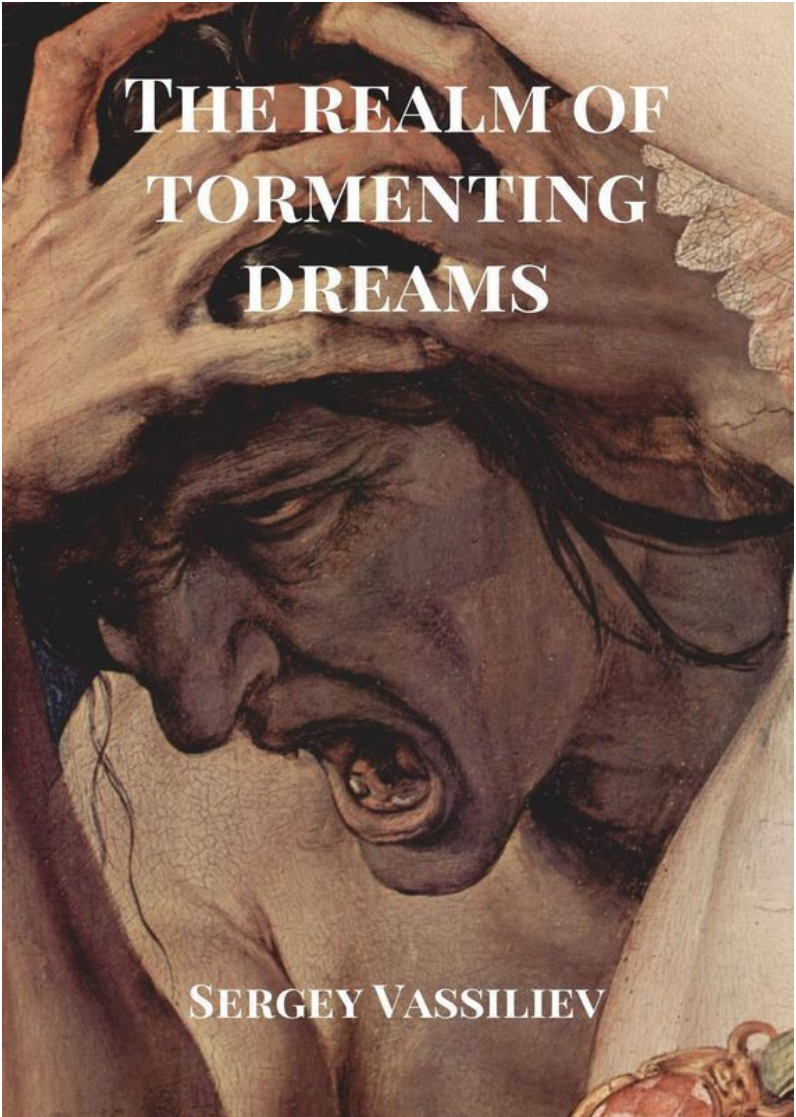

The Realm of Tormenting Dreams

Sergey Vassiliev

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Аннотация

I started to write this book a very long time ago, when the disease was actively oppressing me. I wanted very much to be heard, even more to be understood. The brand of madness frightened the brightest minds more than anything else. And undoubtedly, I would have to stay within the borders of this gloomy country, if there was no such wonderful person who showed me the way of hard labor and diligence, by which one can become strong and overcome the horrors of madness.

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The realm of tormenting dreams

Sergey Vassiliev

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I started to write this book a very long time ago, when the disease was actively oppressing me. I wanted very much to be heard, even more to be understood. Horrible things happen in the realm of tormenting dreams, as I called the place where I come from, the place where suffering and pain, injustice and despair rule, the place of unrealized hopes, evil and unceasing sorrow. The torments of life in this country can be felt by many, if not everyone. To fall into the trap of spiritual dreams and to become lonely – what could be more evil? The brand of madness frightened the brightest minds more than anything else. “No, it’s easier with a stick and a bag, no, it’s easier to work and starve,” as Pushkin thought. And undoubtedly, I would have to stay within the borders of this gloomy country, if there was no such wonderful person who showed me the way of hard labor

and diligence, by which one can become strong and overcome the horrors of madness.

Vassiliev Sergey

Introduction

What happens to a person exposed to the destructive effects of a mental disease? When, at what critical moment, do really start the terrible attacks which greatly alter the behavior that had before generally matched the social requirements? These questions are not critical and are asked without the basic understanding of the disease, but I'm going to answer them and to start my story from the point where I had first noticed the symptoms that became visible to others, and got already an irreversible process overwhelming the whole spiritual life, because this very topic, unfortunately, causes a keen interest in society in such cases. But this book is not written for these audience; the book's main goal is to provide support to those who are ruled by terrible mental diseases, I want to encourage such people who are severely tormented by the terrible exposure of serious illnesses, showing them my way by which I coped with psychosis, setting free from the disease's oppression and gaining the true mental health. What are the results of strong psycho disruptions and what do an ill human have to endure under the onslaught of insanity and shocking mental excitements? The description of this problem will give a better understanding of the very unenviable situation of a mentally sick person to those who face this issue. Most importantly, you will learn here who and how helped me fight the disease. All these topics

are described detailed enough; the reader can deeply feel the emotions with which I had been filled for a huge part of my life, and can trace clearly enough almost every step in the formation of my personality: from its weak and crushed by psychosis state to a fairly stable and completely free condition. I frankly open to you all the above, but not limited to, describing the flows of emotions leading to a psychosis, making me submerge into maniacal and depressive fantasies, when I almost lost the important connection with the world which laws govern the life of capable people. I will try to explain in detail the story of my inner feelings, those jitters and manifestations of psychosis hidden from anyone else.

He who has ears to hear, let him hear, he who has eyes, let him see

Basically, a human already has a readiness for strange deeds; it is to say that a mental disease does not fall on him from nowhere; the ground for deviated behavior is prepared in advance, usually in very childhood. I was already sick being a child, but this news became known to me unfortunately late, when I was undergoing a course of psychotherapy at a fairly adult age and the mental disease manifested in actions already visible to and attracting others' attention, which then seemed to come from nowhere, breaking out like an ominous protest to something inside me that was waiting for such a reaction which destroyed with a terrible noise all my former life and the previously defined productive missions and goals.

I just finished the first university year and, unfortunately, could no longer continue my studies: its cost abruptly rose, and many students, and me too, were transferred to other educational institutions. This, of course, was a shock, and I remember its wave effect in my soul: suddenly at the moment of farewell, I turned from my closed, quiet, broken somewhere inside, almost constantly dull state, hidden from my friends as much as possible, into a person I had dreamed to be being a student – vigil, easily communicating, self-confident and interesting. These are

persons who usually is loved and respected by young people, the persons who are vigil and active. But I lost the world for which all this enthusiasm was expected, and in general, instead of even greater sadness and sorrow at the time of leaving, I rejoiced, on the contrary, showing no sign of my failure to others, as if a happy event occurred to me, thus shining with joy. May be this is the right way?, you may ask. But here's the point: this euphoria was an inflated, sick mental state, a part of the incoming sorrow of an incredible scale. At that time I have spent the entire limit of tolerance to horrible feelings and was already being destroyed from within, losing control, falling into the abyss of a sorrow that is the worst for a human – the horror of madness. And this leap of mood was the first effective phenomenon, a change in the attitude towards the reality, a harbinger of the disease inception. Filled with this wave of strange idleness, I rushed into another university, having passed the entrance exams, but found myself to have weak erudition, since maniacal exultations strongly weaken attention, the necessary memory properties and assiduity. But somehow, by the power of my new charm, which, as I realized, make proud all the patients with such a disorder, I managed to enter the next year in another university, while my mood was beginning to take on already dashing forms of a real disease.

