

Regression Therapy «The Guide and the Wanderer»
An original method
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Ladies and gentlemen! I would like to share my experience in regression therapy practice which I have been doing since 1993. For and through this I developed an original method which I tested in 646 cases, that is with 223 patients. All cases took 646 sessions. Each session lasted for about 3 hours. That is total time for all this was over 2000 hrs.

My experience in Regression Therapy began with «normal», «orthodox» relaxation therapy. In some sessions some of my patients started to find themselves in situations which did not reflect anything in their present life and to experience feelings very unusual for normal human body. I did not expect anything like this and I could not find any explanation for this in the whole literature that was available to me. My patients' psychosomatic experiences looked too clear and natural for any sort of pretend or fake. Their stories were also very unusual.

At the beginning I felt quite uncomfortable with episodes in my patients' stories which involved descriptions of death and dying experience and all that surrounds these. Then I got acquainted with Raymond A. Moody's book on the afterlife and that book served as a remedy. At that time I was sort of anxious dealing with the unknown and wondered if my patients were quite normal in terms of their mental health. However, after some time and a few sessions more my anxiety and concern evaporated because further analysis revealed positive changes in my patients' emotional condition. Their basic attitudes towards the world and themselves became more harmonious and their life stance usually got more active. Moreover, some of their bodily disorders vanished too.

At first all my cases involved human reincarnations that is in their previous lives my patients were human. But later, to my big surprise I found out that some previous reincarnations were not human. Some involved animal form or insects or plants, and some were of preorganic form, like stones or some unearthly forms of energy.

The table below shows approximate percentage:

1. Human form (regardless of patient's sex at present)	37,9%
2. Animals	16,0%
3. Mystic entities	12,4%
4. Unearthly entities, both humanoids and non-humanoids	9,3%
5. Forms of energy and mythical characters	6,8%
6. Plants	4,3%
7. Preorganic substances	4,3%
8. Birds	3,5%
9. Insects	3,0%
10. Fish	1,4%
11. Creators of the Universe	1,1%

It was interesting to note that regardless of reincarnation' form and respective physical differences the list of basic values remained the same and involved harmony and some sort of existential balance, obedience to laws of Nature and absence of unmotivated aggression. In some cases physical experience associated with previous reincarnations did not have any parallels with human bodily experience and could not be approached in that way. That was the case with forms of energy. Experience of Death and further metamorphosis of soul were more or less typical for all patients. However they differed from cases described by Raymond A. Moody. For all cases there was only one coincidence. In that case my patient lived through and described his clinic death in Moody's terms.

A few words about the method I use while running my sessions.

The key feature of my method is to stop the inner dialogue, which appears to be the ever present feature of our consciousness. It is possible to achieve this if patient's attention is focused upon some visual, emotionally neutral feeling. When a patient is relaxed I ask him (or her) to close his eyes (if he or she had not done it yet) to describe the colors and the overall condition of the space surrounding him at the moment. If the patient observes that closely and describes the space and color in detail it basically helps to stop the inner dialogue. This gives an opportunity to approach the deep levels of the Unconscious.

Submersion within oneself, facilitated by the newly achieved absence of inner dialogue lets patient visualize some fragment of his previous reincarnation. From that point onwards he starts considering himself the real person, truly experiencing the whole range of feelings, emotions and behavioral reactions. It is worth noticing that the Unconscious first pushes out those reincarnations which are somehow relevant to problems important in patient's present life. Here I would like to stress that I do not use any imposed suggestion. In most cases visual images are very bright and emotional. However there were some cases when my patients have had to describe their experience without using any visual images. Yet, both types of recalling seem to have identical effect on human psyche.

