

Jozef Rulof

# The Cycle of the Soul



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1938

**Picture on the cover is a painting received by Jozef Rulof from the Side Beyond: 'Twinsouls'**

From the original in Dutch: 'De Kringloop der Ziel'.

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## Authorized by the Society for Spiritual Science Foundation 'The Age of Christ'

Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) who was born at 's-Heerenberg, a small village in the east of the Netherlands, was an outstanding medium. He wrote a number of books, he painted countless spiritual, symbolic paintings and gave well over eight hundred lectures. All these activities were performed while he was in psychic trance, guided by his spiritual master Alcar, who lives on the Side Beyond. Jozef Rulof was also an exceptional healer. He healed seemingly hopeless cases, relieved people of their fears of pain and death and restored their faith in God and believe in eternal life.

The above-mentioned foundation was founded in 1946 by Jozef Rulof as instructed by his spiritual master.

Finally, the publisher has elected to use the actual names of the characters in the book.

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THE CYCLE OF THE SOUL

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## PREFACE

Dear reader,

This book, in three parts, I received from the spirit. They are entitled: 'MATERIAL LIFE', 'SPIRITUAL LIFE' and 'COSMIC LIFE'

It is the autobiography of a spirit who introduced himself as Lantos and lived on earth many centuries ago. It was in a most remarkable way that I was allowed to receive this book.

During Christmas 1936 the spirit Lantos showed me his life on earth in a number of visions. I saw his childhood, some scenes at a later age when he became an artist, how he killed his friend and was locked up in a dungeon, subsequently putting an end to his life on earth and his entrance into the spiritual world. When I had seen them all, I heard him say: 'I have shown you my life on earth and my entrance into the life beyond, and what I'm going to show you now are spiritual truths.'

Again I observed various scenes, how he was born again on earth, but also that he had been stillborn.

Then I heard him say: 'I may tell all this to record in three chapters of a book. I'm leaving now but I'll return one day soon. Lantos.'

The spirit then dissolved before my eyes and the spiritual connection was cut.

Yet I heard my leader Alcar say: 'Just wait calmly and patiently, Jozef, you'll soon sense him because he is going to act on you.'

Months passed by. One morning I began to feel a remarkable connection. I felt the first part coming into me. On the left side of the centre of feeling, the solar plexus, that volume developed until it was completely within me. Not a word was spoken to me from the side beyond. Then, after some time, I felt the second part coming into me on the right side of the solar plexus, and later, in the same manner, the third part, which had occupied a position in my emotional life above the solar plexus.

I felt the three parts of the story within myself and whatever I did, I was not able to free myself from them. I thought at the time that the work would soon start. However nothing happened and sum-

mer came. Another week and I was due to go on vacation. But on a Saturday afternoon I felt myself going into a trance and while still conscious I picked up some paper. I felt myself sinking away deeper and deeper and became unaware of my surroundings. They had started. That week I received the first part, 'Material life'. Then I left town.

We returned the following Saturday and on Sunday morning they started again. That week the second part, 'Spiritual life' was recorded. The first part was written by hand but the second and third part were typed directly. I was then given a few days rest and was told emphatically not to read anything I had so far received. Later, when I had started reading, I saw the reason for this precautionary measure as all those terrors would have upset me. Subsequently I received the third part, 'Cosmic life'. Within the short span of six weeks all this was passed on.

Recording this happened in the following way. I kept the typewriter prepared for the time when the spirit Lantos would take possession of me. I need not have to wait long, soon I felt myself sinking away and, in feeling, raised into the spiritual life. Once in a state of trance, I lost awareness of my own life and of what happened with and around me. Then my hands set to work, the feelings of the spirit are transcribed and one sheet of paper is being typed after the other. When the side beyond considers that I have received sufficient the connection is terminated and I return to my own life. This could continue day after day but I enjoy splendid protection for my leader Alcar sees to it that I do not tire too much.

When the three parts were completed I read the whole story from beginning to end. How thrilled I was reading this autobiography. How tragic, how deeply human and terrible are the scenes described by the spirit Lantos. It is worth going into it and to follow the advice to begin a higher life.

I wondered if I could have accomplished all this in such a short period of time. I, who only attended elementary school and know absolutely nothing about art or literature and I am not even aware that I live when the spirit takes possession of me. No, I can't. All this, and all my books to my mind are miracles, happening beyond my normal capabilities and life. An invisible power, though visible to me, has given me all this.



I could not even have written this preface without the help from my leader Alcar. How could I write this remarkable book, all those problems, those terrible conditions of the spiritual life, all those laws and wonders described in these three volumes without Alcar's help? It is beyond our feeling, it is not possible for a human being for we know too little about spiritual life. It is too wonderful and too deep and yet how simple it all is. Anyone can follow this life for it overflows with spiritual wisdom. It is love, given me from the side beyond through the human being who lived on earth many centuries ago. I thank God from the bottom of my heart for everything and I'm happy to have received this. Truly, it is a message from the beyond!

I have handed it on exactly as I received it. May this book convince many people of everlasting life on the side beyond.

The Hague, April 1938

Jozef Rulof

*TO MY MARRIANNE*

## INTRODUCTION

by the spirit 'Lantos'

At some time, early for one, late for another, you, man on earth will enter spiritual life. I say early or late, suddenly, prepared or unprepared, one day you will enter this life. There are many who receive happiness, light, love and the beauty of the spheres on this side and will continue to live in harmony and heavenly bliss. It are those who already acquired spiritual property on earth by living according to the will of God. They accepted their sorrow and pain and all other misery, with faith they accepted the cross that God put on their shoulders. They are the ones that bowed their head before God's holy Guidance. They opened themselves to that holy guidance and acted upon an inner voice and are convinced of eternal life.

The path they follow leads them higher and similarly on this side they continue the same path. They are the spiritually awakened and children of one God. They bring happiness, love and sunshine to all they meet in their life on earth. On this side they receive happiness and many wait here impatiently for the moment they will be connected with them. They will surround them with pure love.

Their parents, sisters and brothers, friends and acquaintances they will meet again. In heavenly bliss they proceed on their path to perfection. All earthly sorrow and pain is then transcended. These faithful ones of good heart are all children in spirit. They know themselves and have discarded their bad qualities. They know hatred nor passion, but they are the strong-willed who have acquired all this during their earthly life. The day will come, as all of them know, when they shall enter the land beyond, the spheres of light, and be awake and conscious.

How are those to enter who complain and cry 'why' and 'wherefore'? Those who are too weak-willed to struggle? Those who have inwardly fallen asleep? Those who feel themselves a personality and put themselves on a pedestal? Those who hate and are consumed by passion? Those who do not believe in God or His commandments? Those in spiritual poverty, the living dead, how will they enter here?

They arrive on this side to face a poor and unconscious life and will find their place in the dark spheres where hatred, passion and

violence await them. They will meet those who in their earthly life deceived mankind.

Hundreds of years may pass before they will enter the spheres of light. Hundreds of years of pain and sorrow and great misery like you don't know on earth and have never felt. Here they are admonished to start a new life. On earth they refused to do so and were too weak, experienced earthly life in an animal-like manner, reviling and destroying everything, even Him Who gave them life, their God, the Creator of heaven and earth. Here they will have to face that mighty life, the life of the spirit which they did not know nor believed. On this side their earthly possessions and happiness will mean sorrow, they will live in the dark and cold. None of their knowledge will be of any meaning on this side. Their pedestals crumble, their reign is destroyed, they live on but in utterly inhuman misery.

What of those who put an end to their lives, to enter eternal life? What will their life be like when they leave earthly life in that way? Oh, man of the earth, these poor human beings will suffer terribly. In an empty space, tied to their material body they enter here. They are alone, forsaken, there is nothing around them, human or animal, only cold and deep darkness. They are the most unhappy beings who arrive here. You have no idea of their sorrow and grief. No sorrow, no physical pain, no diseases or other earthly torments known to you are comparable to the sorrow of those who put an end to their earthly existence. They will feel the misery of their unsuccessful life and experience everything that happens to their spiritual body. They put an end to their life, but life cannot be destroyed because life is God. In this life they are faced with that inconceivable, mysterious life of the spirit and they will suffer until they make up what they once did wrong.

I'll now tell you about my terrible end on earth and the life on the side beyond as I entered it. My name is Lantos and I am one of those who put an end to their earthly life. I killed a man and later I committed suicide, but this proved to be impossible. I entered an other life, the life of the spirit. What I'm going to tell you now is the holy truth, it is the law of cause and effect. I had to accept and make up for what I once had done wrong.

What I'm going to tell you is related to the cycle of the soul. This

cycle continues through all centuries towards the source of all life in order to attain the divine spheres. Helped by those who are awakened, the cosmically attuned beings who have completed their terrestrial cycle, I am going to elucidate incredible and horrible truths.

In the previous books we have transmitted through this medium you have read that man has two bodies, the spiritual body, being the eternal one. In addition you read about the spheres, from the darkest to the highest spheres of light and spiritual attunement, about the degrees of cosmic mentality and conditions in the universe. From that you may have been able to gauge your degree of attunement if you have advanced that far and you possess the proper feeling. You have been able to compare your earthly life with that of the beings who found their way from darkness to light.

I shall try and give you a clear picture of the meaning of life on earth and to answer your questions 'why' and 'wherefor'. Your prayers which we receive follow one way, the way of the higher-attuned being. Your question why God can approve all this, we shall try to answer.

Why should one person lose his father and mother early? Why is there homicide and violence? Why does one man have wealth and should another die of hunger? Why do many people suffer under the torments others inflict on them? Why do we live on earth and suffer? Why all this sorrow when there is a Creator, a God of Love Who loves all His children? Why doesn't God call a halt to them and say: 'Enough, no more'? Why can rulers continue to slaughter their fellow-men by the thousands?

Those who are further advanced in feeling seek to attune their own ego and life which they do not know nor sense. From where have we come? How long have we been on the way to perfection? Are we ever to reach the regions divine? Is there ever to be a solution for us and will our questions be answered? Is there progress? Are there other planets where human beings live, or are we on earth the only living beings in this mighty universe? Does man have free-will or is everything guidance? Are coincidences meaningful? Why does one man have success and an other failure? Why such a lot of wealth, whereas millions die of hunger? Why all these questions, again and again?

Man of the earth, I and all living on this side asked all these questions when we were living on earth. I, just like you, wondered why and for what purpose God could approve all this, when He is a Father of Love. Why does He give one man power and allow another to die of hunger? I asked myself all these questions, but I never received an answer while on earth. Only here, on this side, were these questions answered. It is here that I learned to know and comprehend the sense and meaning of living on earth. Here on this side I received the conviction about a God of Love through those who went before me and are now living in the higher spheres. It is here that I learned to understand the significance of all the suffering on earth, why one possesses earthly bliss and the other must die of hunger. Follow me on my way and accept my evidence, how incomprehensible it may seem to you. It is the sacred truth.

Lantos

PART I

THE MATERIAL LIFE





## *My childhood on earth*

**M**Y childhood on earth should have been a paradise. My parents loved me dearly and as their only child and heir I received excellent care. Upon coming of age I would have to take charge of their estate, consisting of farms, woodlands and other holdings. These possessions constituted a very large fortune.

My parents were convinced that I, Lantos Dumonché, would represent them, as would become a ruler, with dignity in the highest circles of society, for it was God's will. As the influence of our family line went back many centuries; our family was born on earth to rule and to lead. I still can hear my mother and father saying these words, even though that was nearly nine hundred years ago. Their God desired that I, Lantos, should behave like my illustrious ancestors. I should rule and preserve our noble family from dying out. Many eyes, including those of God, were watching me. My parents lived only for me, and for the time this would come to pass, it would mean the ultimate in happiness for them that God could grant man on earth. They were grateful to Him for everything, a new generation meant to them that God loved and favoured them. Many prayers were sent up and to this end they had befriended many dignitaries of the church. I was their only child and heir and thus it should and would happen; however, fate or an other power decided differently, so that my youth did not become a paradise.

I had reached the age of twelve and still remained oblivious to the wealth surrounding me; on the contrary I felt like other children who had never known or possessed any wealth.

A few more years and that great happiness would become a reality for my parents; for that they lived and only for that. Their happiness could not be clouded by illness or other sufferings, since every kind of material help was available to them. They were convinced that their happiness was indestructible.

Faith in their God was strong, they loved Him and felt they were obeying His will. Everything they did they considered a task assigned to them by God. A belief that was strengthened by the thinking of the clergy at that time. A son was given them and to them a

son meant the continuation of their family.

It was written in a centuries-old decree that he who bore the name of Lantos Dumonché was born to rule. When the successor came of age the present governor gradually withdrew, and the new ruler was taking over control. The former governor would then start a quiet but well-planned life and enjoy the benefits of his possessions.

A wife was being selected for me already when I was twelve years old. We met from time to time unaware of our parents' arrangement. We played together, had fun and would get to know each other with perhaps even falling in love. In any case it was an established fact for my parents and her's that we were to be married. We would be informed of their plans when we were fifteen years old; our acceptance was a foregone conclusion, rejection or a will of our own was out of the question.

The task my parents had been given, I did not understand. Whenever my mother spoke to me about it her words slid by me and left no impression. I was never left alone and always surrounded by men and women, who had to take care of me. My favourite pastime was playing outside, for nature attracted me and made me feel alive and happy.

On the many feasts my parents gave I was introduced to everyone. Everybody had to get to know me and that too passed me by without leaving an impression. I did not realize why all the fuss, why all the parties and feasts were given. Much earthly gold were squandered on them, while the poor received nothing. Hundreds of children were invited to honour my birthday. My future wife was also among the guests and she was favourite among them.

However, the one I loved was not admitted; she was the little daughter of the gardener, my friend Marianne, whom I met in the woods from time to time. I liked her very much, but my mother thought it ridiculous and forbade it.

On such an afternoon I felt an aversion for all those rich children. The feeling was so strong, that it took me by surprise and reflected on my face. Earlier than usual the feasting ended, the children were sent home and I was put to bed. It was thought that I was ill. The best learned men of that time were called in. They examined me, but found nothing wrong. Overly fatigued, was their diagnosis and thus I had to spend a few days in bed.

I myself was well aware that I was neither tired nor ill. I found the whole thing very strange but did not discuss it with anybody, since I instinctively did not trust anyone. I was very reticent by nature and thought a lot about these things on my own and then tried to work them out. I disliked all those children and my mother, who refused my friend to my party, even more. I also knew that neither Marianne's parents nor mine were aware that we saw each other in the woods. They would have forbidden it, which would have kept us apart. Because I knew this I hide my inner feelings and already as a child the aversion toward this life with its wealth and the feasts of my parents began to grow in me. The more they spoiled me the more taciturn I became and the more my aversion increased for their parties and birthdays.

I did not possess exceptional intellect and was not at all an exceptional child. My powers were but average. It soon became clear that I was not like the others of our lineage who had carried the name of Lantos. I found it impossible to study for I could not retain what I had learned.

Where art or history were concerned though I had to be told only once, of that I forgot nothing. These had all my interest, especially art. All the other things I needed to learn had to be repeated many times over, until finally they realized that I was not suited for anything and then the teachers were changed. But these too quickly found that I was either retarded or ill and not able to learn, what was necessary for my upbringing. To them I was a hopeless case and one teacher followed after another. Only I remained and did not change.

My nursery resembled a museum, a collection place for art products. Not according to my mother, who wondered where I got such trashy feelings. Such feelings did not belong in our family and large scale clean-ups were held, but other baubles would take their places and the nursery remained a museum. It became impossible for me to put my objects on display, but when I was alone – which, alas, was not often – I took out my collection of figurines and statues and appraised the value of each one. To the great annoyance of my parents my sense for art was highly developed; again they consulted the learned men to have them find a way to rid me of these very absurd art feelings. Their efforts to guide me to other subjects proved futile.

My interest in art remained, art was my love and I applied myself whole-heartedly to it. This was the only rift, the only trouble I caused my parents in my childhood. In many other things I was a sweet child, obedient but too soft to their liking. They began to suspect that I did not meet the requirements that would make me as good a ruler as they were expecting.

Where art was concerned I could ask hundreds of questions, and all my questions were – when I eavesdropped to what the learned men were saying about me – very deep with human knowledge, something that surprised them very much. Many times they examined me and prescribed me physical exercises, however, my love for art remained. Indeed, my sense of art developed even more every day, but I took care to hide it, for as young as I was, I knew that these feelings had nothing to do with my body. Their analysis I could not understand and I knew for certain that neither the scholars nor my parents understood me, so that in this sense I remained an enigma to them. It was accepted because it was thought that I was frail and eventually it was attributed to strain. The busy life, so the learned men said, proved too strenuous for me; slowly but surely these feelings of art would fade into the background. I should be humoured a little, which my parents did, for apparently there was nothing else they could do. Therefore they left me to myself and I spent nearly all of my time in nature.

I now enjoyed more freedom in all my doings, and that was just what I wanted. For a few months I would have a holiday without studying; my nurse would teach me part-time. To all of them I now was a child in poor health and that this frightened my parents is understandable. Something new had slipped into their age-old beliefs that caused their trust and faith in this earthly happiness to falter. Their family had always been blessed with robust health, therefore life on earth could be considered a paradise to them. But I, their only heir, was without a doubt delicate, yet I was a normal child. From where, however, did these feelings for art come? I heard them say these very words. Why I was hiding my true character I did not know. It did not occur to me that I was doing wrong but, as I mentioned before, I had an aversion to feasting and to all those wealthy children.

Every day my mother came to visit me in the woods. She ques-

tioned me how I felt and I answered her according to the mood I was in. If I was happy I would reassure her, but sometimes it was as if a different power forced me to frighten her and that spoiled her life; in that case she heard a softly whispered 'yes' from which she concluded that I was not yet as she would wish me to be. I had no idea who or what put me up to it, but I very clearly felt a force come up within me. It worked faster than my own thoughts, it was already spoken before I was aware of it. When I started to think about it I was often sorry that I had answered her that way. It came on suddenly and irresistibly, however, I did not think about it long, I was too young for that. Still I realized that it spelled freedom for me. Together with these feelings others, which I had never known before, came too.

I was incessantly occupied with shaping figures out of clay from soil that I found in the woods, then squeezed until it stuck together. This behaviour surprised my nurse, who forbade me, because it made me very dirty. But I could not stop; over and over again she had to tell me not to do it any more, without success; in this I remained incorrigible. This compulsion grew with every figure my hands sculpted, they assumed shapes and came to life. It went of itself, I did not have to think about it. I asked my nurse not to talk about it to anyone, for my parents would forbid it, and in her love for me she complied – for which I was and still am very thankful – and I could carry on with my modelling to my heart's content. I loved her very much, she was kind to me and we understood each other completely. Modelling was on my mind day and night, nothing else interested me.

My products did not last very long, they soon fell apart, but I had the satisfaction that they once had lived. However, I could not rest easy until I could find the means to keep them from crumbling. And I found those means. I mixed earth with an other kind that I dug from under the water in the pond. This mixture I kneaded like dough till dry and this gave me a cohesive substance ready for modelling. The statues I made I buried under the sand. I had already various kinds.

Suddenly an idea struck me, I was going to make a God. To me that ought to be a large figure, robust and strong. Of His power,

however, I still felt nothing. Everyone talked about Him. The word God lay on everybody's lips. Daily people were heard to speak of Him. And with devotion I set to work. I modelled Him full length.

When I was ready I showed my latest product to my nurse and asked her: 'Who do you think this is?'

'A gentleman', she said.

'A gentleman?' I repeated after her and smiled because she did not know.

She understood my smile and asked: 'Who is it, Lantos?'

'God', I told her. 'This is God, my God. Is yours a different one?'

She apparently was shocked and remained staring at me.

'Did you say God?'

'Yes', I answered, 'who else could it be? Is God different from this figure; isn't His likeness clear enough? Don't you recognize Him?'

In rapid succession I fired these questions at her, she, however, continued to stare at me and said nothing.

'Does it surprise you?' I asked her.

I was disappointed and she felt it, for she said: 'But child, what makes you think that? Where do you get that idea!' Next she mumbled something that sounded like: 'And they call him not normal, weak or ill!'

I understood what she meant, but did not pursue the subject, waiting for another answer, but she spoke no more.

So I asked: 'Will you please not tell about this either?'

She nodded at me and remained staring in the distance. I put my arm around her shoulders and kissed both her cheeks, as token of comprehension and understanding.

There were tears on her cheeks and so I asked: 'Do you cry because I have hurt you? Should I not have made this statue?'

'Lantos, my dear boy, how can you think so?'

I accepted this as a sign of admiration and felt flattered. How proud I was of my statue. The grown-ups all had their God and now I had mine.

'Do you know', I said in answer to her last words, 'that I love you more than my parents?'

Surprised she glanced at me. Inwardly moved she took both my hands into hers and looked for a long time deep into my eyes.

‘Marianne too’, I added, ‘I love her very much also, but all the others I don’t.’

Had I been a little older, I would have known what went through her little old head; now, however, it all slipped by and I was already thinking of other things.

‘Now I am going to make a statue of Marianne’, I said and freeing myself of her embrace I went right to work.

Whenever I was busy like that, I knew beforehand what I had to do; the thoughts came automatically to my mind. When my thinking slowed down I knew that I would not succeed in my efforts any longer. It happened in exactly the same way as when my mother wanted to know something about my health. The statue of Marianne was soon finished and I showed it to her. I saw her tremble, but I did not understand and only waited for her approval which I valued much.

‘Lantos’, she said and looked at me with astonishment, ‘it is Marianne!’

And to herself she added involuntarily: ‘It’s her very image.’ However, I caught the words and they made me very happy.

I went on: ‘Then my God is real too, isn’t He?’

She knew that no one had taught me this art and that my parents would not have allowed it, for it did not fit in with our social standing, but yet she said: ‘Who has taught you that?’

‘Nobody’, I said, ‘I just can do it.’

I could not have given her a clearer answer, but I felt that the words were not spoken by me. It happened outside of myself, but I could not explain it and to me it seemed nothing unusual. Marianne found a place with all the other statues of my collection. Her too I buried under the sand; nobody was allowed to know. I wanted to make Marianne happy when she would come to visit me in the forest. This day was a splendid day for me.

A few days passed and the learned who examined me, agreed that I was improving. My parents were very happy, but I knew that my free and easy times would soon belong to the past and that frightened me. In these hours of fear I talked of my troubles to my God. I took the statue from its hiding place and put it on a rise in the ground, so that I could talk to it. This was only possible when I was

alone. I did not dare entrust the secret to anybody, not even to my nurse.