On vacation I began to calm down a little, but it was a respite before meeting the unthinkable. It happened to me to get acquainted with a strange woman. She came to my village to live

her unusual life, anyone understood her intentions, the mood of which she brought from India, having absorbed there a lot of unknown and mysterious, which she decided to share here with everyone who wanted to, especially with us, teenagers. Experienced in rural life, we rushed to help her in household activities, getting from her in return knowledge about what was happening in mystical India. And, I must say, I, as the leader of her helpers, always wanted to get a very good support from this communication and, perhaps, even the healing of my skin disease, which was incurable by official medics; my soul was especially tormented by the fact that the disease was noticeable to girls who cruelly mocked at me. So I waited for the help of this mysterious wisewoman in this very important issue. After all, she had a healing remedy called "prasāda", a divine powder that was materialized from nothing by the real living Indian god Sai Baba, who was now on the other side of the world and worked miracles, healing people, and also materializing valuable objects, and, in general, performing all kinds of miracles. Of course, I was interested in this, even too much. She did not give me the powder, only teased, but I got the picture of God. And imagine my surprise, when I started meditating, looking at this photo with a prayer for healing, a miracle occurred, suddenly the spots of my illness ran down Sai Baba's face, and my complex disappeared at once, I felt calm, and I stopped worrying, having developed the indifference to this disease, for the God was smiling, looking at me, covered with vitiligo stains, showing the insignificance

of my grief, which I had suffered for almost all my life, trying all possible ways of treatment, and felt myself completely destroyed by this problem. Certainly, I was delighted with such a surprise, it was like a load off my mind, now I had no complex, at least not so much, and it was very important for me.

And then, being sure that the God is real, because he could save me from suffering, which had been so bad, I decided to ask him questions by way of telepathy.

"Why do wars occur in the world? When God appeared on Earth, how could he allow such injustice?" – and so I fell asleep with these thoughts, but in sleep began to see fast my own memories, which suddenly rushed from the depths of my memory along with a flow of strengths unknown to me before, and jitters started to twist inside my mind. "It's me," I told himself then, as soon as I recognized myself in the past, "both this and that."

So everything whirled in my head, and suddenly I got a feeling of great power, I can say, when I quickly recognized myself in the pictures of the past that were falling on me, as if decoding my life in search of something. I was filled with horror, which was hidden behind all these jitters, and this nightmare suddenly burst out like something black as the image of a healthy evil furry dog, in front of my eyes, and I realized that this monster has nothing to do with me, and felt at once a powerful emotional blow, and the breakdown of these incredible forces, which had already driven me mad enough. What was going on in my

head and what did really scared me so much? This feature of lightning-fast self-evaluation suddenly became for me a sign of something happening to me, that was, of course, unknown and was definitely based on the mystical environment in which I had been lived lately. I felt such powerful raptures, explosions, bursts of attention across all the coordinates of my soul. Such as like you are flying, not in a dream, but in reality already, and you can smash, disappear, and your life, as they say, would flash in your eyes with the sense of proximity of death, this is exactly the very jitter resembling such kind of horror.

This night, I lost under the weight of emotions my mind, or rather, an important part thereof; I suddenly joined some exciting and dangerous game and became extremely passionate about it. The unusual sensation of some unknown power and horrible freedom which a human feels, falling in a flight which is fatal and final for him, soon altered everything, that was sober, normal and necessary in me, to adhere to the life path that I had built up to this time, and absolutely different things became important. After all, will you agree, if there is God on Earth, and even lives here, then what the hell is the rest going on? All these universities, work, rules and criteria, which had made sense before, are simply ridiculous trifles in comparison with this fact. And the new views on reality, of course, together with the accompanying unusual sensations and at the same time with a mysterious intriguing freedom. Here, in this world, new ideas for self-determination easily emerge, and very soon I decided that it was caused by my

inner strength, – an instant, fast thought, as it seemed absolutely clear, and most importantly, that which was the bliss unknown before that had infused me… in general, all this, reassured of the existence of my own divine nature.

Suddenly realizing this involvement in the divine, I felt incredible ease in my whole being and realized that I am also a god. But what kind of God, and what I should do now, since everything for me turned out to be so unexpected and solemn, what should God do? The furious night had not yet passed, when the question of divine destiny had already begun to take possession of me, completely overturning reality with its previous missions and goals. I heard that this woman from India said that Krishna was still showing himself to her, and after she frightened me with a paralysis, if I suddenly decide to avoid meeting her. So I was Krishna appearing to her in my astral form, I thought, to make her pray for me, begging for condescension for the disgusting muck, and she even would not know the initial motive of her prayers, like I would not remember the walks of my divine soul during sleep.

"Exactly, it is Krishna," I concluded, choosing my status, and the image of a man sitting in the lotus position, which was already hallucinatory inside me and outside at the same time, reminded me of the mission to be performed. I can not remember what thoughts and knowledge brought me to the Bhagavad Gita, but when I looked at the funny pictures therein, I was finally convinced that I was the last reincarnation of this god, by the

way, leaping ahead, I would say that I liked better the other god with whom I finally identified myself: it was the parent of all the gods of Brahma, he became the center of my idea of greatness.

Later I remembered that I was losing candies in my childhood, and for sure Sai Baba materialized them in his homeland, as if borrowing items from me a long time ago, so it turned out that he owes me. And I less considered him a god in the shadow of my power, which grew inside me and tended to be known, and then I began to recognize the songs of the Indian god, and more precisely, his voice on a cassette tape from India due to the tones remarkably similar to mine.

"And also borrows the voice," I thought. Then, Christ was my interlocutor, and I must say, very charming and interesting, I felt his energy, and the rejoicing overflowed my soul, which was the inception and the basis of the energies of all the gods. Of course, this half-crazy, wicked woman looked at me with some suspicion when I introduced her into my emotions. I also revealed to my friends what was happening to me, and since I did not cheat, I spoke the very truth, they completely believed me. I opened my inner world to my parents, who were greatly surprised by the vigor and the passion that were raging inside me. By the way, realizing that I had gone mad, I attacked the Indian woman with the most real curses, figuring out that she was guilty here.

And for me, everything continued to develop further, increased in my audacious fantasies, the ecstasies were replaced one by another, the strength of my speeches and my inadequate

behavior was striking. Soon I believed that everyone knows that I am a god, and one of my tasks of responsibility towards everyone was the resurrection of the dead, or rather the awakening of everything that had once died to merge them into a united great entity. Only in order to accomplish this difficult task, I had to accumulate strengths, namely, to get the dream come true as well as the desires of everybody who yearned for their beloved that had passed away. Even I thought and felt about the impatience of others, who almost spoke directly, almost demanded the most prompt performance of my obligations. And I knew deep in my heart that everyone would get into my paradise anyway, and those who know me personally are just infinitely happy, and I wanted to meet each and every man. To transfer everybody one by one to another divine world, leaving the planet empty with its streets and houses, in which I will feel like the owner, left already alone in the whole world… And such happiness of full, unlimited freedom and ownership in the world will be granted to every one. And everything will soon be possible, even while it looked fantastic enough, but there will be no death, diseases and all sorts of suffering, it is only necessary to wait a little for this eternal happiness.

Such views accompanied me, already having made me possessed by that freedom, now, as I thought, in everything, and by an boundless joy for the future peace. That's how I immersed myself in the ideas of deep insanity that guided my whole being, finally making life terrible, very dangerous

and absolutely unnecessary to anyone. I entered the university, being already in many aspects broken by the disease, I remember myself telling a classmate me that I will soon be known to the whole world and have miraculous, yet not completely revealed, superpowers, but, curiously enough, perhaps even due to his high moral qualities, the young man did not betray me then before the other classmates. And even, perhaps, my secret remained with him. However, I worked well enough in classes, and the maniacal activity favored my performance, as I thought, and, even I can say for sure, I gathered around myself a circle of fan girls of my mind and bewitching sociability. But as i was generally weak, on closer examination, he did not tolerate the competition of classmates and was very angry at their attacks, so severe that I could no longer remain in competition, the feelings strangled me, and I was ready to fight, but abandoned the studies and I never saw my class, with whom I had spent however very little time, because it was the second year in my specialty, but, unfortunately, already, as you know, in another college.