I think that theoretically the basics of my method might be described as follows: not only present life's memories are imprinted and kept in the human unconscious but those of his (or her) previous lives as well. Extraction of those memories and their transmission from unconscious level to conscience basically involves strong emotional stress. Thereby psychological tension experienced by patient in present life is reduced; a problem he is currently experiencing loses its importance and is finally removed. Previous reincarnations normally tend to involve some situations that were not lived through or worked out properly. Therefore they continue to be significant in person's present life and may serve as a basis for various phobias, accentuations of character (temper) and somatic diseases.

Normally, during my sessions patients live through their previous lives (reincarnations) through in chronological order. They start with the moment into which a patient happens to immerge at first and then go on until the moment of psyche' disembodiment. However, regression therapist may lead his patient forward and back along the time axis of his present reincarnation. It is important to stress the role of therapist himself. I mean his true role during the session. It is not accidental that I called my method «The Guide and the Wanderer». The therapist acts as a guide or conductor, because he undertakes his analysis in order to focus the patient's (wanderer's) attention upon problems of importance. This frequently involves dealing with patient's inner resistance. The whole session can be divided into three parts. The first is life within the reincarnation being currently watched. This involves living through the most important episodes within the given reincarnation.

The second is death, that is Catharsis through death. The third involves psyche's metamorphosis during the afterlife. The first part of a session serves as a means to achieve awareness of problems associated with reincarnation which is experienced during the session and their possible relevance to present, that is «real» life, or life outside the session. Part two, living through the moment of dying and death and whatever experience comes with it. This part appears to be especially important. It normally leads to awareness of continuity of personal consciousness, which does not disappear after bodily death. Thus the, fear of death vanishes. Hence self perception and perception of the world changes, which leads to better inner harmony and forms positive attitudes towards society.

During part three new and previously unavailable knowledge is achieved. Summing up, it provides the patient with the understanding that the space into which psyche arrives is her (psyche's) true

home. Information of this sort surfaces in all sessions. As a result, person starts seeing himself as a part of some harmonious whole. At the same time he (or she) does not lose his (her) personal features, his (her) self-identity. At this moment the feeling of belonging to the Universe is achieved and thereby priorities in real (or material) life get changed. So, part three produces the most harmonizing effect.

I understand this is a very brief report and I did try to describe my method in its very basic and general form. I did not intend to discuss philosophical side of reincarnation. However, I would like to say that all descriptions collected during my sessions could be seen as a contribution to new understanding of the World and Humanity within it.

Few more remarks.

In 1999 I got acquainted with Carol Bowman's «Children's Past Lives». That's how I got the information about International Association for Regression Research and Therapies, inc. This information was very important to me because I was in need and am still in need of like-minded colleagues. Later I joined the Association which expanded possibilities to me and provided me with an opportunity to discuss matters with those concerned.

Now I think the best way to get more or less substantiated understanding of my work is to get acquainted with some of my sessions' transcripts.

- I'm moving along some tunnel; don't feel any fear, tunnel's making curves. I'm speeding up. It's so fast, I can not move steady, I'm shaking sideways. Feeling kind of tensed, I'm trying to take a hold of something to get myself steady. Now I can see stars making circular motion, I'm falling very fast. The falling stopped rather abruptly. I don't move anymore. No vibration of any kind, no tension. I feel like sleeping... My! Something's moving towards me, dark and solid, I'm scared.
- *This dark and solid something, that's moving towards you, is it threatening?*
- No, not to me. To me it's not aggressive, rather indifferent. Now I can see some dim light coming from some, I don't know where it comes from...
- *Can you see anything lit by this?*
- Not exactly. It's sort of getting clearer, however I can not see anything in particular. Sort of morning's approaching. I can see the sky, clouds moving fast, the sky above gets clearer. I'm lying on my back looking upwards, clouds are moving real fast...
- *Take a look around. Tell me what you see. What kind of landscape?*
- Some stones, all around me. I feel scared because of everything, 'cause I don't know where I am.
- *Get back to the beginning of this episode, to daytime, to time when everything's clear and visible and nothing to be afraid of.*
- Well, I can see trees all around; I'm sitting in some boat on some river. I'm human. Female. I'm about thirty years old, as the hand' skin show's. Less than thirty, I would say.
- *Describe your hands.*
- They don't look, say, tired? However, they' not especially white, rather dirty. It's almost hot. I'm wearing some beads, huge and red in color, besides I'm wearing some shirt made of very tough material like a sacking. The river runs through some tropical forest, deciduous trees, that's why «tropical». I'm following the way the river flows. At the same time I've got some particular destination. There's fish in my boat, threaded fish. I didn't catch it myself it was given to me by somebody.
- *Is there somebody else in your boat, some human?*
- No. And no oar. I'm just following the way the river runs. In my destination point the river' supposed to get very narrow and I'll moor without any trouble.
- *Get back a little. When did you get the boat.*