I asked my God if I was ill and many more childlike questions. Then again I was myself and had to think and exert myself in order to express myself clearly. But that little game did not satisfy me for long. Sometimes I lay on my back for hours, peering at the sky and picking out shapes I saw in the clouds. Some of them I tried to copy, but it did not work out. I made clouds and a sun, let him shine and fastened him to a tree. I felt the warmth of my home-made sun pervade me and told it to my nurse. She had to laugh at it and it made me feel good, for I was open to kindness.

One afternoon Marianne came to visit me. She had escaped from her parents' home and silently stolen away to me. I asked her to sing something, for she possessed a lovely voice that I loved without exactly knowing why.

I said to her: 'Come, sing something, I have a surprise for you. If you don't sing you shall not have it.'

'What have you got?' she asked, her curiosity aroused.

'First a song', I said.

And Marianne sang; it was a melody that was well-known in the neighbourhood. I admired her and at the time envied her this beautiful gift in the way a child can feel envious. She sang as if her life depended on it.

As soon as she was finished she said: 'And now the surprise!'

'Come', I said, 'come with me.'

I took her statue from under the sand and moss. I had wrapped it in leaves, afraid that it would break.

'Go, and sit down there and see what this is!'

Marianne recognized herself, mostly because of her blond curls. I had woven them together with crinkling twigs and leaves, over which I had smeared the clay; and it held, even though it was quite imperfect. She was very happy and pleased with it.

'Who has taught you to do that?' she asked.

'Nobody', I answered. 'The statue is yours, but it must remain here with all the other statues.'

She agreed and we named it our art-gallery.

But how did I get this sense for art, the knowledge, nobody had



ever taught me? I am recounting this quite explicitly, for it is my intention to show you how true my feelings as a child were where my hobbies were concerned, in this case my love of art. I shall return to this later, when the time comes.

We played together and had much fun, so that the day passed quickly and I already longed for the next one.

That night there was a terrible rainstorm. When I returned to my favourite place in the forest the next morning I spotted right away that my sun had rained away. He was shattered and nothing more than a yellow blot criss-crossed by small rivulets. On the ground and along the tree trunk clung some yellowish mud. That had once been my sun on which I had warmed myself. That night my happiness was destroyed. I went and got my God out of His hiding place and He too had softened and fell apart. My God had died and I told it to my nurse, who did not reply, but threw me a searching look and followed all my actions.

I felt it, but asked: 'Shall I make a statue of you?'

She thought a long time about my question and finally said: 'Yes, if you can.'

She did not have to tell me twice and away I flew to collect the necessary materials. I soon returned and began kneading the earth into a tight mass.

She watched me for a while and asked: 'What are you doing now?'

'Killing it', I said.

'Killing it?'

'Yes', I answered, 'otherwise it will fall apart.'

I felt that this again was not my own thinking, these thoughts were quicker than mine. However, I went on and had already begun sculpting her statue. There was no need for me to look at her at all. The statue grew in rapid tempo, a push here and a pinch there, it all came from my inner being, as I clearly felt. Only my hands were doing the kneading and modelling. After a while I asked her permission to leave for a short time, otherwise I would not get it ready. That surprised her very much, but I went. A short while later I returned and showed her the finished product.

At that moment she called out: 'Lantos, Lantos, how do you manage to do all this, I must tell this to your parents.'

As soon as she said this an uneasy feeling came over me. My chest felt so tight that I could hardly breathe. I thought I was going to faint, but the next instant it disappeared and I felt as usual. It all happened in a split second. I looked at her and though I was young and only a child, I cursed the moment I had made that statue. Danger threatened and I knew the cause, but I could not find the explanation.

‘Aren’t you feeling well?’ she asked softly and tenderly.

‘No’, my answer came curt and severe, ‘I feel all right.’

It was the first time that I had spoken like a Dumonché and it frightened her. The wonderful relationship we had reached was gone however, because I did not trust her in anything any more. In feelings I withdrew from her and nothing could reach me. I did not understand why, I did not understand it at all, but I felt what I wanted, for it resided deep down in me. She had spoken about it with my parents, and I understood that she kept out the ‘why’. She had only told her that I had shown her severe and cold her place. How did my parents react to this? They considered that it had been the proper way for me to behave, for they glimpsed the true character of their family in me and they were overjoyed. And with that, the incident was over and forgotten, but I had changed. From that moment on I ignored all her good intentions. I remained afraid of something, but of what?

I longed for Marianne, she was now the only one I still trusted and to whom I could show what I truly felt. And my love for her grew.

The figurine of my nurse did not receive a place with the others, I destroyed it. When she questioned me, I evaded answering. Yet as time went by we became closer again, for she continued to give me all her love. I finally gave in, whereupon the tears flowed down her cheeks and she hugged me.

‘My boy’, she cried, ‘how can you be so angry?’

This showed me that she did not comprehend my true feelings, nor that she felt my fear. As if my life depended on it, so hard did I fight for something that was not felt by her who was much older than I. I had to guard over ‘something’ that lived in and around me, but that I did not understand myself.

Other children of my age will also hide their own inner worlds when they are not understood. No feelings will be given in trust to an other human being if he does not have the same feelings to create a response. The life of the soul inexorably closes itself off. The feelings of a child will either fall dormant or will unceasingly continue to brood about it. It will and must reach that after which it hungers; it becomes sharper and more conscious until it unfurls itself and the true character traits surface. On these a person builds his future. In the coming years the spirit develops itself, especially when maturity for the male or female is approaching. At that time, then, one is either conscious or asleep; but that sleep-condition belongs only to those who do not have the feeling, the experience or the ability to assimilate and understand all that I have been telling here.

There was a driving force in me which others considered physical weakness, however, it was in my inner being that the problem occurred. For those who did not understand me, that force shut itself off inevitably; but when the older person would surround me with love, it would unlock and I automatically merged with that power of love that made me happy. This was the reason I surrendered to her, my teacher, who cared for me. I knew for certain that had she given the real reason to my parents I would not have wanted to have anything to do with her any more. This eased the strained relations and the return of my old familiar feelings towards her. I told her that I was not angry, but also that she should never give me away.

‘You won’t break your word?’ I added.

‘My word, did you say?’

‘Your word’, I repeated and remained staring at her.

New thoughts came into my mind and I asked her: ‘Shall I make you a new statue?’

‘If you like, my boy’, she said and I rushed off and disappeared.

After taking a dozen or so steps I felt my eagerness for modelling disappear and I sat down to do some thinking. How long I sat there I do not know; the time flew by, thought followed thought in my mind and I grew so tired of thinking that I fell asleep. I only woke up when I heard my name being called. There before me stood Marianne. Immediately I remembered the promise for which I had set out, and I did not greet her. Marianne knew nothing of what

went on in my mind, gave me an angry look and turned around to go away.

'Stay here', I shouted after her, 'stay!'

But she did not and soon disappeared.

Again I started out but I could not catch the right mood and walked back once more. From afar my nurse smiled at me and I understood that smile.

The statue was not discussed any more, but I said: 'Do you know that I will soon leave here?'

'Soon leave, Lantos? How do you know?'

'Listening in, I heard my mother say so. I am cured, don't you know?'

'No', she said, 'I haven't heard.'

The next day, however, my mother came and told her. She inquired solicitously from my nurse how I was doing and what her feelings were about it. I looked from my mother to my nurse who loved me and awaited the death sentence. I knew already what she would say, she said: 'The forest is good for him, he is much better.'

It was then decided that in a few months I would receive my physical education elsewhere. New teachers would pool their efforts for my upbringing, however, my life of freedom would be at an end, a new life would begin.

The next day I told Marianne the big news; she acted very shy. Together we roamed hand in hand through the surrounding woods like two lovers.

Suddenly she said to me: 'I shall weave some garlands and then we shall get married.'

I immediately agreed and together we picked flowers to make this a memorable festive occasion. My dearest dog was with us and that good animal would be installed as our child right after the marriage ceremony. Soon the garlands were ready and we turned back to my nurse, who always remained in the immediate neighbourhood and did not let us out of her sight. Hand in hand we stepped up to her.

I did the talking and said: 'You must marry us.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Marry', I repeated, 'we have decided to get married, because I must leave soon.'

We viewed this occasion in all seriousness. As she watched our

sober, earnest little faces and attitude, she felt she had better play along in the game and with a few words she joined us in matrimony. We were man and wife and Marianne immediately stood upon her rights. I had to obey and treat her kindly, also favour her above all else.

But soon we forgot our alliance and looked around for other games to pass the time with. For hours we lay on our backs hand in hand watching the sky while neither of us broke the silence. It was as if she felt that she would soon miss me. Then again she jumped up suddenly and went tearing off like a scared rabbit. What had come over that naughty little miss? I kept wondering and thinking about that, but I could not figure her out. Sometimes she would return a few hours later and when I asked her about her sudden whims and why she left, she refused to answer. I felt her eying me surreptitiously from the front and the back; her actions were highly unusual. Was it because I was leaving? When I asked her if she was sorry that I was going away, she began to cry. Poor Marianne! I stroked her blond curls and promised her a present. When she sang she was happy, I knew. She took my hand in hers and then put her whole heart into the song she sang for me.

How much had I come to love her! I told her that I loved her very much, much more even than I loved my parents. She understood this perfectly. Our small souls hankered for some warmth, especially mine, for I did not receive any in my surroundings. Then again we stretched out on the ground and told each other marvellous things.

Suddenly she said: 'Lantos, I am going to bury you.'

'Bury me?' I asked.

A strange game, but it might be fun and I did not want to disappoint her. I would be buried and she would mourn her husband. She covered me with sand and foliage, only my head remained free, but I was ordered to keep my eyes shut. I did as she asked, for she was always the leader who thought up new games. I burst out laughing for it was so funny, but it was very serious to her. She mourned with a will and to her hearts content. Tears rolled down both her cheeks and I too became serious.

Marianne knelt beside me and spoke: 'Oh, how I loved him and now he is no more.'

It was tragic, she felt deep human grief. While she was lamenting

I felt a strange energy surge through me. I began to shiver and shake and cold currents went through my body. I wanted to put an end to the game, but I couldn't. I was paralysed, my power over my limbs was gone. This lasted for quite a while and it upset the play, however, later on I felt my strength returning.

We looked at each other and sensed that something had happened that did not belong to our play. Unwittingly it had taken me by surprise. Afterwards we shouted with laughter and this game also belonged to the past. Unexpectedly she asked to be shown her statue. We walked to our art-house, but when I uncovered her model we found it to be one slimy mass. She urged me to make an other one and that she did not need to tell me twice. This statue became even more lovely than the first one. I carefully wrapped it in an old piece of cloth and buried it anew.

During all that time she had not uttered a word, but when I had stored her sculpture she said: 'Are you ill? You look so white.'

'No', I said, 'I feel fine.'

Yet she remained staring at me and then all of a sudden she turned around and disappeared. She made me angry with her sudden disappearance. I ran after her, wanting to know why she left without a word. This was the only big fault I discovered in her and it bothered and hurt me.

I did not see her for days and roamed around alone, looking for something to amuse me, complaining about my troubles to my nurse. But she could not explain Marianne's actions either. Marianne's comings and goings had broken something in me, something was shattered and made me suffer. At such times it was impossible to reason with me and my true nature revealed itself to others around me. I destroyed everything that I could lay my hands on and my parents even supported me in it; wasn't I like one of them now? Their hidden fears about me disappeared.

Time passed and only once did I meet Marianne again. I asked her the reasons for her sudden departure, but she did not answer and ignored my question. Then I did not recognize myself any more, I grabbed her to give her a good hiding. She cried for help and my nurse came running to her aid and freed her. Marianne used the opportunity to take to her heels.

I was furious, but did not dare test my strength on my nurse and so I too hastened away to look for consolation in my own room. There I came to myself and I noticed that the fear for that one thing, had gone from me, and that I actually had felt it from the moment my mother had spoken with my nurse about my departure.

The time was now definitely set. I thought of Marianne and asked my mother if I could say goodbye to her. She forbade it with a shrug of her shoulders. An other child that I could not stand, and had not seen for a long time would visit me. The visit was very short however, my mood ended it abruptly and my prospective wife left. Her I would not see again, it was an other power that severed this union and neither man nor spirit could do anything about it.

The next morning I was taken to a different place, where my further education would continue. My childhood, the most beautiful time of my life on earth, was over. Marianne I did not meet again.

In the feeling of my mother, a very wide gap existed between her and me, that could not be bridged. Even though I was very young, I knew that it had significance. My feelings were not the same as hers, her station in life, her birth, her wealth and powerful rank did nothing for me. Before I left I thanked my nurse for everything. Her too I would not see again.

### *In my new surroundings*

I have told all this with just a glimpse here and there to give some necessary scenes and sentiments, but I have avoided as much as possible all other incidents in my life on earth that have nothing to do with this. My main concern lies with my inner feelings and the forces that pressed themselves upon me and from which I could not extract myself. I shall only describe to you those material matters which are necessary to make it clearer to follow my story. To me, dear reader, only the influence of invisible powers and forces through which I lived, worked and acted is of importance; and which forces most likely you yourself will encounter and perhaps even experience during your lifetime on earth. Howsoever it may be, everybody will have an experience of some kind, for you are here on earth to gain experience. One person may be aware of influences and sense a guid-

ing force, the other sleeps and has different experiences. Yet all those problems in living have a deep significance. Together we shall explore that road. I shall now continue.

I was taken to a different place, as I mentioned before, to continue my education. Here I received instruction together with many others. The one teacher tried to bring the traits of our character to awareness and an other taught us mastery of various weapons and many other things more. We rotated from teacher to teacher, but no matter how hard I studied, I could not retain what I had learned; it just did not interest me.

Months passed but I learned nothing. I had no love for all those subjects, they conflicted with me. My parents were notified, because it was thought that they could throw some light on my lack of progress, for I puzzled them and I understood this must be a terrible blow to my parents.

And so several years went by. I would soon be fifteen, but I felt myself more like twenty years old. I saw through my educators and their harsh reprimands. These did not originate with them but I sensed the familiar power of my parents behind it all. It was my mother's will that spoke through them. My loathing for everything and everybody that was influenced by my parents grew every day, especially after each rebuke my teachers thought they had to administer.

My character began to unfold, my aversion turned to hate and increased, and I drifted further and further away from their influence. Certain characteristics became more aware in me, but every one of my feelings was in revolt, in strong rebellion against my high birth. What I had felt in my childhood as fear and kept hidden, yet not understood, I could now see clearly, though it remained impossible to grasp its total significance. It now worked like a poison in me, and showed up as contempt which changed to hate with every stab they dealt me.

All the dictatorial insults took me, as I already said, further and further away from home and from those who loved me. In my mind's eye I saw all my ancestors pass by and I hated them too. I was now totally unreachable, I repulsed everyone and everything that had anything to do with them. Because of the sombreness I exuded I had but few friends and lived in seclusion, all alone. All this did not



make my relationships any better. I sank deeper and deeper down into myself. The more harshly I was treated, the deeper I turned into myself and closed myself off, until they tried it with violence. Those strong, stiff measures too I attributed to my parents. Like others who give their love lavishly, I just was not able to learn at all. I did not feel any love for this material, it repelled me; and though I would have liked it very much, I could not act in a different way. But, then, what I really wanted I did not know either.

I was shunted from one educator to the other, but they all gave up on me. I was below average in everything, except in the arts, where I was one of the top students. During my childhood I had been fond of history, but now it was art alone and especially the plastic art of sculpture. These traits of mine were taken as a sign of an evil past. How these learned men arrived at this conclusion was a mystery to me. My feelings for art were, however, quite unpredictable by nature.

Sometimes it lay very intense and close in me, then again I did not think about it for days and I felt indifferent towards everything. They tried unsuccessfully to lay bare my true character. The sweeter the manner in which people approach me, the easier I can be reached; but to this kind of approach they were blind. Instead they used means of force, but I remained unshakeable. My character could not be fathomed nor felt and I, my ego, could not be found, so they faced an enigma.

Only I knew the answer to the riddle and could have solved it for them, but I did not. I begrudged my parents every moment of their trust in happiness. Everything I loathed, including myself. The harder they tried to communicate with me, the deeper I sank down in all that mysteriousness. A dense mist surrounded my true personality. I was obstinate and unruly. I understood that my high birth protected me, otherwise the knout would have broken every bone in my body.

Next my parents came over for a consultation. Again the thought of an illness surfaced, but this was finally entirely discarded. In various ways I was re-examined and questioned by the teachers. Nothing worked. I remained inexorable, I could not be reached or changed. I felt empty and could not think of anything, my mind was a blank. In one direction only did I have some feelings and could I answer them, understand everything and that was art. However, they ig-

nored that subject, for I was destined for other, more useful things. I had to be made a ruler, a monarch, my lineage and my family demanded it. But I could not be made to change, although my parents differed in that viewpoint and therefore again other learned men were consulted. One of these had a feeling for art and I stayed with him for a year and a half and learned several necessities from him to complete my education.

When my eighteenth birthday drew near I returned home. The reception there was most disheartening, neither of my parents allowed me to speak a word to them. They had no feelings for me at all anymore and I sought comfort within myself again.

Many changes had taken place in my absence. All the women who had instructed and taken care of me were gone and so were the parents of Marianne. Since they were all suspected of having contributed to my downfall, they had been dismissed. My old nurse, whom I had loved so much, had been treated in a most shameful manner. I found this out when I went around the neighbourhood, for there were still people who trusted me. Also my father's aged servant gave me his trust, but I had to promise to keep it a secret, for otherwise it would also be the end of him. A servant who went against his master's wishes had to pay with his life. We still possessed a torture chamber to squeeze the secrets out of victims and because I understood this I gave him my oath that not a hair on his old grey head would be touched on my account.

A horrible mood pervaded the house, something was about to happen, but what? I avoided my parents as much as possible and I did not dare appearing at the dinner table, nor was I ever invited. I truly had no idea what I was going to do. I did not have enough knowledge to assume the care of the estate. And to introduce myself to all the nobles as the heir would promise a disaster. My parents would not survive the disgrace.

All this news I heard from my father's servant, who was my only link with them. He taught me how to conduct myself if I wanted to come through this conflict alive. They were capable of anything. Mercenaries and hangman's helpers were available in abundance. In truth I shrank from a fate like that, my body was too dear to me.

Was it cowardice and was I then unfit for anything, a good-for-

nothing? I began to ask myself questions, but there was no answer. For days on end I loafed around the neighbourhood alone and abandoned, thinking of the beautiful time that was past. The place where I had played with Marianne was now my favourite spot. Sometimes the tears would run down my cheeks and I felt myself the most unhappy person in the whole wide world. Yet, I was rich, I possessed everything, it would only mean happiness in an earthly sense. That kind of happiness was of no value to me, I hated it and hold it in contempt. The last few days that hate had increased, I began to feel it as a curse.

Did a curse rest upon me? Why was I not the way they wanted me to be? From where sprang that empty, incomprehensible feeling in me? Why was I not like my ancestors, a true Dumonché? Why did I differ from them, from all those others who had carried the name before me? Many questions rose in me, but not one received an answer, which made me very dejected. When such sadness assailed me and I descended deep down within myself, then it seemed to me that I was not alone. That fleeting thought was pushed aside again by others. My parents' feelings haunted me; they drove me on from early morning till late in the evening. At night I dreamt, raving deliriously and could not fall asleep. I felt uneasy and fearful and that puzzled me, so that I incessantly worried about it. It had to do with me, of that I was sure.

Weeks passed but there was no let up, on the contrary, the atmosphere in our house became more explosive. In the long run this could not continue, something had to give. Therefore I began to think about my future.

If I should do my best and speak to my parents, so that we could come to an agreement? But then again I dropped back into my own world and was not able to think properly, for I was not my usual self. How would I get to know myself? From where did those forces come to me? How was I to utilize these so that I could change myself and learn better? Around and in me lay a mysterious haze. I must attempt to speak to them, for I wanted to know what it was that they now wished me to do; after that I at least would know where I stood. I asked for a consultation, but they refused to see me. For the second time they refused to receive me. The hate within me

flared up again and that was no help to our strained relations.

I began to think anew and tried to compare their situation with mine. I started at the very beginning with the moment of my birth. Their love for me, their happiness I felt, I tried to decipher their intentions, assess the pros and cons from their point of view. But I revolted. They did not have the right to withhold their parental love, was my conclusion. Just because I lacked the feelings and the will to rule others, which were the traits my forefathers possessed liberally, was no reason to treat me like this. They should accept me as I was, but they thought my attitude was one of unwillingness. One problem had become clear to me and I would speak to them about it, if they would allow me.

Now I must figure out the other feelings which concerned myself. But I stumbled already over the first thought that came to my mind. For why did I hold my parents and everything belonging to them in contempt? At a very early age those feelings had come to me already; they had not changed, on the contrary, they had grown stronger. Why? For what? It spoiled my life and theirs. It brought me to revolt when I was a child; it gnawed at their hearts and darkened their happiness.

I wanted to rid myself of these feelings, but could I? For hours on end I thought about this baffling phenomenon. But my inner feelings for changing myself were strangled and my will for action broken. I felt that I could not rise above myself. My strength and will were computed to raise my thinking and acting up to a certain level, but to change my feelings was impossible, for then my will became weakened. I continued to think, feel and love in one direction only.

Still I kept trying to view their lineage and possessions from a different angle, but I always got stuck. I felt a stranger, but yet I walked on our own grounds. This was our property and here I should be happy, but how did I feel at this time and also in my childhood? I resisted this feeling, I wanted to be different, be happy and change myself completely into what a Dumonché ought to be. There was nothing the matter with my health. I felt strong and powerful. For days I remained in this state. But still my contempt returned, my hate for everything grew, and I cursed the moment I was born here. I was powerless against that mood, it was stronger than I, it destroyed

the will to become what they would very much like me to be.

Very unexpectedly they sent for me one morning. It was a great surprise to me. The reception was cool and reserved. With them I saw two learned men, at least that's what I felt they were.

My father spoke to me as follows: 'We want a last examination, put yourself at their disposal.'

I inclined my head and went over to them. My mother's gaze stabbed right through me, it held not the smallest trace of love. There was not the slightest change in either of them. To them I was an inferior character, a problem, a low individual who had ruined their future, their happiness and trust.

I begged an other and higher power forgiveness if I were mistaken in my sentiments. I myself was in a strange state and felt not in the least attracted to them. As soon as I established that fact, the good intentions I had felt towards them these last few days, evaporated. Disdain returned and hate killed my good intentions. A wall was pulled up between them and me and we were further apart than ever before. They were strangers, people without a trace of love.

