entire region, which covers an area of 589,200 square kilometres, were purified.

The acid rain that constantly fell on these lands also stopped, and during all this time not a single fish or plant died, either on land or in the water! And ultimately, the area of this region is larger than the area of the whole of France together with the island of Corsica (543,965 square kilometres), and France is the largest country in Europe in terms of area! And what is most interesting is that the timber industry in the Arkhangelsk region has not stopped poisoning the water with its waste, but nevertheless, sixteen years after my work in October 1991, the water in the Arkhangelsk region is still the cleanest and best in Russia! And this is another fact that, for some reason, was not reported in either the Soviet or Russian press! But the ecological disaster in the Arkhangelsk region was no secret; many newspapers wrote about it, and it was reported on regional radio and television. And then one day everything disappeared, everything became just wonderful, and no measures were taken by the state, and no state measures can solve this problem; from a "scientific" point of view, it is IMPOSSIBLE. But there was no reaction to what had happened, even though many people knew who had done what. Everyone preferred to keep quiet about what had happened, as if nothing incredible had happened. The media "simply" stopped talking about the acidity of the water and that was it... everyone forgot about it, as if the problem had never existed.

It seems that specialists were ordered to remain silent, while others did not notice anything. They had already been "fed" with other information, and in such quantities that people quickly forgot about acid rain and dead fish in rivers and lakes. This method of manipulating public consciousness has been tried and tested for a long time and has also been used for a long time. It is true that some information leaked to the press, but no one even connected it with my work. And first of all, because the phenomena that people observed were very

unusual. It seems that the large geographical width of the Arkhangelsk region was the reason why, at the time when I was working on the problem of water purification in the Arkhangelsk region, the holographic projection of my hands was projected into the sky. This is what eyewitnesses saw:

"...Many villagers observed an even more unusual picture after the one described above. Something like a warning message from the sky. From what? This is worth considering. And so, at around 6:15 p.m. (2 October 1991), those who decided to observe the sky saw and told me the following: in the place where the first cloud with a circular "spot" had disappeared, a second, enormous spot suddenly appeared, covering half the sky, bright green in colour. From the second "cloud," a "hand" began to take shape, very similar to a human hand in outline, up to the elbow. A hand with a finger pointing upwards has been a warning sign since time immemorial. And so, the "hand" was raised upwards, the index finger was straight, and the other four fingers were pressed together. After remaining in this position for about five minutes, the "hand" began to slowly descend from the shoulder. And it descended for no more and no less than half an hour. When it was completely lowered, the index finger was pointing towards the Navolok quay, which was not far away. Suddenly, a red glow appeared at the tip of the index finger, which began to rise up through the invisible "vessels" of the "hand". When the glow rose to the elbow, the contours of the "arm" at that point began to change, it lengthened (as if separating from the rest of the object), after which the image began to gradually fade and disappeared completely."⁽¹⁰⁾

Many children who attended my first performances in Arkhangelsk pointed to the sky and said they had seen their uncle in the sky! Unfortunately, no one filmed this phenomenon in Arkhangelsk at the time. Something similar was filmed much later, in 2002 in the United States, when I was working on neutralising the superstorm "Lily." The photo was published in several magazines under the name "The Hands of God," but then it was declared a fake and the author was harassed. But that would happen many years later, and then there were many discussions, several publications in Arkhangelsk, and after a while it was forgotten. It is interesting that eyewitnesses observed the projection of my work in the sky with a significant delay.

The day after this job, Svetlana and I had to catch a train to Arkhangelsk. We were supposed to go with our friend, but... due to the incredible traffic jam on the Garden Ring at that time, we were late for the train. When we ran to the right platform, we saw the "tail" of the train we were supposed to take. This upset us, but it didn't stop us. Thanks to an acquaintance, we got two plane tickets and flew to Arkhangelsk instead of taking the train. We notified Dmitry Raskazov of the change in our arrival and he met us at the airport in Arkhangelsk. After settling into the hotel, we explored the sights of Arkhangelsk. While I had some idea of what to expect from this city during my first visit, it was Svetlana's first time there, even though she had toured almost the entire Soviet Union with her concerts. However, fate had never brought her to Arkhangelsk before.

The next day, I began my work schedule. In the afternoon, I met with medical staff from hospitals and clinics in Arkhangelsk, as well as students and teachers from the medical institute. I gave them a lecture and demonstration. The essence of the lecture was to analyse the current state of medicine, its pros and cons (the latter, in my opinion, were much more numerous). I usually began by saying that at the beginning of the 20th century, doctors announced that once they had sufficient quantities of high-quality medicines and accurate diagnostic equipment, all diseases would be defeated and... all this came to pass, but the number of diseases and sick people did not decrease, but rather

¹⁰ "Sovetskaya Onega" for 12 October 1991.

much more. I also pointed out the wrong approach to treating people, when the main focus is not on the root causes, but on the symptoms of the disease, on the misunderstanding of the mechanisms of action of the human immune system, etc. And although I think that many doctors inside were boiling with indignation at my words, everything passed without any violent outcry from the people in white coats. After all, this was said to them not even as a medical professional by education; at that time, I had no scientific titles, monographs or books to my name. Of course, among these people there were also progressive, thinking people who realised that the medical issues I raised were not a malicious conspiracy by an ignorant person; there was also my influence on the audience, which is always present, but there was another aspect that knocked almost all my opponents off their feet.

During my speech, I not only analysed the situation, but also proposed a way out of it. I did not propose a hypothetical solution, but a very specific one, which I demonstrated immediately. To confirm my words, I will give you an interesting example. The doctors came to meet me with very different moods and motives. One radiologist came to meet me with the desire to expose a charlatan, as she told her colleagues. After my lecture, I was going to move on to the evidence-based part of my presentation. I was going to check all those present for the dynamics of their genetics necessary for the transformation of the brain and essence. I usually asked everyone present to clasp their hands together and then, using waking hypnosis, I influenced the muscles of their hands and the brain centre that controls the body's muscle tone. In short, as a result of my actions, the arms of sufficiently sensitive people would lock deliberately, and the person would be unable to unlock their arms on their own. At the same time, the person is fully conscious, fully adequate, but... cannot unlock their own hands. In this way, I quickly identified people with the necessary genetic dynamics, and in a very clear and reliable way. I asked everyone who was "captured" in this way to come out to me, and after I freed their hands from "captivity," I began the transformation of the brain and essence, as a result of which people could see the internal organs of others and their own, and much, much more.

So, I perform my usual test at this clinic, identify the people with the most dynamic genetics, and begin brain transformation. After transforming the brain of a woman and she saw her internal organs for the first time, or rather, if my memory serves me correctly, the blood vessels of her own hand, and then her muscles and nerves, her eyes expressed an extraordinary degree of surprise. I paid no attention to this doctor's strong surprise and continued my demonstration. I immediately suggested that we test the "quality" of the newly acquired abilities I had just created. To this end, I turned to one of the colleagues of the newly born clairvoyant and asked for her consent to participate in testing the new abilities of her colleague, the doctor. Everyone present at this meeting watched with great amazement what was happening to this woman during the brain transformation. I did not pay much attention to this and continued with the lecture-demonstration. I asked the volunteer colleague if the colleague on whom I had just performed the brain transformation was aware of her health problems. After receiving a negative answer, I suggested that the new clairvoyant could identify her colleague's health problems, starting from childhood.

After suggesting how to use my new abilities and coordinate my actions, I offered to describe all the problems that would be discovered. And here the most interesting part began: the female doctor began to list the pathologies she saw. She quickly and accurately identified all health problems, indicating the age at which they appeared, how they progressed, what consequences they had and in what form they left. Everything was absolutely accurate and the "mistress" of these problems fully confirmed everything she said. I suggested that we try to do a blood test without taking the blood to a laboratory for analysis. My suggestion somewhat puzzled the new clairvoyant, but I quickly helped her to orientate herself in this case as well. I suggested that she simply assign

her brain to display the blood test results holographically, in the form of a familiar table. And... literally in a few seconds, this woman began to give information "off the cuff". This number of red blood cells, this number of white blood cells, platelets. The composition of the white blood cells - so many neutrophils, lymphocytes, eosinophils, basophils and monocytes...

When the doctor read the accurate information, which seemed to appear out of nowhere, almost everyone present was simply shocked, but the most shocked was the new clairvoyant herself. Soon the reason for such a reaction to what was happening became clear. It turned out that this doctor was the radiologist who had come to meet me with the desire to expose the "charlatan" who claimed to transform a person's brain so that they could see internal organs.