- I' got it from some old man, brother to my Mom, seems. The fish he gave me too, that was him. His name is Don. I came to his place on foot.
- *Describe the boat.*
- It's made of cane, both bow and stern slightly lifted.
- *Take a look at your hands, what are they holding. Your real hands are tensed, are you holding anything?*
- My! I'm holding skulls. Two skulls. They are so tiny, so short.
- *How are you emotionally?*
- Good. I was visiting my uncle, he gave me some present.
- *Describe me your village, the place where you live.*
- Pretty nice spot, surrounded by trees, huts stand in circle. Hm, rather peculiar...
- *What's peculiar about it?*
- Well it's sort of half civilized, primitive, the village I mean. At the same time they' got phone over here, I know I can use it.
- *Is that your home or you came from elsewhere? What color is your skin-?*
- Well, those people around me look dark, but I'm white. Now I got off the boat, collected the fish, shit.. it's wet and cold, slippery. I'm barefoot, the ground underneath is warm. I left the boat by the shore, but I collected the skulls.
- *What kind of people live at that village?*
- I can see some small kids, playing in the grass, an old lady keepin' eye over them. I gave her my fish. She puts the fish over smoldering fire...
- *Describe the old lady' clothes.*
- Weird. Lot's of strange looking rags, the whole thing looks like some sack.
- Listen, I've got some sort of radio transmitter in that hut of mine, some box with buttons on it.
- *Is that some sort of expedition? Are you a missionary?*
- Yeah, sort of expedition. Funny, you know on my visit to uncle, he asked me for how much longer I'm supposed to stay there, is there anything special I'm looking for in that God forgotten hole. And that was true. I'm looking for something, some plant, growing on marshlands. Very rare and, say, very special, mythical.
- *Do the natives know about the plant, can they show you where it grows? Or they won't?*
- Well, they would but it's so rare, no kidding. And I need it, I really do. I even dream of it.
- *How does it look like, in those dreams of yours?*
- In my dreams I usually see deep blue sky, some water surface, sort of abandoned pond covered with weeds... The plant has green leaves, very bright, as if electrified from within, am I dreaming? My uncle's here because of me, he does not want to leave me here alone in the middle of jungle. I'm looking for this plant for three month.
- *Do the tribesmen help you or otherwise?*
- I think they are stupid. Somebody saw that plant a long, long time ago, that's it. I can speak there language, I learned it especially for that purpose. You know, they look stupid, but we can go along pretty good, I treat them as sort of children.
- *Is it dangerous, this search of yours?*
- Well, there are snakes in the bayou, and some poison weed. You have to watch your feet, 'cause they' got poison thorns, you have to watch your feet.
- *Can't you wear boots, I mean to protect your feet?*
- This would be incompatible with their trust in me. You have to conduct your search barefoot. You know, they dance around the campfire accompanied with drum's beat. They do it each and every night, I'm tired and sick of it.
- *Is you body, the one you possess in the episode different from the one you've got in your present life?*
- Yes, I'm fit, I exercise a lot and I walk a lot.
- *What are you, what are you doing?*