The learned men went into the adjoining room. I had to undress first and lie down on a couch. My parents had followed us in. I did as they wished and behaved very humble, an unknown peaceful feeling lay in me. They gave me something that made me feel dizzy. Dizziness changed into weariness and I know I was falling asleep and then there was nothing more. I became aware that I was waking up and remembered at once what had happened. It was now night. Beside my bed I saw a shadow, it was holding my hand. I also saw that it was a human being enveloped in a haze. I was fully aware of what I observed. Presently I fell asleep again and then I had a dream.

I dreamt that I was an artist and lived in an other city. Honour and fame lay at my feet. In the building where I lived I was working on a large-sized sculpture that I idolized. I had a great love for what I had created, because a feeling of great happiness flowed through me. Although I looked much older, I could recognize myself clearly. I felt that I was in love with someone, but did not possess the object of that love. Next I became aware of a man, who radiated a greenish light. That figure frightened me and gave me the shivers. He was bitterly resentful towards me and appeared to be my enemy. I hated

him too, but yet he lived close in my surroundings. He was a very good-looking young man, an adonis. We were expecting visitors. He was going to introduce me to someone, but I did not know who it would be.

All of a sudden a blinding hate rose up in me, I jumped him unexpectedly and struck him down. I had killed a man and was a murderer. At the same instant I woke up; the cold sweat stood on my forehead. I knew what I had dreamt. I remembered everything, however, I shrugged it off as being the result of the examination. It was all still so clear to me that picture by picture passed before my mind without my effort. Then I fell asleep again.

The sun had reached its highest point when I awoke again. Beside my bed sat the two savants who had examined me. They asked me how I felt. I told them I was wonderfully rested and wanted to know their findings.

‘We are satisfied’, they said.

I thanked them, but thought other rebellious things at the same time, because I sensed that they would not or could not give me the truth. I had to remain in bed for a few days before I was allowed to move about freely. Those days passed by uneventfully.

The following day I was summoned. That was a sign that the result of the examination was in my favour. Upon entering, my parents asked me how I felt, which highly surprised me. The set face of my mother showed a slight amiability and rapprochement and her attitude was somewhat milder.

I told them how I felt and those were all the words that were spoken between us. They went away and I was left to myself again; I sauntered through the neighbourhood to gather new strength. My father had gone hunting and my mother was aimlessly occupied with other things. How I loathed their kind of life.

### *The break*

What went on in the mind of those two beings? Were they my parents? Must I lead the same kind of life. Was I born to have to go hunting, to fight battles, to rob and kill? Everyone envied the other his possessions. It was always rob and conquer the other's territory.

All during this time I had not spent a thought on art, but now it forced itself back into my mind. Something that I could not resist began to grow in my feelings. It became more and more intense and again I started to think about my future. What was there really to do for me in this place? I decided to speak to my parents about this and the next morning I thought the time was right to broach the subject. My father thought it hilarious and burst into a passionate, almost bestial laughter. It made me turn red for anger when my mother also fired up the already tense atmosphere with her scornful jeers.

I pointed out to them that I could never be what they wished me to be, because I was not a born ruler. At that moment I gambled with my life, but I had thoroughly considered what I had to do. I was prompted to it from within, which I could clearly feel, and I would have to give it everything I got. Consequently I was fully aware of what I was doing and defied the domination of my parents. They did not allow me to speak any further.

‘You, an artist? Ridiculous’, repeated my father.

Still I said again that I was not suited for what they wished from me and asked: ‘Let me go my own way.’

But that proved too much for my father. He jumped at me like a wild animal, took hold of me and threw me across the room. Then he went away and my mother left too.

He returned again and said: ‘I’ll give you one day to think it over, no more,’ whereupon he departed once more.

I went outside to let nature calm me down. Unaware of my surroundings my footsteps took me to my favourite spot in the forest, where Marianne and I had played often and sat down to think. There a powerful force surged through me and supplied me with such a steadfast resolution, as if it had been etched in the depth of my soul. I should and would leave here as soon as possible, or it would cost me my life. I was very well aware that I would have to control myself in everything, if I did not want to drive him past the limits of his endurance. Deep in thought I stared ahead of me, but even nature had changed. I stood on soil that was scorching my inside and which I hated.

Then I reflected on my early youth. Where was Marianne? What had become of her and her parents? Would I ever see her again?

Those poor people had not done any harm. They were innocent. Here she had sung for me. I could still hear her sweet voice. How happy we both had been. It gave me the strength today to fight with all my might. I fought for my happiness and my feelings, I fought for myself, at least so I thought, for why would all this happen to me otherwise? One memory after another returned to me, they were overflowing with the joys of life. On this very spot my nurse had joined us in marriage. How acute my thoughts had been then already. Here I understood that I had not changed at all, I had been like this from childhood. When I thought of my birthdays my fury rose against that other being. I would never give them the pleasure of tying me down. I wanted to be my own lord and master.

I broke all those laws and codes of ethics, because I must now act and assert myself and I know what awaited me. What was coming, meant that my life would be hanging by a silken thread. They could do with me as they felt like. Their parental powers had no limit and in my mind I already saw myself stretched out in the torture chamber being forced to give in. They had the right to do it. I looked at my poor body and felt the pain and torments it would have to endure already. A stabbing pain cut through my chest when I thought of it.

Up to now I had seldom prayed, but now I sent thoughts up for help. My adversaries were too powerful, I certainly would get the worst of it. I meditated for a long time, asking for help and a warm feeling of peace came over me.

A soft breeze rustling through the undergrowth unwillingly set me shivering. I sensed it as a betrayal, since I did not trust anything any more, something was brewing and the silence frightened me. The peace I had felt a moment ago dissipated and I was at the mercy of various feelings. Everything around me was in a state of deep tranquillity now, as if waiting for the approaching storm. It was so frightening, that I thought I felt the storm. I saw lightning flashes and heard the crackling noise of thunder. The roaring became stronger and louder and uprooted the biggest forest giants. For centuries they had withstood the elements, but now all this beauty was destroyed, levelled with the ground. I scared myself with these feelings, so that I touched myself to see whether I was awake or dream-



ing. But I was awake, though a strange picture raced through me. I returned to this picture and had to accept that I had felt correctly. Everything around me was destroyed, of my parents' house nothing could be seen. Where the proud castle of my ancestors once stood a heap of rubble was all that was left. I now heard calls for help and ran in the direction from where it came. My steps brought me to my parents' home and I saw that everything was standing and in good condition.

With a shock I came to myself. How could this be? From where came these feelings? I did hear the storm and I saw those trees fall, and I clearly heard calls for help. Was I dreaming and not myself? Maybe I was not fully conscious of life around me any more? I thought I was suffering from over-exertion and must try to calm down. Yet it was very remarkable, for I had really seen it happening.

Around me all was quiet again and I went back to the spot I had left. Here too it was peaceful and still, very still even. The birds warbled their lovely songs and that was soothing and brought me to myself. Oh, how tired I was. But why was I not like other children? Why all these strange things just now? I had felt it, it went through me, and it had been very clear.

There, on that tree I suddenly saw traces of my sun, my light. Now I knew at once why I had made it. I hungered for some happiness, light and warmth, but it was denied me. My light had been destroyed by the elements. If I had done what my parents wanted me to do, would then everything have been different? But no, I had tried it once. This incident upset me so much that I refused to think about it. At present I saw danger and destruction in everything. My God too had fallen to pieces; He, whom people called God and worshipped. I could not pray, but yet already as a child I thought of Him often. How had I spoken with Him? Then my thoughts turned back to my light. It was a rain shower that had caused it, slowly and provokingly my happiness and light were washed away. Was such my life? Was this a symbol of myself? How did I come to think like this, whose thoughts were these? I thought I was being sentimental, jumped up from the place where I sat and took a long walk. I felt feverish, but the dull feeling of a few days ago had gone.

What had those learned men done to me? Examined my brains?

But how, they could not look inside my head, could they? The thoughts that came to me made me think I had solved the riddle. They simply had given me something to make me sleep and perhaps forced me to reveal my true feelings without me knowing it. But was that possible? Did their knowledge reach that far? One of them had given me a very penetrating look, what I only now understood. But all these thoughts I rejected again, for I really did not care.

During my walk, however, I returned to the time when I walked here, hand in hand with Marianne. That had been a delightful time to me. We had played 'burial' and I had made a statue of her. Where was it? Ah, in my museum. I had almost forgotten the figurines. I soon recognized the spot where my miniatures lay hidden. If only my Marianne was still alive and in good shape, not washed out like my sun, how happy that would make me. Very carefully I removed the soil and sure enough the first figure I dug out was alive and well. Before me, wrapped in clothes like a mummy, lay Marianne. I lifted her out of her grave. She was alive and the statue had hardened, it had been protected from decay. My Marianne, my dear little friend, you alone I love. You I could trust. But where are you now?

I held her against my breast and kissed her forehead. The likeness was striking, from her tiny eyes that looked at me sparkled small lights. It was as if she spoke to me. But I could not understand, even though I listened very hard. I also had the feeling that I had known her a very long time. This feeling went back much further than the years of my childhood, perhaps even a hundred years or more. It was so peculiar that I could not express it in words, but I thought I knew her better than myself. After that the picture of our wedding passed by me and there too I felt something strange. It was as if I was lifted up and moved away from the earth in my feelings, as if this union was made in heaven. Yet I had to laugh at this, my imagination was playing tricks on me. But how precious was this statue to me today. The earth from which it was made I hated and held in contempt, because it belonged to my parents. Still I wanted to keep the statue, for it was my greatest treasure, one of the many beautiful memories of my early childhood.

I stood for a time pondering deeply. Where was I going to leave my Marianne? Take it to my room? Danger threatened her there, I

did not have to think long, I put her back in the same place where she had hardened and went home in a happy mood.

The day was passing. Tomorrow I would have to answer my father's question. I was ready for the things that would come, horrible as they might be. The next morning I spoke with my mother first. She asked me several questions and became very angry when I told her my plan.

'Why do you got these ideas in your head? You are a curse to our family name and deserve to be tortured. Don't count on me, your father will take you in hand. It's still not too late to change your mind and choose our side. Artist!' she added and burst out laughing. Her eyes stabbed me like daggers, but I remained calm, for arguing with her was useless and so I waited till my father came.

As soon as he entered he asked me what my decision was. Again that great calm that was not mine descended within me. Thinking deeply and weighing every word carefully, I told him my plans. While I was speaking he turned a deep red for anger, but I tried to explain to him that I was not suited to be a ruler and would like to follow my own inclination. At that he forgot himself and stepped towards me.

'You scoundrel, you thankless one! You condemn us and you condemn yourself too!'

My serenity upset him more and more and before I knew it I received a blow from his sturdy, muscular hands that sent me reeling and I fell to the ground. It was such a powerful blow, that I remained senseless in the corner of the room. My mother watched it all unmoved and did not interfere.

Viper, I thought, in this way you will never reach me.

My father stalked up and down the room and I felt that my life hung in the balance. I remained where I had fallen, too dazed to get up.

Were these my parents? Should I have to love them? She, who was watching this terrible scene, had carried me under her heart. Now I got to know them as I had never known them before. At the same instant I became aware of what I had to do, all doubt was gone. I had made my choice and I would stand by it even if it would cost me my life. I would not remain here for I could not live here any

longer. I saw them as animal-like beings, but an animal had its freedom, whereas a human being was forced to do what others wanted. Wrong or not, one had to obey.

However, I did not want to obey, never! I defied his power and did not like him or my mother any more, for I noticed that she took pleasure in watching me with my life in danger. I thought that my father was close to apoplexy, the way he was panting for breath. How would this end?

Suddenly he stopped in front of me and looked me over for quite a while. His eyes were bloodshot, his temper at its peak.

I looked ahead of me, but he shouted: 'Look at me, you unfortunate being!'

I glanced up at him, and was startled to see how he had changed. This was not a man any more, this was an animal. I myself felt like a new-born child, I could think alright, but nothing worried me. It all was someone else's business, not mine. It was the same feeling I had experienced a few times before when I was modelling with clay. That feeling was very strong now.

'Stand up', he yelled, 'stand up or I'll strangle you.'

I made an effort to get up, but it was impossible. I was too dazed, my legs buckled under me and I sank to the floor again. He thought that I was unwilling to get up and shouted once more: 'Stand up'. But I could not and lay where I was. He then grabbed me, lifted me high above his head and hurled me several meters away. There I lay, not a sigh came over my lips. Blood flowed from my mouth, but still it was not enough.

Again he stood in front of me and bellowed: 'Speak up, come on, speak, what do you want to do?'

I could not speak, for I had nothing more to say. For a second time I was picked up and my body flung through space and I hit the floor with a thud.

Once again he urged me to tell him where I got these ideas. Who had blown such devilish notions into me, who had contaminated and poisoned my mind?

A sharp pain went through my chest and I felt as if I was broken.

My mother let him go ahead, not a word did she utter, she fully agreed with the chastising my father gave me.

Suddenly he ran from the room. My mother remained, but said not a word. How utterly miserable I felt. After a few minutes he returned and threw some documents at my feet.

‘Here misfit, out of my house! Your corpse would poison this soil if I can’t bring you to other thoughts.’

I know immediately what he meant. My life was saved because he was afraid of my corpse. A wave of happiness flowed through me. They both left the room and I was alone. After a short while I tried if I could move and, oh, how everything hurt me. I made every effort to move for I could not remain here. At the same time fear took hold of me that I had broken something. But no, I could move and after great effort and much pain I succeeded in reaching my room. I lay down on my bed and after a short rest I undressed, and bathed my chest and the parts of my body that were bruised, with cool water. It felt good and refreshed me at once.

Next I had to do some thinking, for I must leave here as quickly as possible. I was still alive but he could easily change his mind and then the torture chamber would make an end of me. In him lay fear, fright and superstition, something that never troubled me.

Without realizing it I had taken the documents and brought them along. I knew for certain that I had not wittingly taken them. What kind of documents were they? I examined them one by one. My birth and lineage he had destroyed, but there was one document of value for me to cash in. This was now my only possession out of the many millions he had. A pittance, but I was satisfied, I could not wish for more. I rested some more and next I would get ready to leave.

A soft rustling sound nearby caught my ear, it was followed by a whispered ‘Lantos!’ I whispered back to come in and my father’s old servant entered.

‘What is it?’ I asked

‘Can I be of assistance?’ he said to me.

‘Aren’t you afraid to come to me?’

‘I just came to tell you that your parents have gone away for a few days.’ The trusty old servant looked at me and spoke again: ‘If God could tell you Himself, He would advise you to leave here.’

‘Where did you get these words and why do you tell me this?’

‘You know that I have known you when you were a child. At a very early age, when you still lay in your cradle, all this was foretold to me already. I have, however, never told anyone about it.’

‘Who foretold you?’ I asked interestedly.

‘A woman, but you know that she will be hanged if your parents find out. She said: ‘This house will go down. God give you the strength to be silent or your life will be in danger’, and only now I speak.’

‘Come here, dear friend.’ I took his old hands and kissed them.

‘Lantos, dear Lantos! The whole world lies open to you. God has guided you, may His blessing rest upon you.’

I thanked him for these sincere words, for I know that he was a religious man.

‘Are we alone in the house?’

‘We are alone, but I must go now.’

‘Farewell then, my friend, farewell.’

The door closed behind him. A friend was gone. Yet the sun shone in this dismal place because of the love and faith of one human being. What he had told me was most remarkable. It corroborated with what I had seen a few days ago. But it was time that I thought about myself and acted. Thank God, my parents had left. I understood this going away and I was thankful for it.

In the evening I felt much better, but here in the house I could not settle down to serious thinking, so I got myself ready to take a walk. I felt reasonably well, apparently nothing was broken. But where should I go? During my walk a plan began to form and I knew where I wanted to go. I would try my luck in an other country. An artist, artist of sculpture I wanted to become. All my feelings for art returned, I felt as I did in my childhood again; it had become more conscious with a sharper and clearer outline. I came to the spot where I had hidden Marianne and stopped to think. Her I would take along. My dear little friend from the past would give me inspiration. I pulled out her image, which was completely intact. Whenever I recalled that time, a sensation passed through me, which I perceived as happiness. For some time I looked at the statue. Those had been the most wonderful hours I had ever experienced in my life. Maybe they would return!

Till late that night I remained outside; nature soothed my wounds and strengthened my spirit. Here I came to myself.

Was I a condemned person? Did a curse rest on me? I thought about it for a long time. Who would put a curse on me? Yet it was strange that from my earliest youth I had abhorred our possessions. Why did I have such feelings? Did all this mean something? Why did I not want wealth? Didn't it make life much easier? What was awaiting me now? I knew that what awaited me would be much more difficult. Earthly happiness here was mine. I could order without care, I had been waited and supported on all means. Yet I felt a deep chasm between me and my parents, their lineage and their possessions. It was all a riddle to me and it would remain that. Was this love between parents and child? I loathed everything.

Who possessed love? If there was a God, was He then a Father of Love? Could He allow all these terrible things? Was this His intent? Very odd that I should now begin to think about God on the moment that I was to start a new life!

Did a curse rest upon their life and mine? That idea of a curse did not leave me alone: Every time it crept back in my thoughts. Would I ever return here? Would I ever meet both of them again? Where and when might that be? I did not wish to see them any more, one could not communicate with them. Their kind of life I did not want. Nothing! I desired nothing of anything that belonged to them. On this moment I felt that it would be a long, a very long separation. Was it a separation for life? Did a continuation of life exist? A life after death? If it existed, then was there the possibility that we would meet again over there? Would we understand each other then? Was I the one who did not understand them? This I had asked myself several times already and given myself the answer, but still I kept asking it again and again. However, finally I did not care any more and I made preparations to leave as quickly as possible.

### *I became an artist*

Marianne lay close to my breast. She looked asleep and I held her as if she was a tiny baby. I wandered around like this for hours. If anyone had met me, he would have thought I was crazy. I held the

human being I loved most in my arms. Yet it was only a small chunk of earth, but attached to that earth were various feelings that were dear to me. Was this love for humanity? Were these pure human thoughts? Or maybe they were treacherous, mean and bad, or only imagination? Did I cling to her only because I had nobody else who could lend me support? Was I worth entertaining this feeling? In any case I accepted it and it made me happy. When I got upstairs I wrapped her in a silken scarf and stored her away.

‘Sleep sweetly, Marianne, know that I love you! I’ll never forget our childhood and will think of you always, perhaps it will give me support.’

Next I packed some necessities together and hobbled outside. My carriage was waiting and swiftly I drove off as if the devil was at my heels. I drove on all night and into the afternoon of the next day till the horses needed to be changed. Again I pushed on. I wanted to leave this country as rapidly as possible and until that time I could not rest easy. I was afraid that I still might lose my life and I wanted to live, for I was too young to die. I had not even come of age yet, however, I was always thinking things over; and young as I was had some bold experiences. As a child I already thought like an adult.

Where did this maturity come from? From my parents? Was it inherited? Why then was I so different from them? Did God create different kinds of people? Wasn’t one like the other? Did He know what He had created? But why then all those contradictions in characters? Why was the one in conflict with the other? Why did they accept their wealth and possessions, while to me it was a curse and a matter of contempt. Why and what was the purpose? Did it mean something? Did God sow discord among people? He, the All-knowing? I found that man had more of an animal than of a being endowed with intellectual gifts.

Nature around me was beautiful, it was without a doubt perfect. Only man was no good. I had to go to a strange country and was all alone in this cursed world. Large cities attracted me, there where life was. I wanted to see and experience life and enrich myself with it, what lay behind me was dead. Everything was dead, only Marianne still lived in me.

That night I took a rest and continued the next day. By now I had



been away from home for a week and kept going further and further on. All thoughts of home began to fade, they were replaced by new and different ideas. At last I arrived in the south, where I remained. I converted my papers into silver, of which I had to live for a few months.

Soon I placed myself under the guidance of a great master, who gave me my first training. I was a thankful student and because I understood what my teacher meant I made rapid progress. My heart sang in jubilation and everything went according to my wishes. My master was very pleased with me. I studied almost day and night, absorbed everything that had to do with art and made it my own. The most difficult lessons were child's play to me. My soul drank it all in. I was an artist in heart and soul. I felt myself wonderfully happy and so many carefree years passed.

I stayed here for more than three years. From my parents I heard nothing. I lived in a wide world and could go where I wanted, for I was my own master. I had changed a lot. My character began to develop its many traits, but the most wonderful trait I felt I possessed was my great enthusiasm for my art. This feeling branched out above myself; I lost myself in it and it impelled me to great things. My teacher predicted a brilliant future for me. My art had a natural style which people did not understand. Where those art feelings came from remained a mystery to me. If I continued in this way I would have to change teachers. My master advised me to go to one of his friends, who had reached an awe-inspiring height and there I could finish my training.

A year later I followed his advice. He had been a father to me and I loved him with heart and soul; I wept when I left.

'You must, my Lantos', he said, 'you must. You cannot learn more from me and you must bring that gift of yours to its ultimate height, for which you need other teachers.'

Reluctantly I left. I could now move around more freely, but I had only one purpose, one ambition, one goal and that was to reach the top. That gift lay within me; I was, as my master remarked, a born artist. Thank God, I thought, then I was not born to be a ruler. Until he said that I had not spent a thought on the past for one second. I took up residence in a city where the arts were flourishing

and where I also entered a religion out of necessity.

It is not my intention to describe the life of those times, I shall do so only where it becomes essential. I follow the way of my innermost feelings and proceed telling you whom I met on my way and what I experienced. Something in all those centuries has remained the same, at least changed very little; and that is the inner life of man, who cannot shake his animal-like origin. Man has not changed in anything; on the contrary, it seems as if he is going downhill, but that is actually not the case. These are only temporary situations, a period of falling down and getting up again. Sense and perceive one person, and so you sense a nation, you sense a continent. Whatever the individual experiences, the nation also experiences. When he falls, the nation falls, continents fall. This is laid down in the psychology of the cosmos; they are laws, it is the cycle of the soul. That soul pursues its way in order to reach the divine spheres. The earth is millions of years old, so is man and yet that intellectual being has barely outgrown the animal. One can still find pre-animal-like beings inside the human form roaming around on earth. Watch out for them. Stay out of their way, for they cannot be reached for hundreds of years.

With renewed energy I set to work. My skill was admired and I made many friends. My personality changed and my name had a special ring to it. I was hailed as a future master. The years went by. I learned much and was satisfied with my progress. I now completely understood the feelings for art I had in childhood. Only the enigma from whom I had received this gift remained. Many people asked me if I had inherited it from my ancestors. I could answer them, but kept my true descent quiet.