It so happened that this doctor, who was a militant sceptic, had the ideal basis for transformation, and it was she, a convinced sceptic and opponent, who showed all her colleagues that everything I say is true and real! The twists and turns of people's destinies are quite curious sometimes, aren't they! Then this woman came to my speeches and lectures. Such were the conditions for contact with the medical teams in Arkhangelsk. I had to fly to Severodvinsk to give a similar lecture-demonstration there. For the first few evenings in Arkhangelsk, I still gave presentations, which usually started at 7 p.m. and ended no earlier than 11 p.m., and then I met with people for at least an hour, answered their questions and tried to help them. This time, the auditorium of the Officers' House in Arkhangelsk was filled to capacity. People sat on extra chairs in the corridors and stood in the hallways. It seems that my first tour made a strong impression on the residents of this city, and from the very first day, people were waiting to see what new things I would show them. I will not tire of repeating what I have already described, but will only mention some interesting cases.

Among the interesting things related to the treatment, I would like to mention one interesting case. One day during my performances, after a mass session, I was invited to talk to a girl who was overwhelmed. When I approached her, it turned out that the girl had tuberculosis of the spine, had undergone several operations, after which she could only move with the help of crutches. One of her legs did not move at all, while the other still had some mobility. Her crutches were next to her, and I decided that since she had such good sensitivity, why not restore her full mobility? I did a direct session with her right there and managed to completely restore her spine, so after five minutes of my work, this girl stood up on her own two feet and went on stage without crutches, where I adjusted her spine a little more and she began to walk around the stage completely normally. At that moment, I didn't think about the fact that I could cause a real sensation at St. John's, I didn't even think about using the fact that the girl came to my performance with crutches and left with those crutches under her arm. Perhaps, from the point of view of my own publicity, it would have been right to draw the attention of the entire audience to the unnecessary crutches, but... As they say, it's not in my nature to draw people's attention to what I do, I was just focused on the task of bringing the girl's spine and legs to optimal condition, because such an ability to withstand stress is quite rare, and that's a pity! If the human body could withstand such a level of stress as that of the girl, it would be possible to practically recreate a human being in a matter of minutes, solving almost every health problem! But, unfortunately, the vast majority of people are not able to withstand such stress, and therefore, in the treatment of certain diseases, it is necessary to move forward in microscopic "steps" instead of taking just one big "step". But it is curious that the media does not say a word about this; it seems that such things "happen" almost every day and no one is interested! But let's leave it to the conscience of the journalists from Arkhangelsk: [http://....](#)

During one of my speeches, I received a note with very interesting content, so interesting that I invited those who had written it to come to me after the speech. The question was as follows. During my first performances in Arkhangelsk, there were various containers of water on stage, ranging from one-litre glass jars to jerry cans. They remained on stage throughout my performance, and only after the performance had ended did people collect the "FILLED" containers. It so happened that one of the young women treated her friend to tea made from my water. After drinking the tea, her friend began to see other people's internal organs, and her brain began to "talk" to her, informing her of certain pathologies. She began by identifying all of her parents' illnesses, telling them that she could see their problems and that her brain was telling her what those problems were. Her parents became concerned about their daughter's mental health and immediately took her to the appropriate specialists, who, after hearing that her brain was "speaking" to her, immediately prescribed appropriate medication and after some time... her brain stopped "talking" and everyone breathed a sigh of relief!

This was a completely natural reaction on the part of both the parents and the doctors, but in this situation, only one thing surprised me: no one even paid attention to the fact that the "talking" brain was providing absolutely accurate information about the existing problems, and this, if you will, cannot be the result of a diseased brain! The comedy of this situation lies in the fact that the water standing on the stage throughout my performance also recorded my work on transforming the brains of the people I selected during the tests, and I also created a converter for the information received from the brain into an accessible and understandable verbal form for the convenience of the newly minted clairvoyants. And all this was imprinted on the water standing on the stage during my actions. Of course, the residual energy in the water was small, but for a person with a high degree of sensitivity, such as this young woman, it was sufficient. For her, even a trace of my brain transformation action was enough to transform her brain! But at the same time, she did not receive what I had already shown in words and examples to those who had gone through my transformation, the basics of how to properly use these new possibilities that I had created for people. This led to the misunderstanding with the "talking" brain. But that's not the end of this mishap! The people who wrote me the note were the parents of this young woman, who had attended my lectures with her daughter. The note ended by saying that the young woman's brain had started "talking" to her again during my performances, and her parents asked me what they should do in this situation. I suggested that they come to me after the performance, and when they approached me with their daughter, I told them to decide what they wanted to do — I could permanently shut down her brain so that it would no longer speak to her, or she could come to my courses and learn how to use all of this. After some consideration, she said she would like to attend my lecture course, and that was it, and she became my student.

In fact, there were other amusing cases. One woman kept coming on stage after my test, but her reaction to the test was minimal. The blockage in her muscle mobility disappeared very quickly after I stopped my action. So, she wasn't ready for brain reprogramming yet, but she really wanted it and showed up on stage every day. And then one day it hit her! As soon as I started any of my effects, she just stuck to the floor and couldn't get her feet off the floor no matter how hard she tried. But the funniest thing didn't happen on stage. My performances ended after 11 p.m., often close to midnight. After the performance, almost everyone went home, except for those who stayed to ask me personal questions or request treatment. And so, this woman was walking home when she suddenly lost the ability to move again. The inability to lift her feet off the ground lasted a few minutes, after which she regained control of her body. She was delighted and continued on her way home. But her joy was premature. After a while

This happened again and again... several times. Once, when she was again "pinned" to the ground, a suspicious man began to approach her, which frightened her greatly. She tried to move from her spot, but could not do anything. The suspicious man was getting closer and closer, and she began to feel terrified, but suddenly her legs became mobile again, and she ran home, which, fortunately, was very close by! It turned out that every time I started to influence someone in the Officers' Chamber, her legs would stick to the spot where she was standing at that moment. She later told me about this incident, which would have been quite amusing if it weren't for the fear this woman experienced on her way home. But all's well that ends well! And in this case, it did end well!

There were also several interesting moments during the performances themselves. I tried, as far as possible, not to repeat myself in my performances, trying to come up with something new and entertaining. Once, I decided to organise an elegant banquet for everyone who helped me on stage. I created an exquisite table with dishes that few people could afford at the time and that many people had never even tasted in their lives. I put red and black caviar, boiled crabs and cucumbers, and many other delicacies on the table. There were also exotic fruits on the table - pineapples, bananas, kiwis, etc. In short, for those times, the table turned out to be magnificent. After I set the table, I invited people to start eating, but my suggestion did not generate much enthusiasm. The reason for this soon became clear when I suggested again that they try the delicacy, and one person timidly asked how much they would have to pay for it. I saw that the abundance of rare and very expensive dishes made people feel uncomfortable. When I understood the reason for their restraint, I advised them not to think about it, as this delicacy was free. Upon hearing this, people began to come to the table and eat, timidly at first, but then more and more boldly. I asked the people how they liked the treat, and they all said that everything was delicious and very fresh and that they had never eaten anything like it before. It was the first time I had created something like this, so I was curious to see how people would feel when they ate the energy food I had created in an unusual way. Everyone ate with great pleasure, and you could even see how they devoured the food, chewing and swallowing it, feeling truly full and satisfied, as those who participated in this meal later told me. I did not even expect such a result.

Another day, I revealed hidden treasures to people – chests full of precious stones, mountains of gold coins and jewellery. It was very interesting to see how different people with different mentalities reacted to the fact that anyone could take as many treasures as they wanted. I remember how a little girl, I think the daughter of the head of the Officers' Club, ran up to me, holding several precious stones in her hands, and asked me if she could take them. But there were very few such questions; some people, after hearing that they were allowed to take as much as they could, only asked where they could get bags to put their "trophies" in. When they got the bags, they began to fill them with precious stones and gold, and then, straining themselves, they dragged their bags away until no one changed their mind and asked to return everything. Some of them were so full with their sacks that they could only drag them along the floor, straining all their muscles and covering themselves in sweat. Everything that was happening on stage was both funny and bitter. Seeing the mountains of gold and precious stones, many people took off their masks and showed their true faces. If anyone tried to take away the gold and precious stones that they already considered theirs, they would kill anyone who mentioned it. Unfortunately, this is also human nature, but fortunately, not all of them...

During one of my evening performances, I decided to transport the people on stage not to the past, but to the present. A Volga with a flat tyre appeared on stage, and I suggested that we change the flat tyre. Several people joined in the work of changing the flat tyre. Someone put in a jack and lifted the car so that the flat tyre could be removed, someone unscrewed the bolts with a wrench, someone put on a new wheel! At the same time, everyone

The participants in this "strategic" operation, which required considerable physical effort, were sweating, their muscles trembling with tension as they had to tighten the bolts more firmly. In short, the whole process was like changing any other flat tyre. Later, when the recording of this process was viewed by professionals, they were shocked by what they saw. All the movements of the people changing the flat tyre were absolutely precise. The position of the wheel bolts exactly matched that of the real car. The expert professionals on the television screen saw nothing but empty space, but the people on the stage not only saw the Volga in front of them, they also really felt the hardness and coolness of the bodywork, the warmth of the punctured tyre, and the "tightness" of the securely fastened bolts. For them, the car on stage was absolutely real and tangible to all their senses, just as in another case the participants could smell and taste the dishes on the table; just as they really felt the enormous weight of the bags full of gold, which they could only drag across the floor, because for them they were real!