- Hard to explain...sort of...I don't know.... You know what, now I can remember why my uncle provided me with the boat. I fall through waterfall in that boat... Yeah, that's why everything was so unsteady and shaking and turning all around me. That was the beginning of today's episode.
- *What time, what period of history. What's your uncle dressed in?*
- Jeans.
- *This might be 150 years ago, about around the time jeans were invented?*
- I don't think so, the transmitter, remember. At the same time it did not look like up-to-date kind of thing, pretty big box at least one foot tall and about two feet wide. It's transmitter and receiver at the same time, I can communicate with my uncle through this, I can yell help. I know Morse alphabet. Uncle's arrived prior to my waterfall' falling, he was very angry, didn't really approve me coming here. He's about 65, got a car, sort of military Jeep, very old, real antique. And my uncle he's sort of ex-military man or CIA officer.
- *And during that argument did he call you by some name?*
- Santa was the name. Remember that hut of mine? I built that myself, used local leaves, just like the natives use to do. I could set up tent, of course, but I did not, just to stay low, otherwise I'd differ from the locals. And I wanted to get used to them and vice versa. 'em getting used to my presence. I'm scared of living alone in the jungle, that's why the village. And I can not stay with the uncle, 'cause he's bugging me all the time. This tribe lives on the bayou and their whole life is dedicated to that plant, it's sort of their idol. Their shaman, who's very old, saw that plant. They say, if you use proper magic on that plant you can almost get immortal. Or something pretty close to it. Anyway it gives you unlimited power over other people and the power to accomplish something that can not be accomplished - that's what the book says and I learned that from the book. I don't like it here, I feel uncomfortable, my crazy dream' gone, I can tell you. While prior to that I was writing some book, sort of Ph.D. dissertation. Uncle bugs me because of that too. He always says, I could have finished the book and could acquire decent social position.
- *Santa, how did you learn about the plant?*
- Well, in fact I'm sort of historian, my book was about that tribe, we're talking about. Looks like they are some Amazon tribe. And there was some ancient story, the story of some tribesman who can appear and reappear at different periods in history always looking the same, in face and body. They call him Ratkha or Rakka, that kind of name. As for the place, I've been there before. We were excavating something. There were anthropologists, linguists, zoologists on that expedition. Everybody used to have his own purpose to take care of. Our guide told the story of that legendary man, and I did recall that yes, there really existed that kind of cult in that region, and the local legend. That very region. And we were telling jokes and tempting each other to go to the bayou, find the herb and acquire immortality. And we sort of discussed those dedicated people, who spend their whole life in futile efforts to acquire the life eternal while all you had to do was go to the bayou and find the herb and that'd be it.
- *Why did take it seriously, how come it became the sole purpose of your life? What basically was your intention - to meet the man, that Ratkha, or your dreamed of eternal life?*
- The tribesmen used to tell that he is real and immortal, but nobody was lucky enough to meet him. Back there at home, in civilized world things looked different, way easier... And now I'm so tired, I wanna go home, it's all my pride keeping me over here. Each and every night I dream of the plant and the waterfall - scary and very uncomfortable. Besides, there're lots of mosquitoes. That's what I've got, nightmares and mosquitoes. The natives are drumming all nights, and dancing around the campfire and feel like wailing to the moon which is really huge around here, the uncle does not show up. I'm sort of waiting for some celebration, it has to have something with the plant. The shaman adds something to the fire, some powder which gives people joy and visions. I wonder what kind of powder is that, I would like to steal some and bring it home and make some lab tests. I live in Los Angeles and I believe I can get proper chemical analysis of that powder and extract whatever special it contains. What bugs me most is I can not quite follow their way of understanding things, names of their weeks and months, the whole calendar or how

they actually understand time. They say the celebration will happen soon, but it's been more than three months since I'm here and the celebration's not here yet.