I thought a lot about it, because I could not imagine, as I said before, from whom these powers came in me. From God? From a higher power? It was not clear to me. I kept searching and asking for an answer and the problem grew in intensity. I was a born analytic, I wanted to know where I came from and what purpose all this served. All those problems about life I wished to know. I could not understand the harshness of people. As I grew older those feelings matured and I went deep down into life, in order to understand it better. I was frequently deep in thoughts and so I was called a dreamer.

That flattered me very much and it made me feel proud that people saw me that way. I felt much older than my true age and therefore I attracted the older brothers-in-art, who invited me to come and visit them.

People began to notice me. I wanted to finish off my studies with a great work of art. For the subject I chose a mother and child modelled in full length. Herein I placed that feeling with which I wished my mother would have loved me. The statue vibrated life and became a great success. All my love, all the pure joy of the soul that I felt as a child I placed in it. The work was awarded honours. The smile on the mother's face defrosted the coldest hearts. The child with both small hands raised, looked up at the mother and begged for love. This great and sacred feeling lay in both beings. Two souls were joined; one feeling, one thinking, one love. In this way as a child I had felt mother-love, but it was not given to me, whereupon it sank away deep within myself, never to resurface for her who was my mother. Around and in my piece of work lay this great power. The struggle of my youth – now behind me – had matured my feelings for art and made it grow.

With rapid strides I was going forward to meet my happiness. My interest was only centred on the human body and its beauty. I conquered its depth and thereby made many friends, but also many enemies. The one begrudged the other his good fortune; murder was committed for fame and honour. A human life had no value, for a trifle a person was put to death. All this was repulsive to me and caused me grief, but this suffering did not last long.

I felt that I lived far too seriously and threw myself into the maelstrom of an effervescent life. The years that followed passed in a revel of fame and honour. It was getting time for me to stand on my own two feet and an unknown urge seemed to push me that way. I broke away and set up my own house, I engaged a servant recommended to me by one of my best friends. The man-servant performed all his duties well, but somehow I did not trust him. There was something about him that bothered me, I tried to find out what it was, but could not put my finger on it. It was impossible to fathom the man's character. Once again I asked my very best friend, Roni, whether I could trust him completely.

‘What’s the matter, my dear Lantos’, he said, ‘am I not your friend?’

I was sorry already that I distrusted him, yet I could not shake the feeling, however I suppressed it forcefully and refused to think more about it. I told my servant that no other person was to be allowed in my atelier without my knowledge. I did not want anyone to know what I was working at. Every time I came out with something new in my art that surprised the world and crushed my art brothers. The great ones who stood above me I would reach too. Soon I would be a master. That was my aim and that’s where my art led me.

I was not spared envy and hate. At one of my meetings they let me feel it very clearly. My very best friend belonged to them, which grieved me much. He tried to hide it behind his very handsome face, but I still felt it. It proved impossible for me to scrutinize his character. He was a striking fellow, built like an adonis. I gave him many hours of my time, but I never got to know his true character. Sometimes he was most charming and my best friend, then suddenly I was faced with a different side of him, that I thought was very unpleasant. I tried to break with him, but that proved impossible. It was as if an invisible power kept us together. I had the strangest feeling that I had met him before somewhere, but I could not remember where. Still his figure did not leave me in peace; over and over I thought of him, but for me he remained inscrutable. My feelings were similar to those I felt as a child and had incited me to leave my family. That power had won out and I had gone away and become what I wanted.

Were these invisible powers? Was I under some influence that made me act without wanting or knowing it? I now was more aware and sensed those forces of my youth quite sharply, it was as if I had just awakened. To concentrate better on the problem I went into seclusion, and as I did in my childhood I took long walks in nature. Nature made many things clear to me. I felt for instance that both forces were one, one will, one feeling governed it all. Was it God? An almighty Power, that created heaven and earth, man and animal? And that governed and guided everything? Was this guidance or was it self-suggestion on my part? What was it?

For my friend I felt true friendship, but yet I had to confess to myself in all honesty that I hated him. Why exactly, why did I hate

him? Had he done me wrong?

He was jealous and didn't grant me the place, the height I had achieved. That was human and quite usual and it should not disturb me. Still it worried me, but no matter how much I thought and analyzed his character traits, I could not figure him out. My feelings were not the same as his and yet we were friends, good friends even. His actions came spontaneously, but were not very sensitive and detrimental to his art. His spontaneity and ambition strangled the deeper vibrations of the soul, the force to feel his subjects through. He was too quick in everything, too thoughtless. He did not feel the stillness of life; in nothing he was aware of himself. He acted on the spur of the moment and completely gave himself without thinking. On the ocean of his life it was continuously blowing up a storm, day and night. He was tossed left and right and satiated himself with experiences by living life as it came to him.

For a time I let myself be led by him and we wandered together through an effervescent life. But gradually I began to look out for a safe haven. Such a life was too tiring for me, I yearned for some rest, for silence to come to myself. I thought and recalled everything with whom and what I came in contact. A dreamer and a thinker, as people called me, I was. However, Roni would never reach my level if he did not acquire these faculties, only then his art would come alive. I had and felt only one goal, he had many. In the art of painting as it was practised in those days he had reached a great height, but in sculpture he could not equal me.

I now possessed fame and honour, all earthly wealth lay at my feet. Yet sometimes I was thrown in a melancholy mood and I was dissatisfied. However, when I was in that mood I saw my art grow and come to life. During that time I saw people and animals in a different light and it was easier for me to reach them.

I was in love, but never came to know true love. The love that was offered me gave me nothing. This kind was too easy to get, this love was too transparent. When you opened your heart, it was immediately seized. That yearning desire of the soul seduced a person again and again. But I learned to arm myself against it. I did not want to become a plaything of these feelings and this spurred me to reflection. I came to know and understand their nature. Still I kept search-

ing for the true love, but did not find it.

Was there any such love on earth? Did not the other beings have that kind of love within them? Did they not have that power which makes life on earth happy? Did they not know what love meant and did they not carry within themselves the realization that one must respect the feelings of others? Did they understand nothing of the true and real joy as the Almighty intended? And yet, as an artist, I loved such a being. Her eyes, which laughed, begged and caressed, were dear to me. Her whole body was to me a temple of beauty, splendour and felicity. I could offer my life for this being, but then she would have to love me verily and truly.

In my early youth I already had these feelings, but now they were developed and conscious. This awe-inspiring and mighty happiness I wanted to possess. How my soul longed for understanding, how it hankered after this one being, sweet and beautiful, who would raise me to my ultimate level and make my art more spiritual.

Those I had met up to now, had not a smattering of these lofty feelings. They had nothing more than animal-like desires, coarse-material egoism and passions that I loathed. The rhythmic sound which had to bring the forces of the soul to the surface just was not in them. They lived loosely; wandered from the one to the other.

Had God, the Creator of all this power, made a mistake? Did He know His own creation? Why did he create different kinds and so many incomprehensible feelings? Why did He give a human being such misconceived powers? Why not join the female with the male of a like denomination so that they would understand each other, feel one in love and live according to His will? Had this not been God's intention? The holy Scriptures and the clergy too told about that.

No, I just could not sort it out, I could not grasp this mysterious problem, but it continued to worry me and I asked myself why and wherefore? Where would I be able to find this enviable creature, gifted with radiant beauty and the power to create happiness and turn life into a paradise? Where was she? My soul pined for that being; I was anxious for the chance to admire her. And for a smile, a hand-kiss I would give my life. I knew it, those powers had come to consciousness in me. In these melancholy and yearning moods I pined for a being that would feel as I did, for an ear that could listen

and for a face that could express all those feelings. I searched and searched, sounding out hundreds of these beings, but I did not find what I wanted. They were not on earth, God must have made a mistake. Man was not perfect; I did not see or feel love such as He possessed and which we ourselves should have.

During my childhood years I had loved Him and had owned my own God. He had been very close to me then, but now He was far away and unreachable. I would like to ask Him questions, thousands of questions, which He, the Almighty, could answer. In my childhood years my God had fallen apart, here I was now, picking away until there was nothing left of His creation. These feelings too sprouted from the same eternal source. At that time I was not aware yet and wanted to own God, now that I had reached this age and got to know life and people, I wanted to unveil that power. My body had grown, my mind developed and still I had not changed at all. What I felt as child I still felt and vice versa. I only was somewhat more aware, but in the depth of my soul I had fallen asleep, because I did not understand all this. On one point I was awake however, and very conscious; that was in love. I wanted to have and hold that love and warm myself in it, only then I would be able to reach the pinnacle of my art feelings. In her I saw the highest inspiration, a being that would propel me upwards towards boundless possibilities.

A remarkable thought from the past, of something sweet that I had once possessed, occurred to me. My Marianne! In all these years I had not thought of her for even one second. Was she still alive? Would she possess all these properties? As if in an enclosure that thought had lain hidden within me.

Marianne was the only thing from the past that I loved. I would have swept her out of my thoughts too, had our childhood not been so delightful. She had been dear to me, her I loved, she had been my life and my sun and would remain that until I died. Oh, if I could see her in this life, she would be mistress of my heart and my deepest feelings. She understood me and knew my feelings; we were no strangers to each other but sister and brother in the true meaning of the word. That was clear to me, I could feel it, in nothing had my feelings for her changed. Strange that I had not thought of her before. But my life had been filled with my work.

‘Marianne, where are you?’ When I would reach the highest point in my career, I would try and find her. I wanted to see her once more before I died. Without knowing it she had comforted and spoiled me. I firmly resolved to find her, if she was still alive. I hurried back home. This walk had brought back the memories of my youth again; they would never have surfaced in the hectic rush of daily life. I was soon home and brought out the statue. I began to take off the wrappings, curious to know if it was still alive. With utmost care I took off the last cloth and yes, it was undamaged, in fact it had become more solid and more radiant. I thought I now saw a young maiden in it.

‘Marianne, are you alive? Tell me where are you? Come to me, let us be friends or lovers. Have you still remained free? Then come, my sweet girl, and sing for me; your voice will inspire me. Give me that tender but pure love, that is the highest of all.’

The silk kerchief in which the small figurine had slept had faded, but the clay had remained intact. What power held it together? I dug my nails in it, but the material had become as solid as marble. It was truly remarkable. I sat down and talked to it for some time. ‘Are you mine, my dear child? Come to me, Marianne, not one hair on your head will be hurt. Joy-of-my-childhood, are you content in this life? Do laugh a little, be cheerful, let me hear your voice and come.’

Did the statue move? I thought so, but rejected the idea immediately; I did not want to become sentimental. I put the statue on a stand and looked at it for a long time. A plan was forming in my mind. I was afraid that the statue might still fall apart and then I would have lost everything from that period in life. I decided to make a life-size statue of Marianne, as I thought she would be today and as I loved her.

But how keen had my observation been when I modelled her in my childhood, and how precisely calculated. From whom had I inherited that gift, from where came that feeling for art? I was born with it! However, in this life one had to acquire everything, master it in order to once understand and possess it. Did this enigma remain insoluble? This figurine expressed a sensitivity for which today I would have to exert myself if I wanted to equal it. From where came



this keen gauging of art? I would try to discover that, but first I had to fashion this art piece that would bring me fame and even more honour.

I spent many hours deep in thought. I let myself go and thought myself into her personality; I sensed her as never before. How lovely and sweet she must be now, if my perception of her had been correct. But at the same time I discovered frivolous traits that saddened me. However, a frankness shone forth from her face as I had not seen before. Also love showed through strongest of all. Oh, if I ever could call her my own, how I would surround her with my love.

All kinds of thoughts came into my mind and faded away again. In front of me stood a large piece of marble and presently I would commence work; everything lay ready. I felt in the right mood to achieve something beautiful. My heart beat stronger than usual, but in my soul lay a devout calm that surprised me, because I really was not a devout man. Praying I never did, I would not know how. I had once learned a few prayers, but had forgotten them. Neither did I feel the urge to pray, since I constantly was in rebellion against God.

I collected my tools and set to work. In rapid tempo, all the time keeping Marianne's being in mind, I worked the snow-white marble. With every tap of my hammer my friendship and love for her grew. I don't know how long I had been working, when a thunderous clap shook me awake from the dream-like state I had worked in, for I was totally absorbed in my work.

What had happened? One of my old statues had toppled of its stand and small and large pieces lay scattered around me. Was this an omen or an accident? I swept the pieces together, so that I could continue my work.

This interruption was unfortunate, for I had been so completely wrapped up in my work. It was frightening, a cold shiver went through me. My inspiration had gone and I had to wait a long time before I could recapture that enviable mood.

My happiness was very intense, for I was connected with the loveliest time of my life. After a few hours of strenuous work I became very tired and went to get some sleep.

I awoke in the morning and went to work again, that I kept up till late in the afternoon. Why this hurry? The driving force that had

taken hold of me was urging me on to complete this statue as soon as possible. I was being pushed to greater speed. This had never happened to me before and I found myself in a very strange mood. It was an unknown force that inspired me, stronger than ever before. Presently I had something to eat and after that I took a walk. Nature would furnish me with new powers and strengthen my spirit. After my walk I met Roni.

'My dear Lantos', he began, 'where have you been all this time? I haven't seen you for so long. Are you working at something new?'

His face radiated and he was cheerful and frank, so I thought to feel.

'For some months now I have something real sweet', he began to tell me; this was always the only thing that interested him.

I did not answer and let him continue.

'Very sweet, Lantos, and she sings as lovely as a nightingale.'

His eyes lit up, they shone and sparkled. Where had I met a person just like him before, I knew him.

He continued: 'She is in love with me, but well...!'

I understood what he meant with that. Eventually he would dispose of her as one does with an old rag; by then her honour, if she still possessed that, would be besmirched. His usual way of loving someone. You are a scoundrel, I thought, and felt hate rising up in me, which I suppressed however.

I answered: 'Why must you always tell me the secrets of your heart?'

'Aren't you my friend, my very best friend, Lantos?'

That was true, but I shuddered from his life-style. I had once lived a life like that, but I was mostly cured of it.

'Are you working at something?' he asked with interest.

'Yes, I am', I replied, 'and I am not available for a couple of months.'

'Will you let me admire your new work?'

'No', I said severely without wanting to, 'not yet.'

'Oh my', he said, 'you speak sharply.'

I felt his envy, his handsome face clouded over and a cruel sneer curled his lips. I thought that for an instant I had got a glimpse behind his mask, but he recovered himself and was all geniality again. I said goodbye after that and left.

This meeting with him stayed for a long time with me, but I

could not figure him out. Where did he really come from? The one or other soul hankering after some love would get caught in his spider-web and be lost. Anyone who ventured in there would have to suffer, her awaited grief and sorrow. A demonical force lay hidden in him; he stood above all the beings who kissed his feet. This adonis played with the souls of women and broke hearts. A devil's game! He crushed them, he sucked them dry, because they themselves seemed to want it. It was nothing but lust. Among those were also innocents and for them I felt sorry. Once before I had talked to him about sparing the innocents, but he would not listen to reason. He only did what he wanted. He was a seducer of the worst kind and proud of it.

These last months I began to have a growing feeling of aversion towards him and therefore I must try to free myself from his influence. This proved impossible to do and I began to think of invisible powers, but I rejected that thought for I was too rational. I found it ridiculous to suppose even such a thing. His world had been my world also, but yet I could not have lived his kind of life. I must have a different mentality, for a behaviour like this I seemed to be too sensitive. He was, as it were, my opposite image, yet we both loved life. I was searching for one only, he did not; he took anyone, poor or rich, it was all the same. He had only one desire and that was to possess the person completely and dominate, but only in the physical sense.

My thoughts called me back to my work and I hurried home. I fell immediately into the right mood and began to work. I felt tranquillized; it was a lovely experience. Only then an artist is happy and has the true feel of what he creates.

How very close became my knowledge of Marianne! She lived in me and I in her; we were one. I would want to die for her, I felt that clearly. If I only had her with me, then I could make her happy. I thought myself deep into her being; modelled all these traits and hew them in marble. The statue grew. The work succeeded very rapidly and I admired myself. My ability now seemed limitless to me and how I would reach the top.

A few weeks went by in a flash and I had made wonderful progress. Around her sweet lips lay a tender smile, her whole being radiated

love. Thus she would be this very moment if she was still alive. I portrayed her the way I sensed her. Her golden blond hair curled down upon her shoulders in a satiny glow, made her come alive. To me the weeks were days, no, hours and I felt myself the happiest human being in this world.

Was it my love for her that raised me to this height? It could be nothing else, for this product I created was of the highest order. I sat down a little distance away to look at her. A stillness hung around and in the figure, that gave me peace.

She stood there like a little queen. The outside of her was in harmony with her inner being, both were an excellent likeness and I felt satisfied.

'Where are you, Marianne? Do tell me where you live this moment.' Again I felt her smile.

Next I started with the polishing. A ray of sunshine slanted across the statue and her being shone like the sun. It could not be else, she possessed what I had sought in her. Soon I was ready. I kissed her on both cheeks, thanked her silently for this beautiful inspiration and promptly burst into tears. No matter how hard I resisted, the tears kept on rolling down my cheeks. I thought myself a fool, but something had crept up in me that could not be denied. I was sad, extremely sad, but why was I? All this time I had been the happiest man on earth. There were no troubles to bother me, everything went along nicely all by itself, I was alive, felt her love, her personality and that gave me great joy. Why then did I cry? Why? I asked myself this over and over again, but got no answer. I flew into a passion, for I appeared thankless and that was not my intention at all. My love was true, I was sure of that. For a long time I sat and reflected upon it, then suddenly I knew. It was my hankering for that love. Just now it had flowed deep down into my soul and made me cry.

Oh, how beautiful could this life on earth be, but it became a torment when one cherished the pure, true love.

'Ah', I kept calling out, 'where are you Marianne, where do you live?'

If I had dared to pray I would have begged God to show me the place where she lived, but I did not believe in miracles.

The statue was finished, many would envy me. With it I would

wound and draw blood from my friend Roni. What he reached in love, I reached in art. This was much more precious to me than his accursed life.

Accursed? Had I not been accursed in my youth? Did a curse not rest on my life? My parents had cursed me and I them. I could still hear their words clearly, they still lashed my soul. I should not think about that any more, it was past.

Now I stood before my Marianne, my purest inspiration. I would show this work of my art to everyone, but first I needed some rest, for the work had taken much out of me. It had drained my life-forces completely, but I suffered it gladly, it was worth it. For her I would do anything. I really felt tired, but a little entertainment would do me good, so I set out for the place where artists always gathered.

Halfway there I suddenly stopped and gasped. In front of me stood Roni, who had noticed my behaviour. Damn! I thought, I always seem to meet him. Would this mean something?

‘Did I frighten you, Lantos?’ he began the conversation. ‘You look awfully pale. Worked too hard? Where have you been of late? Did you work all that time?’

I looked at him, his face was like a grinning mask. For a few seconds we seized each other up. He was aware of my feelings and I of his. At that moment we both knew that we were enemies and I said to shock him: ‘My new work is completed.’

Now it was my turn to ask: ‘Are you not well? You suddenly look awfully pale, is something the matter? Did your luck in love fail you?’

I kept looking at him and knew what he felt. He begrudged me my art. How I hated him. Villain, I thought.

He remained very kind however, and was courteous as always.

‘Where are you going, Lantos?’

‘I am looking for a bit of amusement’, I admitted honestly, ‘I am a little tired.’

I was coming to myself again and because he was so courteous my hate diminished. He was a remarkable person. Together we walked along.

‘What do you think of your work?’ he enquired with interest.

I said: ‘Never before have I made anything so wonderful.’

‘So, you are making me curious. May I see it?’

‘No, not yet’, I answered coolly while I glanced at him, but the set expression on his face hid his inner feelings.

‘What is the significance of this work?’ he asked anew.

I startled, but controlled myself. I would not let him share my most sacred feelings.

I side-tracked his question by saying: ‘In a while, later.’

‘I too have made progress, Lantos.’

‘Progress?’

‘Yes, with my new love.’

‘Well, well’, I said but thought of my own things. Progress? How much progress? In what? Progress in love? Then it was not his intention to destroy?

‘The game has been played’, he said, ‘I am the winner.’

‘Winner, you say?’

‘She, whom I told you about if you remember, lies at my feet. Exquisite, Lantos, a beauty, but a dumb being. Very dumb, she seems a one time peasant.’

‘Ridiculous.’

‘But she sings delightful and is a stunning figure, but I see her past.’

‘Past?’ I asked.

‘Well, yes, I sounded her out a little. She’ll be dreaming about her happiness. She expects me, come with me, aren’t you looking for diversion?’

‘No’, I said, ‘you go ahead.’

We parted, but I was very absent-minded. Why was I so startled that my heart skipped a beat when I was suddenly confronted with him? Why? Again it was clear to me that I had met him before in my life. From where did I know that villain? Or was I imagining things, he had been very polite? Perhaps I was somewhat overworked. What mattered his love affairs to me.

But was I different? If I were to continue in this way I would not have a friend left. I was capricious, discontented and ill-mannered and would have to treat him differently. Who did I think I was? I was sorry already that I had treated him so surly. People already called me eccentric, and that I did not want to become. I was like everybody else. Or was I? I tried to understand myself better; it was

high time, but after a while I lost myself in myself and that made me laugh quite heartily. I was now thirty-eight years old and had reached a great height. I could be satisfied. Presently I would celebrate new triumphs with my latest creation, my Marianne.

My Marianne? Strange that I only thought of that just now. I always spoke of *my* child, *my* Marianne. Would she love me as I loved her? I would have to wait and see. In any case we were friends and that made me feel happy already.

Now I would rest first, for even though I went out to visit my friends, without knowing it I had returned home. That was very strange, but it must have happened because I was so absent-minded. This sculpture had tired and totally exhausted me. This statue was a great piece of art, it could not be otherwise. Working on it had been emotional and even now, when I but glanced at it, those forces still affected me.

Once more I urged my servant not to let anyone, no matter who, in my inner sanctum. I had thrown a cloth over my Marianne and observed how the folds in the cloth were arranged. I locked the overall picture in my mind, for I still did not fully trust my servant. I found myself an awful master, but could not change my feelings. I felt rushed and uneasy and could not concentrate on one thing only. I certainly needed rest.

Still I took another walk, but my thoughts returned to Roni. His affections bothered me, I thought him a braggart. Sooner or later happiness would come for me too. I would wait for it, because to go out and search for it would be insane. How long had I not searched for it already, but had found no one who possessed the true, pure love. Did Roni throw himself into this life to find inspiration? Many plied themselves with drink before they were able to accomplish something. Yet their figures were alive and much admired by people. A fine world it was!

