

Insects' natural phenomenon of antigravity and invisibility

The Grebennikov Hollow Structure Effect

(Cavity Structure Effect - CSE)

INTRODUCTION

by Iu. N. Cherednichenko, Senior Researcher, Biophysics Laboratory, Institute of Human Pathology
and Ecology,
Russian Academy of Medical Science

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Victor Stephanovich Grebennikov is a naturalist and a professional entomologist with a wide range of interests and activities. He is known as the discoverer of the Cavernous Structure Effect (CSE). But very few people are aware of his other discoveries, He is a person who has also borrowed from Nature and its innermost secrets.

In 1988, he discovered the antigravity effects of the chitinous shell of certain insects. But the greatest phenomenon he discovered at the same time was the total or partial invisibility of material objects entering the compensated gravitational zone. Based on his discovery, the author designed and built an antigravity platform with a controllable flight speed of less than 25 km/min. He has been using this device for rapid positioning since 1991-92.

A wide spectrum of natural phenomena have biogravitational effects, obviously not limited to a few insect species. There is more empirical evidence for the possibility of weight reduction or complete levitation of material objects, such as human psychokinetic activity (e.g. a legal practitioner of transcendental meditation according to the Maharesi method). The case of levitating mediums during spiritualistic séances is also known. However, it would be a mistake to think that this ability is only found in people who have been endowed with it by nature.

I am convinced that these abilities are surrogate biological regularities. As is already known, people lose significant weight in somnambulism. During such an overnight trip, 80-90 kg sleepwalkers are able to walk on thin planks or step on sleeping people without causing any subsequent physical discomfort (other than fright). Some clinical cases of non-spasmodic epilepsy have often resulted in a short-term reversible personality change, where a skinny exhausted girl or a ten-year-old boy could match the physical performance of a trained athlete.

Currently, this psychological phenomenon is known as multiple personality syndrome because it differs markedly from the classic set of epileptic symptoms. Such clinical cases are well known and well documented. However, the accompanying phenomenon of weight change in humans or material objects is not limited to the functional cortana of the body. Healthy people under acute psychological stress in life-threatening situations, or when irresistibly motivated to achieve an important goal, spontaneously become capable of overcoming obstacles that would be insurmountable under normal conditions. These phenomena are usually explained by an extreme mobilisation of muscular force, but precise calculations do not confirm such hypotheses. It is claimed that athletes (high jumpers, weightlifters, runners) in particular have advanced bio-antigravity mechanisms.

The performance of athletes is mostly (not completely) determined, not so much by rigorous training, but rather by psychological preparedness. If human weight anomalies in different psychological states were investigated in the context of a rigorous scientific study using dynamic weight monitoring techniques, objective data on these unusual phenomena could be obtained. We also have evi-

dence of other short-term phenomena of mass increase in biological objects (including humans) that are not related to mass transfer.

V.S. Grebennikov's book is a work of high quality, with the author's own illustrations. It is a seminal work, based on his unique spiritual values, which draws on his environmental perspective and his entomologically inspired autobiography. According to many readers, the book is no more than a synthesis of 60 years of entomological scientific observation, with a touch of science fiction thrown in. But this is a completely erroneous conclusion. As a friend of Viktor Stepanovich, and as someone who knows his work intimately (our home is only 10 km from his), I can testify that I have never met a more careful, conscientious and talented scientist.

Grebennikov is also widely known as the un. "Thus, a number of talented members of our scientific society have fallen victim to a committee of the Russian Academy of Sciences against pseudoscience. The situation is similar to that of the Russian Academy of Agriculture. It is very easy to lose one's job (or even one's life, despite scientific degrees and honours). It is enough to publish an article, for example, on the revolutionary importance of the anti-gravitational mechanisms of insects.

But I am convinced that discoveries of this magnitude cannot end up as buried manuscripts because of the pragmatism that currently prevails in science. Let this book be for those out there on the cusp of "science fiction". Every man has his own convictions, but let he who has eyes see. Catastrophes in both the evolution of living nature and the nature of human knowledge will result in a drastic destruction of old belief systems (paradigm shift). Fanatical loyalty and idolatry in the field of science is age-old in pagan religions. But progress would not be possible without the shattering of old stereotypes.

Flight - V.S. Gebrenikov – My world



CHAPTER V - FLIGHT

A quiet evening on the steppe. The red disk of the sun has already reached the mystic horizon in the distance. It's too late to get home, I've spent too long here with my relatives, and so I prepare to spend the night here in the field. Thank goodness there's still water in the flask and mosquito repellent, which will be much needed here as mosquitoes are the hosts on the steep shore of this salt lake.

I am on the steppe in the Kamyshlovo Valley. This used to be a huge tributary of the Irtysh, but steppe ploughing and deforestation have turned the river towards the lowlands, leaving only a wide gully and a series of salt ponds like this one. There's no sign of wind here now. The high, pearly sky spreads out over the ebbing steppe. How nice to be out here in the open air! I prepare for the night in a small grassy clearing at the edge of the escarpment. I spread my coat, put my rucksack under my head and gather some dry cow dung before I go to bed, then light them. The romantic, unforgettable smell of the bluish smoke slowly spreads over the sleeping steppe. I lie down on my simple bed, stretch my tired legs.

The blue smoke quickly takes me to the Land of Fairies; sleep comes quickly. I become very small, the size of an ant, then as mighty as the sky, and fall asleep. But why are these "pre-sleep transformations" of my body size so unusually powerful today? A new sensation is mixed in with the feeling of falling, as if huge boulders are being ripped from beneath my body and I am plunging into an unknown horrible abyss. I can definitely hear my heart beating at double speed. How can one sleep when such things are happening! I sit up and try to push away these unwanted feelings. All that happens is that the flashes are no longer far away and are no longer blurred, but are sharp and clear as sparks, making it difficult to look around. Then I remember: I had similar sensations a few years ago in Lesochek, or more specifically in the Enchanted Marshes (the author refers to an entomological hunting ground in the Omsk region).



I have to get up and walk around the salt pond. Is this feeling everywhere? No: here, one metre from the edge, I can clearly feel the effect of 'something', while ten metres away the effect disappears completely. It's getting a bit scary: I'm alone in the deserted wilderness, close to the "Enchanted Lake". I should quickly pack up and get out of here. But my curiosity wins out: WHAT IS THIS? Maybe it's the smell of the salt pond water and mud that's doing this to me? I go down into the dip and sit by the water. A thick sweet smell wafts out, just like in mud baths. I sit there for 5-10 minutes and don't experience any unusual sensations. It would be better to sleep here if everything wasn't so wet.

I climb back in, turning my head because I feel that "galvanic" force again, a sour taste in my mouth, and I feel as if my weight is changing - one moment I'm incredibly light, and unbearably heavy the next. Lightning flashes before my eyes. If this were a "bad place" with some nasty anomaly, there would be no grass here, and the bees wouldn't have built such huge nests here.



While, they nest in circles around here, I have been trying to make my bed above their underground bee city, with multiple corridors and chambers deep down, with lots of larvae, the silk cocoons all alive and well. At the time I didn't understand anything. I woke up with a headache before sunrise, and tried to limp towards the road that leads to Isilkul. I visited the Enchanted Lake several



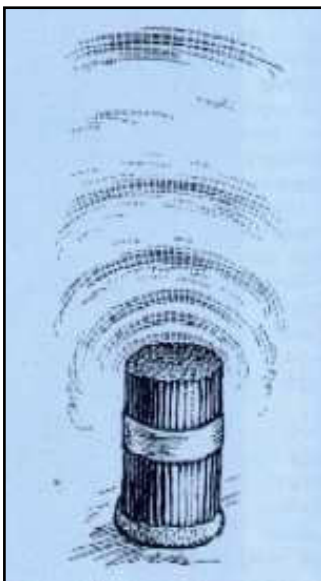
times that summer at different times of the day and in different weather conditions. By the end of the summer, my bees were incredibly busy filling their tunnels with pollen, in short, they were having a great time.