I organised all the performances during my second visit on the same principle as during my first visit, when I decided to combine an informative lecture, health sessions and the so-called "circus" into one whole! Such a combination of seemingly inseparable things proved to be very successful. Almost every performance ended around midnight, and then people with their illnesses were still waiting for me. Many people came to Svetlana for help, especially women with breast cancer. Svetlana did not have enough experience in treating such diseases, but her good heart could not help but respond to the request for help. Emotions in this business are unacceptable! Emotions can be before or after treatment. If you allow emotions during work, expect trouble, which is exactly what happened. After Svetlana worked with one of the women with breast cancer, one day a rather large tumour appeared in the same place where the woman had been. Svetlana, of course, was not happy with such news, but she did not experience any of the panic that one would expect in such a case. And not because she was sure she would remove the cancerous tumour, but because she has always had the character of a fighter, even though she is a woman in the full sense of the word! After all, until the tumour disappears, one cannot feel at ease. I immediately started working on eradicating this tumour, as tumours obtained in this way grow like mushrooms after rain. When this happened, I advised Svetlana not to do any more procedures. People were not very happy when Svetlana announced that she was ending her treatment sessions with everyone. Sometimes one is amazed at people when they are only interested in getting what they want, even if it harms someone else. Of course, the desire to be healthy and the desire to save oneself from a death sentence are understandable. But when a person is not interested in the fact that the person they are helping may die, just to save themselves from death, to deceive the old woman with her hair, even if it means framing someone else - such a position has never been understandable to me. For those interested, Svetlana held these personal meetings after my presentation not for the money, but because she wanted to help those doomed to death by ruthless cancer.

Anyway, I managed to rid Svetlana of the "gift" she had acquired in this way, although the weakening of this area remained for a long time and our "friends" then liked to strike this affected area, wanting to revive the cancerous tumour and thus destroy it physically, but they failed to do so!

The days passed very quickly, and then... the last performance in Arkhangelsk, and my daily routine began. It so happened that there were two groups of people who wanted to attend my lecture course - a group of doctors and a general group. So I had to conduct two courses a day - from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. classes were held with doctors in the assembly hall of the medical-preventive sanatorium, which was headed by Nadezhda Yakovlevna Anshukova. With the second, general group, I held classes from 6 to 10 p.m. on the same day, and so on... throughout the ten days of my seminars. There were about eighty people in the medical group and more than two hundred in the general group, but I never found out the exact number of attendees.

I learned, and Dmitry Raskazov never showed me the complete lists of my listeners. There is probably no point in mentioning the reason, but... I will not get ahead of myself. The most interesting thing about my medical group was... that there were almost no doctors in it whom I had chosen during the demonstration lectures. In practice, all the chief physicians sabotaged my lecture courses by sending those they considered their supporters to attend, so that these people could then expose me to the rest of the staff. Such sabotage did not scare me, but it was a little worrying that those sent did not have a sufficiently mobile genetic basis, especially when I had identified such people and could have achieved much more with them. But the chief physicians were not at all interested in what the person they had sent to my lectures might or might not gain. They did not care that a better-trained person would be able to use new opportunities as a doctor to help many people, and to provide real help, not illusory help, as modern medicine did and continues to do. They were only interested in one thing: exposing me, everything I had said and done.

Of course, it was much easier for me to work with a medical audience; I didn't have to explain to them what the liver or heart is, where they are located and what functions they perform, as well as all the other organs and systems of the human body. I simply gave them an understanding of what living matter is, everything that no one had ever explained to them in medical school. Among my listeners were doctors and medical science candidates who also listened with great surprise and interest to what I was telling them about the functions of the organs and systems of the human body. I was happy to see how, with each passing day, the eyes of these people, most of whom had a negative attitude on the first day, became more and more alive! How they were genuinely interested in what I was telling them, in the information about human beings, which turned out to be completely unexpected and very interesting to them. All the pomposity and false aplomb fell away from them, and they became living people again, with living eyes, just as they had been in their distant childhood! With each passing day, these people became more and more alive, opening up with their souls. Every day I worked with all of them to change their foundations, and I gave my understanding of what living matter is in general and what man is in particular. I explained my understanding of the nature of problems in the human body, how and where to look for the root causes of diseases, and many, many other things. And literally with each passing day, these people gained more and more sparks of understanding.

About a week after the start of the training, a curious incident occurred. One of the students (who, as it turned out later, was the head of a department in one of the hospitals) came to the next lecture and... burst into tears. The reason for her tears was that she had managed, using my method, to remove a blood clot from her patient's vein within a few minutes. This shocked her so much that she couldn't talk about it without crying. She said that after working in medicine for almost thirty years, this was the FIRST time she had REALLY managed to help someone! And that's not all! Convinced by her own experience that my system is real medicine, she admitted that the chief physician at her hospital had sent her to my lectures to take my course and then speak to the entire staff to expose me. I think that not only she, but many others came to my lectures with a similar task. But there was a positive side to this. After only ten days of three-hour classes a day, almost all of the students not only fundamentally changed their opinion of what I was teaching them, but also learned to apply, even at the most basic level, the new qualities and abilities that I had managed to teach them and create in them. Of course, if the people I had selected during the demonstration lectures had come to my lectures, I would have been able to teach them much more, but what I managed to do with those who were sent had an even greater impact on the doctors.

Later, as I learned, many of those who had attended my lectures were threatened with dismissal and blacklisting if they did not "expose" me to all their other colleagues. Some of them were forced to do so, but I do not feel any ill will towards them, as I understand the situation they were in. However, I regret that in this way they

"extinguished" the living sparks of their souls that I had managed to ignite in them. But even the very fact of such intense pressure on these people shows that the medical staff were very afraid! Imagine what could have been achieved with these people if the classes had continued for a month, two months, a year or more!

From six in the evening until ten, I taught at a general education school with over two hundred students. I taught practically the same classes as I did to the medical students, except that I had to devote more time to medical concepts and ideas that were unfamiliar to most of the students. A large part of the audience at my evening lectures were people who had passed my exam and helped me on stage. Among them was Tatiana Divnich, who came to all my performances and dreamed of achieving a brain transformation for herself. On the last evening of my performances, I managed to bring the process of her qualitative transformation to a level where brain transformation became possible. At that time, it was difficult for me to imagine what this would lead to in the future, what kind of monster this ambitious woman would turn into. Immediately before Svetlana and I left for Moscow, I met with a group of my listeners, among whom was this "lady". From the nonsense this woman was saying, it immediately became clear to me that the dark forces had quickly taken over her, influencing her desire for self-promotion and glory.

I then explained to her in a very delicate way that the dark forces – the parasites – very often mislead inexperienced people by deliberately giving them distorted or outright false information, and that one must be very careful and always check the source of any information. That no one from the Light gives any information and that one must realise and understand what is happening based on one's own experience, and that in her case she had become another victim of the parasites. And this woman, who had received these opportunities from me and only a few days after they became available to her, told me that I was being deceived by parasites and that she was in contact with "higher" light forces, and everything became clear to me immediately - I had a real clinic in front of me! But I could not have expected that this "clinic" would start operating actively after my departure, hiding behind my name. And I could not have expected that so many people, including some of my listeners, would fall under the influence of this woman with an unstable psyche and excessive ambitions in a vacuum. But that is a topic for a special conversation, and I will return to it later.

Every day of our stay in Arkhangelsk was filled with excitement from early morning until late at night. Between the morning and evening classes, there were only a few hours left to eat and rest a little before the evening classes. Often during this break, I had meetings with people to whom I tried to convey my understanding of the world. At the request of Raskazov Sr., I held a meeting-performance for the employees of the regional television centre, and four one-hour programmes entitled "Meetings for You" were also recorded, featuring some of the scientists and doctors who attended my lectures. In short, the workload was "bursting at the seams"! And even though everything together was very busy, I was happy and excited about what was happening. Taking into account my previous experience, I explained to all the interns what they were allowed to do and what they were not allowed to do using the brain structures I had created, and most importantly, why! After the explanation, I warned that if these new qualities I had created were not used as intended, everything would disappear and the person who broke these rules would end up with a "broken trough". During those ten days, I put everything I knew into the heads of the people who had come for knowledge, without hiding anything. The only thing I didn't mention in my lectures was the information about what I had done in space. I just didn't think it was right to talk about it, and here are the reasons why.