Of the many inspirations I had received, this last one had been the most wonderful one. What exactly was inspiration? Was it a conscious merging with something higher? I felt that I was unable to think. My head was burning, I felt feverish and had been under a severe strain. The stillness of nature would do me good. Was I ill or getting ill? I sat down in a lovely spot surrounded by flowers and

cypresses. It was like a paradise here, only man was a disturbance. I felt that I too was a disturbance. Birds were singing their songs, their carolling made me feel better. Everywhere I saw new life. All this was God's creation; including all of us human beings.

Why do we really live on this earth? Why were we here? How I would love to find out about that and come to know what makes a person a person. How deep was man? Was there anyone who really knew him? Where did he come from? Did life go on? A life after this life? Or did life come to an end with death. If so, what was the use of being here? People tore each other to pieces. I saw only grief. Was there eternal life? If there was, I would have much to make good. The Bible said so, the clergy preached it, but nobody knew for certain. Yet it continued to trouble me. I walked around with this kind of thought all the time. Why? I asked myself. Was I overly conscious? Did I live this life too intensely? Was I not satisfied? I was looking for something. Was it domestic happiness I longed for, a wife and children and a happy life? Was this not meant for me? Wasn't God a Father of Love? Why then didn't He give His children happiness?

It was quite remarkable that even now I did not feel content, even though I now possessed fame and everything else for which I had yearned in my childhood. Something within me took this much desired happiness away from me. It was as if I looked down into a deep hole that would never let me solve the secret. Was this the same power that made me belligerent in my childhood? Had it not been impossible for them to tame me; 'something' drove me away from home. Now that I was searching I felt clearly that these were the very same feelings. Was then this power my fate? Was I possessed by the devil, or were these forces of nature laws which I could not escape? If I were to accept this concept, then I felt that it wasn't I who had lived, but a force that controlled and commanded me into action.

Could that be? Were there forces that could make me unmanageable? What part of man was of himself? Did he have an own will? Or did he not have the power to 'will' anything? Did he live in an unaware state? Conscious in nothing at all? How far did human consciousness extend itself? Were we here on earth to acquire consciousness? Did these things happen to everybody? I never heard



Roni or many others ask such questions, they just lived and were happy. Would that ever happen to me? Or was it because I was a dreamer and different from them? Were there people living on earth who had this kind of consciousness? If not, how far away are we from having it? Where is the beginning and where the end?

I could go on asking thousands of questions indefinitely, but not one was being answered. An impenetrable fog that covered everything also hid my own life. I was faced with a mystery. I thought I was a problem, because I could not understand myself. Would I ever know myself? There was no awareness in me; I was non-conscious in all and everything. As always that mysterious force that guided my life was present. I would go crazy if I continued like this much longer. Hold it, Lantos, hold it, you ask too much! Live your life like Roni and others, and you will be happy!

I looked up. Up there, behind that tightly-stretched, blue-purple cloth of the expanse the secret lay. There God lived and there was His heaven. One day we would arrive there to be judged; I would be severely punished, would burn and be doomed, for I had not lived like a saint; on the contrary, I had cheerfully lived hand to mouth. Apparently that was not as it should be. One must pray, pray very often and that I never did. Neither had I given to the poor, I only lived for myself. All of these were sins for which I would have to atone when I came to live on the other side, that is if that was the truth, for that I had to wait and see. Nobody knew. Here I was already considered a heathen, an unbeliever and that was terrible. If I had to live on, my body would have to endure that eternal fire; for those few sins I had committed. That was a terrible punishment.

He was called a God of Love, but could it be called love dooming one's own children? I shivered of fear for that God, whom the clergy knew and of whom the Bible spoke. Was I becoming a believer? At least I was starting to think about religion. I did not 'dream' anymore, I was now analyzing. Something changed in me every day, but I did not arrive at the certainty of knowing. Was it necessary to go on thinking like this in order to gain consciousness? I repeatedly asked myself this. Behind this all, there it lay, there it lived, there was God. Such vastness! Oh, that immense space: it made me feel very small. He, the Creator of all life, of heaven and earth had wrapped Himself

in a haze and remained invisible for everybody. The people would dearly love to get to know Him, me too. Everything up there looked so without limits, I could see no end. Behind that the heart of God was beating for all His children.

I did not hear it beating however, although I tried very hard. Was my hearing defective to His mighty sound? Or was I tuned in on the wrong frequency? Would I have to attune myself in the same way I did with my art? Many people were asking as I did: 'Why and wherefore is this life? Why all the injustice and the horrors on this earth?'

People prayed to Him, but did not receive an answer. People cried and shouted for help and no one heard. They lived in poverty, misery and grief; suffered from hunger and cold and begged for relief, but nothing happened. They who went to church every day and prayed incessantly, found too that their prayers were not answered and they also asked 'why' and 'wherefore'. No end came to their suffering. No God of Love stepped in and called a halt to their oppressors. He let them continue their destruction of human lives. Still He was a God of Love. It is inconceivable to regard Him as a God of Love and justice. Not a single question was ever answered with a definite yes or no. Everything remained veiled in that invisible haze and nobody became any the wiser. Was this the non-conscious life? Was God a non-conscious something? Did I look at this from the wrong angle? Was I in revolt? Did not everybody feel as I did? Were they not looking for the real and true life? Or was I an exception? Would man have to find a way out of this chaos?

'You must believe', we were told, 'then you'll find the truth.' I looked up and peered for a long time at the sky, but I did not find God. The blue sky remained taut, mysterious and untouchable. The depth of space, visible to no man, faced me with a sneering grin and remained blue. Only in the night the life of the stars could be observed, but our learned men did not know much about them either. Lay the secret of the whole creation therein? I should have become a scholar, for the sciences strongly attracted me. For thousands of years mankind had been searching and asking 'why' and 'wherefore'. How much longer would we have to ask? When would the moment come that God would speak and say: 'See, I am alive. Feel that I love all of you, and that I lead and guide that, what you cannot grasp nor

understand'. That would not happen in my time, my life was too short for that. I could be dead tomorrow and then all these questions and the begging for truth would be over. Man possessed colossal powers and yet he was a being of the moment. Those we met yesterday were not here today, for death had called them. They were either in heaven or would eternally burn in hell.

Death, yes, what really was death? A word with a terrifying ring to it. I neither understood death nor all my other problems. Three problems I had: Death, God and my own life. To me God was the greatest enigma. He created something very mighty and let it die. Whenever I had made something beautiful I admired it for hours on end and could never get enough of it. What, however, was my creation in comparison with His. Nothing. How astonishing His creation is of man, animal and all the other life forms. Though the most wonderful of His creation undoubtedly is man. But he will die and fade away into nothing but some dust. Why then had He created man? A person was perfect in every way; I can see, I can hear and feel and I can go wherever I want to. But yet he has to die sometime. Worse, afterwards he would burn. Besides he would have to atone for all the small sins that were committed. I found the verdict unreasonably severe and suffered under it. Could this life have a purpose? To me all this was torture, an impenetrable something. How could I ever accept God's word, if I felt like this inside? To believe and yet not understand, to accept everything blindly, that was not possible for me.

Take Roni for instance, he was like an adonis with a beautifully shaped body, but still one day he would die. I was sorry for him, but yet I begrudged him his life. I saw in his death justice. Just a few years more and his beauty would also be gone. He envied me my art and my success. How could God give a character like that in a person? A perfect body and yet a beast, for he unquestionably was a beast. Every woman who met him would be lost irrevocably. He sucked her dry, and then threw her away. Was this God's will? Why did He grant that animal the power to break and destroy? If he would not die, I might find the courage to kill him myself. Then there would be no more grief and suffering, and no more innocent hearts would be broken. But that he would die too, that was certain.

See, just for that I could be thankful to God already. Only in this one aspect God was perfect and just. Nobody, no man or beast could remain living and keep its life. Everything had to die and turn to dust. Not only had God bestowed beauty upon Roni, but He had also given him wondrous gifts, which he wasted. His art came to nothing. He lived himself out and brought nothing but misery. That was my friend Roni, and yet he was a blessed human being.

Isn't God incomprehensible? Who can understand Him? Wasn't this in conflict with everything else? A human like Roni was left to do as he pleased and he could make and break what he wanted. What a horrible injustice! Others with his feelings for art would create wonderful things. Many hankered after them, but received nothing of these talented traits. This puzzled me too. In my youth such thoughts had troubled me already and I asked myself: Why on earth one found so much happiness, whereas the other must suffer misery and starvation? Still more questions came to me, but it was hopeless to ask any more.

I now felt more at ease and less agitated. Meditating in the open air had brought me peace. Philosophizing had done me good and put me in a better mood.

It was already late in the afternoon before I started for home. I wanted to begin with a new statue and would presently exhibit Marianne's. What should I portray this time? Something that would lead me to the highest inspiration. From deep inside me thoughts welled up that made me shiver. They seemed unthinkable. How would I portray Him? I did not know Him, did not feel Him and understood nothing of Him. And I had to have the feel of Him and sense Him through and through, if I wanted it to turn out well.

But within me also lay the thought of death, that terror which cuts off a person's life, and that too I wanted to portray. Death, that thought came to me, would become a marvellous piece, a product of the highest order of my creativity.

However, another plan began to form in my mind that seemed even more attractive to me. I would carve a dying adonis. Roni would be my model, in him lay both life and death. How would I be able to connect these two? I pondered a long time about it to get the feel of the overall picture. Such fine thoughts I had; I thought I was a

genius in thinking. Death and Roni with God as Creator of this group.

How well thought-out was this whole composition. If I would succeed with the caring of it, people would kneel before it in reverence. I felt the meaning of this statue already. It meant God, life and death to me. I could not make anything more beautiful, deeper or more perfect. I went back to where I started from, to think some more.

Nature had to come to my aid, for without her I could not do it. I had to sense, feel it through and through until it was right inside of me, for only then I could live it. Once I got that far, I would be ready and could start with the sculpting. Everyone would recognize him in this setting, him, my friend whom I hated. I would put all my hate in it. His way of living I would mock, and show him that he was destined to die. I was glad that those thoughts had risen in my mind; it gave me a good feeling. Would ever any artist have thought of this? Where did these thoughts come from? Perhaps they were not mine? They were frightfully deep, almost impossible for a person to grasp. Yet it must be possible to make it. It was still a non-conscious idea, but it would surely attain consciousness. This also became clear to me, for now I began to sense something of the conscious and unconscious mind. When I thought in depth about this sculpture, I had an awareness that I could create such a work. Was or wasn't this the proper understanding, the true consciousness? Now I was starting all over again. But I must stay with one idea and not think of other things, only let this great work grow in my mind where it can be brought to consciousness.

I felt happy for a new power in me had come to awakening. Did all my fellow art-brothers experience the products of their creations as I did? I would ask some of those who were still sympathetic towards me about it. Perhaps they could provide me with new impressions. I would not disclose my plan to them, however, that would remain my secret.

If I hurried over now, they might still be there, for I could not find peace anyway, but needed immediate action. At the same time I would try to probe the innermost workings of my friend Roni, because it was necessary for me to know him well, inside and out.

He and I could go for long walks and I would invite him into my studio, for that would make our friendship seem closer. I would have to see him more often, or my creation could never be perfect; and this model would put the crown on my work.

My idea was marvellous, unbelievably beautiful and profound. I wanted to be able to look at Roni and observe him for a very long time. If he became aware of it I would tell him that I had started a new piece of work that would show a resemblance to him. He might think me odd, but people called me eccentric and a dreamer already. It would suit me fine. I also hoped to meet any others, so that I could try and read their feelings, if it were at all possible. It was only now that I became interested in my friends and their inner feelings.

When I entered I saw that he was there. Would he be sober?

He came over to me, shook my hand heartily and said: 'Lantos, my dear friend, at last we meet again. The days seemed too long.'

That surprised me, for I had met him only this morning. This was always his way, drinking and making fun; lately his work came to nothing. Such a contradiction. His wondrous body and his disgusting character. I looked at him searchingly and tried to read his feelings.

'I am going to portray her, Lantos, I shall make something wonderful of my love', he said.

With great effort I kept myself from bursting out laughing. If he was going to make something beautiful, then he must be in love and his power broken. Together we sat down in one of the niches. Roni was very loud, and I had to admonish him to quiet down a little.

'As you wish, Lantos, I shall control myself.'

He never forgot to be courteous, even when the wine had clouded his feelings and turned his head.

'A delightful afternoon, Lantos, a pity that you did not go with us.'

He seemed to remember our earlier meeting and said: 'May we both come and visit you? Your eyes will pop out when you see the striking couple.'

It could not have come at a better time for me, and I readily agreed.

'Come tomorrow', I said. 'If you wish, bring her with you. I would like to meet her.'

He took both my hands and squeezed them warmly.

‘I thought that you might agree. You are my friend, Lantos, and you will always remain that, won’t you?’

I did not answer and he continued: ‘What time shall we come?’

‘In the afternoon, around one o’clock’, I said; it really left me cold.

‘I must tell you something, Lantos.’

‘I’m listening’, I said, curious now to know what was on his mind. Of course it would again be about his life and his latest conquest.

‘I have gone too far, Lantos, and something that is very unpleasant to me will have to be done.’

I understood immediately what he was driving at. Scoundrel, I thought, that too.

‘Are you thinking of marrying her?’

He burst out in a laughter that sounded devilish in my ears. ‘Are you out of your mind, Lantos. My freedom, friend, is too precious to me. What do you advise me to do?’

‘That I do not know, I can’t answer that.’

‘She is worth it, Lantos, she is very beautiful.’

‘Then why don’t you marry her?’

‘As I already said my freedom is too dear to me. But do tell me what I can do? I cannot escape, wherever I go she always finds me and asks me what she should do. She is stronger than I and does not let herself be pushed aside, Lantos. I have misjudged her this time, for a being like that I have never met before. Believe me when I say that I would gladly shake her off and be rid of her, but I am unable to. I know her better than I know myself. Come now, give me advice; what can I do?’

‘You want to make a statue of her?’

‘Something like that, but I do not know whether I can succeed. I have to do something, but what? It is only the means, to give me time to think it over. But my freedom, my oh, so precious freedom, Lantos!’

False beast, I thought, how mean you are. All my good intentions were smothered by his fiendish thoughts.

Suddenly he said: ‘I forgot, I have to leave. Oh, that I did not think of that before. I must go now, Lantos. Until tomorrow, isn’t it?’

He offered me his hand and left. A strange fellow. A little while

ago drunk, but now suddenly sober. How could that be? Why the sudden change? Was he putting me on? Playing a game? Was I being betrayed? Did he play with me? But no, I was stretching my imagination and should not be so suspicious, but believe and trust him a little more.

The hours passed and I still sat in the same place to think it over. Finally I got up and left. My brother-artists I had not studied in depth, nor asked them anything; those that were there had to awake first. They did not have the right feelings, they were empty and non-conscious. But then, was *I* conscious? Always in everything that conscious and unconscious life.

Everything that he had told me had deeply moved me. The poor human child struck by such suffering. First he called her a peasant, next she was a beauty queen and now this! If her personality was different from his, I would like to meet and get to know that being. It was impossible for me to see through Roni's mask, but maybe she could? Women differed from men in that they saw sharper and felt deeper when everything was at stake.

I was very curious, not only to see her, but also to get to know her. Perhaps it would help me with my new work. Maybe she was a wonder, gifted with powers other than those I knew and possessed. Was she his better in everything? That seemed almost impossible. She would have to be a she-devil. In him too I saw a devil in human form. A well-matched pair then! To meet with a devil and a she-devil was amusing, but it was also frightening to get to know such a couple. I longed for the next day already. I was sorry that I had not invited them for tonight or this evening, however that could not be changed any more. And so, I had to be patient and wait until tomorrow.

### *I killed someone*

I retreated into my own affairs again and tried to recapture my former inspiration. This was much more useful than all the history of Roni's life. I would give myself completely to this new work. It would become even greater than my Marianne. At this very moment I felt more deeply than at the time I worked at her statue.



My servant was waiting for me. I glanced at him searchingly. There was something in the man that drew me to him and that repelled me. I would never trust him, but yet I did not send him away, I simply did not get around to it. I felt that he was watching every move I made and it irritated me. His gait was like that of a predator. Without the slightest noise and at the most unexpected moments he appeared before me, but when I wanted him and thought he would be there, the opposite was true. Him too I only knew superficially, for his face too wore a blank mask. However, he performed his duties well; I could not find fault with him for that.

‘Why are you following me?’ I asked unexpectedly.

‘Me, master? I thought that you might need help and that I could be of assistance to you, master.’

I was already sorry that I had spoken so brusquely.

‘Go and get some rest’, I said, ‘I don’t need you.’

When I was alone I sat down on the couch. Before me, like a queen, stood Marianne. But were my eyes deceiving me? I sensed a change in the statue that upset me. The folds in the cloth that covered her fell differently somehow, the pattern seemed altered. This was not the way I had left it. Who besides me had been here? I wanted to summon my servant but hesitated, perhaps I only imagined it. I tried to recall how I had placed the cloth over it, but could not remember clearly. I should have thought of something else, this was too simple; it should have been wrapped tightly and sealed off, for this was not good enough. My servant would shake his head and say that he did not know what I meant. However, I wanted him to obey orders, otherwise he would have to go. I did not like intrigues, I was honest and straightforward myself, and that is what I expected of him. Had I been mistaken?

I lay down to get some sleep, but something that surrounded Marianne made me feel uneasy. I took down the cloth that covered her and returned to my couch to admire it from there. What was it that filled my mind and gave me a sense of fear? The statue looked dull, something secretive had crept in and her lustrous shine and radiation had changed to a dark, close haze. How could that be? Why did it look different now? When I was carving the statue I had been in an enviable state of mind, but now I was myself. Was that

the reason I now saw her differently? Had she fallen asleep here, while at the time I had seen and sensed her awake? This variance was too great. Was she who was standing there before me asleep now? It was strange, very strange. For a long time I peered at my own art. It was very still around me, an ominous silence. What was happening to me? Was I experiencing something out of the ordinary? I reminded myself that I did not believe in miracles. But this was a most peculiar happening.

Now I thought that she was beginning to wake up. Ah, Lantos, you woke her up! You should have let her sleep. But this time I sensed her as of old and that was a great relief to me, for it would have deeply disappointed me and likely taken away the courage to achieve anything further. To have lost one's trust is to fail. But I could trust my own feelings again, because once more I felt more deeply, though it was only in art. No, my Marianne was an artwork of the highest order. I covered her up again and went back to sleep. But sleep eluded me, for unpleasant, terror-filled dreams disturbed my rest. I forcefully willed myself to sleep in which I succeeded only after a long time of concentration.

That morning I woke up in a sombre mood. The sun stood already high in the sky and was sending light and warmth across the earth and its humanity. I cleaned up in my studio for the reception of my guests, 'a he- and she-devil'. I could not keep from laughing at that absurdity.

As time passed I grew more and more restless. I did not understand myself. Why was I so restless and nervous? Because of Roni? At last it became afternoon and I called for my servant to give him some instructions. In the meantime I set to work to arrange the room, so that I would be able to observe Roni's innermost reaction when I unveiled Marianne. But where was my servant? He had never kept me waiting this long. Once more I called but received no answer. I went out to see what he was doing, but he was nowhere in the house. What was going on? Very strange, this had never happened before. Perhaps he had gone out to make some last minute purchases, though he never went out without telling me. Now I would be obliged to answer the door myself.

Exactly on time Roni entered.

‘Alone?’ I asked.

‘She is coming, Lantos, you know how women are. She will be here shortly.’

He sat down opposite me, as I had arranged beforehand.

He looked at the covered Marianne and asked: ‘May I see your sculpture?’

‘Presently’, I said, ‘have a little patience. Tell me’, I asked, ‘where do you get your inspirations and how do you feel them?’

‘What a question, Lantos, how strange; the question of a dreamer.’

‘A dreamer, you say?’

‘Isn’t it obvious’, he said, ‘that I cannot answer that question, Lantos?’

‘Can’t answer’, I repeated. Was my question then not natural? Did he, in all truth, not know it?

Our conversation switched to an other direction when he said: ‘She will soon be here, do me a great favour, Lantos, and tell me how she strikes you.’

I pathomed his feelings and thought that I had reached him deeper than before. I did right, I thought, in inviting him here and shall ask him to come again. Meanwhile the time passed. At last I heard the sound of the arrival of the visitor and I went to let her in, for my servant still had not returned. I found it very annoying.

A beautiful being stood before me, but at the same moment I thought I would die, my heart stood still, a cramp strangled my heart and I could not utter a word. I thought I beheld a miracle and that miracle was... Marianne.

Did I delude myself? Was I awake or dreaming? She too looked at me over and over again and then she tightly compressed her lips, while all colour drained from her face. With all my strength I finally succeeded in regaining my composure.

Marianne, I thought, is it you or are you her look-alike? And this was the she-devil? Together we walked towards Roni and I offered her a seat beside me, so that I could observe her closely. Notwithstanding my unsettled feelings the conversation went smoothly. She had golden, blond hair and my marble statue was like this living appearance, the same resemblance. She was exactly like my creation! Like a bolt of lightning all the stories about her and the derogatory

remarks Roni had related to me flew through my mind. There was no doubt in my mind any more that it was she, my Marianne.

Scoundrel, devil in human form, how can you hurt me so. My thoughts stopped, my heart was breaking and I felt a stabbing pain in my head.

If this was Marianne sitting there, then a miracle had taken place. Suddenly I had an idea. I would know for sure whether I had made a mistake.

I asked her: 'Will you do me a favour?'

She smiled and said: 'Yes, certainly.'

With that she looked at Roni, but remained calm and composed.

I now noticed a greenish light that was radiating from Roni. Once before in my life I had seen this light. But where? In heaven's name, where? I looked at her who was waiting for my request.

'Will you sing for me? I heard that you have a beautiful voice, will you do that?'

'With pleasure,' she answered and prepared herself.

Roni was one big mystery.

'Come here and sit beside me', I said to him, 'let's listen together, my dear Roni.'

He did as I asked and sat down next to me. I waited and scanned him, trying to find out where I had met him before and from where I knew him. Then Marianne's voice set my soul vibrating. I knew now that it was she, my dear little friend. Inside of me my soul wept that we had to meet each other in this way. The scoundrel sitting beside me trampled her as well as me. Marianne sang the song from her childhood, which she so often had sung to me. I understood this song and her intentions immediately. She wanted to show me that she recognized me and that she was my childhood sweetheart. Her singing was sweet as the nightingale's.