- *What about you? Do you actually go to the bayou and look for the plant there, do you do that?*
- Well, first of all my uncle told me «Don't come home other than in one piece», besides I'm not familiar with local geography, all that I'm familiar with lays within two miles' range, beyond that I'm totally lost. By the way, I've got myself a handgun, a revolver. These days only women are there in the village. All adult men are on sort of food hunting tour. Women are gathering food too. That is edible roots, snails and other minor creatures. I don't eat these, I'm on my cans. I can eat berries, though. They look like grapes, only very sour. I'm of the opinion we'll have the celebration when hunters are back. They are expected shortly.
- *Do the men, the native males, know you're there?*
- Sure, I told you I've been there before with other scientists. Besides, our former guide is local. They know about me and they don't show any distrust. There are no big animals around the village or in the area approaching. That's why they have to go hunting that far and for that long. Basically, the whole land, the soil around the village is far from perfect. I used to try to figure out what keeps them here. I think that's the cult, the weed, that is. They believe it keeps them off diseases and they say they are the only tribe worshipping that plant.
- *Did you accomplish your waiting? How?*
- Finally, the men came back and our former guide recognized me. I told him I'm interested in the story of that plant and related ceremony. The true reason, to collect the plant and to process it in laboratory, I kept that for myself. The point is, the try to stay apart from other tribes and they know they can remain that way as far as nobody knows about the plant. That's why no outsider is permitted to be told about that. During the celebration they eat their fill and lit fires at each hut' entrance. That's supposed to symbolize life inside each house. The shaman, who reminds me of some ape is shouting something rhythmically, to the drum's beat. He dances around each fire and pours some stuff, some dark powder into the fire. The stuff burns and acquire hallucinating qualities. The natives are getting agitated. Their look scares me. The shaman's got leather knapsack filled with the weed. Everybody's dancing in trance, fall on their knees, the shaman' mumbling something. The knapsack is lying on the ground. Only fire separates me from it. Although the fire' burns low, I use some twig to get the knapsack. It still has a lot of powder inside. True weed by touch with strong smell. The knapsack smells of leather and the powder, I don't know what it smells like, nothing to compare with. I'm getting some handful of powder and throwing the knapsack back. Shaman' still mumbling something. I'm confused; I don't know where I can put the powder. I can not leave right away, that would be suspicious. I've got handful of green powder, however I've got a feeling this is not the same herb. I wait until all the fires are through and all natives asleep. I don't think the shaman will weight the knapsack and find out. I can leave now since the celebration's over. I've got small purse, and I pour the powder there.
- *For how long you've been waiting?*
- Three month and ten days. I don't want to carry all of my belongings; I leave the transmitter, because it's heavy. I wait till morning lights without going to sleep. Then I collect my stuff and I'm gone. The whole village is in the arms of Morpheus. I'm so glad, I'm about to get rid of them soon, I'm so tired of uncivilized living. Uncles's still asleep when I approach. I turn on the radio, that's how I know it's June' 15, 1968. Music plays. Uncle wakes up. He 's not aware of me leaving and starts to bug me. I'm telling him, we can leave, but he keeps on bugging: «It's about the time you made up your mind, at six in the morning». Quite a temper! Finally he realized what I've been saying. He's happy we can go now. We get into the car and we're off. The car's rented, by the way.
- *How long' the road?*
- We drive on, it's already daytime, about four or five hours I would say. Finally we got to some base, a military base. My uncle seems like pretty important over there. That' our point of departure.
- *You go by what?*