I was about a metre from the edge of the cliff, above their nests. I felt those unusual sensations again. Five metres away, nothing. And again there was that confusion, why, why are these bees having such a good time here, where the whole steppe is speckled with their hollow like a Swiss

cheese and the place is like a sponge? The solution was only found a few years later, after the bee city in the Kamyshlovo Valley had been destroyed: soil was tilled at the very edge of the rim. Now, where the grass and the bee burrows once stood, there is nothing but a big pile of mud. I managed to save only a handful of those old nests with multiple cavity cells. The cells were next to each other and resembled tiny thimbles, or tiny long-necked squints.

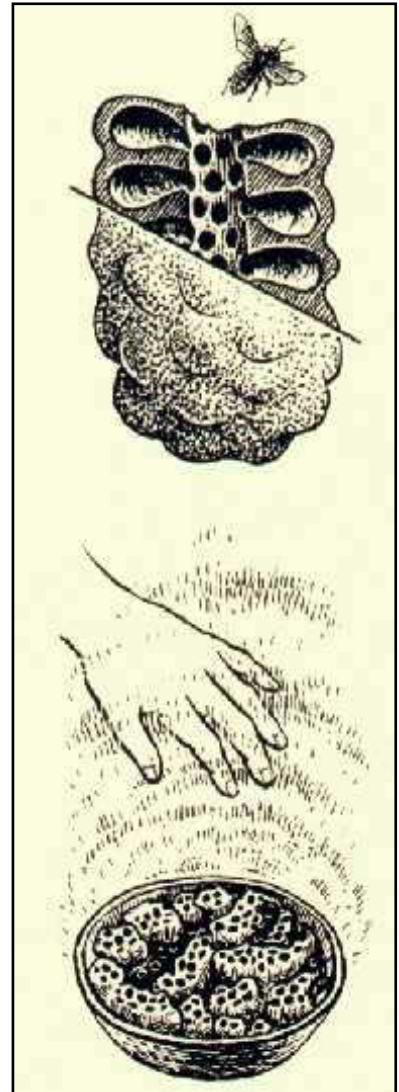
I already knew that these were four-ringed bees, a number referring to the number of clear rings on their abdomens. On my writing desk, cluttered with my equipment, ant and grasshopper hives, chemical bottles, and other things, I had a container full of these spongy clay beads. Often I would pick up some object in my hand and then swing it over these porous chunks with my hand. A miracle happened: Suddenly I felt warmth pouring out of them. When I touched the container with my hand it was cold, but above it there was a distinctly warm sensation. In addition, I experienced a strange repulsive sensation on my fingers. When I took the container of nests and moved it to the other end of the desk, I experienced the same strange sensation when I leaned over it. I felt the same sensation as the time at the pond, when my head began to feel lighter and bigger, my body felt like it was falling, and my mouth felt like it was tasting an electric element.

I placed a cardboard sheet on top of the bowl, but the sensation still persisted. I put a pot lid on it, but the sensation from the pot still didn't change, as if something was flowing through it. I had studied the phenomenon once before. But what could I do at home without the necessary physical measuring instruments? I received help from



several research scientists from different institutes of the Novosibirsk Academy of Agriculture. But unfortunately, the instruments (thermometers; ultrasonic detectors; magnetometers and electrometers) were unable to detect even the slightest deviation.

We carried out a precise chemical analysis of the clay - nothing special. The radiometer was also silent... But ordinary human hands, and not just my own, could definitely detect a warm or cold sensation, or a tingling, or a dense, heavy environment. Some people's hands felt heavy, others felt as if their hands were being pushed upwards, others had numb fingers and claws, they felt a dizziness and an overwhelming sense of exhilaration. A similar phenomenon could be observed with a bundle of paper tubes if they were inhabited by leaf-cutter bees. Each of these tunnels had a solid row of multi-layered tins of cut leaves, covered with concave lids (also of leaves). Inside the cans were silk, oval silk cocoons with larvae and butter-



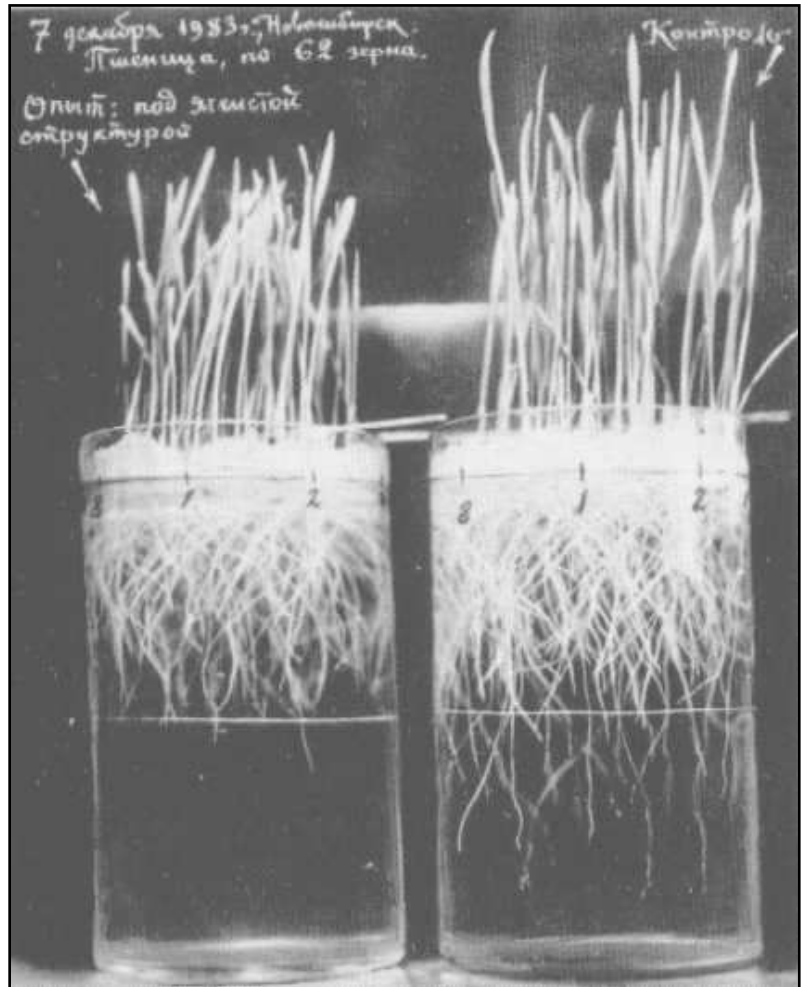
fly pupae.

I asked people who were unaware of my discovery to hold their hands or faces over the nest of lepidoptera and kept detailed records of these experiments. The results may still be found in my article "Physical and Biological Properties of Pollinator Bee Nests" published in the *Siberian Bulletin of Agricultural Science*, no. 3, 1984. The same article contains the discovery - a brief physical description of this amazing phenomenon based on the nest structure of bees. I have made a few dozen artificial honeybee nests from plastic, paper, metal and wood. It turned out that it was not a biological field that caused these unusual phenomena, but the size, shape, number and arrangement of the solid material passages. And as before, the body felt it while the instruments were silent. I named my discovery the Cavernous Structures Effect (CSE) and continued my experiments. Nature is constantly revealing its innermost secrets, one after another...