Firstly, everyone must be prepared for the information they receive. It's like going to a kindergarten and starting to teach children quantum physics. Of course, you can do that, but it won't lead to anything good. And not because children are stupid, but because children must first go to school, get

good education, go to university to study radio physics, and only then is it possible to teach them quantum physics. You cannot skip the intermediate stages and go straight to studying quantum physics. And this applies not only to quantum physics, but to everything else, especially what I wanted to convey to people. Secondly, I did not want people to have an inferiority complex after my stories. Thirdly, the purpose of my lectures and practical classes with people was to impart knowledge, to wake people up from their slumber, not to promote myself. At that time, I thought that if I imparted what I knew to people, "chewed it up" well, the listeners would only have to swallow it, that's all!

After all, no one had "chewed it over" for me; I had learned everything myself, and if I shared my understanding with others, it would be very easy for them to grasp everything. That was my thinking, and that was my mistake. Every person's brain perceives from the incoming information only that which is close to what has already been instilled in that brain. And if false ideas have been hammered into a person's brain, both at school and in higher education, that brain will "filter" only what is close (which does not mean identical) to what has already been instilled in it. Such a brain filters out everything else, whether someone likes it or not, including me! The foundation of knowledge that society lays in the human brain is of fundamental importance, because a person cannot do it alone, since the process of laying the foundation begins in early childhood and does not depend on the individual at all, but only on the knowledge that human society possesses. In this way, almost all of us are doomed to assimilate only what we are given, and we cannot influence it. And if we are deliberately given a false foundation, we are unable to understand it until we free ourselves from its power (the false foundation). If we are given correct ideas about the nature of things from childhood, a person develops very quickly and many, many people can reach the stage of the true human being. But this is only if we acquire the correct foundation, which unfortunately is not happening on our Earth Midgard at the moment.

Of course, all this is not accidental; social parasites do it deliberately to prevent people from waking up from the evolutionary sleep they have caused. In order to awaken, a person must have tremendous willpower and a tremendous desire to understand what is happening, without thinking about whether it is convenient for them or not, whether it will be profitable for them or not, etc. In modern conditions, a person must go against the entire system, against everyone and everything, in order to have the opportunity to feel the truth. But few people dare to do this; few people with higher education go against the authority of science, because anyone who dreams of becoming a scientist wants to defend a candidate's dissertation and then a doctoral dissertation. And this is impossible if you do not obey the requirements and ideas of orthodox science, which is as far from understanding nature as it was in the time of Aristotle and Socrates. And that is why almost everyone follows the line of "traditions," which are actually plausible falsifications, and conscious falsifications at that (for more details, see the article "[Theory of the Universe and Objective Reality](#)"). And that is why, if someone did ask questions at the beginning, they very quickly had such a desire to disappear if they dreamed of a scientific career, as they had thought. Moreover, if we do not have additional sensory organs beyond the usual ones, it is almost impossible to find the path to truth. That is why almost all people are victims of false ideas about the nature of things, but the funniest thing, if one can say so, is that the human brain does not understand and does not know that social parasites have "pumped" a false system of ideas into it, and it (the brain) tries to preserve the already created picture of ideas, without even realising that it does not correspond to the real state of things in Nature. But this cannot be explained to the brain, and it "kicks" as hard as it can, trying to preserve the false ideas within itself.

In any case, my expectation that I would only have to "digest" the new ideas about nature well and that would be all, did not come true! At best, people's minds

selected similar elements from the entire flow, and that was all! And even in this situation, similar does not mean identical. In this case, there was a contradiction between form and content, which inevitably led to a distorted understanding and reflection of the information received. This does not mean that a person who has received an orthodox education will not be able to assimilate new ideas about nature, but only that it will take a lot of effort, hard work and patience before the false ideas about nature imposed by social parasites are replaced with correct ones. To this we can only add that the more versatile a person's education is, the broader the spectrum of their interests, the easier it is for such a person to switch to new "tracks" of ideas about Nature. To this we can add a person's ability to think analytically and independently. And, as always, a person must have talent.

These were the "nuts and bolts" that I discovered when I was faced with the task of teaching my system to other people. But in October 1991, I gave my first lectures and hoped that a thorough explanation of the basics of the concepts and important nuances would be enough to give my students a correct understanding of the nature of things. In addition, I hoped that my listeners would carefully follow my instructions on how to scan and process the information they received, how to develop tactics and strategies for action, and how to calculate the necessary potential and qualities to be able to solve the task at hand (the task to be solved). Everyone listened to me attentively and let everything go in one ear and out the other, watching me do everything "simply". The apparent simplicity of my work consisted in the fact that I already had a lot of solid experience in understanding, backed up by practical results. But for some reason, almost no one thought about it.

Anyway, even with all the negative aspects that came to light later, I am glad that I helped people wake up. And even if they did not become enlightened immediately or did not become enlightened at all, they had the chance to do so, which people were deprived of without being asked. The training for my courses was paid for, anyone who wanted to attend had to pay a thousand roubles. According to the agreement with the Raskazovs, all finances went through their cooperative "Uchitel" for my performances and for the two courses of my lectures. Dmitry Raskazov promised me that he would come to Moscow with a financial statement and my income. At this point, we parted ways. Svetlana and I boarded the compartment car of the Arkhangelsk-Moscow train and travelled back to Moscow.

39. Problems in Moscow

When we returned to Moscow, we began to think about our immediate plans for the future. First, we decided to move to another flat, as the area where we had previously rented was high crime. Several times, the windscreen wipers were stolen from my car, the Mercedes emblem was broken, the small rear window was smashed, not to mention that someone tried to rob the flat by breaking down the very fragile door. However, sensing that something was wrong, I returned home faster than the thieves, who were working on a tip-off, had expected. Of course, the robbery was organised not by a street gang, but by a "gang", and a very solid one at that. Through her acquaintances, Svetlana was being sought by the same friend who had given her the poison and then disappeared so "unexpectedly". Svetlana had to get some of her documents and personal belongings from her and, of course, she really wanted to look this person in the eye. They agreed to meet near the main entrance of the USSR Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where I drove Svetlana in my car. Svetlana wanted to pick up her foreign passport and at the same time withdraw her salary in foreign currency from her account. Svetlana never met her "friend" and was unable to get her passport, as she was told that it had been destroyed in

the property. She was also unable to access the funds in her account, as they had already been withdrawn at Svetlana's request and allegedly on behalf of the same "friend," who would not have been able to accomplish this on her own without direct support after Svetlana had tied her fate to mine.

No one knew that I would take Svetlana to the meeting, except for her "friend" and those behind her. They probably expected me to stay and wait for Svetlana, and they were a little confused. I had known for a long time that the door to the flat was fragile, so on my way back I stopped at a shop to buy the necessary repair materials. After buying the necessary materials, I arrived at the flat and saw them at the very beginning of the robbery. When the thieves saw me coming back, they immediately left the flat, not having much time to take anything. They did not have time to take the television, video camera or anything else, or they did not come for that. Several video cassettes were missing, and the most unpleasant thing was that the cassette with the recordings I had made in Alytus, including the video with Svetlana's father, was also missing. It had to happen that the tape with the only and, as it turned out, last video with Svetlana's father was stolen! It was hardly a coincidence, considering that there were items in the apartment whose material value was hundreds, if not thousands, of times greater.

Anyway, no one expected me to return so soon, so I prevented what I thought was a burglary. The materials I had brought to repair the door came in handy. A friend of mine arrived with tools and the door was repaired properly. I don't think the break-in would have happened if the door had been repaired earlier. Those who organised the "robbery" would have been able to enter through a sturdy door. In principle, my instincts did not fail me, and the uninvited "guests" not only failed to take any valuables, but also failed to find what they had actually organised their "visit" for. But one thing is absolutely certain - the break-in was organised with the participation of Svetlana's "friend" and I doubt that it was organised by a street gang. In any case, even before our last trip to Arkhangelsk, we moved into a new flat, which was also located in one of the tall buildings, not far, if my memory serves me correctly, from the Profsoyuznaya metro station. The apartment was on the eleventh floor, which was the only thing that caused some inconvenience when the lift wasn't working. It was a one-room apartment, and we had to buy furniture to furnish it somehow. And this place became our last "base" in the USSR.