Leaping back, I can say that I survived the first year at the college, doing generally not bad there, but unfortunately, in a suppressed state of depression, which, perhaps, was preparing this fantastic rise of mood, exposing its facade. But it still did not deprive me of the opportunity to fall in love with the famous Public Library, where I really enjoyed spending my time, I was delighted with the spirit of this institution, which once had been visited by the top brains. I could sit there for

hours and even thought out reasons to stay when my program was exhausted, I helped pass exams to fellow students, but not exactly to help them, but to sit and write here, in the best place on earth. Now let's return to the situation which rooted away my ability to be a student, and as a result, in general, one of those who are mentally healthy. I turned into something completely unusual, along with other people, into the creatures of this fairy life, and now my intrinsic standard was altered; I was sure of what was happening to me, not only from inside, but also outside. Everything told me about the new order. Here everything was different for me in my idea of greatness, in this complex of Christ. I generally ignored and rejected the postulates of the established ordinary way of life, which, in fact, Christ did in his time, surprising others with the new life laws, claiming to be the king of the new world. But I must say that it was hardly possible to call my life normal, because before, of course, the excitations had not been so striking, but they made me too cheerful and lively teenager, and as time passed I seemed to be exhausted and weak, losing the emotions of that, as they seemed to me, happy life, getting thus in the captivity of depressive feelings and self-reproaches. And this time, I became so cheerful that I was completely in the power of this over cheerful mood, because I was happy with that relief that made me suddenly free and confident, I went crazy, but also took a step towards the development and understanding of myself, the step, which, unfortunately, was a fatal thrust to an excessive jubilation

entailing also madness, whose images began to rule everything in me. But in fact, I did not really supposed that it was the feelings in my family, heavy and ferocious, that bothered me, originated the escape into psychosis. What happened at home, the love that came from my parents, completely stopped with the birth of my brother, and it became hard for me, and especially painful. I was not able to stand this alienation, and simply stated that I was a God. And I began to play this role in life, taking all the adversities that could only be resulted by such a rude deviation from the postulates of normal life. After all, I fully believed in this illusion, and like the knight-errant Don Quixote, who passionately believed in his mission as a knight, I, in my turn, was ready to suffer anything in life, remaining faithful to the fate of the god I felt to be, even if this threatened me depriving the prizes of life, understanding of others and in general facing all sorts of misfortunes that would soon just fall upon me for such assurance. But what to do, it was very difficult to dissuade me in this idea, when the psychosis with its turbulent mood and terrible fantasies inside me, did not give me the slightest chance to keep within the world of the old settings and so viciously set me on fire by its intoxication that the road was open only forward. I needed much a very powerful sobering up, a brake on these judgments, directly proportional to their assault force. This counteraction was prepared by my mentality, but the explosions of maniacal ideas continued for a very long time and were incredibly stubborn.

At first I was for many people, perhaps, just a very bright and active person, which confused people in a way that I liked and ensured the triumph of the "mania", thus suggesting me first of all the rightness of the path which I had taken. My mother decided that I would be a great man, since I am so self-confident. My father said that I was behaving and thinking like a forty-year-old man. Well, of course, the praise of parents is the most important for a child, and I was completely convinced of my normality, I did not seem strange and illogical to myself, but, on the contrary, much smarter than those who surrounded me, and, of course, in such situation I was expecting much more success in everything. My grandmother was overjoyed and surprised at my active mood during our communication, and even totally justified the idea of God by comparing me to Stalin, who spoke, as she knew, that he was also a god or, at least, no worse than a god… On the whole, my behavior was met within my family as a necessary, an accomplished stage of my development towards a strong person. But my parents did not rejoice for long, for I already said that I left the college and started to propagate, i.e. to give my love to those who, in my opinion, needed it so much, and these were all my numerous friends from the village, where I usually spent weekends and vacations. Why should I go to the university when I'm smarter than anyone else? What will they give me there? And in general – soon I will be able to materialize money, and so on… Let learn those who need this education, I have more important things to do: to perform miracles and

to lead people is now important, and besides, I will acquire all the knowledge of the world from myself, my hidden potentials, and it was just a question of time to wait. So I quited my favorite college and decided to make quick money on politics.

The pre-election campaign began, my mom saying: “These are the richest people in the city, we only have to take money from them, but how?” I decided to offer them some agitators from among the village youth and so did: I came to them in the office and began to speak, I stunned them, I aroused their interest, they promised to come. I gathered the youth, I explained everything, but all drunken teenagers are unorganized and fearful. I had told my adult friends to come up. A party gathered in which everybody was ruined by alcohol and drugs, also the riches arrived, even they were influenced by the power of maniacal conviction. I almost told them that I was God when convincing. We looked at all that village rabble, said something about football, turned around – and left. Though I disappointed them, but, I must say, surprised the boys from my native village, this was enough for my vanity. The divine is for the God.

These teenagers, to whom I sincerely became attached, began to notice in me something odd because sometimes I gave out my thoughts aloud. “Vasya’s gone crazy”, one of my friends told me, totally sure, in his turn, of my adequacy. I was then busy with the opening the mind’s eye and a similar remark, as I still recall it in my memory, but at that time decided to dissuade others from such a mostly evil assessment of my temperament. But more

and more I heard remarks about my insanity, and the girl I was in love with at that time told me, unable to withstand the passions, that everybody mocked at me. They made such assessment not at once; I can say for sure that many people, especially close friends, were for some time undoubtedly convinced that I am a real god, including that girl whose grandmother told my granny that her granddaughter proudly asserted that Serge is a god, and probably she was very pleased that love affairs took place with such an important person. I must say, the fact that I considered myself a god, did not at all controverted the necessary idea of my normality for people who loved me. So unusual were my relations with a huge number of my friends; for almost every work assignment connected with a fairly large farm, I brought with me a whole crowd of teenagers, motivating them with a kind of special power of my inner magnetism, and the kids did the hard work for free to help his so dearly beloved friend. There were cases when over twenty people appeared in the garden fields, and everyone was stimulated by the altruism of the other and, of course, by my special attention, which helped them to feel, I think, happier, and the work seemed to them a fun game. These "walks to Vasya's garden", repeated for many years and became a common thing. The nature of this phenomenon was in many respects a mystery to me, and the arisen idea of deification could become an "idée fixe" in such conditions, now the great organizer (in the opinion of many people) Vasya could have really be once that Krishna-boy, who

cheerfully had led forward the children of his village in the pictures of Bhagavad Gita. And even after growing up to twenty years old, many of them, even the most stable and intelligent of my comrades, believed that they were friends of a real god. Some day I remembered, being already in deep depression, this suggestion to my friend's mind, when Vovka expressed quite repulsive sarcasm in my direction, and he began to justify himself, saying: "We believed you," thus dexterously hiding from the truth, which was the fact that, as I thought, his own maniacal attitudes were in full harmony with mine, and their union made my idea common, as also for Dimon, but these two comrades were smarter and more sober than many of the local guys and yet they got dexterously deceived.

These kinds of ideas were already believed from those books of the magician Castaneda, being in love with whom, we dreamed to go in our entire company to Mexico and find there the teacher of magic called Don Juan. This idea is evidently not much crazier than the one I was infected with, but we were all very much attached to each other, sharing the most secret thoughts and hidden dreams, undoubtedly merging in our search and reasoning into a unity, where the idea of one person could immediately become the idea of another without the intervention of any criticism, or for the sake of that other person, especially due to my deification, which assumed an important role for my great destiny and my friends. And they all believed almost out of habit, because I often took a leading position in relations

with friends, who gathered in crowds in the garden to help in hard work, and heard from them no complaints, forcing them to believe that it was the best way to spend time. And if your belief is shared, it has a much greater chance of continuing to exist, and I must say that the guy who woke up the first suspicions of my madness was not from our company. And when a man is already called mad by the community, this makes him a stranger to everyone, because if you do not show your difference in comparison with the sick person, joining the almost direct condemnation, then you are treated like him, and many of them did so, at once forgetting their recent respect as a terrible mistake in their life. Like Pushkin's: "But truth is: be my mind not clear, a plague will merit as much fear."

Most of all I was surprised that they suddenly began to reproach me, for example, "leave me alone," you know, treating me like a dog. After all, this caused a sharp, profound resentment, and besides, to me personally, it was completely unclear why suddenly such insolent anger and rudeness occurred, and most of all, it is not clear how a God can be treated by everyone in such an obviously offensive tone. I could not understand why they mocked at me, considering me crazy, while I'm really so smart and cool. The girl whom fell in love with in, made me even suffer when, I repeat, she said that everybody mocked at me, I just did not believe it and decided to leave the village company with a heavy sense of insult, having already decided to visit a psychiatrist on the advise of my parents (this

advice being also silly), because it was difficult already to show to those spoiled evil people the correctness of my idea. And I got into the hospital. I think it was quite simple to persuade me to go there; for me, with grief in my soul, was indifferent where to hide. Although with resentment, but still with a maniacal rise, whose whirlwind was not going to subside, I left the free community. And my views, together with the love of the ideas of my new world, together with the extremely fantastic inner movements inside me, and the terrible passion of crazy despair… Already being settled in the psychiatric clinic, in this swirl of countless anxieties of those who are no longer needed by anyone, those terrible and crazy people, in their irritable and horrible company, of which I became the participant for an indefinite time. Not understanding all the horror of what was happening to me, I was seeking for my place here, but I did not tell anyone about the divine ideas, which here were completely inappropriate among all the anguish that reigned in the feelings of the people around me. I was going to somehow escape; I still did not believe that my freedom was now cut off, that I was away from my home for a long time, and the iron grills threatened the fire of my life, reminding me of this terrible limitation of will.