It turns out that the CSE zone inhibits the growth of saprophytic soil bacteria, yeast, or other culture, as well as wheat germination. It also altered the chlamydosporic behaviour of microscopic algae. The leafcutter bee larvae begin to phosphoresce, while the adult bees become even more active and are able to finish pollination two weeks earlier.

It turns out that CSE (like gravity) cannot be shielded, it affects living organisms, passing through walls, thick metal and other shielding. It turns out that when a porous object was moved to a different location, one did not feel the CSE immediately in the new location, only after a few seconds or minutes, while the old location might retain a "trace" or what I called a perceptible "phantom" that remained perceptible to the hand for hours, days, or possibly months afterwards.

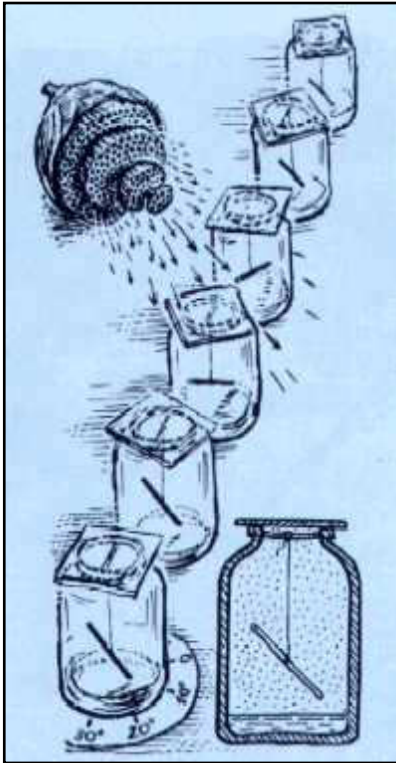
It turns out that the CSE field, not decreasing significantly with distance, surrounds the honeycomb with an invisible system that is still a clearly perceptible "shell". It turns out that when animals (white mice) or humans enter the CSE zone (even if it is very strong) they adapt to it quickly. It can't be otherwise: we are surrounded by large and small cavities everywhere by the lattice and cells of living and dead plants (as well as our own cells), foam plastic, foam concrete, rooms, corridors,



halls, roofs, spaces between machine parts, trees, furniture, buildings... etc.

It turns out that the CSE "beam" had a greater effect on living organisms when it was directed away from the sun and pointed downwards towards the centre of the Earth. It turned out, for both mechanical and electronic clocks, that they would start to run inaccurately when placed in a strong CSE field. Ti-

me also has to take its part. This was all a manifestation of Matter-Akarata, invariably moving, transforming and ultimately existing. It turns out that the French physicist Louis des Broglie was awarded the Nobel Prize for the discovery of these waves, and that they were later applied to electron microscopes.



It turns out... yes, a number of other things have come out of my experiments and research, but they are in the field of solid state physics, quantum physics and elementary particle physics, which is far from my own field of expertise, insects... In the meantime, I have devised instruments that have been able to measure CSE objectively and respond accurately in the vicinity of insect nests.

The sealed containers shown in the drawing contain straw and charcoal-coated twigs suspended on spider web thread. There is some water at the bottom of the tank to prevent the interference of static electricity in dry air. If you point an old wasp's nest, a bee's honey spleen, or a bundle of cereal shells at the top end of the indicator, it will slowly shift a few dozen degrees... There's no miracle here: the energy from the sparkling electrons in the many-channeled bodies create a complete wave system in space, whereby the energy of a wave can exert a mutual repulsion from these objects, even through obstacles like a thick steel-walled tank (see photo).



It is hard to imagine its armour being powerless against these tiny waves. A clear wasp nest can be seen in the photo, and the indicator in a heavy massive tank 'running around', sometimes 180° from this long empty nest. Those in doubt should come to the Museum of Agroecology near Novosibirsk and see for themselves. The aforementioned museum also exhibits an ever-active bee painkiller. It is a chair above which a roof has been placed containing 'dry' bee hives inside. Anyone who sits down in this chair will certainly feel something after a few minutes (please write down exactly what you felt, I'll be grateful), while the headache will disappear after a few minutes for several hours. My painkiller has been used successfully in many parts of the country - I have made no secret of my discovery. You will feel the discharge clearly with your hands if you place your hands palms up under the roof containing the bee hives. The skeleton of the roof can be made of cardboard, plywood, or anything else such as tinplate with firmly attached layers.

Another gift from insects...

My first conclusion was this: mankind has been dealing with bees for thousands of years, no one has ever complained about any inconvenience except bee stings. I held a dry bee sting above my head and it worked! I decided to use a six-frame arrangement. Such was the simple story of my discovery. An old wasps' nest behaves very differently, even though the size and shape of the cells are very similar to those of the bees. The most important difference is that the material of the spleen is not like wax, it is more crumbly, full of micro-pores: papery (this is how wasps discovered paper and not humans, they rubbed off old pieces of wood and glued it together with their saliva.)

The walls of a wasp's cage are much thinner than a bee's, the cell size and pattern are different, as is the outer shell, which is a multi-wrapped piece of windblown paper. I have had some very unpleasant experiences with some of the wasp nests in the attic. Besides, the effect most multi-cell objects have on humans in the first few minutes is far from beneficial. Bee-legs are the rare ex-

ception. And when bumblebees lived in our Isilkuli apartment in the 1960s, I often observed the following:

A young bumblebee, on its first trip away from its nest, had no trouble recalling the entrance to the nest and could spend hours wandering between houses. However, in the evening, his visual memory failed him, he landed on the brick wall, just on the other side of his nest from the wall, and tried to cross the wall. How did this insect know the location of its nest four metres from the entrance to its nest, and one and a half metres away, despite the half-metre thick wall between it and the nest? I gave up wondering at the time, but now I know exactly why the bumblebee behaved the way it did. A wonderful discovery, wouldn't you agree?

Now let's recall the experiment in which the hornets returned not only to a particular place, but even to a completely different place, where the nest had been moved, together with a piece of soil. No doubt, they were able to find it, because of the beacon-like waves emitted by the nest's tunnels. And there were other secrets my little arthropod friends revealed to me. It turns out that flowers not only attract attention with their shape, colour and nectar, but also use similar wave beacons that are powerful and unstoppable.

I discovered with a drawing charcoal or a burnt twig that with bell-shaped flowers (tulips, lilies, amarilis, mallows, squash) I could feel a "restraining force" in my hand from a distance, acting like

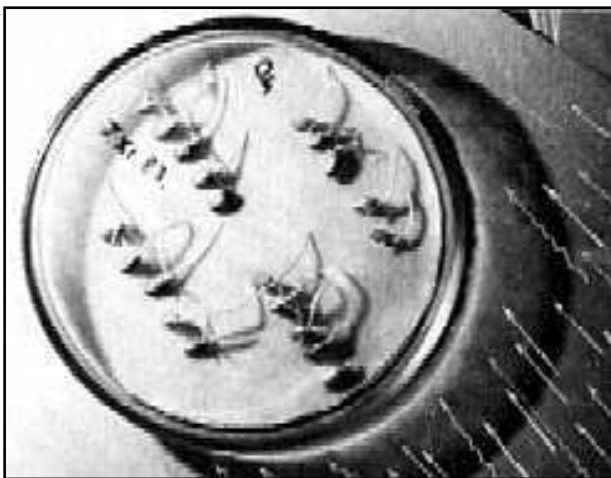


some kind of detector. I soon became able to find a flower from 1-2 meters away in a dark room, if it was not moved from its place, because a false "target" was left behind otherwise, a "residual phantom", as I mentioned before.