After returning from Arkhangelsk, life continued at its usual or almost usual pace. The shelves in the shops were completely empty, and there were queues for everything, including bread. Whereas previously queues were only for scarce goods, now they were for almost everything. Those who remember that time are familiar with all this, when even sugar was issued with coupons and rations. It is true that almost anything could be bought at the markets, but the prices there were steep, very steep! Many people could not afford them. At that time, the prices of imported goods in commission shops were rising every day. I have always been interested in electronics, and I remember how, in a few days, the price of a video recorder rose by a thousand roubles, even though the price was already unaffordable. And people's salaries remained the same, or in other words, miserable. A few days later, Dmitry Raskazov came to Moscow and brought me the money, or rather, he brought less than a third of the amount we had agreed on, which I pointed out to him. He tried to mumble some explanation for this, but I clearly put an end to all *the "ifs"* and he had no choice but to mumble some excuses about the fact that the money for the lectures for medical students had not yet been transferred, and the money for the speeches and the other course had only been partially received so far. I clarified the situation again and suggested that he should not take me for an idiot, which even made him feel uncomfortable. He muttered something about clarifying the situation and bringing me the rest of the money.

Needless to say, I never saw him again. Much later, after

When I brought up this topic in a conversation with Nadezhda Yakovlevna Anshukova, I became convinced that I was right in my conclusions about the "honesty" of the Raskazovs, both father and son. She told me that during the classes themselves, she had transferred the money for the medical group to the accounts of the Master cooperative. She informed me that the Raskazovs had recently purchased a channel on regional television and, considering that they had never had much money in their cooperative, it was entirely possible that they had used the money they had stolen from me, or that it had constituted a significant portion of the money paid for the purchase. In other words, the Raskazovs simply screwed me over, which was not so unusual in those days, and even now. I lost the money I had earned, that's all, but they lost their face, their honour. That may mean nothing to them, but it means a lot to me. Of course, it was shameful that these people did this, but I was still happy with what happened in Arkhangelsk. My speeches, and later my lecture courses, helped many people at least open their eyes, wake up from their social slumber. And it allowed some people to close their eyes again, thinking that it would be easier and more profitable for them to live that way. Sooner or later, they will realise that the position "my house is on the edge, I know nothing" is self-deception, and sooner or later reality will "catch up" with such a person or affect them, even though they have declared their position of non-interference.

Social parasites deliberately create the illusion that if a person withdraws from active action in the name of a just cause, no one will touch them. But this is the most primitive trick for creating conditions for people who are hesitant or indifferent to withdraw. The illusion of non-interference, so actively imposed by social parasites, is beneficial only to them and no one else. The long arms of the parasites will reach people with a neutral position, only a little later than people with an active position of resistance against the spread of parasitism. The policy of non-interference only postpones the end for a short period of time, and then the social parasites take over the neutral people as well. So no one can avoid the clash of interests with the parasites, even if they hide in some desert in the depths of Siberia, and that will only postpone the inevitable. And even if one goes to the desert, one gains nothing, because this inevitably leads to spiritual impoverishment, which again is favourable to social parasites. Only when those who are indifferent to what is happening realise that it is impossible to escape the fate prepared for everyone by the social parasites and finally wake up, only then will the social parasites be unable to carry out their dirty deeds to turn people into rational animals, into their slaves, trembling at every threat to their "precious" lives, obeying their animal instincts, the main one being to survive at any cost!

Until this happens, while people believe they will gain something by staying on the sidelines, social parasites are relatively untroubled. But after the destruction of the psi generators, after the entities awaiting incarnation were freed from the karma blocking their development in 1995, more and more people who are already living are awakening, and newborn children are receiving fundamentally new opportunities for development. It is only necessary for both groups to be able to obtain true information and attain enlightenment through knowledge. This process has already begun and cannot be stopped. Extraordinary children are called "indigo children" because of the special glow of their "auras," as explained by those who are able to see them. Although in fact the so-called "aura" is only a consequence, a manifestation of the peculiarities that indigo children possess.

Due to the fact that the entities awaiting incarnation in 1995 were freed from earthly karma and various blockages imposed by social parasites upon incarnation and with the beginning of development in physical bodies, even at a young age, they have active saturation of the fourth material bodies of entities and there is an opportunity for rapid development. Due to the fact that entities with different degrees of development incarnate, clairvoyants do not see a pronounced dark blue glow in all children. But this glow,

even in those children in whom it is most pronounced, does not mean that these children are representatives of a newly emerged race of humans. Freedom from karma and blockages ONLY provides the opportunity for rapid development and the possibility of reaching the level of a creator, but it is not something that has already been achieved. Regardless of the fact that these children demonstrate many talents and abilities, this is only the starting point of development, and without the right ideas and the right education, these children can grow up to be moral degenerates with ambitions of being "gods" in a vacuum.

Social parasites realise that such children pose a real threat to their future, and therefore they (the social parasites) try by all means to impose on these children the belief that they are representatives of a race that is "superior" to all others. The dark forces similarly try to drive a wedge between these children and everyone else. And in childhood, when the indigo child goes through the stages of animal and intelligent animal, it is quite easy to achieve evolutionary bias in these children through such propaganda and other actions. This is exactly what social parasites are trying to achieve. They cannot do anything about the appearance of such children, but by controlling the mass media, they try to "brainwash" such children and, unfortunately, they are partly successful. The evolutionary distortions introduced by the efforts of social parasites lead to some indigo children not reaching the levels of development they would have reached if they had been properly developed. Fortunately, most of the most talented and promising children end up in so-called mental schools, where their development is harmonious and they have the opportunity to attain enlightenment through knowledge and realise their full potential! All this is still in the future, albeit in the not-too-distant future.

In mid-1991, I had just finished my first lecture courses and was "flying high" with joy at seeing how eagerly and with what interest people were receiving what I had to offer them. There is no comparison to the feeling you get when you see the light in people's eyes, when life and meaning appear in their dull eyes. I saw that it was possible, I achieved it myself, and I know for sure that it is possible. Unfortunately, for most people it is still impossible to maintain this inner light, but in principle it is possible, and that is the most important thing. My mistake was to think that once I had managed to light this light in people's eyes, it would continue to burn without my help. But sadly, most people are still unable to keep this light burning on their own. Most people are unable to resist everything that social parasites have already created on Earth in Midgard. And so the sparks of light that I lit in people's eyes without constant nourishment on my part could not last long in such conditions, but nevertheless, most people still have a trace of it and are ready to fill their souls with light again. When I was conducting my classes, I did not know all this, I did not know that for most people it takes a long time to fundamentally change their consciousness and perceptions. For some people, it can take a lifetime, because it is always more difficult to replace one foundation of consciousness with another, and it does not matter that the existing foundation is false! For some, replacing one foundation with another can take several years, but in any case, it will always take a long time to happen.

I realised all this later, after observing my American students for more than twelve years. But I still managed to excite many people, and rumours spread throughout Russia. And although the rumour distorted many things, there was still a grain of truth in it, and everything I did in 1991 was not in vain, even though at the time I saw everything in a slightly different light. I thought that once a person woke up, they would not want to fall back into hibernation. Few found the strength of spirit and will to go against the general trend. And even though some had so-called valid reasons – children or sick parents, or fear of losing their jobs and getting a red card, which at that time (and even now) meant that a person was practically outside the law. And even though

I understand why people under such pressure resorted to betrayal, but still, somewhere deep down in my soul, I felt pain from it. In the end, I had to make decisions and practically go against everyone and everything... and I did it not for my own benefit (quite the opposite, in fact), but because I had no other choice, so that everyone else would at least have a chance to free themselves from the stupidity brought about by social parasites. After all, the slavery created by social parasites will not disappear on its own, and they themselves will never voluntarily give up their parasitism. But we cannot expect everyone else to act according to their conscience and not just for their own benefit. In fact, the slave philosophy imposed on Russians for the last thousand years, even at a subconscious level, encourages people to let others act, even if they lose, they will remain alive. Endure everything and you will live! But the same subconscious does not tell a person that they will live, but that they will live as a slave, and when the masters want to, they will take away the miserable life of the slave, whom they do not consider a human being. Is this life? For some people it may be life, but for me this state of affairs is death! The condition of a slave is like that of a living dead person who does not even realise that he is dead, because the soul in slavery dies. That is why I believe that more and more people will realise this, and if I have managed to make my small contribution to this, I will consider myself a happy person.

For now, I will return to Moscow at the end of October or beginning of November 1991. When we decided to go and see America, Konstantin Orbelian said he would take care of all the documents. I gave his secretary the money for the tickets, expecting that he had indeed arranged everything, but it turned out that this was far from the case. Kostya entrusted the tickets to his secretary and the visas to his cousin Vladimir Mironov. But first, Svetlana needed to be issued a foreign passport to replace the one destroyed by her "friends." And here there was a problem. The thing is, at that time I was registered in Kharkiv, because during my three years of residence in the capital, I was unable to exchange my apartment in that city for one in Moscow. Svetlana was registered in Lithuania, which had already separated from the USSR, but had not yet issued its own foreign passports and did not want to issue Soviet passports. We were not yet married for the same reasons. So we had to resolve these two issues in the near future. And good friends helped us with that.