Of course, under such conditions it is very difficult to save one's life, and everyone here only broke down more, disfiguring, and devastated by the memories of his/her life in the free world. The main thing was that cruel irritation, distorting one's soul; I remember that many years later I dreamed of it in a nightmare,

in that crowded room, crowded so tightly, standing each other's presence with a great effort, experiencing a cruel incredibly agony of neighborhood with their own kind – emotionally unbalanced comrades, beyond the limits of self-control. And this stay among such people brings everyone, who lives there, a strong mental injury, anger, and most importantly, as I later realized basing on my own example, entails the contamination of the symptoms of their diseases: you begin to think and feel like one who's next to you, borrowing from him even the process of abnormal behavior that had seemed to you completely alien. I remember my fear of such transformation into a man with almost no traces of sanity, whose face bears uncovered repulsive beastliness, an eerie creature, hammered and trained by local personnel. And the first time when I got to the hospital, and, running ahead, I must say that I got there many times and for a long time, frankly, half a lifetime, for the first time there was not so hard, for at least, no one hurt me, and I was treated by others with quite a respect. But life passed in the grip of irritation, pain and despair, I must say, the maniacal energy does not guarantee total comfort, but at the same time I did not calm down and was drunk and merry. But yet, which is still nice – smart people. Yes, here you can meet them, gifted, talented, very interesting, highly cultured, which I had not met and certainly had not communicated in real life, even very short one. I was overfilled with delight of communicating with them; I admired those individuals: writers, translators who had more than one

higher education diploma, wise, charming, even if drunk with their illness. I could be for them a sympathetic kind smart boy, whom they soon loved and began to consider as equal. In addition to the attraction, erudition and even charm, these people were exposed to torments which heavily burdened their lives. And the tortures of psychosis in some stages are enormous.

I did not even supposed then that I after some time I will have to suffer such pain which no one can stand, believe me; it can only be hatefully tolerated, coming to heavy madnesses. These madnesses happened to these people, and I could not understand all these nightmares, but I really wanted to support them somehow in difficult minutes. I was confused by the gusts of acute disease inside those who had only recently been in an idle mood. But people are various here. There are drug addicts, one can encounter good guys among them, but they are rare, most of them are all vile and completely immoral. That was here when I first saw drug addicts, they were few at that time. One of these guys was very attentive to me and even found something to admire in me during our intimate conversations with him. I had a kind of "trick": I thought that I was capable of parapsychology.

A writer and a translator wrote a poem to me:

"Maître Sergei Mikhailovich Vassiliev, praise St. Petersburg and the whole country, having mastered parapsychology, on Basil Island." (*no rhyme preserved – Translator's note*) This sounds

well, does not it? I was proud. Only one rascal spoiled my the festival of my life drunk with psychosis, which never left me within the walls of the house of sorrow. This manipulator got acquainted, gained trust, and when I was dismissed, called me at home, promised videotapes, but did not bring them, took money promising to bring them later, and left. I suspected a hidden catch, I told him that I really needed that money, to make him have the hiccups later, but already completely realizing that I was cheated, still gave a ten-ruble note to that sick poor addict. Hoodwinkers just started to appear, and I already hated them.

A maniacal exultation itself can be seen as an incredible joy from a huge success, which, with its enthusiasm, does not allow any grief to knock you sideways out of this happiness. But, unfortunately, this behavior has no proper path. Since it can only anchor a little. I shall explain: I thought earlier that if the issue with skin disease is resolved, I'll be completely free me, there will be no barriers in my way. And this factual deliberation from appearance issues – a kind of maturity, on the one hand, was also a tragic impetus to a new disease; it first gave me that pleasing relief of which I had been dreamed for almost all my life. Freud just supposed similar ways of developing maniacal psychoses. It turns out that all this mood, overfilled with freedom, can generally drive mad a person who, in principle, was very close to such an explosion of emotions due to his/her temperament, which was not the best since early childhood, and this is the second and the most important cause of the disease. It is like

this, and it's not far to seek, one should only see its root causes originating from the past of a person, his/her childhood, his/her sinister memories, escaping from which he/she creates a world of illusions. But I became aware that it all happens in such way a very, very long time later, because all the horror of my past was hidden from me, forgotten and controlled by me.

For many years I have been looking for the reasons for what happened to me in anything, but not in the responsibility of my family. But nevertheless, leading experts of the city chose a simple final conclusion, i.e. a disorder of brain biochemistry, no more assumptions, and I already took it as my own personal defect, independent of anyone, which, I must say, put me in a very unpleasant situation, because it was a real muck, it turned out, that I myself was guilty of what was happening; I thought that was an congenital defect, and, thus, I considered my case as fatal. In this first my maniacal nightmare, all thoughts were mixed in my head, the confusion in my spiritual world was incredible; to be a god, a real one, in which I was absolutely convinced, and to be for some reason in captivity, and not in the best places. How? After all, I was truthful with everyone and wished everyone good. But I still tried to find myself. It's not for nothing that I was here, there is a sense of my being in this disgrace, and I saw in the need to be placed behind the grill a kind of profound providence, the doctor told me so, without letting me to leave on Christmas holidays: "Take it philosophically". In addition, and, I must say, I understood this literally and thought

that he was just pretending not to let me leave, and that I would be back home before the holidays, I really wanted to get out, but the doctor, as you know, brought another meaning into this tip, namely that the New Year in a madhouse is “not bad”. Philosophy helped me, of course, greatly in my grief, but being at home on holidays is sacred, and, of course, I hoped until the last.

Meanwhile, the delirium gradually began to go away, and I already understood that I was in captivity of the disease, and already agreed with my stay in the house of sorrow. I was happy such return to a normal state, and a good, already sober mood as if accompanied the outcome of the sad event. Soon I was dismissed and back home. And then a tremendous shock happened, something inside, like a swarm of bees, hit me with alarming threats. Thoughts and feelings rushing outside were a part of this swarm, probably its basis; I could not understand that kind of expressive and suppressing pain. Suddenly, with all suffocating, oppressive nightmare, I saw myself as just tiny, and this black cloud stung again and again, without giving me any rest, wanting to finally destroy me. I must say, this was impossible to anticipate. It’s like as if, for example, you are horribly morally tortured, bringing to intolerable frenzy and torments, which one under no circumstances could seem to imagine, only in case of some direct intervention into the organics of brain. I looked at my hands and body to stay in my mind, and did not find any explanation of this muck. All thoughts were focused on this, like a nightmare which more and more

blackened and killed me as time passed, and which reached the limits of suffering required for itself and almost intolerable for me, and which tormented so fiercely that I felt myself like in the hands of a real executioner. And it was not possible to get away from such a situation. I realized that my parents are near, like protection, but the demon of psychotic depression was not at all dependent on anything external and seemed to know this perfectly, gloating in his action.

Well, such a symptom suddenly revealed itself in the nature of my soul. And no one knew how to cure this, how to help it, I still took handfuls of medications, medics added antidepressants and generally better drugs, but the disease strength completely ignored doctors' attempts. Sometimes I was so oppressed that I felt as if I was drowning, and in the very end of life I could take a breath – and then was again lethally drowning. I had no self-control and asked my parents to find me similar persons, because there are people like me who suffer torments similar to mine, because it should go somehow, maybe they know how. Then suddenly I was getting the relief, on the one hand. The irritation of this infernal swarm of anxious feelings receded, but it was replaced by the results of such evil intervention into the mind, that was a state of "thoughtlessness". The feelings were terrible: I did not feel at all that I could think, and the ability to argue was seemed to be lost to such degree that the inner emptiness, which I strongly felt all the time, was like ringing in all my body,

leading me to panic. I felt to be a completely empty person, literally an idiot. And this thought, being the single in my head, pestered me with its uncompromising rightness, no less than the former imaginary murderers, depriving me of life. Emptiness and bad mood deprived me of the ability to feel life and at least somehow participate in it with my soul, which, I must say, I was completely deprived of, judging by my sensations. I remember how my beloved friend Dimon accompanied me on a trip to the parapsychologist in St. Petersburg for help, and my never-ending complaints to him, a reliable friend, to the only one who listened to my roar without tears. And the parapsychologist, I must say, at that time also reassured him, saying that everything would be fine, but how wrong he was! For many long months I experienced inexpressible feelings, staying in which, you can not think of anything else.