I have no supernatural abilities and anyone can replicate this after some practice. Instead of drawing charcoal, you can use a short pencil with the back of the pencil facing the flower. Some people are able to find the flower ('warm', 'cold', 'shivery' sensations) using only their bare hands, tongue or face. As many experiments have shown, children and adolescents are particularly sensitive to these Material Waves.

In bees, 'knowing' CSE is primarily a matter of survival, as they can build new tunnels underground while staying away from neighbouring nests. Without this, the entire bee city would be interwoven with intersecting cavities, which would eventually lead to its simple collapse.

Secondly, the roots of the plants are not allowed to grow downwards through the tunnels and the hives. So the roots stop growing a few centimetres away from the ducts or, sensing the proximity of the nest, start growing in the opposite direction. The latter conclusion was verified by wheat germination experiments in a strong CSE field and by comparing the germination results with a control experiment under similar conditions without a CSE field. The photos and drawings show that during the experiments, the roots died or were sharply deflected during growth by my "artificial honeycomb".



The photos and drawings show that during the experiments, the roots died or were sharply deflected during growth by my "artificial honeycomb".

In this way, the bees and weeds at the pond coexisted in a well-functioning arrangement of the highest purpose of existence. The bee city is now a thing of the past, replaced by fertile black earth. There are salt marshes where not so long ago thousands of birds, ducks, swans and ospreys lived. And near the thinning steppe, through the honeycombs, one can still hear the buzzing of the hundreds and thousands of bees that led me then into the Unknown.

I won't bore the reader any further with my hives. It would take a separate thick book to describe all my experiments. I will therefore mention just one more thing: my battery-powered pocket

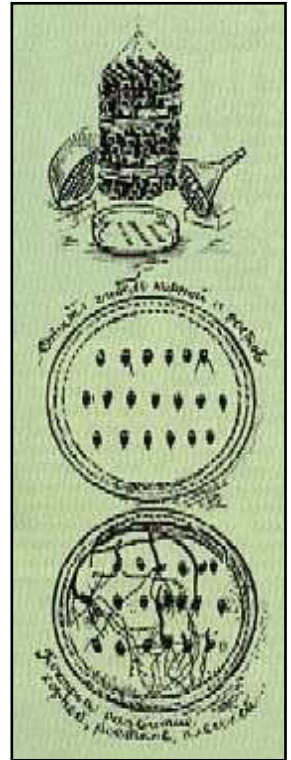
calculator often malfunctioned in the CSE field, or sometimes the display would malfunction for hours. I tried to shield a wasps' nest with my palms, but these structures were not affected in any way by the isolation.

I should also note that the tubular phalanges, joints, ligaments, blood vessels and nails of the hand form an intense CSE discharge, with a powerful force repelling my small instrument containing a straw or carbon indicator even from a few metres away. Virtually anyone can do this. This is what convinced me that there are no people with parapsychological abilities, or that any human being can do this... And the number of people who can move light objects on a table, lift them far into the air, or "magnetically" stick them to their skin is orders of magnitude greater than we would have thought. Try it for yourself! I look forward to your letter!

There was an old folk game: a man would sit down on a chair, and around his head, four friends would "establish" a grid with their fingers slightly apart with their palms outstretched horizontally, first with the right hand, then with the left, with a gap of about 2 cm between them... Then, after 10-15 seconds, the four of them simultaneously place their closed index and middle fingers under the armpits and knees of the seated person, and then simultaneously and energetically push him into the air. The time between the dismantling of the "grid" and the throwing of the seated person into the air shall not exceed 2 seconds. Synchronisation between the four people is also a very important factor. If everyone did it right, a 100 kg man will fly almost to the ceiling, while those who pushed him will report that he was as light as a feather.

A strict reader might ask me how this is possible? Does it not go against the laws of nature? And in this case, am I not propagating mysticism? Not at all! There is no mysticism here, it's simple, because we humans know only a small part of the Universe, what we see is not always "accepted" according to human rules, assumptions and rules... It occurred to me, in the context of my experimental results with insect nests, that there is too much similarity with the reports of people who have been involved in UFO phenomena. Think about it, and compare the following: temporary malfunction of electrical equipment, loss of time, invisibility, resistive "barrier", temporary loss of weight of objects, sensation of loss of weight of a person, phosphorescent movement, flashes of colour in the eyes, galvanic taste in the mouth...

I'm sure you've read about this in the pages of UFO magazines. I'm telling you now that you can experience all this in my museum. Come and visit me! Was I on the verge of unraveling another mystery? That's right! And once again I was helped by chance, or rather by my good old insect friends. And often there were sleepless nights, failures, doubts, breakdowns and accidents... And I had no one to turn to for advice, they would just laugh at me, or worse... But I can tell my readers: happy is the man who uses his eyes, head and hands more or less properly - practised hands are especially important! And trust me, the joy of creative work, even if it ends in failure, is far more uplifting and glorious than earning degrees, medals or patents.



Flying with an antigravity platform

(extracts from a diary)

See for yourself from my diary extracts - which have obviously been simplified and adapted for this book... It was a hot summer day. Far away from me spread a bluish-purple haze; a gigantic dome of sky, with cotton-wool clouds stretching out over the fields. I was flying about 300 metres above the ground, a distant lake - a bright, elongated blur in the mist - my landmark. The blue, winding tree lines slowly faded; between them were fields and farmland. Where I can see bluish-green, oats grow, and buckwheat on those with whitish swaying rectangles. In front of me are the

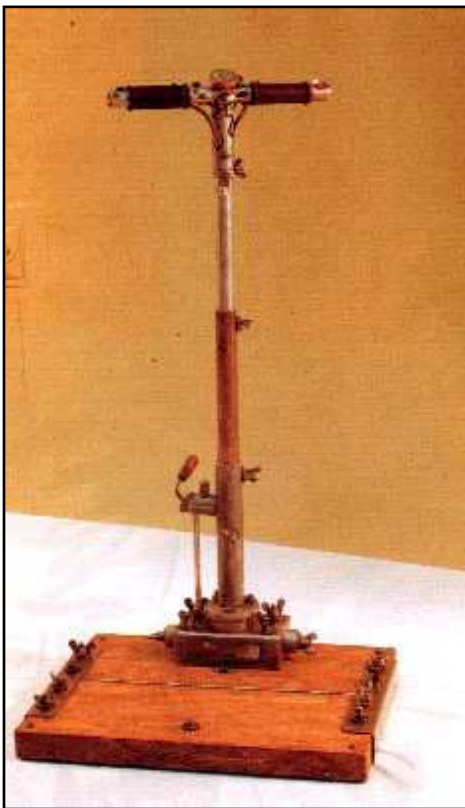
familiar cobalt mid-green fields, oceans of green wheat, whose colour reminds me of chrome oxide paintings. A vast multicoloured palette of colours floats steadily backwards.

Footpaths wind through the fields. These then merge into dirt roads that stretch into the distance towards the highway. The highway is still obscured by mist, but I know that if I fly on to the right of the lake, I will see a grey ribbon without beginning or end, with cars – tiny boxes – driving along it. Isometric, fat cumulus clouds spread out picturesquely around the sunlit forest-steppe. They are deep blue where they cover the wooded-bushy areas, and various shades of light blue over the fields. Right now I'm in the gloom of a cloud, so I speed up - I can do this quite easily - and step out of the gloom.