High-ranking officials from OVIRA, after learning the details of our situation, refused to help us very quickly. But help came, again through friends, from an employee of the district branch of OVIRA, who showed humanity and, as they say, "got into" our situation and issued a passport to Svetlana. To avoid any misunderstanding, I want to say right away that he did not do it for money, but simply helped us out of human kindness, which was a rarity then and even more so now. He simply refused the money I offered him and even said something about there being some things that are more important than money, which pleasantly surprised me. Once we had foreign passports in our hands, we could start processing visas to enter the United States. And we, trusting Konstantin Orbelian, handed over our passports to Vladimir Mironov, who was then working at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. We could not even imagine what adventures we would have to go through as a result of our trust. But I will tell you about that later. For now, I will continue my story in the order in which the problems arose.

The only way to legalise our relationship was to sign a marriage certificate at the village council, where this could be arranged quite quickly. Once again, our friends came to our aid! One of our friends had good connections in the village council of Spasko-Lutovinovski in the Orlovskaya region, which was established on the site of the former estate of the writer Turgenev. And one fine day we drove there in my car, accompanied by Vladimir Sergeev and Nina, who organised it for me and Svetlana, as witnesses. We got there quite quickly and, after a bit of mud on the dirt roads, we found ourselves at the right village council. However, when you haven't visited a village for a long time, especially during

autumn and winter, you forget what it is. So, when we left the warm car, it turned out that we had to overcome a little mud. The positive thing was that the mud had frozen a little, so we set off to tackle the last "obstacle"! To do this, Svetlana had to lift the hem of her leather coat and wade through a small "sea" of half-frozen mud. We found it all very amusing and immediately started joking that no one had ever had a wedding ceremony like this before! We waited for a while until all the officials gathered in the village council and the ceremony began. The chairman of the village council said the necessary words, we signed the documents, including the witnesses, and ten minutes later we received our marriage certificate and stamps in our passports! That same evening, a small group of friends organised a wedding reception for us in one of Moscow's restaurants. Svetlana and I were grateful to all of them for the warmth they showed us.

40. Departure for the United States

At the very beginning of December, there was a final attempt in the USSR to arrange an accident for me. One day in early December, a friend of ours and I were travelling on business to the outskirts of Moscow, where he was staying with his uncle, whose wife had incurable breast cancer. We were driving through the centre of Moscow and I turned from the Garden Ring onto Mira Avenue. The road was icy and I was driving slowly. When my car entered the Krestovsky Bridge, I suddenly discovered that my brakes had failed! I pressed the brake pedal all the way down and... no response. As we descended the bridge, the car began to pick up speed. Fortunately, there were few cars and I managed to cross the bridge without hitting anyone. After driving a short distance beyond the bridge, I pulled over to the side of the road. I left Svetlana waiting in the car while my friend and I took a taxi to a car shop that sold special fluids and bought some brake fluid for my Mercedes. We poured the fluid into the brake system and continued on our way. The calculation was quite simple. My "friends" drained some of the brake fluid, so when I left home, the brakes worked fine, but over time there was not enough brake fluid left for the pump and the brakes on my car... ceased to exist. But even this trick did not achieve the desired result. No one (not even the car) was harmed. And until we left for the United States, there were no more attempts to destroy me physically, or I, most likely, through my influence on the situation, did not allow them.

But it is not essential why there were no further attempts to rid the world of my presence at that particular moment. However, we encountered sufficient other difficulties, and from a source I had not anticipated! After Svetlana's passport problem was solved, we met with Vladimir Mironov and gave him our passports for visa processing. As I already wrote, he was Konstantin Orbelian's cousin and worked in the Foreign Ministry. Everything was well organised, but that was only at first glance. The first surprise we got was when Konstantin Orbelian's secretary handed us the purchased tickets. It turned out that the tickets were bought to Montreal, Canada! When I asked in surprise why we needed tickets to Montreal, she muttered something about the complexity of the tickets. Of course, the tickets were in the right direction, but... Montreal is Montreal, and San Francisco is San Francisco, and there are several thousand miles between them, which is quite a long way even by Russian standards. I was a little upset by this fact and said that before buying such tickets, she should have consulted with me, since I myself, without any "help", could have bought tickets from Moscow to San Francisco, and what should we do with these tickets now? Kostya decided to correct his mistake and promised that he would resolve the issue with the tickets from Montreal to San Francisco himself. That was the end of it, without realising that more surprises awaited us...

Meanwhile, at the request of a group of Muscovites who knew me, I gave a lecture on

a small group of enthusiasts. The venue for my classes in Moscow was a kindergarten that Nina had arranged... and for ten evenings I held my classes with the group at the kindergarten. Of course, it was a small group of people, just over a dozen, but I decided it would be good if there were at least a few people in Moscow who had taken my course. Everything went very well, from my point of view, and once again I was convinced that for the vast majority of people, my information and everything I do is like a revelation, and people simply glow from within from the awakening of knowledge. I will not describe how my classes in Moscow went for one simple reason: my classes in Moscow were essentially no different from my classes in Arkhangelsk, and I have already described the latter in detail earlier. Otherwise, everything continued at its usual pace for me.

According to the tickets we had purchased, we were supposed to depart from Moscow at 9 a.m. on 30 December. In mid-December, we still did not have American visas. This began to worry us, and we asked Vladimir Mironov about the status of things, who again began to reassure us about the visas. I had the opportunity to quickly obtain American visas through other channels, but Vladimir Mironov refused to return our passports, explaining that they were at the embassy. But when even a few days later the "vehicle" remained there, I began to worry somewhat. It was a mistake to trust this man, but it was too late to reconsider. Finally, on Monday, 23 December, exactly one week before our departure, he called and suggested that we go to the building opposite the American embassy at 4 p.m., where he would be waiting for us. I began to think that my suspicions about this man were unfounded, and I even felt uncomfortable because I had thought badly of him. I thought that my assessment of the situation had been wrong, that I had become overly suspicious and had begun to view everyone as an enemy. But my doubts lasted only a short time. When Svetlana and I arrived at the appointed place, Mironov got into the car and suggested that we go to the Russian OVIR, as it was necessary to obtain exit visas there first! And then I realised that Mironov was indeed sabotaging the visas, and my intuition had not failed me. Anyway, we arrived at the Russian OVIR, or rather the OVIR of the RSFSR, and met with its head. After listening to us, he called one of his employees and instructed him to deal with our issue, saying that we should come back tomorrow at 3 p.m., having paid the fee at the Savings Bank, according to the forms they gave us there. We thanked the man and went home.

The man who was assigned to deal with us, after learning that we had a car, asked me to drive him to the Dzerzhinsky building. Of course, I agreed to do so, especially since it was on our way. We talked for a while in the car, and I told the man how long it had taken us to resolve the issue with Svetlana's passport. After listening to my story, the man said that we should have contacted them and the problem would have been solved! After dropping him off at the right place, we headed home. Later, Vladimir Mironov came to visit us, which was a little surprise for us. I thought he had come with some information, but it turned out that this was not the case. He asked me in great detail what I had been told to do next. Meanwhile, I told him that it was a pity we hadn't known this man before, when we were trying to get a passport for Svetlana. It turned out that the passport could be done very quickly and without any hassle. Obviously, my story infuriated him, and he told us, almost foaming at the mouth, in emotional rapture and with many caustic remarks: "No, no, no:

- You will never leave the Soviet Union! Well, maybe you," he turned to me, "will perform a miracle." He said it with obvious malice in his voice and clearly did not believe that such a thing was possible at all!

That was the last time I spoke to this man. Mironov left our house in a very excited state, planning what else he could do to make his words come true. But he obviously hadn't taken into account that miracles do happen, and this is especially true for anything related to me. Although Vladimir Mironov really did

everything possible on his part to make my departure impossible. And here's how. When, on Tuesday, 24 December, after we had paid the exit visa fees, Svetlana and I arrived at the OVIR of the RSFSR at around three o'clock in the afternoon, as we had been told, the head of the OVIR invited me into his office and asked me:

- Why are you engaging in extramarital relations with my subordinate? You see, Mironov came to me at two o'clock in the afternoon and told me about it.