Soon I was looking for salvation from the guru of psychiatry in St. Petersburg, I really wanted to get rid of the defile that was destroying my inner world. Curiously enough, but the professor did not find me in need of help, at all. I began to tell him that I do not feel my thoughts, that I say and do not feel what I said, I don't feel my mood and my life in my judgments, and he replied me to this: "So what? I do not feel it either. What makes you think that you need our help?" He said, if only this is the case, then it's nothing special, in general. I was at a loss, I almost began to ask to admit me into a well-known research institute and finally broke the professor's resistance. But I must say, with great

reluctance, even with some disdain, he glanced in my direction during his rounds, I was not the first to suffer, although I was undoubtedly full of indignation, and was completely bewitched by the soul oppression happening in me so deadly. But in order to prove to the doctor that he keeps me here for good, speaking before the assembled commission, I told about everything that had happened to me before, and then they began to treat me with sufficient attention. But the fact is that the specialist's mistrust occurred because I was a very good artist and, being in a terrible depression, did not inspire any trust to the guru, who could not see in me, with all his experience and elderly age, any signs of depressive mood, which I masked, on the contrary, by a brisk and lively behavior. So in my childhood, I automatically hid the pain, which was unprofitable and even dangerous to show to my parents. And now such a crazy optimism, born in childhood, played a cruel joke with me, and not only with me; yet I was admitted in the most severe hospital unit.

This hospital was unusually calm, compared to my turbulent life where I could take a rest of the maniacal state. Here, except for rare cases, everybody was calm, at least externally, and mostly asleep, spending time in bed and wandering peacefully along the small corridors of this clinic. I zealously sought and waited for the pacification, which, as it seemed to me, should emerge and had been earlier inside my soul, but I did not find at all at that moment. It was not possible to argue, neither to recollect my thoughts, the emptiness and the resulting anguish, accompanied

me at every moment of my life, and whatever I did was very bad. Trying to imagine my interlocutors, to somehow study them, I began to mentally create their psychological portraits in my mind, but it stopped in such a way that having collected the idea of my comrades, I saw this idea empty and meaningless, because, besides the very visual representation, I still I could not go further, and these anxious faces, gathered in my imagination, pressed me only with annoyance and anxiety, showing me the futility of the efforts of my analysis. And no matter how hard I tried using all my strength and will, the irritation and terrible depression only grew, not allowing me feeling at least any satisfaction from life and communication. Although there were moments when the warmth of my interlocutors nevertheless could be felt in conversations, giving hope for the opportunity to escape from the clutches of this nightmare. After all, I felt it was the interaction with people that should lead me to good health and help to eliminate these symptoms, the full idea of which could hardly appear in those persons who never was prone to mental disorders. This kind of torment is totally unlike anything else, even by the fact that it is practically uninterrupted and sophisticated, giving no respite to the person who is not able to get rid of it, blinded by his/her psychic actions, being in the situation of extreme discomfort.

The existence and the pain of the disease can be sensibly understood if you try to imagine a severe violent mockery of a person, a real monster reigning in the mentality, a torturer

clutching the most painful emotions and thereby tearing the string of the soul, magically twisting all the thoughts, depriving them of life and you of clarity and freedom, provoking sharp conflicts with yourself, causing you to beg for mercy from fate and this deadly evil-doer, who represents parents, was had once absolutely, completely ruled you in this way, so cold-blooded and indifferent to your sensual world. Although at that time I could not imagine that these symptoms were the memories of my interaction with parents at the very beginning of my life, so to say, the story of the child's sensual world, which is already so acutely recalled and shows me all the anguish of my past. Therefore, such brutality, ruling the soul of a mentally sick person, is not new to him, and now it was executed repeatedly, when I was twenty years old, and all these resurrected memories, so disturbing to live peacefully, is the core of psychosis.

But everyone's not well here in the hospital, everyone tries to find a way out, but believe me, no one finds, everyone firmly knows that one just have to wait and rely on, unfortunately, drug treatment which is to many respects completely useless. No one could understand this grief which I expressed only as a simple complaint of not feeling my thoughts, and I had not the mood that should accompany the above, and it makes me feel very bad, and everything, that's it; and, believe me, what I said is very important. No one, of course, could understand, basing on these words, the grief that raged inside my soul, but I could not find other words, which made it even more painful. All this evil,

which guided me, was absolutely not going to retreat, and, on the contrary, it was effectuating terrible steps, which inspired me with the bitterest outcome. My mother's friend came, and I, knowing her from childhood, rushed to pour out my heart, saying that I had become so stupid that I can really compare myself to a mentally retarded guy in our village. As for myself, of course, I sincerely believed in my complaint, but this woman began to lead me away from such conclusions, she, already in another visit, when the disease had continued to torment me for years, proposed a treatment by electric shock, about which I will speak later.

My parents came to visit, and I burst into scalding tears, telling them that the cause was the glue that I had once breathed. In general, there was something to think about. Every morning of every day was an ordeal; waking up, I was filled with incredibly heavy feelings, and their heaviness was not causeless, they engrossed, depriving me of my usual ability to chatter, I was as if emotionally torn, afraid that something in me was to break and thus to be lost forever, and you need to keep everything inside yourself, otherwise you will simply perish, and this is the most important. I was trying hard to live in such conditions. In order to accomplish this task, doing something else is simply impossible, it is for sure. Even starting a simple conversation with someone needed enough courage, because it seemed to me, if I distract from the main task to keep the remaining pieces of mind together, then I would loose

the fight spending the last will of my mind. The weakness of thinking processes, or may be not this, but rather its constant strengthening, but your inner world in which everything happens does not have the same laws, and you seem to be completely lost in a strange realm of tormenting dreams, an alien world of horror. And here you can not find not only the familiar logic, the order of the flow of internal psychic reactions, but even the mandatory presence of chaos here comes in the first rank, the incredible intricacies of everything, either after or at the time of treacherously intervening forces, whose purpose was a direct violence and simply the destruction of your comfort, of everything inside you, in particular, of the emotions once associated and pleasant to many respects.

But we must live somehow, and I felt already calm, knowing that I was not the inly one to be subject to such a catastrophe, that means there is salvation, since there are a lot of us here and all gathered to get help and comfort, and most importantly, there are those who suffered just like you here. And so I made friends with a kid who looked at me with a perfectly clear understanding, answered my exclamation with his “How bad!”; i.e. he neither felt better than I did, as it seemed to me. Then our attention to each other began to support both of us, and thus we recovered, I think. The healing power of friendship made the necessary spiritual upheavals inside us, pulling one after another out of depression. In addition, I was prescribed to take lithium to balance my mood. More importantly, I began

reading a book about the exploits of a man who got in the world of animals and survived there, finding his place. Tarzan struck me with his courage in such a terrible situation, and I must say, comparing my sorrows and problems to his, I was replenished with determination and necessary courage, which, of course, contributed to my internal stability. But anyhow I recovered not in the way one can imagine, I swapped the psychosis depression to a slight maniacal rise, i.e., a remission. Doctors in our clinics are still convinced, and this is taught even in universities, that only remissions are possible in cases of maniacal-depressive psychosis, but it's out of the question to think about completely good health, if once gone mad, it's forever. And it was absolutely extended for that part of my lifetime, following the depression I was staying now in a somewhat cheerful mood, but, I must say, my behavior was quite efficient.