I lean forward a little and feel the power of the warm currents coming from below - coming towards me from the sun-heated ground and vegetation. It's not coming from the side, as we are used to down at ground level, but from the bottom up. Physically I feel a thick upward current with the strong scent of blooming buckwheat. Of course, this air current easily lifts the big birds higher and higher, like the stork, the crane or the eagle, if they keep their wings outstretched. I, on the other hand, have no wings, and it is not because of this rising air current that I am able to stay in the air. My flight is made possible by a small rectangular flat platform, little bigger than the seat of a chair with a bar and two handles on it, which I control with my hands. Is this science fiction? I wouldn't say so...



The manuscript of this book was put on hold for 2 years as generous ancestral nature gave me another Valami again through my relatives, and did so as it usually does: elegantly and covertly, yet quickly and convincingly. And for two years, Discovery did not allow me to continue, even though it seemed to me that I had become a master of breakneck speed. (Note: Gebrennikov was about 62-63 years old in 1990-1992.)



But that's what always happens when your work is new and interesting, time passes twice as fast. The bright spot of a steppe lake is much closer. Beyond that, the highway is visible with cars now definitely noticeable. The highway is about 5 miles from the railroad, which runs parallel to it, and if I moved closer, I could see the high-voltage power lines and the brightly colored paving of the railroad embankment. Here is the time for a left turn of about 20 degrees.

I'm not visible from the ground, and not just from a distance: even at low flight I cast almost no shadow. Yet, I found later that people sometimes see something where I fly in the sky-some see a bright sphere, a disk, or some sort of tilted cloud with sharp edges that they think is moving, and not in the way a cloud would.

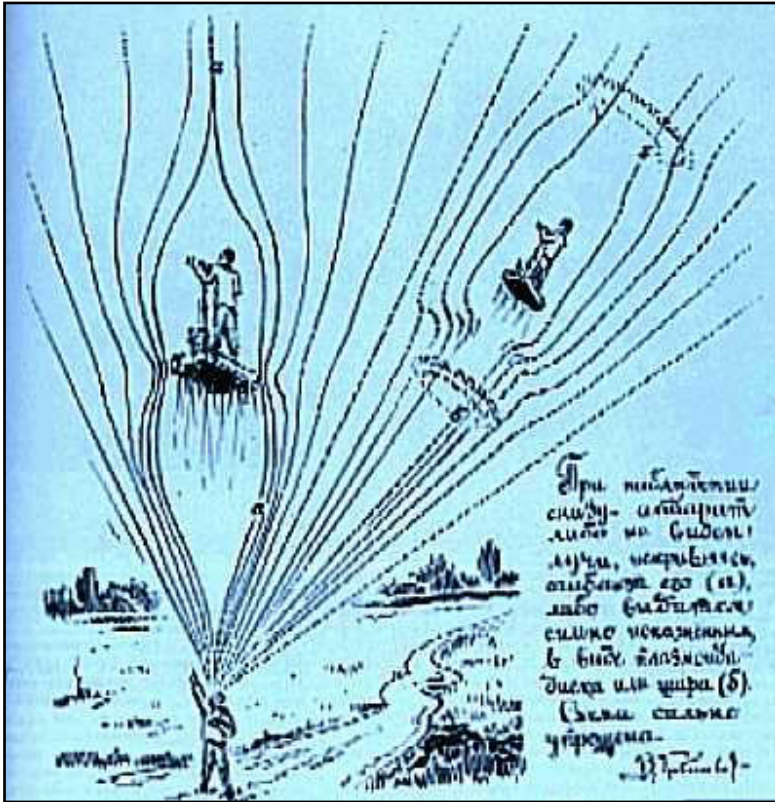
One person observed a "flat, non-transparent rectangle about 1 acre in size" – perhaps optically magnified by the small platform of my equipment. Most people saw nothing. Moreover, I have not, to date, been able to determine what my invisibility or visibility depends on. So I confess that I deliberately avoided people during my flights, dodging cities, intersections and footpaths at high speed. On these excursions - which, no doubt, may seem fanciful to the reader, but for me

are almost commonplace - I trust only my insect friends, shown on these pages.

The first practical use of my discoveries is entomological: to investigate my secret places, taking photographs of them from above to find new hitherto undiscovered insect lands in need of protection,

possibly rescue. Unfortunately, my work is strictly limited: even on a passenger plane - I can look, but I can't photograph.

The camera shutter doesn't work, and the two rolls of film I had with me - one in the camera, one in my pocket - have been exposed to light. I also had no success in cropping the landscape, as both hands are constantly occupied and I can only free one hand for a few seconds. So I can only rely on my memory. I do this after landing, as my visual memory is not very good, even though I paint a lot. During my flights, I didn't feel like I did when I was flying in my sleep. And flying is not so enjoyable, sometimes very difficult and dangerous. You have to stand without hesitation, hands always

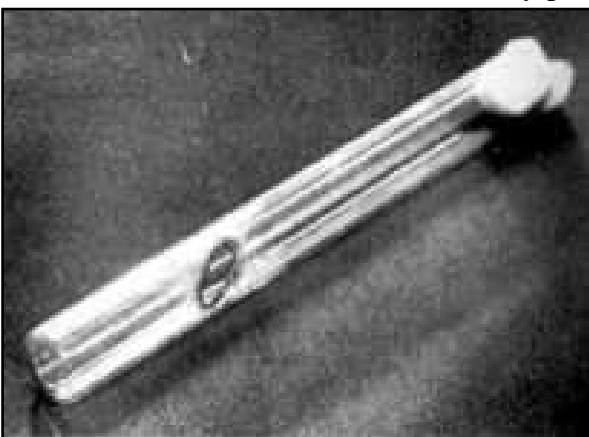


busy, just a few centimetres and there is a border separating "this" from "that".

The border is invisible, but very dangerous. My apparatus is still very clumsy and perhaps resembles a medical scale. But this is only the beginning! Nevertheless, apart from the camera, I have often had trouble with my watch, and probably also with the calendar. Descending into a familiar clearing, I sometimes found it out of season; a two-week difference, and I had nothing to check it with. So it is possible to fly not only in space but also in time. I can't guarantee the second statement 100%, except perhaps that at the start of the flights the clock is either too slow or too fast, and then becomes accurate again at the end of the trip.

This is why I have stayed away from people during my travels. If

time gets involved as well as gravity, I may inadvertently break the cause and effect relationship and someone could get hurt. This is where my fears come in. Insects have gotten out of "there", disappearing from my test tubes, boxes and other containers. They mostly disappeared without a trace. One time a test tube broke into tiny pieces in my pocket, another time there was an oval hole



in the glass with a brown rim and "chitin" like edges. You can see it in the picture. Countless times I felt a burning sensation, or an electric shock from inside my pocket - maybe that's when one of my "prisoners" disappeared. Only once did I find a captive insect in the examination tube, but it was not yet an adult "inchneumon" with white rings on its tentacles, it was just a butterfly pupa, i.e. in its early stages. Its abdomen was alive and moving when I touched it. To my great sadness, however, it died a week later.

Flying is best on a clear summer day. It is much harder in rainy weather and almost impossible in

winter, not because of the cold. I could have adapted my equipment accordingly, but as I am an entomologist (entomologist) I simply don't have the need for winter flights. How and why did I come to this discovery? In the summer of 1988, I was examining insect chitinous armour, wings, tentacles and the thinner structures of butterfly wings under a microscope. I was struck by the rhythmic microstructure of a large insect fragment. It was a very well-ordered composition. It was as if it had been pressed on an elaborate machine according to special designs and calculations. As I

observed, the sinuous sponginess was not purely essential to the durability of any detail or its decoration. I have never seen a structure similar to this micro-ornamentation (ornamentation) in nature, technology or science.