This man was obviously disgusted by people like Vladimir Mironov and told me specifically about his attempts against me. I explained to him that nothing of the sort had happened and could not happen, as Svetlana already had a foreign passport and that there had only been a hypothetical conversation about the possibility of her passport being issued quickly through your institution. After this brief conversation, the main purpose of which was this man's desire to show Mironov's true colours, he handed me the passports with exit visas and wished me a happy journey. So, on the evening of 24 December, contrary to Vladimir Mironov's efforts, we had passports with exit visas, but we still did not have American visas. I informed Konstantin Orbelian about the visa situation and we agreed that he would go with us to the American Embassy. On Thursday morning (Wednesday is a holiday at the American Embassy because of Catholic Christmas), we went with him to the embassy and filled out the forms, to which he added his invitation, which almost turned out to be a disservice. As it turned out later, the invitation from Konstantin Orbelian almost played a negative role for us. The thing is, he wrote about two hundred invitations to the United States within a year and ended up on the Americans' blacklist for issuing a large number of invitations. Anyway, we took the visa documents and were told to come to a certain window at 5 p.m. to get an answer. We went home and went to the American embassy at 5 p.m. We found where the visa windows were and I calmly, without suspecting anything, walked past a huge queue of people waiting for something. I reached the right window at exactly 5 p.m. and, after waiting for another person to move away from the window, I took his place and asked if my documents were ready.

They told me it wasn't ready yet and that I had to wait a little longer. I left the window and waited for my documents. While waiting for my documents, I had the opportunity to look around and only then realised that the entire long queue we had passed was also waiting at the same window I needed. I just assumed that they had told me to be at such and such a window at 5 p.m. and that was it! I didn't assume that everyone else had been told the same thing. I hadn't seen such a huge queue in a long time. Previously, such a queue could be seen at Lenin's mausoleum, when thousands of people, misled by Soviet propaganda, queued for hours to see the "great" Lenin. In 1972, when my mother and I visited Moscow and came to Red Square for the first time, we saw a huge queue of people wanting to visit the mausoleum, and we even wanted to stand at the end of the queue, but it was a very hot summer day and very soon the desire to stand in the queue evaporated and we continued our acquaintance with Moscow without the traditional visit to the mausoleum. Later, when I understood who Lenin was and what he represented, I never again felt the desire to visit his mausoleum.

And so, there was the same long queue for visas at the embassy window. I was sure that if I had been told to come to the window at exactly 5 p.m., then I had to come to the window by that time. I stood at the window for about fifteen minutes and again, when another person moved away from it, I asked for mine. This time the answer was already there, I paid for the visas for myself and Svetlana and took our passports with the visas. They gave us six-month visas, a B1 visa for me and a B2 visa for Svetlana, which meant business visas without the right to work. They gave us these visas because a conference on alternative medicine was to be held in San Francisco and I had been invited to participate in it. So we got our visas within 15-20 minutes without having to queue. No one in the queue was upset, no one asked me who I was or whose turn it was. When I told my friends about this, no one wanted to

believe it. As I was told, people would queue up from 5-6 a.m. and if they didn't manage to get to the windows that same day, they would sometimes spend the night at the American embassy to make sure they could get in the next day. Sometimes people spent several days waiting for their turn because the windows opened for issuing visas at 5 p.m. and, if I remember correctly, closed at 8 p.m. People waited for their turn and very often, when they came to the window, they were refused. I didn't know all this, I only knew that I had to go to the window at exactly 5 p.m. to get an answer. It was this attitude that made it possible that when I went straight to the window, no one said a word, and while I was waiting at the window, several people came up to the window and none of them even asked me who I was, why I was standing there, or who I was queuing for. I did it unintentionally, I never left the queue, it was all due to a misunderstanding. I did not deliberately influence people in this situation, it was simply my mood, caused by the information I had been given, that led me to unintentionally, on a subconscious level, influence the people standing in this huge queue.

Anyway, on the evening of 26 December, we had American visas in our passports and permission to leave the USSR. We thought that our visa adventures were over, but it turned out that this was not the case, and here's why. We had to get tickets from Montreal to San Francisco, which Konstantin Orbelian had ordered for us. At that time, the offices of Western airlines were located in the Hammer Centre, and since Wednesday, 25 December, was a holiday for all Western companies and institutions, and we did not receive our American visas until Thursday, we went to pick up the tickets on Friday, 27 December. We agreed to meet Konstantin at 11 a.m. at the entrance to this international centre. We met as agreed and went together to the office of the right airline. Konstantin picked up the tickets he had ordered for us, and almost at the exit, the agency representative caught up with us and informed us that it might be important for us to know that we would be arriving in Montreal at one airport and departing for the United States from another, and that we would only have one hour between arrival and departure! His warning was very important, but it was also, if I may say so, mocking... and here's why! To get from one Canadian airport to another, we needed a Canadian transit visa, which we did not have in our passports at 11:30 a.m. on Friday, 27 December! And because of the Christmas holidays, all Western embassies and consulates were only open until 12:00 noon! These are such "pies"!

The Canadian Embassy was located not far from the centre of Hamer, but when we arrived there early in the morning, no one was allowed into the embassy. We were only allowed in because Konstantin Orbelian, an American citizen, was with us. But the most important thing was to get inside, and we did. After a while, an embassy employee came out and asked us the reason for our visit. She spoke Russian very well, and I explained our situation and that we needed Canadian transit visas. She informed us that the ambassador (or consul) had already left. However, I knew that they always had visas on hand just in case, and I persuaded her to help us. The consular officer paused for a minute and then, telling us that she would try to do something, left the reception area. And after about ten to fifteen minutes, she came out with our passports, which had Canadian transit visas in them. She didn't even charge us a processing fee, as the cashier's office and everything else was already closed. We thanked her for her help and left the Canadian embassy. So, at one o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, 27 December, we had everything we needed for our trip to distant America. Svetlana and I just had to pack our bags and that was it! No matter who we told about our visa adventures, no one wanted to believe us! But we didn't care whether they believed us or not, we knew it was true, and we had witnesses who were with us, so, as they say, believe it or not, that's just how it was.

It so happened that the last week before our departure turned out to be very stressful and full of surprises. Surprises that were presented to us by people like Vladimir Mironov,

whose humble behaviour surprised us, and not only us. The actions of the head of the OVIRO of the RSFSR, who himself considered Mironov's behaviour to be despicable and hypocritical, were also a pleasant surprise. Otherwise, he would never have told us that Vladimir Mironov had come to him at two o'clock in the morning to do everything possible to prevent us from obtaining permission to leave. It was only because of Mironov's sabotage that our last week before leaving the USSR was so tense. We spent most of the last Saturday and Sunday before our departure at home. On Sunday, I drove my Mercedes for the last time and parked it in the garage that Nina kindly provided me with... and her husband. I paid the rent for several months in advance, and we were basically ready to fly into the unknown. At that time, America was another "planet" for us, and although we knew a lot about that country, we were sure that Soviet propaganda was deliberately distorting everything. At the time, I thought we would stay there for a few months and then come back. I couldn't even imagine, and would never have believed, if someone had told me that I would live in the United States for almost fifteen years. Our closest friends visited us on Sunday and wished us a safe journey, and early in the morning, around 5:30 a.m., we set off for Sheremetyevo-2. Vladimir Sergeev drove us to the airport in his Zhiguli, and our friends who had come to say goodbye followed in another car. In December 1991, there were few cars on the roads, and we reached our destination without any problems.

During passport control, we were asked if we were carrying any currency. We answered in the affirmative and said that we had a thousand dollars each, and we were very surprised that the border guards asked us to hand over one thousand six hundred dollars for safekeeping, as only two hundred dollars per person were allowed, and when it was published in the newspaper that the President of the RSFSR, B. N. Yeltsin had "allowed" people to leave with a thousand dollars per person, they said that this was not an order for them! So, after leaving most of my currency at the border, Svetlana and I passed through border and customs control and reached the so-called neutral territory of Sheremetyevo-2 airport. When passing through customs control, they asked me to open my suitcase, and after finding nothing of interest to themselves, they allowed me to put everything back. I had to quickly put my things back in my suitcase, which was not as neat and tidy as everything had been packed at home. But that was the last unpleasant moment before our departure.

While we were waiting for the boarding announcement for our flight, we curiously looked at the shop windows, which tempted us with duty-free purchases. I was particularly interested in the windows displaying photo and video equipment. Our flight was not delayed, and after a short wait, they announced boarding. Our documents and tickets were checked one last time, and then we were "loaded" onto the bus that took us to the aircraft ramp. We settled into our seats as comfortably as possible (especially me) and after about ten to fifteen minutes, our plane was pulled onto the runway. The plane began to accelerate, gave one last push as it left the runway, and we flew into the unknown.