- Hard to tell, but it's awful. Stinks a lot and trembles all the time. I sit with my eyes closed. We land at some town and fly to LA. The powder I treat like some precious something. Can't wait until the lab.
- *Do you have any idea how the natives used to call the powder?*
- Western science is not familiar with this plant, as for the locals, they call it, wait a second - «cardamantos». You know, the whole area is still pretty much unexplored. I bring the purse to a friend of mine, he's botanist and he's in charge of some lab. They've heard «the herbal legends» but feel quite skeptical about it. I invite him for a dinner. I know, he'd be interested, because he's that kind of dedicated person, besides he sort of shines a light on me. And he's botanist, while I'm not. At first, he laughs at that story of mine, but he stops laughing at the very second he gets the smell. He looks really surprised and asks me where I've got the stuff. I'm telling him where. He thinks I'm crazy, still he promises to do all the necessary tests. As a matter of fact, I gave him only half of the amount. Besides, I asked for his permission to stay in the lab and watch the actual job on the substance. He agreed, eagerly even. I worry during the whole time he's performing those tests. It takes unusually longer, and he does not tell me anything just exchange some phrases with his assistant. Finally he's telling me of some untypical molecular structure, that's disturbing him. He even says he never saw anything like that before. Nothing like that. Still he doesn't think this is sort of discovery, because he does not know how to handle it. And he's definitely not ready to answer whatever questions I've got. At this point I felt I don't trust him anymore, not especially.
- *Is there anything special in his behavior that disturbs you?*
- Well, he's weird. We set our future session for the next week and he informs me he has to consult his professor. This professor lives in some other town, so it'll take a while to get there. And he's asking to leave what remains of the powder at the lab, so he would be able to continue. I'm not sure. My idea is he wants to keep the powder, I mean for some purposes of his own. Still I do what he asks me to.
- *And you are aware of the fact the powder might prolong life? You know how to use it?*
- No. I doubt if this dried substance might be used at all. Anyway we agree upon the following. Michael, this friend of mine will get the powder to his professor, who runs some clinic. I don't remember the town, about two days driving, yes about this. Well, the week passed, Michael's still gone. Then month. I started to make inquiries, and his colleagues at the lab are unaware of his whereabouts. I've got uneasy feelings about this. I mean, it's not that he deceived, I resent me ever getting him into that mess with the herb. And I did not get the name of the place, so I don't even know where to look for him. And he could have set an experiment over himself. That's quite possible, him being that kind of dedicated person. Finally, after six month I received a letter from him. He tells me, he's in hospital and gives me the address.
- *Do you visit him?*
- Yes. Well the time's passed I don't feel anything like, you know, I'm not that interested. But that letter brings me back. I wonder what happened to him, how is he. That's because he told me, in the letter I mean, he was ill. Well, the town is definitely not any metropolitan sort of place. Michael's in mental hospital. At first glance I could have said he's out of his mind. He looks real awful. Then I looked in his eyes and those were eyes of happy person. I asked him how's he and he smiled and told me that was stupid question he's in hospital and that's sort of normal to not feel well if you're in hospital. Then I asked him why he decided upon not feeling well in this particular place and he told he had no choice. Then I asked if his present condition is somehow connected with my request and he said no that was not my request but his thoughtlessness. Then he told me he had misinformed his professor. He did not tell the legend of immortality, he only told the old guy he's at a deadlock with this herb. They did their tests for about a week, smoked a lot too. Professor told him this plant reminds him some seaweed and at the same time it contains some substances he can not identify because they are untypical for any plant. Finally the old guy told him, he was sort of kidding, that true scientist is the one who sets experiments upon himself. After that they prepared an extract and were about to make an injection to some monkey. The

point is this professor used to have anthropoid ape in his lab especially for some would be outstanding experiment. That was supposed to be that kind of experiment. Well, as you know, Michael did not tell the professor about the immortality. At night prior to the experiment Michael woke up, decided that ape does not need immortality, anyway it would not be able to describe the experience. After that he got to the lab and injected himself.