Because its structure is three-dimensional, I have been unable to capture it in a drawing or photograph until now. Why is this necessary for an insect? Moreover, except in flight, this structure is always located at the bottom of the wing-carrier, hidden from view - so no one has ever seen it properly... Perhaps the wave was a beacon for the "me" complex hollow structure effect? That really lucky summer, there were plenty of specimens of this insect species, and so I was able to collect them at night. I had never been able to observe these insects in such large numbers before or since.

I placed the small concave chitin plate on the microscope stage in order to re-examine the strange star-shaped cells under high magnification. Once again fascinated by this masterpiece of nature, I placed it almost aimlessly on top of another identical plate, which contained the same unusual cells on each side. But no! - the detail broke out of my tweezers, hovered above the slide on the microscope stage for a few seconds, turned a few degrees clockwise, slid to the right, then rotated in the opposite direction, wobbled for a while, then suddenly fell back onto the microscope stage.

You can imagine how I felt at that moment... When I recovered from my astonishment, I connected some discs with a wire - which was not very easy to do - and only succeeded when I positioned them vertically. What I got was a multi-layered block of chitin. I put it on the table. Even a relatively large object like a paper clip couldn't fall on it because something was pushing it sideways and upwards. When I attached the paperclip to the top of the "panel block", I witnessed incredible and impossible things... (For example, the paperclip became invisible for a few moments.)

And I became excited again when all the objects around me became hazy and shaky. With great effort I could work without interruption for a few hours. So this is how it started. Of course, there are still many things to be understood, checked and tested. I will of course talk to the reader about the finer details of my equipment, its propulsion principle, distances, heights, speeds, fitting and much more, but only in my next booklet.

I made my first, very dangerous and futile flight on 17 March 1990. I didn't have the patience to wait until the warmer season and I missed going out to a desert area. I now know that night was the most dangerous time for this task. I had no luck from the start: the panel blocks on the right-hand side of the supporting platform were periodically jammed. I should have fixed the problem immediately, but I failed to do so at the time. I took off from the central part of the Academy of Agriculture campus, wrongly assuming that everyone was asleep at 1 a.m. and that no one would see me.

The ascent went well, but after a few seconds I crossed the second circle of nine-storey buildings in the residential area of the city (these are surrounded by two huge circles of five-storey buildings) and flew over a narrow field covered with snow and the highway of the academy. The vast darkness of Novosibirsk approached me and then quickly closed in around me. I was already very close to a cluster of chimneys, many of them emitting thick smoke. I had to do something quickly. It was only with great difficulty that I managed to control the situation. I finally managed to make an emergency adjustment to the panel blocks. My horizontal movement slowed down, but then I felt nauseous again. It was only on the fourth attempt that I managed to stop horizontal movement completely, at which point my platform hovered over Zatulinka (the city's industrial district). The ominous chimneys continued to spew smoke silently to my right below.

I rested for a few minutes and then made sure that the "diabolical energy" was all right, and started to fly back, not quite towards the Agricultural Academy campus, but a little to the right of it, towards the airport. I did this as a misdirection in case anyone saw me. About halfway to the airport I found a field shrouded in darkness where I was sure no one could have seen me. I went straight home after landing. The next day, of course, I could not even get out of bed.

The news on TV and in the newspapers was more than frightening. Headlines such as "UFO WATCHED UP" or "NEW TO THE TIME" indicated that my flight had been sighted by several people. But how! Some saw glowing orbs or discs, but not just one, but two! Others claimed to have

seen a "real saucer" with windows and bars. I had not considered the possibility that some Zatulino residents might not be seeing my near-emergency flight, but something else entirely, which I could not deal with. Moreover, in Siberia, March 1990 was particularly rich in UFO sightings, near Nalchlik, and there were many more in Belgium. According to Pravda, engineer Marcel Alferlane made a two-minute film of a huge triangular-shaped spacecraft, which Belgian scientists said was nothing more than "a material object that is currently not capable of being produced by Earth civilisation",

Is this really true? For my part, I would propose to manufacture the gravity filter platforms (or as I call them: panel blocks) of these machines in small sizes and triangular arrangements on Earth, with greater skill than my half-wooden contraption.

I also wanted to make the platform in a triangular shape - which would be more efficient and safer, but in the end I decided on the rectangular design because it is easier to fold and when I do, it resembles a suitcase, a painter's or a briefcase that can be carried as a disguise without attracting attention. Of course, I carry it around as a canvas bag. At the moment, I have several hunting grounds: eight in the Omsk region, one in Voronezh and one near Novosibirsk. All of them are habitats maintained or saved by me and my family, which neither the Academy of Agriculture nor the Environmental Protection Board helps to protect from ignorant evil people. With that, I continued my journey west under the magnificent cotton candy clouds at noon. The blue shadows of the clouds, the winding wooded-shrubby fields, and the multi-coloured rectangular farmland floated steadily backwards below me.

My airspeed was quite high, but there was no cruising wind to be felt - the platform's field force cut me out of space with an invisible column branching upwards, cutting the platform out of the Earth's gravitational pull but leaving me and the air inside untouched. I think that's what happened, space split apart in flight and closed behind me again. This could be the reason for the invisibility of the device and the driver, or its distorted visibility, as was the case with the Novosibirsk Zatulinka residents. But protection against gravity is regulated, even if it is incomplete. If you lean your head forward, you can already feel the turbulence of the wind and smell clearly the scent of the plants of the Siberian fields.

I left Iskull on my right, with its huge grain warehouses, and gradually began to descend over the highway, making sure I was invisible to drivers, passengers and people working in the fields. My platform and I cast no shadows, although the occasional shadow did appear. I spotted three kids at the edge of the forest, descended, reduced my speed and flew close to them. They showed no reaction either, which meant all was well, neither I nor my shadow could be seen or heard. The propulsion principle of my equipment is such that the platform does not make any noise as there is no drag during operation.

My journey since Novosibirsk has lasted at least 40 minutes. My hands were tired as I could not take them off due to the steering, my legs and my whole body were also exhausted as I could only maintain a straight posture and a belt to keep me upright. And although I could travel faster, I fear my manually assembled machine is too small and fragile.

I climbed upwards and soon a familiar landscape came into view, a road junction with a bus stop on the right side of the road. After another 5 km I finally saw the orange posts of my hunting ground fence. This hunting ground is 20 years old! How many times have I saved this "child" of mine from the harassment of bureaucrats, chemical filled planes, fires and many other evil deeds. And the Kingdom of Insects is alive and well!

I descended and braked, shifting the gravity filters transversely under the platform. I could already see the dense carrot bushes - with their unfurled bright flowers that reminded me of balls of



azure - and the insects surrounding them, and I felt an incredible sense of joy, banishing my fatigue at being on this small piece of land that I had protected, less than 7 hectares. No one had been here for 20 years except me, no one had cut grass or grazed cattle, and in that time the ground had grown 14 cm. Not only have locally extinct insect species returned, but also rare plant species such as feather grass associations, purple scorzonera with its huge flowers that smell of chocolate in the morning, and many other species. I could smell the pungent scent of thyme, and I was once again overcome by the joyful feeling of meeting the insect world.