*Nikolai Levashov
22 November 2007*

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Other books by the author

Last Appeal to Humanity

In his first book, the author offers readers a new system of knowledge and ideas about the laws of nature, which are necessary not only to prevent us from destroying our planet, but also for the understanding of every thinking person, everyone who wants to understand and realise what is happening to them and to the people around them at home or at work. This book is for those who seek to penetrate the secrets of nature, to understand and realise the miracle of the origin of life, to understand what the soul is and what happens to a person at the moment of death and after it. Concepts such as soul, essence, reincarnation, from representations of a mystical "miracle" become real concepts, conditioned by the laws of the evolution of living matter. For the first time in this book, almost all phenomena of living and non-living nature are explained, and the unity of the laws of the macrocosm and microcosm is shown. The author has succeeded in creating a unified field theory, bringing together ideas about nature into a single whole.

Essence and Cause. Volume 1

In this book, the author continues to use his theory of the heterogeneity of space to tear away the veil of mystery from the next "paradoxes" of nature. This time, the focus of the cognitive lens is on living nature and man himself. The author formulates the necessary and sufficient conditions for the emergence of life on planets. The simplicity and beauty of the concepts allow the reader, for the first time in their life, to experience the enlightenment of knowledge when they feel that knowledge becomes an integral part of themselves. In the first volume of this book, the author reveals the nature and mechanisms of emotions. He shows the role of emotions in the evolution of life in general and of humans in particular. For the first time, an explanation is given of the feeling of love, and this explanation does not diminish the beauty of love; on the contrary, it allows a person to understand what is happening to them and to avoid unnecessary disappointments. In addition
The author sheds light on the nature of memory, revealing for the first time the mechanisms of formation of both short-term and long-term memory. On this basis, he reveals the mechanisms of the emergence of consciousness.

Essence and Cause. Volume 2

In the second volume of the book, the author clearly and categorically demonstrates the necessary and sufficient conditions for the emergence of consciousness at a certain level of vital development. Understanding the mechanisms of memory and consciousness formation at the level of the material bodies of the essence allows the author to explain the phenomenon of life after death that occurs in people in a state of clinical death. Thanks to this, these facts from the category of inexplicable phenomena move into the category of natural phenomena of living nature. The phenomenon of reincarnation - from the category of religious and mystical concepts, again moves into the category of real natural phenomena. Just as the concepts of karma and sin cease to be instruments for manipulating the consciousness of the masses in the hands of state and religious leaders and become manifestations of the same natural laws. Understanding all this makes man truly free and the creator of his own destiny. Neither God, nor the king, nor the hero, but man himself determines his actions and bears full responsibility (not only moral) for them.

A heterogeneous universe

The laws of nature are formed at the level of the macrocosm and microcosm. Man, as a living being, exists in the so-called intermediate world - between the macrocosm and microcosm. And in this intermediate world, man encounters only

the manifestations of the laws of Nature, but not directly with them. As a result, there is a problem with creating a complete picture of the Universe. One of the main reasons for this is that the sensory organs that humans use to explore Nature do not give them this opportunity due to the fact that Nature created human sensory organs not so that humans could explore it, but as a mechanism for adaptation and adjustment to the ecological niche that humans occupy ... The book contains 99 high-quality illustrations by the author.

Russia in Curves

Volume 1. From Star Russians to Desecrated Russians

The author began working on this book in 2003, although the idea for writing it had been conceived more than a year earlier. His childhood fascination and interest in the past, both of his homeland and of the entire planet, did not fade with time, but became one of his vocations. Analytical thinking, unusual opportunities and many books read ultimately led the author to the idea of writing a book about the true history of Russia, rather than the "version" imposed on the Slavic Russians by "well-wishers" with the coming to power of the Romanov dynasty, whose founders agreed to betray their people and the great past of their ancestors in exchange for the throne. In his book, the author shows "**history**" in a fundamentally new light, like no one else before him. He supports his conclusions with real historical documents and maps, which the reader will be among the first to see. Step by step, the author reconstructs the true past of our planet and Russia, which for many thousands of years played a key role in the development of Earth's civilisation, which was originally a colony created on planet Earth by a large union of humanoid civilisations. Of course, it was not called Russia then, but it is not about the name, but about the essence of what lies behind it. And behind Russia lies the amazing past of the people who inhabit it, without which there would be not only many cultures, nations and peoples, but also modern civilisation.

Svetlana de Rogane-Levashova

Revelation

Volume 1. Childhood

Svetlana means "bearer of light." It is very rare to find coincidences where a person's destiny, deeds, and name coincide almost completely, as is the case with Svetlana de Rogane-Levashova. Her entire life, from early childhood, has been imbued with a desire for Light, Knowledge and spiritual development. To say that her destiny is unusual is to say nothing. From the earliest years of her life, she had to adapt to the fact that she was not like everyone else, that she could do many things that were incomprehensible and inaccessible to the people around her. Svetlana had to study and master her own abilities, learn to control them and use them correctly. She learned early on the bitterness of misunderstanding and mistrust, envy and cruelty, loneliness and hatred. The wonderful abilities she possessed as a child were misunderstood and unrecognised by the people around her; she had to survive and live in this world - a very dangerous and treacherous one, especially for a lonely little girl.

Books the author is working on

Mirror of My Soul

Volume 2. It's nice to live in the land of the Americans...

This book will tell about the American period of the author's life, which lasted almost fifteen years - from 1992 to the end of 2006. This time was filled with a huge number of different encounters, events, achievements, struggles, retreats and victories. Many of them influenced the lives of the author and his wife Svetlana, some of them had planetary significance, and others affected our universe. Life in America turned out to be quite different from what was shown on television or written in beautiful magazines. Life is never as it is presented in advertisements. And this is not because some people consider themselves stupid and others smart, some greedy and others generous. There are smart and stupid people everywhere. The point here is that a huge myth has been created on Earth, consisting of many other myths, such as the myth of freedom, the myth of democracy, the myth of God and the devil, equality and brotherhood, the myth that science knows something for sure, the myth of relationships between people, and many others. And we, humans, are forced to think and live according to these myths, rather than according to the real picture of the universe and the laws of nature. This is very evident in America, which at first causes the characters in the book to be completely baffled and even somewhat confused. Later, after they understand where the wind is blowing from, they begin their long-term clash with the System. This is what this book is about.

Russia in Distorted Mirrors

Volume 2. Russia Crucified

In the second volume of the book, the author presents his view of Russia's past. In doing so, the author not only raises the issue of the deliberate distortion of past events, but also reveals for the first time the reasons for this distortion, showing who is behind it and why, and how all this became possible. The author suggests that we look at events from the distant and not-so-distant past from a completely different angle, or rather from several angles at once. The author examines a whole range of phenomena from the life of society as a whole and shows that almost every event from the past of any country, when viewed in this way, cannot be interpreted in two ways, as it is favourable to those in power. It receives a very definite explanation that does not depend on the desires or ambitions of the person explaining it, but only on the objective processes taking place in the human community. Thanks to this approach, he manages to "clear" the murky waters of the temporary "river" of the past of the civilisation of Middle Earth, especially with regard to the past of Russia, even though this Slavic-Aryan empire had many different names during its existence. The reader can learn how he managed to do this in this book...

Essence and Cause. Volume 3

In this volume, the author continues to reveal the secrets of nature to the reader step by step. He focuses on the nature of human psychic phenomena. In addition, the author provides a whole layer of innovative insights into the phenomena of the human psyche and societies that no one else before him has touched upon. He introduces new concepts such as human geopsychology and evolutionary geopsychology of societies. These concepts allow us to look at the development of earthly civilisation and historical events from the past, present and even the future in a completely different way. This knowledge allows us, instead of the "chaos" of events and the "arbitrariness" of individuals that historians like to talk about, to see the regularity of what is happening, determined by the real

natural laws operating in the human community. As a result, for the first time, it becomes possible to understand the reasons behind certain social events and phenomena and to see the puppeteers who have been in the shadows for so long; and if anyone had guessed at their presence, without understanding the natural laws, the efforts of these puppeteers would have turned them into either a madman or a fraud. The author then introduces the concept of human cosmopsychology and explains the influence of cosmic phenomena on the development of civilisation.

The laws of healing

Modern medicine is "lost" in a labyrinth of its own creation, and having lost "Ariadne's thread," it cannot find its way out. In the middle of the 20th century, doctors claimed that with accurate diagnostic equipment and the necessary medicines, they would lead humanity to a golden age of universal health. They have everything... But despite this, people are no less sick than before, they are even sicker. Children are born with already weakened immune systems; arriving at a hospital or clinic in relatively good health, a person is at great risk of leaving it with a number of diseases, often leading to fatal outcomes. And all this can happen just by breathing the air in these "temples of health". In this book, the author explains the reasons for this and gives an idea of the medicine of the future. The knowledge of this medicine is already in use and the real results confirm the correctness of the new path. In this book, the author explains how the living organism functions, how and why diseases and pathologies arise, the mechanisms for scanning the body, the methods for determining the root causes of diseases, the strategy and tactics for treating diseases and restoring the body to a healthy state, and even genetic correction of the body.

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