I suddenly noticed that the tears were running down her cheeks, but she sang on. I thought I would go crazy. When her song was finished I was with one leap beside her to thank her.

'How can I thank you', I blurted out awkwardly and suddenly a horrible feeling came over me.

I looked at Roni, who acted as if he had not noticed the scene, as if it did not concern him. At that very same instant something welled

up from the bottom of my soul and I knew who he was!

My dream! My dream! How in the world was it possible? This being then was going to ruin my life?

I jumped over to the statue, pulled the cloth down and shouted at him like a deranged man: 'See there, Roni, you devil in a human body, this is my sculpture, my Marianne carved in marble and there stands the living Marianne.'

He trembled and made ready to attack me, but I was quicker, grabbed a chunk of marble lying within my reach and before he knew what I was up to I let it descend on his head. It split his skull and with a dull thud he fell to the floor, blood gushing from the wound.

A horrified scream brought me to myself. Marianne had collapsed and lay unconscious at my feet, before the stone statue. I lifted her onto the couch. Oh horrors, what now? Blood flowed from her mouth, was she dead too? I laid my hand on her forehead and a few minutes later she opened her eyes and looked at me. Thank God, she was alive. I wanted to speak to her, but she sank back into unconsciousness again.

What a drama! I looked at the one who had plotted it all. Now I understood all his actions. The cad. There he lay, still alive, because a rattling sound rose up from his chest. Suddenly he raised himself upright, looked at me and let out a satanic laughter that sounded horrible to my ears. Then he fell back again. He was dead and I was his murderer. I had rid the world of a monster. No being would suffer because of him any more.

Remorse I did not feel, in fact I felt quite peaceful. But what should I do now? Marianne was still unconscious. I could now see the whole picture. My servant was also in league with him. He had wanted to put me out of the way, but he had paid for it with his own life. Scoundrel that he was, how deeply he must have hated me. I thought that I hated him, but compared to his, my hate was love. Marianne he had defiled and he had begrudged me my success. It was he who had been here earlier, I had not been mistaken at all. Oh, why had I not known this before. I would have acted differently, then he would likely be alive still. I tried to think but could not come to a decision.

I was a murderer as had been predicted in my dream, but by whom?

By Satan? I sat down beside Marianne and waited till she would regain consciousness. She was breathing peacefully. The thoughts that went on in my head!

I began to think anew. I could remember everything clearly and it scared me when I realized what had happened. Who had made me dream? 'Who, who?' I shouted and thought I was going crazy. Nobody answered. I never received an answer to anything and none came this time either. Should I flee with her, back to our own country? And start a new and happy life? I felt ill, very, very ill.

'Marianne', I said, 'wake up, come wake up, do not leave me alone for so long. I must talk to you and it is urgent, I feel it. Danger threatens us, wake up, Marianne.'

I wept. Never before had I cried like that. Finally it stopped, it had settled me down again. And then Marianne opened her eyes and looked at me.

'Lantos', she whispered, 'Lantos.'

'Say it again, Marianne, say it once more?'

'Lantos, what a way to meet again.'

'Marianne, do you love me? Can you love a murderer?'

'I love you, Lantos, but will not be worthy of your love.'

I put my hand over her mouth to prevent her from speaking further.

'Shall we flee, away from here and start a new life?'

'I would like that very much', she said, 'but I fear that I will cause you grief.'

'Don't talk like that.'

'You do not know my life, you have no idea how I have been living, Lantos.'

'I love you, my child, tell me that you love me too. My life is yours.'

'I love you, Lantos, but...' she could not finish, for we were interrupted by a terrific crashing sound. I flew to the entrance. There I immediately understood the noise, I had been betrayed. A couple of men entered and put shackles on me.

I offered no resistance and let them, but I only asked: 'Who betrayed me?'

'Your servant', was the cold reply.

'Do you know everything?' I asked.

‘Save yourself the trouble.’

Marianne looked as if she was dead, however, she was alive, for suddenly she flew towards me and clamped herself tightly to me. It was a heart-rending scene.

‘Lantos, Lantos’, she wailed, ‘where are you going? Do not leave me alone.’

I told her to listen to me.

‘Hear me well, Marianne. All the things here are for you. It is not much, but I want you to accept this sculpture as a sacred remembrance. Will you do that? Let my parents know what happened.’ But I changed my mind. ‘No, don’t do that.’

‘We will do that for you’, I heard someone beside me say. ‘If it is possible.’

‘Go back, Marianne, go back to your parents, come to yourself.’

She looked up and whispered to me that it was not possible for her to return.

‘You must’, I said, ‘you have to.’ I suddenly thought of her condition. ‘Is all of it true?’

She lowered her eyes and I understood.

‘Farewell, Marianne, farewell, come and visit me, come to me, I must talk to you. Before it is too late I must speak with you. If necessary I will die, though I have not wanted this. Marianne, you are my soul, you are me, at some time you will belong to me. If life goes on, if there is an other existence we shall meet each other there... If there is an eternity!’ I called to her once more as I was led away.

I still heard her sobbing, my heart was broken. Was hers too?

### *In my dungeon*

They led me away and locked me in a dungeon, where I collapsed broken in body and soul. After a while I woke up. Had I been asleep? The deepest darkness surrounded me and I suffered from a most terrible thirst, while stabbing pains hurt my chest. My whole body ached, my limbs seemed paralyzed for I could not move. Around me I felt the silence of approaching death; it made me shiver. I felt I was a wreck, my eyes burning in my head and my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. I was crushed. Would this mean that the end

was near? In this cell my fame was whisked away with one big swoop. I could hardly believe it and it was difficult to accept. A hurricane had stormed across the ocean of my life, shipwrecked my insignificant little boat and thrown me on the beach in a miserable heap. But this was very likely not yet sufficient, I supposed I would probably also lose my mind, because I would not be able to stand this much longer. My thirst was torturing me. Again I felt myself sinking down and lose consciousness.

When I came to consciousness for the second time I felt a little better. This time there was some light around me. Had the night faded away for the day? I could now think a little better and move my body slightly. That sleep had refreshed me, but oh, the thirst! If I only had a little bit of water to moisten my lips, that would be enough already. I had never had an experience like this. My only desire was to drink, I desperately longed for it.

Now I became aware of small sounds of life, were there people? I did not want to see anybody, people would frighten me. Only to drink, drink! I was in a dungeon, but where? They had not thought it necessary to lock me in chains, I could move about freely. Beside me I saw those chains. They could have restrained an enormous monster, to free oneself would be impossible, the links were too thick, too solid. Again I heard sounds of life, and wanted to call for some drink, but I could not utter a sound, my throat was closed tight.

It was the middle of summer and I was surrounded by a frightful heat, which I felt was going to suffocate me. I wanted to get up, but it proved impossible, I was paralyzed. This drama had upset me terribly and shocked my nervous system. Still I wanted to get up. I writhed and shifted myself and in this way I reached the entrance, where I collapsed again; and I knew of nothing more. How long I lay there I do not know, but a loud creaking noise suddenly woke me up and I felt that someone propped me up against the wall of my cell. The man who had entered was apparently startled when he saw me.

Had I changed that much? I looked up at him and knew what he had come for. He handed me a stone pitcher, which I eagerly grabbed and drained till the very last drop. Wonderful, now I could breathe more freely. It was a charitable deed, for which I was very thankful.



Without speaking a word he left, closing the door behind him. That was fine with me, I would rather be alone, for I wanted to think, think, for so many thoughts welled up in me. I felt my strength returning slowly and I wanted to try returning to my former place in the corner. How was it possible that one could lose all his strength so suddenly? It proved not at all easy to stand up. But I arrived where I wanted to be, even though my infirmity made the going almost impossible. My willpower I had not lost yet.

Next I tried to get a clear, overall picture of my situation and began to recall what had happened. That scoundrel, that rascal had brought me in this situation. Where was Marianne? Was she broken too? Poor child, how had our life and reunion turned out for us. Is this fate for both of us? I am a murderer, a murderer. A few times I repeated this word, to listen how it sounded. It had a strange ring to it, also something horrible, it meant death. Death? Yes, Roni was dead and I was still alive. Now he probably knew more than I. I felt no remorse, only that I now was a man without hope.

My servant and he had played a wicked game! Oh, had I but listened to my inner feelings which told me not to trust him. Did this have to happen? Was it something from which I could not withdraw myself? Fate had pursued me to the very last minute. His skull I had crushed. I was not sorry, on the contrary, he had deserved it.

Marianne had become an artiste, just like me. It seemed miraculous that she just happened to become acquainted with my friend, a devil in human shape who defiled her. Marianne, whom I loved and knew from my youth! Everything must be of the devil. I understood nothing of this and hardly dared to think about it. She had left home and followed me. It was all very mysterious. I had intended to search for her over the whole wide world and all the time she was living very close nearby. This I found more terrible than the murder I had committed and everything else I still would have to live through. In childhood our ways had separated, as adults they came together again, but how? What a finish! Where was she now? Would she be ill? I understood that her inner feelings had been bruised just as much as mine. It could not be else. What would she do now?

What had possessed Roni to be so jealous of my art? Why? It pleased me that his beautiful body with which he had caused so

much anguish and grief was not among the living any more. His frightful hate and envy could not hurt others any longer. I now understood him, as well as my feelings of terror and bad dreams and my servant, now that it was too late! A few days earlier I had felt it already. That's why that fear in me to have to meet him. Was all this coincidence, cause or a law? An invisible power? I could not figure it out and most likely never would, but it was terrible. I could not shake myself loose from him, though I would have wanted to very much. And he? He probably could not either. We always were attracted to each other and yet he hated me and I him. I would have thought it excitingly miraculous, if it weren't so sad, so intensely sad. In any case, it had cost him his life and I was locked up in a cell waiting for my life's end.

Roni, Marianne and I, how mighty was the influence that connected the three of us. The three of us? Yes, for we had been brought together, but by whom? By satan? Did the devil meddle in human affairs? It could not be God, God was Love. In any case these were invisible forces or fate. The force that first had united us and afterwards destroyed us were devilish. I accepted this without question, to me there did not seem to be an other solution possible and yet, what did the devil have to do with us, puny little people. Had he no other work? Had he nothing else to do? But then who was it, who ruined our young lives? It was an enigma to which I could not find the solution. Yet here I was again, busy asking 'why' and 'wherefore' as usual. This trait of my character I had not lost, notwithstanding all that had happened.

If only Marianne came to visit me, if only it would be granted her and me. Perhaps she knew more than I. She had come to know him very well, I had been blind, totally blind. How awful my thoughts had been about her. I gladly took everything back, for a she-devil she was not. No, not that at all, that was the very last and saddest part of all. Possibly I might be allowed to see her before my death. Anyway I would request, nay, beg it, because I had to speak to her before I died.

There was a rattling at the entrance and a very high personage entered. He asked me several questions, which I answered.

Then I asked him: 'Can I have somebody visit me here? Hasn't

somebody come yet?’

‘No’, was his short and haughty answer.

‘If someone comes for me, would that be possible?’

He waved his hand and I understood that such was not at all certain. A cold comfort. It was my only desire before I died. How cruel people were. Great sadness assailed me and I felt dead-tired.

Once again someone came and brought me some water. How grateful to him I was for that. I drank, but wanted to save some for later, for it was not at all sure how long I would have to wait and then I would at least have a little left. My head hurt and I felt so much weaker that I could not think of anything any more. Already I had strained my thinking too much, it had tired me out, so that I fell asleep. I let myself go, for in this state I did not need to think and felt nothing of my misery. At this time I would have liked to sleep myself to death. Soon sleep took me under her wings.

When I woke up again I felt deeply unhappy. It looked as if day was breaking and by that I calculated how long I had slept. However, I was so dazed that I sat and stared ahead of me for several hours, sitting in the same position. Through the intensity of my innermost feelings I felt lifeless. How would my life end? Through hanging, beheading or torture until death? It was all the same to me, if only I could talk to Marianne. I was willing to suffer everything, to give my life for her, but I had to know what I did it for. I wanted to see and speak with her.

The days passed. I scratched marks on the wall and counted the days that had gone by. Nearly two weeks I had been locked up and still Marianne had not come. I became afraid that something had happened to her also. Then suddenly one afternoon the bolts of my cell were pushed aside and this great happiness was given to me, for Marianne stepped inside. I burst into tears and Marianne flew into my arms, she also cried on my shoulder; two broken-hearted people. Quick like a flash of lightning I began to think.

‘Come’, I said, ‘let’s not lose a second, come, talk to me.’

I felt that we were one of soul and spirit.

‘I have loved you so, Marianne, already from our childhood. Please, my dear child, tell me all about Roni, for I shall have to die. It will make dying a little easier.’

She was deeply moved, but could not utter a word. I began asking her a few questions and slowly I found out that she too knew but very little about Roni. She also had felt attracted to him, as if bound by a tie, a sinister force, that had drawn her to him. Now I still knew nothing, for the very same thing had happened to me. A few years after me she had taken up art. More she could not tell, for she did not understand this incomprehensible problem either. I draw her closer to me, for I loved her in the true sense. She would have had the ability to raise my art to the ultimate height, but it was not to be any more. My life and hers lay in ruins. Then she began to speak.

‘My art has been my downfall, Lantos. Do not ask about my life, for you will send me away.’

‘Do you love me, Marianne?’

She looked at me through tear-filled eyes and I understood her silent answer. We were united, one in feeling, one in thinking, one life that would presently be torn apart. For how long? My heart bled and I needed to summon all my strength to remain standing up. I wanted to live these moments, live them to the fullest. Before me I saw a road without end, endlessly going on, so that I could not see the end of it. What did it mean? I returned again to reality and held her even tighter to my breast.

‘My child, my Marianne, will you never forget me? If there is an eternity, do you think that we shall see each other again? Tell me what your thoughts are about that?’

‘We shall live, Lantos, live we will, for it is God’s will.’

‘Then there is no death? Do you know more about it than I?’

‘No, but don’t they teach us that?’

‘Ah, you study and accept? So be it. Let us have faith in that we shall meet again. Wherever it may be, I shall go on loving you, through all the ages to infinity. Do you feel like that, Marianne?’

‘I do, Lantos, I feel it. I know now what it means to love true and pure. I did not love before, could not love, but now I feel different. Do not ask about my life, but I love you deeply, intensely.’

She kissed me and I felt her relaxing, her consciousness ebbing away.

I held her tightly within me, saying: ‘Marianne, stay conscious, save those seconds, give me that precious time, don’t lose yourself, stay awake, stay awake!’

Her eyes opened again and she looked at me. Thank God, not a second I wanted to lose.

‘Long for me, when I shall be no longer with you, will you?’

She nestled herself closer to my breast and cried. I could not think any more, yet I had so much to ask; I felt empty.

‘Longing, longing’, that one thought repeated itself in my mind, ‘long for, always long for, until you can’t any more.’

‘If there is a God, if in truth You love Your children, then unite us after death.’

‘Long for me, for love, Marianne, will you long for, always continue to long for me? Wait, ever waiting until He Who calls Himself God will give it to us?’

‘If there is a Father in Heaven, then I beg You not to destroy this beauty, not this love, allow us this one thing, this most sacred thing.’

I spoke on and on, always begging that our love not would be destroyed. I who did not believe in Him still begged. I was not aware of what He could do, but I asked and begged; at that moment I could not do anything else. An unfamiliar peace lay within me. Then again I felt empty and could not think more and a dizzy spell overtook me. With all my might I fought against it, but to no avail. It was not Marianne but I who collapsed. I could still feel her near me, her lips pressed on mine, on my eyes and cheeks, but far, far away; I sank down into an endless depth.

I woke up in the night. Darkness was around me, but this darkness was dear to me, more than the day, than the light, for in this I could think. I remembered everything and grieved that I would never more be able to have this experience again. That too would not be granted me. How I longed to be dead. And now but to die as soon as possible, then everything will stop, this misery too. Away from this life, from the earth, from the people and the animals. Only then would I be free of this damned life. I now yearned for the silence of the grave and for death, that horrible monster, I hankered.

Day came and then night again. Days and nights now followed each other, going straight to the end of my life. But why did it take so long? Since I had to die, then as quickly as possible. Finally the time came that I would be sentenced. Would I still meet Marianne?

One morning they came for me and led me before the court. I

looked around for Marianne, but she was not there. I heard she was ill. I was not condemned to death, but was to be imprisoned in a dungeon for the rest of my life. I asked for the death sentence, but they paid no attention to me, the verdict was settled.

To be shut up for life in a dungeon was hideous, I dared not think of it. How readily I would have offered my head to the block. Everything was dear to me, but this was horrible. I was blindfolded and led to a different place, which I felt was an island, where I was locked up. Neither from my parents nor from Marianne did I ever hear. I was one of the living dead.

### *Reflections*

Now I had the time to meditate. My cell was a few meters square. Only faint light fell through a small window and that was the only source of illumination. When the sun went down darkness set in for me too. No other light was available to me.

At the beginning of my arrival here I looked for ways to escape, but had to put that out of my head soon, it was impossible. Whether I lived above or below ground level I did not know. It ought to be above ground, otherwise I would have no light, but upon entering I had counted the steps we descended and there were thirty-two. The walls of my cell were several meters thick and what could I do with that? Nothing at all. And so I abandoned the idea and gave myself over to fate. I now lay on my back for hours staring upwards. The first days passed in this way.

I had time for everything, no need to hurry at all. My whole life on earth passed by. I thought about my childhood and how carefree it had been and how much my parents had loved me. But, they were mean and treacherous: how well had I come to know them! But the most treasured hours had been those I had spent with Marianne; they had been the most wonderful and sacred moments of my life. Afterwards in different surroundings with the various teachers who had not taught me anything. And still I had become a great artist. There lived in me a force that served for something and was useful. Now I never asked any more how I got that feeling for art. I would not get an answer to that anyway. If I had remained at home this

would not have happened. But I had to. A to me unknown force prompted me to leave that red-hot piece of ground and I went, with this as end result. Revenge I felt in the whole of my life, revenge, nothing but revenge.

Was there a God of revenge? Would my parents know about this end? I still had cherished feelings of hope that they would free me. But no. Would they be able to sleep peacefully knowing all this? Would Marianne tell them? That would not happen either, for hadn't I forbidden her to do so? Was Marianne still alive? Had she suffered a total breakdown because of all those touching events? When my parents would hear of that it would poison their happiness and darken their light still more. Their God now was a God of revenge, of that I was sure. However, I should not think of those things any more.

The first days I had been miserable about my ruined life, but I was slowly adjusting, there was nothing I could do to change the circumstances anyway. It had happened and now I must pay the penalty with my life. Still I was glad that through myself I had destroyed their family lineage. There would be no heirs to follow me; I, the only one, was shut up in a dungeon. Here in this hole I awaited my life's end. I would not even have wanted any offspring, why I did not know. However, it gave me satisfaction that for my parents that sun had not risen. They were now in darkness too, their hope, their light, and their task were destroyed by me. I now felt that their ideas had been wrong. Already in my childhood I had thought about that, but could never completely understand it, until now. Their God now thought different about them. Would they still be able to feel love for Him after so many disasters? This was the only trump I had been able to play out to destroy their happiness. And it was destroyed. I had escaped their torture, but now I was being tortured. If only my father would have beaten me to death, that would have been better. But no, not really, for I begrudged him that pleasure. Would he lend himself to such things? Oh, for sure, I knew him only too well. Our lineage had contained those beings whose aim was violence and destruction. In earlier times, far back in the past, other incidents had occurred.

When I was a child I heard rumours about them, but never learned the truth. When I asked my mother if what I heard was true, she

said that I was too young yet and would not understand. I was exceedingly fond of history but our own family history was kept hidden from me. At least so I thought. I saw and sensed much violence that could not be explained away. Everything that happened in the past had nothing to do with the living and I must not poke around in what was past, my mother said. When I talked with my father about it he shrugged his shoulders and I was none the wiser.

At this moment the flow of my thoughts was interrupted, because my thoughts turned to Marianne and I became consumed by love, which made me very sad. Still I did not want to be sad, for nothing could really be done about it. It had been quite remarkable, when Marianne came to visit me in my cell I felt that it was not I who then spoke. I myself would not have been able to speak in such a way. It had risen from the very depth of my inner feelings, which I neither knew nor understood. But it certainly was strange. Now I had no longings any more, I only waited for death, for I could never get out of this place. So I tried to fend off all those thoughts, but they crept back intermittently and I began to have my longings. My love was intense, apparently I loved too much. Was Marianne thinking of me? If so, then I felt her clearly and it warmed me inside.

One day followed after another, I had stopped marking off the days and weeks, for it only upset me more and I wanted to remain as quiet as possible. I could feel the approach of winter, for it was getting steadily colder. The wind shrieking through the gaps in the only shutter above me, frightened me. It was a painful feeling when the elements were in revolt. How could one still believe in a God of Love? Here in this place were hundreds of others with me who cursed Him. All those fellows lived in the most squalid misery, but I never saw them, for I was not allowed outside my cell. Here I lived, this was my and their world. Even if I would shout very loud, they would not hear me. Why did God allow this? Did I belong to those who had to be destroyed? God was our Father, of all of us. He could easily set me and the others free. But that did not happen.

The food was meagre and bad, as was the water I was given to drink. My poor body cringed, but yet I drank it, for there was nothing else. Because I suffered such a terrible thirst I had to drink it, but every swallow gave me stabbing pains in my belly.



Were they intent on torturing me to death in this manner? Why not at once instead of such painful torment. Only human beings could do things like that, an animal did not; his feelings were not enough developed, it wasn't beastly enough. Man, however, possessed intellectual gifts and could therefore think up more sophisticated tortures.

But did God give him these talents for that? Was that why people were godly, as the Bible said? I was a murderer and had to make good, but I was not capable of such low things. To do such things seemed horrible, even more cruel than my deed; it was vindictive and mean. I had acted impulsively in anger, but here they inflicted pain on me and all the other poor wretches and foltered us slowly and tormentingly. We had to die but how long would it take? I had rather be decapitated on the block than this slow doom. Coupled with this came my inner melancholy from being shut-in and the thinking, always that thinking, that was indescribable. All this suffering made that I longed for death, the sooner the more welcome it would be to me. I wished I had not been born. Could I have come to earth just for this purpose? I cursed the moment I was born. Or was it my own fault that I was locked up in here? Who could answer me that? How I hated my parents, now even more than before. After every affliction that I felt my hate increased. How long would this have to last? Perhaps ten, twenty or thirty years? It would drive me insane.