They were there, I could see them clearly even 10 m off the ground on the wild cucumbers, the azure balls of the angelica and the carrot plants: dark orange butterflies perched in clusters on them; white and yellow flowers bent with heavy hornworms; red and blue dragonflies fluttered their broad wings. I slowed down even more, and suddenly I saw a flash of lightning below me. Until then I had been invisible, but now my shadow appeared as I glided over the wild plants and bushes. But now I am safe, there is not a soul around, the highway is three hundred meters north of the hunting ground. I can land. The taller parts of the plants brush against the bottom of my "podium" making a rustling sound. But before I can put it down with a thud, I am overcome again by a burst of joy and launch myself vertically upwards. The landscape below shrinks rapidly, the horizon line begins to curve, the train 2 kilometres away on the left, then a village on the right: gleaming slate roofs.

To the right in the distance is Roslavka-the central estate of the Lesnoy State Farm - now looking like a small town. To the left of the railway, the cows of Lesnoy Komsomolsk graze, surrounded by a yellow ring of straw. In the far west, a slight curvature of the tracks appears (this is actually deceptive, as the tracks are straight as an arrow), with tiny houses alongside, and the bright white cube of Yunino railway station 6 km away. Beyond Yunino, the endless expanse of Kazakhstan is submerged in heat and bluish mist. And finally, below me is Isilkulia, the land of my youth; very different from the way it is depicted on maps with various inscriptions. It's a vast, boundless habitat, dotted with dark patches, winding forested scrub, cloudy shadows, clear, clear spots of lakes.

The Earth's vast disc is becoming increasingly concave - I have yet to discover the reason for this now familiar illusion. I go higher still, the rare white cloud masses disappear below me, and the



sky becomes darker - now dark blue. The land between the clouds is surrounded by a thick blue haze, and it's getting harder and harder to make them out. What a shame I can't bring my 4 year old grandson Andrei, the platform would easily lift the two of us. Still, one cannot be too careful...

My God, what am I doing? I've cast a shadow over the field, haven't I? That means thousands can see me, just as they did during my memorable March night flight. Now it's daylight, and I'm back to being seen as a disc, a square, or at worst, in my full form... There is a cargo plane nearby, still silent, but flying straight towards me, rapidly increasing in size. I can already see the cold glow on its body and the unnatural pulsation of its flashing lights. Quickly down! I brake suddenly, make a turn, the sun at my back. My shadow should cross a gigantic wall of cloud, but there is nothing on it, just a multicoloured glory, a rainbow of light, a brilliant circle. Familiar to all the pilots who touch the cloud in front of me. I sigh in relief - it means no one has seen me, or they have only seen my triangle, square, or banal flying saucer "disguise". A thought occurs to me (I have to admit that despite the technical and physical discomfort, my imagination worked much better and faster while "falling" in flight). What if I am not the only one of the 5 billion people who have discovered this phenomenon. What if there are other flying devices that work on a similar principle - whether home-assembled or professionally built - that have been completed and under continuous testing for a long time?

All gravity filtering platforms share the same characteristics: they are sometimes visible to humans; their pilots look like 'humanoids' in grey clothing; some are short and green; or flat, as if made of cardboard (Voronezh, 1989). Therefore, it is possible that these UFOs are not being piloted by aliens, but are merely "temporarily deformed" to outside observers by ground pilots and small platform builders who have made their own inventions (as I have done). My advice to those who study insects and have come to the realization of the phenomenon, and make and test a "gravity plane": (I am convinced that no one can come to this discovery without insects.) My advice is this: fly only on nice summer days, beware of storms or rain, and don't go too far or too high. Don't take anything from the landing area with you, make the fully assembled unit to maximum strength (rugged), and avoid testing the unit near power lines, cities, traffic routes, and people.

The best place for testing is a clearing in the middle of a forest, as far away from human habitation as possible. Otherwise, a phenomenon called Poltergeist (spontaneous movement of household appliances, electrical equipment switching on and off, and possibly even fires) can occur within a few dozen meters radius.) I have no explanation for all this, but it seems to be a direct consequence of temporal disruptions, which is a complicated and dangerous thing. Never drop anything, not even the smallest fragment or particle during flight or landing. Let me remind you of the phenomenon that occurred in Darnegosk on 29 January 1986, allegedly caused by the tragedy of an inventor, when the whole apparatus fell to pieces and scattered over a vast area. Only small pieces of filter cells were found, which were impossible to analyse chemically. Remember, I have described before that the captured insects disappeared from the test tube, leaving only a hole in the wall of the tube, if it remained intact at all.

It turns out that these resemble the holes that sometimes appear in the windows of apartments or offices. A hole is 3 to 5 mm in diameter on the outside and expands inwards in cones with a tip diameter of 6 to 15 mm. Some holes have melted or brownish discoloured edges, as was the case with my test tube. It seems that this type of Poltergeist is not caused by what I first thought, i.e. micro-plasmoids of short-lived spherical lightning, but by tiny dust particles that carelessly fell during testing of a device similar to my platform. The photographs of the window holes on these pages are authentic, taken by me at the Academy of Agriculture's Science Centre near Novosibirsk. I can show them to anyone who wants to see them. These holes were made between 1975 and 1990, but of course not all of them, only the most recent ones can be linked to my flights.

I'm sure that some of the UFO descriptions are related to equipment platforms, panel blocks, or other large components that inadvertently or intentionally trigger an active field by their designer or maker. These disconnected pieces can cause a lot of trouble for others, or at best - generate unlikely tales and story series in newspapers and magazines, often supported by accompanying "scientific" commentary... Why am I not revealing the details of my discovery this time? Firstly, because it would take time and energy to prove it. I have neither. I am well aware of how daunting this task is: based on the bitter experience of acknowledging my previous discovery, I am thinking here of the Hollow Structure Effect (CSE).

The following was the result of my prolonged tireless efforts to get scientific recognition for CSE:

"No further correspondence on the application of your patent is desired"

I personally know some of the "high priests" of science and I am sure that I will never get an audience with such persons (it is virtually impossible). If I ever do;

- I will open my canvas bag;
- plug in the rod;
- turn the handle;
- and rise to the ceiling.

The person in question would not be the least bit impressed, or worse, would order me removed from office as a glare. I look forward to the time when young people will replace these un. "iron-clad priests".

My other main reason for not revealing the details is more objective. I have found that these antigravity structures are only observed in individuals of a certain species of Siberian insect. I haven't yet named the class to which these insects belong - since it appears to be on the brink of extinction, the population fluctuates, which I have noted is likely to be local and the last. Therefore, if I were to pinpoint the species, what guarantee would I have that dishonest people or semi-skilled biologists would not start rushing into ravines, fields and forests to get what may be the last specimen of this Wonder of Nature?

What guarantee is there that they would not plough up hundreds of clearings and cut down dozens of forests to get their hands on this potentially lucrative prey. So this chapter and its appendix should remain science fiction. Perhaps nature will never reveal this secret to them - even if they make a huge effort, they will not be able to get it by force, as millions of insect species currently live on our planet. It would take only 1 hour of morphological examination per species, or about 1000 years of life (working 8 hours a day with no rest days) to identify the species they are looking for, even with diligence, perseverance and a very long life.

I hope that my readers who, not out of selfish interest but out of curiosity, would like to know this information about my discovery, will understand this and forgive me. Indeed, what would you do in my place if you had the best of intentions towards Living Nature? In addition, similar inventions by others are also on display, whose inventors also do not rush their discoveries to the bureaucrats, preferring instead to fly in the night sky under the guise of strange discs, triangles, or even rectangles with a rainbow glow...