Remission

I was discharged, telling my parents that I had to take care of the jokes that I began to let go off. Everything favored now building a career and my personal life. Remission is still a process of the disease, its continuation, but the calmest interval. Specialists explained to me that some people even live their life to the end in this state. At that time, I think it was health and basically thought that I had completely recovered, having left the hospital, after all, I could easily get acquainted with girls and without much difficulty studied at the university in legal department. Is it necessary to do something else to recognize the legal capacity? Yes, as it turns out to be. My relations with a partner could not be long, and our union could not stand a single year. In general, as it turned out, no psychotic patient is able to have a lasting relationship. Probably, I felt this and ran away from one girl, having just tasted the first fruit of love relationship, to another. Thus, I was an ordinary womanizer, and this, you know, is a weakness. But I had nothing else to do, because it was very necessary to fall in love, this need is mandatory, otherwise you become depressed, while you need to maintain your health that was for me the equivalent of remission. But the deadlock was that any relationship absolutely can not do without tension, and someone who is overwhelmed with the weight of feelings which drags him out of the normal limits, either into a mania or

into a depression, can simply not stay within the love ties. And no intellect, no willpower or natural optimism can help a person cope with this difficult task if he is sick with psychosis. Apart from his basic tasks of life, it is necessary for him to withstand the regular disturbances brought by his memories, from the past that I've recently told you about in warm blood, these memories monstrously incapacitate one's inner world. But, it is to say, all the horror of the disease is also hidden from yourself during the periods of remission, i.e. you have no obvious direct emotional stresses, all this soul torment is hidden from you and carries out its dirty deeds in a different way, it simply takes away the ability to endure the heavy feelings which fall onto an unhappy person suffering psychosis, in difficult periods of life. Let me explain more detailed how it happens.

The fact is that my life was developing, as it seemed to me, at least to some extent, once a strong emotional load emerged, the disease immediately showed, and the psychosis – its driver – consisted of childhood traumas that controlled me, but not showed, i.e. I had completely forgot them, while they all continued to actively live inside me and undermine my strengths. Approximately the same scheme underlies in the process of occurrence of the disease in almost every mentally unhealthy person. But to my satisfaction, for several years I had been staying in a stable and pleasant remission. I met a girl, and I had a good range to choose, my friend and I began to get acquainted via a newspaper and, receiving a lot of letters, we

were in a large circle of fans. A lot of girls were checked by my attention, I even met a very decent one, just gorgeous, I think, judging by their memories. The relationship with her became, of course, somehow heavy, with a tone of serious intent, which is always the result of responsibility and is usually accompanied by emotional heaviness. Well, there was absolutely not enough strength inside me to bring a woman into my life, and I just backed down. But I was still quite satisfied with my fate, simply not having experienced more severe illness, and finally I chose a girl for me, however, not one of those who wrote letters, but with whom I got acquainted in a company and connected my life with her.

It is to note that I was very lucky about girls in my life: I was a handsome lad and sometimes even much humorous and interesting. I must say that in the hospital under the onslaught of severe symptoms, I still managed to somehow miraculously be pleasant to that girl, but our relationship quickly stopped as soon as I saw her in the arms of another. I have done a lot of search with a variety of adventures, even staying in the terrible, very uncomfortable state of psychosis, I gathered the courage to go for a date, despite my attempts to make a due impression on her. But from all the huge array of girls, I was attracted to one mischievous girl; the relationship with her was a hectical romance full of sex. Of course, I hid my shock that had happened just recently, and I tried to forget the disaster that still was menacing by the need to take medications. What to do, I drank a lot

of alcohol, pretending to be completely sane, secretly dreaming that I would finally recover and my secret would come to an end. Sure, the psychiatrist whose sessions I attended, reminded me, though occasionally, of the terrible truth about myself, this entire underworld, filled with nightmares and endless wailing, I had been a long time exposed to. That terrible story has now become a stigma in my biography. Although when I left out of the doctor immediately, I completely forgot about everything, because nothing could rest in my soul, except for this girl, whom I passionately fell in love with. Wonderful relations lasted for a short time, but in many respects they brought me a great satisfaction, all friends were envious of me, but they loved me no less, and so I was surrounded by necessary attention for a happy life. Also I began to continue my studies in the same college, but already at the correspondence department, and, I must say, with the same zeal for knowledge, so I felt generally confident that I would be a good lawyer. I began to practice in the prosecutor's office, helping the investigators, and my importance had no limit, especially in the team where everybody liked me sincerely. I even received a certificate signed by the prosecutor, and now I drank less, understanding my responsibility for his new job. I promised to my grandmother to give up smoking, because she gave me a whole million to help me stop this bad habit. I also worked as a bartender, I dreamed to save enough money to buy a car. Then I got job in the elections, as the deputy chief of political agitation staff, and I became quite rich, my life was so successful, that the

state of the uplifted sick mood only seemed to spur my success.

I still kept on being a beer addict even when I almost gave up smoking. And then I happened to get acquainted with the good-natured man, an NLP psychologist, he promised me to help in solving the problem with alcohol. We began to meet periodically and conduct sessions, the doctor immersed me in a semi-hypnotic state and suggested diving into the memories of the beginning of life, then from these first memories we gradually moved to the next, assessing what was happening to me, thus, as if explaining these memories, and probably, to get more organized. And so, running through all the time intervals of my life, this kind of the five-year periods, I was already, being half asleep, coming to the present moment in my life, presumably already more sane than before. In general, it so happened that I virtually stopped drinking beer at all, as a result. But I can say here that for me personally, most likely, I was assisted by an agreement with this charming and kind man not to come drunk to a session and in general to try to refrain from drinking beer. The power of this word can be very great, as I learned from our meetings, but as for NLP, I can't be sure that the help of this method can lead to the same results as the powerful conviction of this interesting person. He even took brave steps, trying to free me from medications, which I took three times a day, fearing to be trapped again in the already familiar earthly hell. Mr. Gorn, as his name sounded so proud, explained to me that administering lithium is, in fact, a crutch that could only

hinder me, and judging by my very steady state, I was quite fit to dispense with pills. He was not mistaken in general, in the far future this was confirmed by other, even more serious specialists in psychology.

But a sad event happened: my beloved cheated with one of my best friends, and it strongly knocked me sideways, out of that idle and at the same time active life, even effective to many respects. I could not cope with such a very difficult issue and, in turn, resolutely avenged, I found a very good substitute, and with the new girlfriend I started off for a romantic journey, but unfortunately, not only with this beauty, but also with me all his family, to the mysterious island of Valaam. But the cunning girl did not let me self-adjust for my new choice, and, using my old affection, boldly began to beg being my mistress, if not my wife. And I, succumbed to temptation, began to lose myself, and my behavior did not inspire any confidence in my new lady, it is impossible to pay my attention to two women at the same time, and I firmly decided to forgive treason and return the first love. But Rita was already in the power of another man, with whom I began to actively fight. My forces were leaving me in this struggle and finding peace, my remission was coming to an end, and my life was turning into a grievous torture with a very real depressive nightmare.

The exams were over, and I started learning for the last credit test non passed due to a booze, when I stumbled upon the problem of unquenchable love for Rita, who absolutely

desperately combined with my hatred for her, and this disagreement of feelings not only gave me no peace and no opportunity to learn the subject, but in general, tormented me by an angry, black, already morbid mood. Between the lines of the book on civil law I saw her eyes, the soul that beckoned me and at the same time showed the impossibility of our union as happy as before. Letters, words were impossible not only to remember, but also to read. And here my mother came to help me, she made me wake up strictly, as if commanding, and learn the main questions for the test. Gathering all my strengths, I began to read and diligently realize and remember the subject. Next day, surprisingly to myself, I very masterly expounded the learned information. There were times and occasions when my mother, positively directing me, made my life more successful and happy, but I am going to write about everything, that was useful and negative in parents, later, and, if possible, I will cover this topic as much as possible.

And now, having passed the exam, I felt like a completely different person, I felt superior to the evil girl who, besides all, mocked at me, adding to all her other muck, that she likes much to torture people. At present, this gives me the right to conclude basing of this tragic relationship that they were not valuable. Unfortunately, another trouble occurred at once: dentists cut out my cyst and I, waking up after all these misfortunes, decided to start, probably, to revenge for my resentment from her refusal and began to court Rita's

friend, to whom I was sincerely attached, but having separated her from Rita and nevertheless almost fallen in love with this girlfriend, began to lose my soul, which at that point was quite exhausted, wandering in the intricate corridors of passion. The new relationship was a fatal burden, assuming, in addition to responsibility, the strain combined with the severity of our separation with that, though so nasty but yet beloved girl.

And here, it seems, are the intrigues known to everybody; but mentally sick people can't be engaged in them, and they can not endure the whole gust of emotions in such cases. But I want to live, and if I do not create a family, taking serious steps, then at least to be able to try for some time to be at some level of relationships with the opposite sex, even if this does not lead to the goal of continuing this relationship.

But certainly, at that time I was not aware of the fact that I can't marry, have children, create a good family, although, evidently, I was greatly frightened by what had happened to me recently enough, therefore, being alarmed, in a sense, I did not have that self-confidence, which must necessarily contribute to this kind of happiness.