- *Santa, what happened after that?*
- He told me he did not know how he got there at all.
- *Did you try to find out how he got there, did you try to contact the professor?*
- Well, Michael was in a mess because of me. He looked very thin, lost half his weight, gray skin... I was all shook up. I offered to contact the professor but Michael refused decidedly. Doctor in the hospital refused to tell anything, but he said that in a couple of month Michael will be more cooperative. With that I left.
- *What you're feeling now?*
- I think that's none of my business. I don't know what's the next step. I called my uncle and he told me I can rely upon him and he can pull some strings of his. I feel confused, I don't want to get involved with uncle's office and at the same time I can not continue without outside help. Finally, I made up my mind. Uncle asked to pass him all the powder I had, because he thought I could have tried it myself. Still, I kept some substance. Perhaps I did not reject the idea of getting immortal. Uncle promised to call me when he gets any results. He called after two weeks, told me there's nothing special about the herb just some marshland weeds and some bark. He even gave me Latin names for those, perhaps he had them written on paper, the way he pronounced. And I could hear he was, I don't know sort of not quite ... He did not sound natural. He promised to come. When he did first thing he offered me was to go somewhere for a dinner. At the dinner he told me he was asked to pass information and that was that. I was disappointed, you know, I failed twice.
- *Did you visit Michael?*
- Two weeks after this episode with uncle. You know, I thought that was unusual, that competent people giving that different opinions.
- *How did Michael look like? Did he recognize you?*
- No, he was unconscious and under intensive treatment. His doctor said Michael's problems with blood circulation, some brain disorders and there's no chance.
- *You felt upset?*
- I was frightened, I felt responsible. I tried to find out about the professor but nobody was willing to help. And I thought the doctor at the hospital knew something but was not willing to help either. I was so upset I was about to flush the powder down the toilet.
- *So you did not succeed, you gave up, I mean the professor. However that was your only clue...*
- Well, professor called me shortly after this. He introduced himself and mentioned Michael's name. He gave some explanation about the herb, he said it contained some «transforming substance», which I could not quite follow, then he began to explain. «You know», he told me, «no one can be born again», but that herb, some substance that's in it makes such thing possible I did not like the call. I had distinct feeling he was trying to find out whether I had any more powder. That's why I told him about the uncle and those governmental agencies. I was quite frank. He seemed to believe me, although it's hard to say if you don't see the other's face. Finally he asked whether I want to visit Michael and I told him I saw Michael two weeks ago and no, thanks I already feel myself guilty and I don't want to witness his funeral ceremony. Quite unexpectedly he told me things are improving and Michael wants to see me. That was all very suspicious.
- *What did you decide after the phone call?*
- I visited Michael and he obviously was better. He had some plans for future expedition dedicated to the herb, that was supposed to be full scale expedition, well equipped and financially supported, poor natives. After that I tried very gently to find out about his experience after the injection. He told me he experienced a lot right after the injection, then nothing and that