For hours I lay with both hands under my head staring ahead of me. I was like a living dead man. Still my heart beat like any other person's and in me I felt the longing for a bit of sunshine, a little love and human kindness. I yearned for it, while the person who had his freedom did not realize how fortunate he was. It lived within me and gnawed at my poor heart. But when I thoroughly felt it through, my thoughts turned to that incomprehensible God and I begged Him to make an end to this suffering. He, the Almighty could do this. However, I begged silently, inside of me, no man or animal was allowed to hear it. I did not dare asking or praying aloud, if this was praying.

The little animals around me would pity me, if they were conscious of such a thing. They represented the only life that I saw and

felt here. Their presence helped me, for then I was not the only one who was imprisoned here. It was quite a wonder, but because of them I bore my suffering with more ease, for by day I followed their movements in everything and so the time sped by and days passed and my end came closer.

Every day that passed, for free people it meant an older age, for me it meant debility and loss of strength. Because of this food I would and should die, my poor body would deteriorate, it could not be else. That's why I had to think all the time, about God too. However, the days and weeks passed and still I was alive. God did not hear me. Would I have to shout louder, much louder for help? I still could not do it yet and I doubted that God would hear me any better. Singing in the churches could be heard on the streets and yet they weren't heard any better either. And so I lost weight visibly, my poor body suffered of rheumatism, cold and poverty and my face became angular.

Nights were the most unbearable, I thought they lasted a year. In me the longing began again. My heart asked for all those earthly items that make life on earth so much more pleasant. I yearned for the sun, for eating and drinking and for more room and so many things more. My heart asked and my soul begged. Both were sad and slowly dying.

If every person on earth could experience this, they would appreciate their possessions more. They do not realize their good fortune in what it means to have freedom, to eat and drink and other pleasures. Even the most miserable people are rich compared to me and the others here. The singing of the birds, the bark of a dog, hold a conversation with an other human being, oh, how happy that would make me.

After all these things, as I said before, all these earthly pleasures I hankered. I had always appreciated them during my life, but now I had nothing at all. To be able to see the sky, observe the night and day on earth I would submerge myself in my art, ah, I had nothing any more. In my first cell I had not wanted to meet people, now I hankered after it. A cup of water, a piece of fruit, for these small insignificant things I would lay down my life. My body craved all these things because I was alive. But it was cold here, miserably cold

and I huddled down and battled with myself.

Human being, appreciate what you have. How ungrateful many are. You grumble and complain, you are dissatisfied and yet you have everything. You do not appreciate the sunlight that warms you. Lock yourself in and you will learn to appreciate. I too was ungrateful, for I did not understand. Still I lived with nature, she gave me peace and joy. Now I was sitting here in the deepest darkness peering, straining my eyes till they burned and ached, until I grew tired of staring, thinking and yearning and sank down, wishing that I would never wake up.

But always again I woke up and began to yearn and question: Why and wherefore all this? I have sinned, I am a murderer, but what would you have done? Could you have controlled yourself fully? I had asked myself this already many times without finding an answer. I shall do penance, bear everything that comes to me, but I felt that few of you would have acted differently. Those powers are not in you when you are in love, truly love. My love for Marianne caused me to do it, only through love. Must I stand idly by and watch Roni play out his diabolic game? Watch him defile her?

All these thoughts together with that awful silence nearly drove me out of my mind. Still I got used to it, but I felt that something in me was changing. And so I always followed my feelings, and the days, weeks, months and years went by.

### *Contact with the invisible world*

There was a continual change in my feelings that kept me busy, it made me think and feel and at the same time work it out. It taught me much and I came to know the many traits of my character and learned to suppress all those desires, so that I learned to accept.

The silence was horrible, it was as if death himself was grinning at me. Soon he will be able to take possession of my body, though there would not be much left of it. I felt him waiting for me and sooner or later he would come for me. Then I would give myself up, for he was dear to me, very dear. My love for him had grown. This will sound strange but yet I am speaking the truth.

Whenever the darkness was around me, I became frightened. The

night before I had thought that I was not alone any more. I thought I saw shadowy shapes that floated around me, upward and down. I looked at them, then I shut my eyes tightly, but I could still see them. When I opened my eyes after a long time, they were gone and my fear disappeared. Whenever evening approached and night was near, I began to shudder. All these incidents would drive me insane, I found that prospect horrible and I would not want that to happen. I wanted to remain in full possession of all my mental faculties to the very last hour.

The following night I saw them again. They even looked like people! That I could not believe, since I was here all alone and I did not want to put ideas into my head. However, soon it could not be denied any longer. I began to see them ever more sharply outlined and I did not know how to resist or close my mind to them any more, so that I yearned for daybreak. The nights now became a frightening torment to me. Something like this had never happened to me before. It had to undermine my physical strength for I could not stand that strain much longer, of that I was sure. When I watched this it was as if my soul wept. I sat there petrified, very still and did not move, I did not dare. Every night they returned, what was I to do? I squirmed and wriggled, closed my eyes and thought of other things, still they kept coming and ruined my rest that I needed so badly.

When it was day I was sure that I must have imagined it, but the nights always proved me wrong. A night now lasted an eternity for me. There was no end in sight and I was at my wit's end. They were just like people, they had bodies like you and me, but still they looked like animals, for there was an indescribable quality of cruelty, fear and destruction surrounding them. I imagined nothing, I would not be able to, for I had too much plain common sense and had been a seeker all my life. What it all meant I did not know yet, but they were not going to bring me much good. They went wherever they wanted, I saw them vanish through the thick walls and reappear again. At least they enjoyed freedom. They were everywhere, for I saw more and more, above, below and beside me, they even went right through me. I had never heard of anything like it. What kind of beings were they, that is if they were beings? They became

more and more visible to me, I even saw their hands which looked like claws. Were these people or animals, did they live in this world or in an other world? I wondered what the meaning of all this was. Then one night I saw their eyes which glowed like fire and that's when I started to believe they were people. But where they came from I did not know.

By day I pleaded for help for it would make me mad. Wasn't there any God then? Must I live through it all? During the day I saw nothing for I was mostly asleep, but I did not want to sleep, I wanted to stay awake, so that I would sleep at night and would not see them. However, I did not succeed in staying awake and so the day had become night for me and the night turned into day. A strange situation, the one torment was even more horrible than the other and at the moment I had many of them. I called for mercy, but I saw no change. All my cries for help went for nothing, God was deaf to me, if there was a God. I now began to doubt even more, there was nothing left in me that believed in anything. A God would not sanction this for it was impossible to endure. Sometimes I shouted it out, not softly but very loud and still nothing, nothing at all, no help. Finally I gave up. There was no God, people just imagined Him. In the meantime those beings just went on making my life a hell, they ignored me though I pleaded and begged.

As soon as twilight set in, darkness engulfed me. Then I crouched down to wait. My suffering was unbearable. It was so dark that I could not see a hand before my eyes. There I trembled and shook, in the grip of my nerves. Yet a human being is very tough, but how little can one withstand in life.

My thoughts when I was brought here were that I would not be able to stand it for long, but time passed and the relief of death did not happen, though I was nothing but a skeleton. Still a human being can endure a great deal, because in my former cell I already collapsed when nothing had happened yet.

It was still and frightening around me and I felt that they would come. I saw movement already. Sometimes hours went by in which I did not see anything and then I tried to sleep but without success. I did not want to be so frightened any more and resisted it, then perhaps things would change. Presently I saw beside me some be-

ings and an ice-cold current of air passed through me. What was happening now? But they went away and I breathed a sigh of relief.

Then I must have fallen asleep, for when I woke up it was day. Thank God, they had let me get some rest last night. I felt fortunate and thankful that I had slept and not seen these beings. I did not feel like eating, neither did I feel thirsty and this too was quite unusual. It grew colder all the time and I had to try and do something about that. I could stand anything, if only those mysterious beast-people or whatever they were would stay away. My fear for the night grew more intense. If only I knew where the end lay.

Suddenly I thought of Marianne again, I had not thought of her for a long time. I had been preoccupied, for so enormously much was happening here on which my mind had to work. But these last few nights I had not seen any shadowy forms and I could think of other things. I already was inclined to think that I had been mistaken and that the darkness had played tricks on me.

Poor Marianne! How was she getting along? When I thought of her motherhood I became angry. Why did I have to meet her again in this way? But she had known nothing of my life, she did not even know whether I still was alive. Would her deed cause her to have to make good? I myself was already atoning for my deed and later would go into hell. It still was not enough; when I thought of that and of my approaching end I fearfully cringed. All these horrors, with still the prospect of being doomed? My soul shuddered at the thought.

I forgave Marianne everything and I would always love her. She had begged me not to spend thoughts on her life, but I loved to do that, it killed the time for me. I felt my love awakening again, because I was longing for some warmth. The more I suffered, the more my love for her grew. It was balm on the wounds, it gently stroked my inner being. But only her I loved, I felt nothing for any God or other person. Sometimes I thought that I heard Marianne pray. Was such possible? I pushed such thoughts away from me for I was not going to fool myself.

He, the Creator of heaven and earth could save me. How is it possible, I pondered, that my thoughts always return to God? I did not believe in Him, but there was something within me that kept reminding me of Him. I considered it very strange, just as every-

thing else had been, including my whole life. It welled up from the depth of my innermost being. Did I then really have anything to do with God? Did something of Him live in me? Why always these questions and why do I have to think about it over and over again? It felt as if I was part of Him and could not free myself of it, my thoughts always came back to Him.

Whenever I thought of Marianne and felt her love, the next thing that came to my mind was God. Why that taunting, had I not suffered enough? Was God pressing His Love upon me?

How readily I would love You, You God of Love, but see all what is clashing, what is unjust.

Forcefully I suppressed all these feelings for God and Marianne. Yet my longing for love returned, I hungered for its warmth, no, I begged for it. That other agony I did not even feel any longer, only this. It disturbed the quiet of my soul, it tormented me so horribly that I felt I was lying on the spiritual rack. Was this love? Or was I imagining?

Oh, to get a smile from her, to see her before me; she who was mine only, would make my happiness so great beyond comprehension and expression in words.

From one thought I came to another and I could feel in my thinking that my brain was becoming confused. God, Marianne, love, food and drink, those creatures and my whole life were driving me mad.

Yet strange as it may seem, I began to long for those shadowy figures, because I was afraid that I would lose my sanity. It meant a kind of diversion for me, the time passed more quickly and so I kept myself occupied. It is true that I felt that I was becoming the plaything of my thoughts. I was tossed everywhere, left and right, but I would rather dash my head against the wall than become insane, which seemed completely unbearable to me.

The thoughts of love in me, hurt me, but also warmed me. When I had my freedom I had not quite felt that warmth of love, now, however, it was as if that love was expanding, becoming greater and more true. How could I love now. I wished for nothing else than to give love, to care for my love, to smile at her and protect her, then I would consider myself in paradise.

I did not want to love as other people thought they did, no, not

like that. I wanted to be one of feeling, of understanding and of thought. Then I would see God in her, in her I could feel God. As an artist I could not yet do so and therefore I now understood that the suffering I now received and experienced ripens, must ripen, the love of people, because I began to appreciate what I once had and now lacked. You see, that's what I thought of and what I felt within me; it burned in my soul and I let it burn because in this cold it did me good. My heart and my whole being wept and shouted for it. So the days and nights passed.

For some time now I had not seen the shadows any more. I began to long for them, because thinking like this was also hard to take. I did not care any more whether it was day or night. It was all the same to me. I had completely run out of thoughts. I had no more desires or longings for something dear. I only felt empty and tired, for I thought everything was unjust and merciless.

Some protection against the cold was given me, which made me very happy. Now I could brave that long winter when necessary, if death did not come to call on me first.

Again I sat in my little corner, because trudging around my cell, always round and round, made me dizzy and in this way I waited for the things that were to come.

*I committed suicide  
and the entering into the spiriritual world*

Everything experienced here had been emotional, but now I began to long intensely for my death. All my desires had given way to but one thought 'death'. Roni had been luckier than I, if only he had crushed me my skull, instead of I did it, for this suffering was dreadful.

The day passed and night approached. I wanted to try to get some sleep. The wind howled through the blind again, but that did not frighten me any more, I had become used to it. I only wished to be allowed to die, nothing more. Inwardly I felt more at rest, but I still could not sleep, so that inadvertently I began looking around. And sure enough I noticed faint movements again which usually preceded their arrival. I had not seen them for a long time. So I had not imagined them. I still did not know whether they were human or



animal. I followed their every move and found it curious that I was not so frightened as before. They grew clearer but remained enveloped in a mist. I followed them in everything. Truly, I thought, these are people. But where do these human beings come from?

Now a whispered sound caught my attention and I tried to catch the meaning of it, but it was too faint.

Then I suddenly asked: 'Are there people here? Are you living human beings?'

I waited, but heard nothing, though the life around me closed in tighter. Unexpectedly I felt something inexplicable coming up in me, it was as if someone spoke to me. Once again I asked if there were people present.

Again I heard speaking, but did not understand it and asked: 'Are you truly a person?'

Suddenly I clearly heard: 'Just like you.'

Like me? But wasn't that impossible? I was all alone and locked in.

I asked: 'Then what powers do you possess?'

'Yours', I heard say.

'Mine?' I repeated.

'Yours', I heard again.

'Are you man or animal?' I asked.

'Man, like you.'

'And where do you live?'

'Here, near you, around and in you.'

That was too much for my understanding. In me? Was I connected with the invisible world, with the hereafter? Then there was a continuation of life?

I tried again: 'Are you dead?'

'No', I heard, 'aren't we living?'

Now I still knew nothing, beside me I observed several beings, I could see their bodies and noticed that they were people. So they spoke the truth. They looked at me and smiled.

I repeated my question but got no answer.

Presently I asked: 'Are you from the earth?'

'Yes', I heard say, 'but in a different world, between the earth and the hereafter.'

I did not understand that either. I began to believe that they were

making fun of me, or perhaps I was fooling myself with self-suggestions?

At the same instant, however, I heard someone say: 'I speak the truth, don't you see us?'

'Yes, I see you.'

'Well then, come to us', I heard, which sent an involuntary shiver through me.

'Come to you?' I asked.

'Here you will be rid of all your miseries, here is a life where you can find amusement.'

This upset me, because they seemed to know what I was longing for. They had to be human beings, for they thought as I did, but why could they not give a straightforward answer to my question whether they had died on earth?

'Did you die?' I asked.

I thought I heard a satanical laughter. Were these devils?

'Tell me who you are?' I asked again.

'Is not possible', I heard.

'Why not?' I queried.

And heard: 'Do you tell everybody who you are?'

This answer was well-defined, only human beings could speak and think that way.

Next came my question: 'Can you think as I do?'

'Like you'.

I heard nothing more for a considerable time, but saw them distinctly. First I had to think all this out, for I did not understand it at all. I still asked a few questions, but no more answers were forthcoming. The night passed and day approached, but I could not arrive at the truth.

I spent the whole day thinking everything over and I longed for the darkness, because things were happening to me of which I had never heard of in my life. One thing was clear to me: They were monstrous, these beings. They were shapes, human beings, but more like devils. By day, when it was light, I did not see or hear anything of them. Apparently they could not stand the daylight. Yet I now longed for the night, because it took the sting out of all my other miseries and feelings of hunger, thirst and desires. This time it was a day that lasted a year.

How long I had been here I did not know. But by the seasons, when warmth made way for cold, I could tell that another year had gone by. How my poor body had managed to stand it this long surprised me. In the winter I nearly froze and in the summer I was almost suffocated, but none of them was fatal and so I remained alive, however wretched it was. I could separate each of the different feelings that went through my mind. I had suffered most because of the various feelings of fear; next through my desires.

Now a new activity had been added to keep me occupied and for that I longed, so that the day seemed like an eternity. Perhaps this time I would encounter that elusive truth that would solve the many enigmas. Everything should change in me, as soon as I knew all about their life style. Externally I did not need to change any more, for were I in my present condition to appear before my old friends they would fail to recognize me. My long beard and snow-white hair that hung down onto my shoulders made me look like a sage and a very honourable gentleman, yet I was a murderer. Inside as well as outside of me great changes had taken place.

As usual I stationed myself in the small corner and waited for nightfall. When the darkness increased I saw them coming. They were still shrouded in a haze, but I knew already the exact moment when I would receive an answer if I spoke. A reddish light surrounded them with flashes of green stabbing through and I could not help thinking of an approaching disaster for me riding with them. However, when they came nearer I could only think of myself and the questions I was going to ask. Did I see right? Indeed, I saw a woman. Where did she come from?

'Are there women?' I asked.

No answer.

But the artist in me had distinctly seen the outline of a female figure; the eye of an artist observed sharper than that of an ordinary person. Again I saw women, not just one but dozens of them. I saw their figures rise and fall as if they were playing a game, like a cloud of thousands of mosquitos. Gracefully they floated high up then to pass very close by me. I could have touched them, but I did not dare to make a move.

Was I dreaming or awake? I touched myself, struck my fist against

the wall, pinched my sunken cheeks and decided that I was awake.

Yes, they were women, I could see them clearly now. I listened if I could hear them speak and saw how they embraced one another. It was very strange, but I remained calm while I watched them.

Suddenly I heard a voice I recognized instantly, while at the same time I was certain that I heard it inside of me.

‘Would you like to ask some questions?’ I heard.

‘Oh’, I said, ‘please, very much.’ And I continued: ‘Am I seeing right, are these women?’

‘You are right’, I heard and I was happy.

‘Tell me, where do these women come from?’

‘From the earth’, said the voice.

This is, I thought, a clear answer.

Then the voice said: ‘Can you see me?’

‘No’, I said, ‘I do not see you,’ but then I perceived that something condensed and began to show itself. ‘Yes’, I cried out happily, ‘now I see you.’

I gazed into two eyes of a luminous green, that gave me a penetrating look.

Then I heard say: ‘Am I a human being?’

‘Yes, you are like me, a human being. I thank you.’

Then he withdrew himself again and I asked: ‘Do they have means of amusing themselves there?’

‘Here we have everything. We live any way we like.’

‘Fine’, I said.

The conversation now went smoothly, it seemed to go by itself.

‘What do I have to do to join up with you?’

Very distinctly I now heard: ‘Make an end to your life, don’t stay in that dungeon, come to us.’

‘Do you mean that?’ I asked

‘Yes for sure, I mean it.’

‘Tell me again once more, have you died?’

The being seemed to have to think about it and after a short while I heard: ‘All of us have died.’

‘So,’ I said and added, ‘so, then there is a hereafter.’

‘Something like that.’

‘Then dead does not exist?’

'No', I heard him say, but to my ears it sounded very sharp.  
'Marvellous', I said, 'then you live on the other side of the grave.'  
'Yes', he agreed but this answer was a long time in coming.  
'Is something causing interference?'

'Yes', said the voice.

'I thought so', I replied, 'but do you live in a hell?'

'No', he said, 'it is wonderful here.'

Then I heard laughter, but did not understand why they had to laugh at that question; I meant it seriously.

'They are not laughing at you,' I heard, 'they are having fun.'

'Fun', I repeated. And I was bored stiff. There they could enjoy themselves, they were together and I was always alone.

After these thoughts I heard: 'Why not come to us?'

'I will seriously think about it', I said. My next question was the one that bothered me often: 'Tell me, dear friend, is God there?'

Now I heard a terrible laughter, that made me feel I had asked a dumb question. It sounded diabolical in my ears.

Still I asked: 'Are you laughing at me?'

'No', he said.

'Then you know a God?'

'No, I don't and neither do the others', I heard him say.

That again was another plain answer, they did not know God either.

'Tell me, dear friend, but give me a clear answer, are you doomed?'

I listened intently and heard his reply: 'None of us know anything about that.'

'Then there is no damnation?'

'Not here.'

If that were true, I would like to go to that world.

'One more question you must answer me honestly.'

'Ask away', I heard.

'Thanks, I am very grateful to you. Is where you are a burning fire?'

'Fire, did you say?'

'Yes, fire. Isn't hell supposed to have burning fire?'

'No fire here'

Then that is not true either. Are the clergy on earth then crazy or am I, I thought?

‘They are lunatics’, I heard him say. And he repeated: ‘No fire burns here.’

‘How happy you made me, dear friend, how happy I am.’

A deep sigh escaped my chest. If that were so I could feel love for God again. I meditated for a long time and he did not speak either, as if he knew that I had to think.

After a considerable time I asked: ‘Are all those religious leaders – and there are many – wrongly informed?’

‘Yes’, I heard, ‘that must be so.’

‘And the Holy Father?’

‘He too.’

‘That is awful’, I said, for then millions of people were being cheated.

If they did not know it, then who would? Were not they the representatives of God? Ah, that incomprehensible God. All those learned scholars who knew about God were on the wrong track and knew nothing of God, just like me.

I was very thankful to my friend, but this problem now became more and more complicated and confused me even more. What a mystery!

‘Come to us’, I heard him urging, ‘and your sorrow and grief will be over. It will all be removed. Come, come soon, time presses.’

‘Will I be with you?’

‘Yes, certainly.’

‘Do you have day a night where you are?’ I asked.

‘Did you not hear me?’ I asked again, when the answer took a long time in coming.

‘Well, yes’, he said slowly after a while, ‘but I cannot explain that to you.’

‘Is my question so difficult then?’

‘It’s not that, but don’t forget that we live in an other world.’

That was true. I had not thought about that. Still I found it strange, my question was not deep, but human. Even the smallest child on earth was aware of day and night. Was that world then so incomprehensible? It had to be, for none of the people on earth knew anything about it, not even the highest religious orders, although they said they did.

‘Tell me’, I asked, ‘do you have enough to eat and drink?’

‘We have everything your heart desires.’

‘How happy you must be up there, I have nothing at all.’

‘Then come on over, don’t wait any longer.’

Now I asked again: ‘Then, you did die?’

‘Yes’, he said.

‘Thank you, now you are clear. On earth?’

‘On earth’, he agreed.

‘Can you tell me some more?’

‘Only what you ask me.’

I thought it over and could not come up with any more questions, though there were thousands within me.

After a while I asked again: ‘Do you know that I am waiting for my death?’

‘Yes’, he said, ‘you have already told me that.’

I must be going mad, I thought, I am mixing everything up.

‘So you are dead and you are alive?’ I asked, pleased with my keen question.

‘Yes’, I heard, ‘we are dead and we are alive.’

Now I knew enough. There obviously was no death. They lived in a different world from mine which I then would enter also. Then death was something wonderful and I need not be afraid.

I asked: ‘Did you too make an end to your earthly life?’

‘Not me but many others here did.’

‘Wonderful’, I said, ‘I will soon come, but first I must think about it some more.’

It seemed to me a big step to take, but then I would be out of my miseries.

‘What do you intend to do?’ I heard him again.