As soon as I developed a strong aversion to my former girlfriend, and I began to look more bravely into the future, my mom again did a great thing and helped me get a job as a lawyer; I must say I could not think of any independent actions, my parents often anticipated my career progress, but it was still

very good, that I knew about my future in advance. Although I had to go to another city, but the very specificity of the job inspired a respect for myself, I was very pleased to work as a legal adviser. Here I found a girlfriend, here I began to come into contact with the team, producing by my active behavior, as far as I thought, quite a pleasant impression. But a situation occurred when I playing volleyball with colleagues suddenly could not well kick off the ball; it was so shameful for me, especially in my own eyes, what I decided not to go to work the other day.

The start of the end…

But, certainly, for all this time, only try to imagine, the maniacal idea had already been blossoming in my head since the very admission to this job. First, my mind was possessed the idea that I was a very unusual person, and this gave me hope for great achievements. Thus, for example, I decided to pass examinations without attending lectures, as Lenin did, then listen and thus enter the company with Elvis Presley while relaxing. However, it would be quite a normal thing, if there were no such consequences of all this. Along with the newly emerged active behavior, I was seized by some kind of power, but it was yet hidden in some lively manifestations from the boss of this respectable company who showed no respect and tolerance for me, although, I must say, all the others admired, as it seemed to me, my character. And the work was serious, I had to sign documents, and yet it was the whirlwind of energies raging within me that gave, it seemed to me, the right to be recognized. How can it be else? Can anybody not like a positive, active person? And I tried to charm everyone – in one way or another. I also mean that, apart from my behavior, I was a paraquet and at the same time elegantly dressed, smoked only expensive cigarillos but at the same tine tried not to abuse this poison, I read the best newspapers and, in general, behave decently, my room was full of flowers that were supposed to clean the air, so that it would

give the best expression to my judgments. Morning exercises are mandatory. In general, I was changing, as it seemed to everyone, for the better, rapidly accelerating the speed of these changes. But, again, no longer feeling the burden and running away from the severity of the broken romance.

It seemed already that now nothing held me back, tortured or annoyed me, but only prospects were emerging, and I completely believed in the upcoming life success. And suddenly, along with this emotionally bright life, the thoughts of that greatness that several years before had distracted me from purposeful practical interests began to appear. I began to think that having such an ability to produce an effective influence on people, to stun them with a stream of absolutely brave proud judgments, to thrill them with hypnotizing words, and even to persuade them of my ideas as absolute true, so how can I be an ordinary man? No doubt, I began to consider myself far from ordinary, and even more – a superman, a gift. After all, at that time before, in the way it started to seem, for the unsuccessful first time of my rise, when for some reason I was put in a hospital, I had been able to prove to many friends that I had been a real god; after all they believed then, so they would obviously believe it now.

But yet, I potentially followed the course of a completely normal life which I did not find interesting enough for my future, much in this search, transformed from independent practical ideas that had until now possessed me, to some new, or rather, quite familiar mystic and psychological process of search.

Now I already stunned the students of the correspondence department, especially my female classmate, with whom I held many interesting conversations, told her many stories about the so distant past grief. She was a smart girl and, perhaps, she recognized in my behavior that madness which I so sincerely admitted, being eager to cheer her up somehow in our conversations, but perhaps that she did not recognize it at all… After all, the event that had happened to me, after a long time became only an exciting story for those in whom I had enough trust. And now, that what I was not afraid of at all, began to spout out of me in the form of ancient jitters and mystical dramas, right after the mockery of myself, which I had only recently expressed in my revelation to my fellow student, and however, and not only to her: I courageously and happily shared the history of my illness with those to whom my trust could be extended. And the irony over the terrible monster of an ominous disease did not save me from encountering it.

Sitting at home, studying the subject I was about to take exam in, becoming more confident in my ability to pass it with success, I was passionate about this study. But, despite my apparent good preparedness, I received an modest note, I had already told that the features of memory and diligence finally quit those who, on the contrary, in the heat of the disease, are confident in the utility of maniacal enthusiasm. In addition, after listening to the tutor's reproach that I did not seem to have read anything at all before the exam and that she can not accept a box of sweets

from me, because she's a lawyer, I was completely offended and understood nothing; as a matter of fact, it was a counter gift for the favor to let me test out. In general, I was disappointed, as in fact I did my best and read everything, but my gratitude turned out to be of no good to anyone. Yet, paying no attention to some awkwardness of my life, I was still convinced of the bright future with this powerful energy, and, moreover, good luck should come to a man who was so determined and brave. I saw my fearlessness in this ability to cope with a huge stream of tremendous judgments which dramatically altered the picture of my outlook and yet seemed to leave me in a sane mind, and I felt again being a god and bravely accepted the new destiny that was contrary to the real one. I understood that I can experience such rare emotions and feelings and give birth to extraordinary thoughts that put me above others.

It was absolutely obvious now that in the nearest future I would get fabulously rich, driven by such energy, also possessing this power raging within me, to acquire the ability to heal people, through which, perhaps, I'll be able to become known to the whole world. But how else one can think of the path of a person with such an inner world, when he is organized, purposeful, and is about to change under the onslaught of force, which did not allow him sitting still, into a superman invented by Nietzsche, for example? Certainly, this seemed inevitable and, at least, for me personally. Once, when I was a child, my mother wanted

her son to become just such kind of person or almost such, I fully justified her desire, began to transform myself into a god, again entering that former channel of unrestrained striving for a new life. The main thing for me was now the advancement to the development of abilities that were already to appear inside me. And so, planning their growth, I began to follow the path, which seemed to me the acquisition of divine skills and traits of character.

Now I ranked healing first as a method of rapid enrichment and glory. I though: "Okay, I'll learn jurisprudence on a person basis. For individual lectures, I was going to greatly assist the academic community, for example, healing them or their children, adjusting their fates with my superhuman intervention, and in general – it would be a honor for them to have such a student, so I will, as a result of such private learning, develop in divers directions, so the desire to continue learning would also come." And now, after such a trick performed by the professor in family law, I just wanted no attitude to myself except for the above, so I immediately stopped to pass thee exams. As time passed, my energy did not leave me for long periods, and I decided to go to the village in which the events of my first attack developed.

In the village I again began to tell everyone that I was a god, but less often, more cautiously than last time, but the people around were already ready for this, nevertheless it was possible to fool them in the same manner, namely close acquaintances

and friends. Knowing for a long time my behavior, many still began to see in me an erratic, impudent dreamer, and were only angry in response to my dogmas with the emerging clarity on the matter in their inquiring minds. I also suspected some kind of dirty trick, the community kept puzzling me with its protest against my superpowers. And the other side of my self-esteem began to appear, I felt that I was in trouble.

Then I decided to stop all this maniacal whirlwind in myself, and I started a fight, having suffered a lot, but even the fact of my broken tooth did not calmed me down. Still wandering around the village in a misunderstanding of myself and having found a girl who considered me a cool guy, which was the best in my situation, she almost immediately fell in love with me, and that with the permission of my mother; I began to feel that even though she liked me, but I was still in trouble again.

With the new girlfriend, I hurried to the dentist who restored my tooth, and I was pleased to introduce Zemfira, as I called by the nickname that I gave her due her similarity with the famous singer, to my parents, and then realizing that I could not cope with the new girlfriend, I handed her over into the custody of my close friend, already expecting the sad outcome of my psycho attack.

I asked my mother to settle me in somewhere to tranquil my soul already tortured by drunkenness, and most importantly, by the impulses of maniacal ideas. So she did: I was admitted to the central hospital, where I had once been treated from

pneumonia. Here I was put on a drip in the ward for patients in an alcoholic delirium. I like a pretty nurse, and staying there seemed to result in calming the nervous system. I gave the girl as a gift the amulet that my mother brought me. My mother reacted enviously, and finally I lost the trust of that pretty girl, which was impossible to return. Another adult woman who nursed me, turned out to be the mother of my classmate's husband and happily began to restore my strength, saying that many were able to regain here their former condition. Everything that happened to me during the second attack was like a muddy and heavy dream, and my story is therefore as little interconnected as those visions, and nevertheless let me continue…

I paced the wards and actively communicated with those who were treated from pneumonia, inspiring respect, stating that in the nearest future I will find out where our governor spends the municipal money.

But the calm, of course, did not come, and I tortured the nurse a lot, who, I think, had many questions in mind relating to me anyhow, the main of which was the question of my legal capacity, since all my assuring statements about my possible help to her son, the husband of my classmate, who in a jail at that time, more and more resembled nonsense. And then I was dismissed, yet not having calmed down enough. As time passed, I was still excessively energetic and strolled again in the village.