- «nothing» continued until hospital. Right now he's not ready, he's not certain himself. And I had a feeling he's not telling me the whole story.
- *That's bizarre! As soon as a person gets acquainted with the herb he starts to keep the truth. And what about now, how does Michael look like, did he recover?*
 - Yeah. He's fine. Gained weight, full of enthusiasm and he wants to start up looking. I told him it'd be useless, the point' not the plant itself and besides they'll find nothing no matter how big the expedition. You have to know the time and the technique and the ritual. And in order to get acquainted with those things you have to make the natives interested and, first of all, make their shaman trust you. And Michael laughed and told me they are no fools, they know by themselves. But he did not offer me to join them. I did not want to go, but anyway. After that I called my uncle and asked him to arrange the meeting with those who studied the herb. He asked me why. I told him the legend and what I heard about the chemical formula. Finally he refused to help. I got tired, called Michael and quite unenthusiastically asked him to inform me of the results when the expedition' through. He promised to do that.
 - *What was the outcome of that «cardamantos» story?*
 - Michael did not succeed. Expedition did not work out. I was so disappointed I got home and fed what was left of the powder to my cat.
 - *To your cat?! What happened to it?*
 - I mixed the powder with tincture of valerian. She got agitated, of course, then fall asleep. Of course I was interested in how she'd carry on. You know, basically cats don't have long life. I thought that perhaps this one would become immortal, you never know. But no, she died at the age of ten, just like any normal cat. The whole story looks absurd and I wonder why I ever started the whole thing.
 - *How old are you now?*
 - Old. Michael somehow got out of my sight. He died, I think it had something to do with the war. I tried to find him but not real hard, probably got tired of the whole thing.
 - *Tell me about you life after the episode with the herb, did you settle down?*
 - Yeah. I've got a family, I've got children. I'm lecturer at the University of Massachusetts, if I'm not mistaken. I've got two kids, a boy and a girl, the girl was first.
 - *They're adults now, how old you are?*
 - About seventy.
 - *Looking backwards, what do you think of your life?*
 - It seems to me that the episode with the herb was the brightest thing in my whole life. I'm sorry I did not make, I mean I did not find out about the secret of immortality. I've got peculiar feeling as if my body is beneath some heavy load. Or terrestrial attraction got suddenly stronger.
 - *The weight of years?*
 - Perhaps. Basically I'm satisfied. I've got nice kids, solid emotionally. Very straight. It a little bit funny, that episode. Still, when you're infected with some idea you're really capable of doing everything. That was like a fairy tale.
 - *Tell me about the end of your life.*
 - My life's pretty comfortable, both financially and psychologically. Physically I'm tired, no fun. All my drives and desires look far away. It was different when I was young, no peace no emotional balance. And I did not realize how young and healthy my body really was. You know, all my past aspirations look so simple, so understandable now...(I guess I'm getting wiser, that's almost visible). I lived good life, I've got each and every reason it was good. I'm even glad I did not try the powder. You know if you're born as a human being you don't need to jump out of your skin and look for some other way that might look more glorious than human. Even this legend, nobody knows if that man, that Ratkha was happy and was wholesome. Eternal life within itself is meaningless.
 - *Perhaps this desire to gain immortality is some sort of dread of death?*

- Well, you have to take the whole period of history into consideration. That was the Sixties. Everyone was pushing beyond the limits. But the fact is, although man's many-sided personality, he has the brain and he has psyche, biologically he's mortal. And that's fair.
- *Santa, tell me about the final episodes of your life? Is your husband still alive, how are you doing with each other?*
- He's alive. We're doing fine together, just fine, we're real close. I married him when I was 39. I die prior to his death.
- *Live your death through. Why are you crying, you're sorry for those you love?*
- I don't like to leave my body.
- *Tell me, how did it happen?*
- We sat in the garden. I'm very old, I sit in an armchair. Suddenly I feel very warm... My knees are covered with plaid. The is clear blue, and I feel like I'm dissolving in it, the boundaries of my personality disappear, I do not feel physically collected the way I used to feel. Still, I managed to have a final glimpse upon everything. Upon my husband too. Bright picture.
- *What's your husband's name?*
- Pablo.
- *Did your soul separate from the body?*
- Yes. I can see myself from the outside. I rise higher. Now I can see our house, it's big and nice and tidy, the garden. I lived here for a long time, perhaps I gonna miss it. However I'm losing interest in these, as I keep on ascending. Now I can see blue space all around me and I feel like a small white cloud. Sort of snowing only snow's not falling, it's moving upwards. The higher I rise, the weaker my memories about the body and the home that I left behind. Interesting, some snowflakes stick at some lower level, can not rise any higher, I never so anything like that before. I was always ascending alone before. It's so incredibly beautiful over here. I've got such peaceful easy feeling, elevated. Sort of festive.
- *Usually I ask people: «Have you got the sense of coming home?»*
- I have. And not just home, but home with long awaited festival that's supposed to happen. Now I'm home at last. I've got a feeling of crystal quiet and cleanliness, as if it is first snow. What a feeling! They say, men' got six senses. Now I feel like I have thousands of those principles of perceiving the world. There's nothing to compare with. I can not even analyze this properly, my body stops me. And now I've got crystal clear space all around me.