I descend downwards, trying to get my bearings to see if anyone is around. Suddenly, I brake about 40 metres from the ground and land safely where I always land: in a small clearing in the forest of the hunting ground. You won't find it on the map, and you won't find all of them when you get there. Don't judge me for being forced to cut down some bushes and branches: a firm vertical take-off and landing is very difficult, and the initial trajectory is mostly banked, especially on take-offs where the platform is taking off in the opposite direction to the Sun, but sometimes in other directions too.

I loosen the screw on the control rod and squeeze it like the antenna on a portable radio, then pull it out of the platform, which I fold in half. Now it's like a painter's bag, a box for paints, only a little thicker. I take some food out of my backpack and some tools to repair the fence, and then I head off down the path towards the clearing through the viburnum trees and dog-rose bushes. Before I even leave the woods, I spot a good omen of a family of fiery red mushrooms aligned in a curved line, known colloquially as a "witch's ring".

Why 'witch'? And why are they trampled in the forests of Siberia in general? I often ask mushroom pickers why they do this. The answer was always "because it's not edible!". But grass, clay, tree trunks and stones are not edible either! If there were rocks in the forest instead of mushrooms, no one would be destroying them. Apparently, they do this because the mushrooms are alive; they are dusted off in order to kill them. So why is that? Do people actually do this because it's in their blood to dust the mushrooms, to swat a bug, to shoot a bird, a rabbit, or a buffalo? Doesn't it come

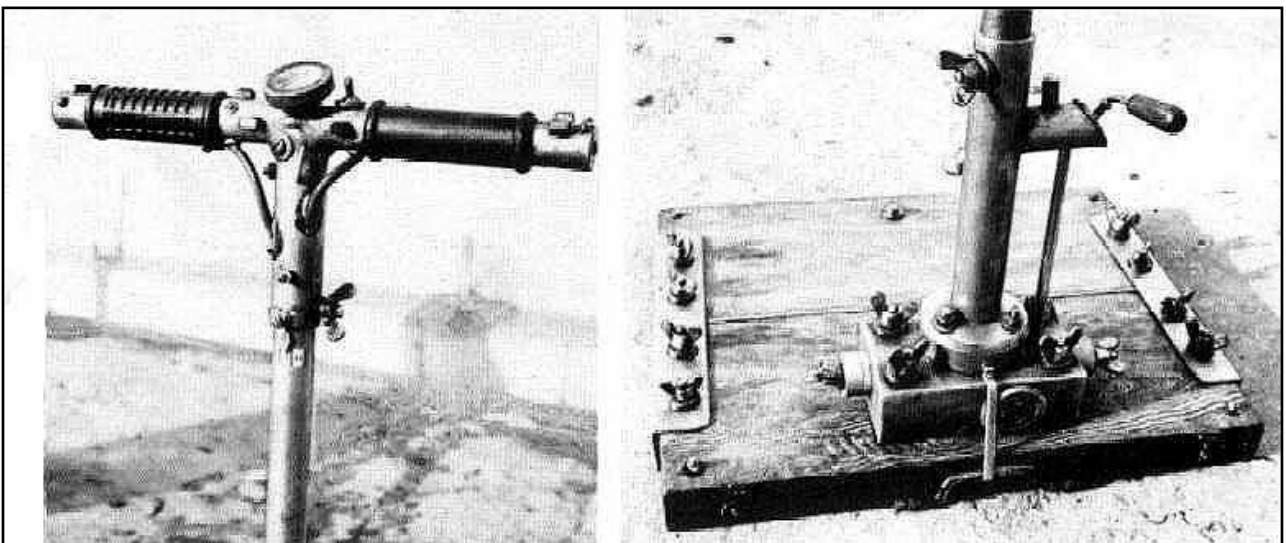
from rudeness, sadism, pogroms and wars? Some people don't want to believe it, but if I were to step into the shoes of an alien, what would I see: I'd come to Earth to visit humans and see them picking mushrooms, shooting insects, shooting birds and each other. What would I do then? I would immediately turn my spaceship around and head back to where I came from. I wouldn't return for at least 500 Earth years... And what would you do if you were in the place of an alien?

Good thing at least this family of poisonous mushrooms is safe, away from evil eyes and cruel feet. Every summer I am delighted by the sight of this particular life form; a vermilion red damp hat with large white spots. But there's the clearing now. I step on it, and my heart immediately fills with sadness, thinking that some "farmer" might decide to plough it up one day, because it hasn't been ploughed up, cut and plowed.

What difference does it make that I discovered this phenomenon 50 years ahead of my time? Will humans one day master Matter, Space, Gravity and Time? But there is no supercivilisation on any planet in any supergalaxy that can recreate this meadow with all its complexity and fragile ecosystem. Otherwise, in what corner of the universe will you find a bluish-purple bellflower with flower flies dancing in its semi-transparent interior. On what other planet will you encounter an almost tame blue butterfly that will land on your outstretched hand to nibble on the remnants of some salty sausage, cheese, or pickled juice? Or does it just walk up and down your palm as it opens and flaps its wings, which have a beautiful ornament on the back in the shape of a round eye.

It is not so long ago that we humans started flying in balloons, then in aeroplanes and now in huge rockets that we can send to other celestial bodies. What happens next? In the future, we will fly to other stars at speeds close to the speed of light, but the nearest galaxy would still be beyond our reach. Once humanity earns the name of intelligent, it will solve many of the mysteries of the universe and overcome the obstacles that lie ahead. Then any world in the Universe will be accessible, even if it is trillions of light years away. That is what will happen, because that is where thinking, science and technology are heading. But nothing else. However, this little Clearance may disappear if I do not preserve it for descendants near and far. So now I ask the reader, which is more valuable to humanity at this time - saving insects or a home-made device capable of at least 100 kilograms of vertical thrust and 30-40 km per minute of horizontal speed? But before you give an informed and responsible answer, I ask you to think seriously about the question you are asking.

Take a look at these pictures. This is my fairly simple equipment in assembled condition. A flexible cable in the control column guides the movement of the left handle to the gravity shutters. These are connected or disconnected to provide the ascent or descent. I once lost the left handle during a freefall descent and would have been better off if the platform had not had to be dug out of a fairly deep shaft in the field, first vertically and then horizontally with its back to the sun. So not only did I survive the adventure, but I almost didn't even feel the impact - I was only aware of the darkness.



I dug myself and my rather poorly conditioned equipment out of this mine, but it was no small effort, as there is no "mine" without slag! It took all my ingenuity to disguise it. If it had been seen

from the road, it would have led to a heap of speculation, and perhaps even the investigations of some busybody researchers. Similar mines - also with a side tunnel and no slag heaps - were formed on 24 October 1989 in the fields of Khvorostyansk District, Samara Region. Komsomolskaya Pravda reported this on 6 December of the same year. It seems that I am not alone. And it is very likely that I invented a "bicycle"... Well, actually, the upper part of my device is very similar to that: the handle on the right side is used for horizontal forward movement, also by means of a flexible cable - by turning both sets of wing rollers. I never fly faster than 25 km/h and prefer to fly ten times slower.

I don't know if I have convinced you, dear reader, that similar devices will soon be available to all, while Living Nature, without which humans cannot survive, will not be available to all unless we preserve it. But I don't want to sound totally greedy, scientific researchers will gift us with other inventions of nature and someone will also link it to motion and gravity. Physicists say that unsupported (unsupported) motion is impossible. In other words, a device that is completely isolated from its environment will not fly, or a car will not go without wheels, or an airplane will not fly without a propeller or engine, or a rocket will not launch without jets. The only exception is Baron Munchausen, who was able to pull himself out of the pickle by his hair.