It was necessary to somehow solve this problem, and I independently took, as I now think, a completely wrong decision

to come to psychiatrists, and they finally did what decisively broke my whole being, i.e. they were imprisoned me back in the hospital. I regret that I addressed to them, because I was already on the verge of my maniacal rise and could absolutely do without them.

But here in the hospital being, I think, a prison nightmares overtake a man, against which he can no longer stand.

House of sorrow…

What a man shall undergo in a hospital? Still much filled with the rise of my super-energetic mood; I did not at all succumb to the onslaught of medications and even arranged a crazy concert with dances for all the forced patients in my ward. Forced patients are those who, being threatened by a criminal sentence, but not jailed due to a mental disease. And so I danced enthusiastically, amusing all this rabble, which were totally different from those in our village. And I must admit, I made many friends with many of them, because, again, not everyone considered me as a madman, despite my queer performance at Zemfira's songs background. But those who realized that I was delirious, and most of them thought so, decided to introduce me to the President, as they called the local maniac Kolya, who considered himself a most real president of the world, who was imprisoned in a psychiatric hospital in order to prevent him from his powerful influence on the world, of which he was completely convinced. That is to say that for me his influence turned out to be really strong. Whether Kolya's erudition, or his secret knowledge and secrets, whether the ability to play chess, learned from Fisher, or the whole combination of those at once, made me sincerely trust this person which was mostly charming. When my parents came to see their son and learn if he was healthy, they heard the cheerful news that President Kolya was now among my

close friends. I must say that Kolya was doomed and never left the maniacal state, and all the horror of the constantly raised mood had never left him for a long time since some critical point. “I am recognized by people to be a God,” I told him, and he asserted that the greats of this world were convinced of his genius and worshiped him as a God, and we became very friendly.

Forced patients managed to get stiff drinks, they always drank builder’s tea, constructing homemade boilers, they made from bread a kind of beads they skillfully played with, and taught me to do so. I absolutely did not see the need to tell anyone that I’m a God, so this secret was only confessed to Kolya. For another month and a half, I did not leave the maniacal spin. My imagination started to mess playfully: I turned into a dragon looking for its tail, studying the order of this universe, which consisted here in the change of having meals and cigarettes in a smoking room. Here, nothing was more valuable than a cigarette. It was the only joy for anyone who got used to the tragic rhythm of life in this institution. People here became passionate smokers, and the cigarette could be smoked at once by a large group of comrades, especially those who were completely suppressed and weak, having no such dope because they were insolvent or robbed. But, having gathered their last strengths, came to the smoking room and asked for mercy to finish the cigarette stub, those poor people even did vile tricks, eating feces, as a performance for which they were given a cigarette.

It seemed that the entire heavy spirit of the hospital could not be endured without a whiff. But whatever happened around me, even with no trace of a comedy, but it still could not bring me torments, because I was influenced by some craving, in which my whole life was, and it also blew the fire of that upraised mood like Kolya had. I could not even feel vexed for not visiting the college, not going to work and generally staying in such a nasty place, I had somehow no time for regrets, I was like internally glad to something much greater, compared to the life chance which I had lost. But it's very difficult to guess what inspired me with that optimism and pleased my whole being. Calling all that a painful mood swing, a maniacal phenomenon is too boss-eyed, because there is something that modifies these processes, keep my whole mental apparatus together, and something distracts from sadness, something which cheers up more than oppresses.

But, for example, Kolya, he was never sad, he could quickly wake up from depression and continue his holiday of presidency, which was kindled by evil companions, giving him the raw material to think upon his greatness. When I was discharged from the hospital, I had a dream. I will say that even then, without being a savvy knowledge of the analysis of dreams, for which the father of psychoanalysis Freud was deservedly proud, I already shared his views to a certain degree and at that time I perfectly understood the hidden thoughts of the dream in which I saw a parrot: this huge cockatoo clawed my finger and began to tear it apart. When I woke up, I realized that it was the image

of Kolya, the man who turned into a parrot, repeating the same thing all the time, saying about his presidency. I also realized that I could implement the same destiny, if I repeat that I'm a god endlessly, never leaving the closed circle of maniacal states, and then I woke up, horrified at the situation in which I was, and at the same moment feeling myself free from it. An attack of fear turned all the aspirations of maniacal movements inside me that anticipated the possible terrible outcome of such a play as pretending to be a god, and put an end to the mood which, with devilish firmness, had tortured me for about four months, taking everything in my life, in replacing them by illusions, sucking all the remnants of reason from me. Then, the next dream, where I suffered within the walls of some gloomy dungeon, gathering my strengths, I tried to survive among gorilla-like creatures, and I myself was such monster, but I just could not stay in such an aggressive company, and I felt my weakness which I seriously needed to hide in order to stay alive. To tell the truth, such personal emotions in the hospital, and the inability to save the same personality, exhausted by this heavy ambiance, and the desire to do so is great, it must be great, and otherwise you will be without a doubt crushed in this dungeon. And, of course, the story seen in the dream contributed to the appearance of the fear to be in such a setting, which could only bring me anger, cruelty and hatred, at best, and at worst – this infernal madhouse machine invented by humans would devour you without any hesitation, transforming you into a total monster. I must say that

dreams are great, and I was completely convinced of this when I got acquainted with the works of Freud, but at that moment I was very far from my later addiction – reading his famous works, at that time I was worried about the process of survival in the society, having such a very crippled mentality. I want to introduce you the questions that I had to face, because now, after the second attack, it became clear that, perhaps, they would be endless.

The fact is that psychiatrists considered the essence of the problem in the simplest way; they did not have a rational explanation for my case, or even any other one, so they replied to my complaints that everything would get better, because it had used to happen so before. And really, it was very simple and enough at some time. The truth is that I did not at all focus on this issue. I was especially not interested in it during the periods of mania, for I considered myself very healthy, even excessively, but in maniacal rises there are specific uneven fluctuations when, for example, you feel that everything is wrong and that you are lost, and then comes a moment of enlightenment, just following the heavy self-assessments. But these moments did not always directed me correctly, the way out consisted, according to the young promising specialist, who arranged a brief lecture for my mother, in a usual experience of attacks, but in order to get rid of the disease, it's necessary to change yourself radically: totally everything, every moment, every memory should be sorted and carefully discussed, and then there you can get an opportunity

to recover absolutely and completely, but this was not possible in my case.

I must say that the girl was absolutely right, but my mom could not use the hypothetical possibility, so this information became useful only for me personally and not soon, though it was not bad, indeed, at that time analyzing such issues was new for domestic psychiatry denying any method to real health from psychoses and quite clearly advocated what I, in fact, was said by the specialists of the clinics. Yes, it is to remark, a long time later everyone refused to pay any attention to the possibility of an absolutely complete mental recovery. In the medical universities our future specialists, psychiatrists and psychologists were taught that only remissions are possible, but these are, as I already mentioned, the same as maniacal rises, just in a more hidden form, and it was supposed that this could well be called a healthy state for such unfortunate fellows as I was. Where does this outrageous ignorance or even dangerous and terribly unfavorable opinion originate from?

The fact is that the method of treatment thanks to which I became healthy, called "Modern Psychoanalysis" was not so famous in the US, where it originated. The stable position and the pressure of insurance companies, together with pharmaceutical industry, negatively influenced abroad the development of this method of treatment and prevented its recognition. It is completely unprofitable for these tycoons if people who insure their health could through doctors, as I said, so deeply versed

in mental problems, demand from these insurers money for treatment using the method called “Modern psychoanalysis”, which is far from being new or is righteously expensive. Evidently, it was more profitable for them to consider this method non-functional in favor of other schools of psychology, which try with the help of the simplest explanations to lead a person to health spending much less time and money. And, indeed, American pharmacists are interested in making sure that people like me consume their pills until the end of their days. So, thanks to such a brake, I could get healthy just now and tell you my story, because the development of this method is actively inhibited, I must say, in the places of the first practice thereof. The method was invented by Hyman Spotnitz, developing the ideas of Freud, who had already by the end of his life the experience in the treatment of psychotics, which is also considered fantastic in many circles, even psychoanalytic. Freud was the psychoanalyst of Hyman’s teacher and verbally transfered him the science of psychosis treatment. Also I can reassure you that I am not a figment either.

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