‘I will do some more thinking first and will tell you tomorrow.’

I heard something that sounded like a growl, but I presumed that it was not meant for me. It was very likely uttered by one of the others.

Next I heard: ‘I advise you to decide soon, time is pressing.’

This was the second time he had told me this, and I replied: ‘I shall hurry.’

‘Good’, I heard, ‘very good, for you still have the strength to do it.’

In a short time your starved body will not be able to accomplish it.'

'That is clear', I said, 'I had not thought of that.'

He was right, very soon I would not have the strength any more.

I thanked him, and because dawn was breaking I quickly asked: 'Do you help other prisoners here too?'

'Yes, one more.'

'And the others?' I asked.

'They do not hear or see us.'

'Then I am privileged?'

'That you are', he said. 'You are gifted', he added.

That was true; how right on the mark his answer was.

'Do you know', I still asked, 'that I am an artist?'

'I know.'

'From whom?'

'I see and feel it.'

'Splendid', I said, 'you have insight into the human nature. Is the other one you are helping gifted too?'

'No', came the answer, 'you are more sensitive than he.'

I understood that, and it made me feel good.

I still heard him say: 'I am leaving now; think well, till tonight.'

'Till tonight', I echoed, 'and many, many thanks.'

The beings dissolved before my eyes, because the night was giving way to the day. I now had many problems to solve. Should I do it? Everything was very remarkable and interesting. The fact that the clergy on earth did not have the slightest knowledge of these things pleased me most. How they paraded their wisdom, how clever they were, they, the chosen ones above all people, who knew nothing of this other life.

I was delighted and all my misery was forgotten. All day long I meditated. God did not doom people, there was no fire, two great problems were already solved. There was food and drink and when one lived there, one was free to go wherever one wanted. It could not be better. I was going to commit suicide for sure. But how? On the bars? It was the only suitable means. Running my head against the wall would not be a sure thing. Here I did not want to remain any longer. I yearned for people, for feasting, drinking, for love and happiness. There men and women were together; it could not be



more wonderful, I was satisfied with all of it. Here I had nothing and it might take a long time before I would die. I did not want a repeat of those horrible nights I had suffered in the beginning, not again, I would go mad.

I still had enough strength, for a short time only. I was growing weaker every day. Would I ly down there as a sick man? No! I was determined to make an end to it and longed for night to come, so that I could tell him. In no way was I going to be eaten by all these crawly vermin, no, thank you.

Would Roni also be in that world? If so, then I had not killed but only taken away his earthly life. I experienced a feeling of relief, Roni was alive and thus knew more than I; I would even see him again and Marianne too! We would go on, together, hand in hand and be able to love each other. Oh, the happiness that awaited me there. If she was there already I would see her immediately. If, however, she was still alive I would wait for her. In any case I was alive, she was alive and there was no fire and people were not doomed. Many wonderful things were waiting for me. Soon they could go and bury my corpse. I would like to see their faces then. If I had writing materials I would put a delightful letter beside it to thank them for all I had enjoyed during my stay.

The sun was setting, soon it would be night. I thought of all the questions I was anxious to ask still and wanted to be prepared. I must try to keep my thinking lucid. Last night it had nearly spoiled everything. My mind had been confused, but I had remembered the most important questions. These were the questions my soul hankered after.

I sat down as usual and waited. To the left of me I spied movement already. Immediately I asked a question but received no answer. I would have to wait still. But wherever I looked I now saw life. From the depth they sailed upwards, which was really funny.

Suddenly I heard: 'Good evening, my friend.'

'Good evening', I replied, 'I am glad that you came so early. Do you know that it is evening?'

'I heard you say so', he said.

'Don't you know that yourself then?'

I listened but heard no answer.

After a few minutes he said: 'What nonsense.'

'What nonsense?' I repeated after him. Yes, I said to myself, it really is nonsense. I have better questions to ask him: 'My dear friend, can you hear me?'

'I hear you and I listen.'

'Thank you, but listen well, I have something to tell you. I shall make an end to my life.'

'Very well, but hurry up.'

'Will you help me?'

'Yes', I heard, 'I shall help you.'

I said: 'Will you bring me happiness?' and received a terrible fright, for I heard a satanic laughter.

Are those devils, I thought. Among all that laughter I also thought I heard a horrible screeching. Where had I heard this before? Oh, yes, when Roni died. Now I did not know any more what I was going to ask.

'What are you thinking of, dear friend', I heard him say.

'Why are you laughing at my question?'

'You just imagined it, I did not laugh.'

'Am I suspicious?'

'Yes', he said, 'this is not your concern.'

'Then why do they laugh?'

'They are having fun.'

'Oh, that changes everything.'

Now I saw many beings together, they were sharing some joke or other. However, they had something loathsome, but I pushed the feeling aside. They meant well and I should not be ungrateful. Yet that loathing returned and frightened me.

Therefore I asked him: 'What is there that frightens me, do you know?'

Sharply came his reply: 'Your conscience.'

'My conscience?'

But I had to agree that the man spoke the truth. I was a murderer, I had taken a life.

'Do you have any other questions?'

I thought but could not find any more.

'I have a little time', I heard.

‘So that’s a pity.’

‘I will help you.’

‘Very good’, I said, ‘that is very nice.’

‘Tomorrow then?’

‘Tomorrow’, I said.

Yes, tomorrow I would act. Now I was becoming dazed, their world dissolved and became invisible for me and I fell asleep. It was light already when I woke up and I felt wonderfully rested. They did that for me, I thought. I felt strong and presently I would make myself ready to leave here. The food that they usually brought me I left, for that I did not need any more, I would receive other food when I was with them. I would not burden my starving body more, it had suffered enough. I spoke to my poor body and told it that it would get other food and many things more, but suddenly remained stuck in my train of thoughts. When this body was dead, it did not need any more food, did it? What kind of problem was now popping up in my thoughts? How curious were my thoughts that I had never even thought of it. From where did these thoughts come so suddenly?

I was growing dizzy. The light in my eyes faded. Would I become blind? I jumped up and walked a bit back and forth. Slowly I began to see better again. I was growing weak, very weak, it was the highest time that I should finish off my life. Soon I would get everything ready. From the straw I could fashion a long pole with which I could fasten a rope behind the bars. But I had no rope. Then I’d better rip up my covers. Quietly I now sat working at the straw pole, but yet my thoughts stayed with the problem of dying and food, for I did not quite understand what it meant. Ah, that I had not remembered sooner, the spirit of course did not need any more food. I knew nothing about it or had even heard of it, but it must be like that. The spirit, I repeated, the spirit!

‘The spirit’, suddenly was being said within me.

Who spoke to me? In me those words were spoken.

‘The spirit, he lives, the spirit remains alive.’

It upset me and scared me out of my wits; I was not myself any longer. I cursed at my own thoughts. Lunacy, nothing but madness! I must hurry, he had warned me beforehand. Make haste, Lantos, you are going mad, blind and still much more. Soon I would die

and then I did not need to think any longer.

‘Not about this perhaps, but about thousands of other things’, I heard.

‘Is it you?’ I asked, ‘can you also reach me by day? That is wonderful, I am almost ready’, I told him.

Now I knotted all the small strips together and tied them to the top of my pole of straw. Next I tried to work them behind the bars. While I was trying very hard to secure them, my heart suddenly began to beat so wildly that I thought I would pass out and that death had taken pity on me.

What was the meaning of this latest development? A force surged through me that was not mine. I had to support myself, so that I would not fall. My vision also faded and I had to postpone my efforts temporarily to catch my breath. Perhaps I am going blind too, I thought. It is high time, I am fussing too long. Yet I had thought that this would go much easier. It was as if I was being hindered in my efforts.

While I was sitting there resting, I suddenly heard someone knocking on my cell door. That had never happened before. Were the guards becoming polite? Again I heard it. Well, well, you will go stark raving mad, if you don’t go and get there, I thought, but I must first catch my breath. My eyesight faded more and more, for I now saw my surroundings in a haze. But in that haze there was some movement. Were these my friends?

The haze become thicker and thicker and now I beheld an apparition who built himself up in the very same way I had seen the others do, only this time I saw light. A strong light surrounded this being, and I could clearly see his figure. This being had a fine beautiful face. What would I experience now? There! I heard him speak to me.

‘Listen, my friend, my brother, listen!’ His voice had a different timbre, that I had never heard before. ‘Do not make an end to your life, the suffering you have undergone up till now is nothing compared what you will experience then.’

‘Who are you?’ I asked.

‘I am a spirit of light.’

‘Why don’t you come closer?’

‘That is not possible. Once again, I have come to warn you.’

‘Me?’

‘You. You will suffer horribly and be very lonely. Do not commit suicide. You cannot destroy your life, because the spirit lives on in eternity.’

‘Do you know anything about eternity?’

‘I live in eternity, dear friend.’

‘I know that already’, I said, ‘your brothers told me about it.’

‘Those are not my brothers, but demons from hell, who wish to destroy you.’

‘What are you saying? Destroy me?’ I looked at the being and asked: ‘Did you come here especially to spoil my last hours here?’

‘No, I came to help you. I spoke to you before, but you pushed me away. I am the spirit who spoke to you a while ago and I want to prevent that you kill yourself.’

‘You did that? You even begrudge me my death? You want to torture me still longer?’

‘Be still, brother’, he continued, ‘calm down a little and stay quiet.’

He looked at me with steady gaze and a mighty current set me at rest.

‘What do you want?’ I asked.

‘Think, dear brother, that God gave you life. Our Father, Who is in heaven, your and my Father, gave you that life and that life you may not destroy. It is God’s will not to do that. God is Love, my child, never forget that. When you have finished your sentence you will begin a different life.’

God is Love, I thought, God?

‘You speak of God is Love?’

I could not control myself and started to laugh. God is Love?

‘Do you know’, I said, ‘how I have suffered and implored Him? Do you know why I am here? Do you know, dear friend, how I have been treated? Do you know that I am eaten alive here by vermin and that it is gnawing inside of me; that the loneliness is driving me crazy? You speak of loneliness, haven’t I been alone here long enough? I ask you, do you begrudge me my death, my happiness? There I will find happiness, there also await me food and drink. There fun and friends, women and men are waiting for me. Here I go down to ruin physically and spiritually. Be off with you, spirit of light. Go back to where you came from. I don’t want to hear your unctuous

voice any longer. Go, I tell you, go now. Leave me alone, do not disturb my work, let me do what I want, I don't need your advice, not now, not ever, go, go!

How angry this human made me.

'You are of the devil! A priest from the earth. Perhaps your master sent you?'

I thought I was going to choke of laughter when that thought entered my mind. My friends had told me of that and I understood. Here before me stood one of those beings.

'Go back', I said.

He still stood there and kept looking at me.

'If I had my tools and stone I would sculpt a model of you,' I said.

Yet he did not leave and I felt a feeling of great peace come over me. He was an extraordinary person.

'Don't you want to go away?' I asked.

'Just this, my friend', he spoke. 'You cannot be made to listen to reason, but one day you will need help. When loneliness closes in on you and the silence will make you sad, then perhaps you need help. If it will be possible for me to come to you I shall help you. Call me, my name is Emschor. Do you hear, Emschor. We shall see each other again one day, one day. You think that I am talking nonsense but you will experience all of it. Thirst and hunger will torment you. You curse God but you are cursing your own life. You shall always go further, for there is no end to it. You will enter a different life, which is the life of the spirit, where I live. I shall go back, but before I go, dear friend, I want to add this: I came to help you, but you do not want to be helped, you wish no assistance. Many centuries ago I too made an end to my life. I thought I was destroying myself, but I lived on and had to atone for it on the other side of the grave. Therefore, I tell you your misery of today cannot be compared with what awaits you there. Know that I am your brother and speak the truth. Farewell, my son, and be aware of what you are doing. God be with you.'

The spirit vanished before my eyes. The haze in which he had arrived, dissolved and I was alone again. This had been a very remarkable occurrence. Still holding the pole of straw in my hands I stood there speechless. Where was he? I called him by his name and

waited for a long time, but heard nothing. Once again I called, but no answer. Was I going mad? Had I nearly gone far out enough to lose my mind?

‘Where are you’, I shouted as loud as I could, ‘if you want to help me, come back to me and say something.’

No, not a sound came to me, nothing, nothing at all. I knocked at the door, touched myself all over, beat my fist against the wall, walked a few times back and forth in my cell, talked to myself and returned to the place where I had been sitting. I was still normal, for I knew and understood what I was doing. But then, what? My eyes? Was I going blind? I only imagined him, because why didn’t I see him now? I was only hindering myself. I would put a quick end to myself, for my vision was going, I could hardly see any more, so it was high time. I did not want to go back to this loneliness, I wanted to see people and life around me. Here I became ill. I still had the strength for it, later on, when I would be totally blind, it would be too late.

I jumped up, raised the pole up high. Yes, this time I succeeded. I pulled the cord down and fashioned a noose for my head to go through. I looked around me but not a being was nearby. First I tried to see if it was strong enough to hold me. Yes, thank goodness, it held, but at every movement I trembled. Now I felt myself becoming feverish, my heart beat in my throat and my knees shook. What was going on now? It felt as if all the blood was draining from my body. Was it then so very difficult to die?

I now gathered up all my strength, put my head in the loop and let myself dangle down. The cord cut into my flesh, a rattling sound rose from my chest and I felt that I suffocated. My head was bursting with exertion, my eyes bulged out of their sockets and my chest was swelling up.

Suddenly I thought of Marianne. Then in a flash my earthly life rolled past my mind’s eye and I felt something horrible happening. I felt that I was being ripped apart, as if I was pulled to pieces. Next instant something pulled me up high and I heard satanical laughter around me that reverberated in my soul. Mean and vicious it sounded. Where was I? Was I alive? Now I heard voices talking, but far, far away from me. Yet I understood every word.

I heard: 'Now you are here with us, you will see life, much, very much life. The animal life will gnaw at your soul. Revenge! At last my time has come, revenge is sweet, Lantos Dumonché. Do you hear, revenge is sweet? Our ways will now part. Know that you once tortured and robbed me and caused my downfall. Cursed be your life! Curses on you and yours. Farewell, you have paid your debt. Revenge! Revenge! The devil fetch you!'

Oh, horror, what a monster!

'The worms will find a home in your soul. Me, you won't see again. Revenge, revenge', I heard further and further distant and silence took over.

But I was alive! Was I with the dead? What was the matter with that being? It was the same voice that had spoken to me all along. Had I done him some harm? Had I collapsed? Was I still living on earth? Where did I live? I could see and hear and yet it was dark around me. And where were all those beings I had seen. Such a jolt, it had been horrible. Had I died? It was very difficult to breathe. A tight band lay around my throat and my head seemed ready to burst. I looked around me and what was that? Beside me hung my material body, I recognized myself! My own body hung suspended from the window bars and I hung right beside it! I tried to move away, but something held me and pulled me back to my earthly body.

But I wanted to get away from that corpse. However, a force stronger than mine catapulted me back onto my material body with a thud. It was dreadful. I lived in the spirit and could not go where I wanted. Was I dreaming or had I gone mad? I became aware of severe cold. Where were the people? Why did they leave me alone? Was I in eternity and had that luminescent apparition spoken the truth? Were the others demons? Had I not suffered enough? I had been deceived and burst into tears.

This was my first disappointment but a terrible one! They had plunged me back into new miseries. Miseries which I still had to learn about and which I felt would be worse than those I had left behind. Hate, nothing but hate awaited me on this side.

Revenge, the being had called to me, revenge is sweet. Had I done him wrong? I did not even know him, knew nothing about him. Had I really destroyed, cheated and tortured him? I cried for a long



time, for I was shocked and deeply moved. Frightening was all this and I shuddered under their hate.

Next I wanted to know what held me, but first I must quiet down and be calm. Now I noticed a cord coming out of me, it was attached to my material body. This cord worked like a rubber band. It was wound around my whole material body and I could not break it.

‘My God’, I cried in desperation, ‘what is it I have mis-done? How can You allow this?’

If only I had listened to that radiant spirit who had spoken the truth. I felt worse here than in my cell. How mean and contemptible they were to wish this on me. Was I in hell? Fire I did not see, at least in that they had spoken the truth. Once more I tried to pull myself free, but my strength gave out and I had to stop. When I rebelled against my captivity my throat closed and choked me, but when I remained calm – I had sensed this already – the situation was bearable and I could breathe. At the slightest struggle, however, all my miseries returned anew vigorously and I suffered horribly. Did a curse rest upon me? I did not understand this. Of one thing I was certain and that was that death did not exist and that I now lived in eternity.

I kept myself as quiet as possible for I wanted to think. At last I knew now that there was not any death but I was totally alone. It was an empty world in which I lived. I tried to understand my situation.

Was this the hereafter? I lay down to sleep but felt it would be impossible. Within me there was a strong working going on that kept me awake. What have I let myself in for, I thought, how stupid have you been. I felt, heard and thought like on earth, nothing had changed. I felt my heart beat, I was hungry and thirsty, but I had nothing, no food, no drink and yet I hankered after it so much.

I would try one more time to free myself from my material body. I twisted and tried to struggle into my earthly garment to make it move. But no, I could not make it go, I went right through it. It was dead, there hung the corpse, in which I had lived; that garment had carried me, and served me to the moment where I made an end to my life.

I, here, was Lantos Dumonché and that there was only a thing of minor importance, an art piece of creative powers, but it had no

value in this life. Eventually this garment would be buried, but I lived on, probably in eternity.

It was quite remarkable that when I thought of other things I did not feel my miseries so intensely. Soon I understood that when I submerged myself in thoughts all the other things did not torment me so much. Did these powers belong to this life? I would watch this closely and try to acquire this, perhaps it would ease my present as well as my future agonies. This life, I clearly felt, was very different from the one on earth. When in this life I had a thought I immediately experienced that thought. On earth first we think and then we act. Here it had already taken place, as I distinctly noticed. One of my horrible problems I was now experiencing. I already knew about death and the eternal life, though still very little. Would I get to know God too? How I wished for that, but I also trembled at the thought of Him. But I would wait patiently, observe everything carefully and work it out for myself. The feeling I had, was that I floated between heaven and earth for, as I mentioned before, this world was empty. I lived in an empty void and felt no ground under my feet.

Can you think yourself in such a situation? I began to feel even more and I knew now that I had cut off my own life on earth. I had wanted to destroy that what was indestructible. The spirit Emschor had spoken the holy truth and I would not forget his name, maybe one day I would need him. Light surrounded him and that light made me recognize the truth. If I had acknowledged it I would still be alive in my material body. However, all the grief and problems, all the agony and lonely huddling in my cell had brought me here. How I had forgotten myself. But I had not known any better.

But here again was loneliness, cold and deep darkness; frightening was the silence I felt here. Again I followed the cord because I still could not accept it. However, when I sensed my condition a deep sorrow engulfed me, because I thought that I understood this dreadful thing. No, it could not be possible! I could not stand that, it would ruin me completely. I now knew that my material body had to decompose first before I would be able to leave it. I, all by myself, had to experience this process of decay.

My soul cringed when I felt that. Now I understood the saying of

those beings that the worms would find a home in my soul. Ah, how gruesome was this truth. This is what I felt working in me, all this incomprehensible life. There was no doubt about it; that truth I had to accept, for I saw and felt it inside of myself. It upset me dreadfully, it was a crushing truth. No torture, no grief on earth, cruel as it might be, could be compared with this horror. If only my father had beaten me to death. How willingly would I submit myself to him. I loathed that what I now began to feel and observed that the process of decay had already started. How long would this last? Something inhuman was taking place and I had to suffer it. An awful smell reached me and that too I understood. Even my sense of smell I had kept in this life. All the earthly pains and sorrows I had felt in my dungeon were trifles in comparison to this new and spiritual sorrow. If then there is a God, a Father of Love, if there is justice and compassion, if pity exists, felt by people and animals, if there is an Almighty Father in heaven Who watches over all His children, then I ask myself, how can He condone these things? I had to be in hell, I did not see any fire, but this was worse. Oh, my God, after so much suffering, still this too. Nobody on earth knew anything about this. How profound are these problems, how terrible is spiritual grief.

Oh, human being, do not commit suicide, do not shut off the daylight, accept, accept everything, otherwise on this side you will have to face your ruined life. How I'd like to call that out loud, very loud to everybody. Whatever happens, whatever you experience, how horrible your life on earth may be, don't do this, you must hold out, for to everything comes an end. You have light, you see people, you can go wherever you want, you have your own will, you have everything.

But I am stuck here, I had to experience the decay of my body and I felt it, for all this happened within me. What matters broken love, what matters the loss of a dear one, your possessions, money or goods and a thousand other things, when you know that life will go on forever? Because of sadness or various other reasons many cut their lives short, but then they will have to experience what I am now experiencing, this horror, the decaying of their own material body. Over here I came to thinking, in the silence of my own grave

did I learn about these problems. Oh, if I could only tell this to mankind some day, if it were possible and granted me! If those laws and forces existed then I would put all the powers of my soul into describing my sufferings in order to protect the people on earth from a similar horrible fate. Perhaps it was possible. So many laws and problems I had now come to know, so that perhaps this was possible too.

I sensed that I should tune myself in on resting to avoid suffering that would become unbearable. Already I noticed that when I kept myself calm my throat hurt less and I could breathe better. But sitting down quietly I could not manage. All the time I wanted to move, I had to keep moving for then I did not feel the working my body was undergoing. At the same time I must not rebel against it, but just remain quiet and do much thinking, for in this way I would learn all these conditions. The life that used to live in my earthly body I began to feel more clearly. Whenever I tried to move away all my miseries returned with renewed vigour, still I tried it again and again in the hope that I might succeed eventually. But it was no use. I was inextricably tied down. This was my experience with the law of cause and effect. Small causes may produce great results and I pondered that this truly was the greatest and most gruesome result. I could not have imposed greater misery on myself and felt that this was the deepest grief. I had violated a law that could not be broken. Only now did I understand what the spirit of light had meant.

I felt and saw that law, no, I experienced it with heart and soul. When this had finished its course, would I then be able to go to wherever I wanted and would I have to encounter grief and sorrow again? How long had I been on this side already?

Now I thought I felt movement. Beside me I saw shadows and those shadows were like those that lured me here. I felt myself being carried away from this place and that too I understood. They were going to bury my corpse. I could neither see the people nor hear them talk, but yet I knew where I went and what was happening to me. I strained myself to listen but, no, I heard nothing, not the slightest murmur came through. That world was closed off to me and I had done that myself. Now I felt that I was descending and then come to rest, but the coffin in which I must be lying I did not

see. That what belonged to the material world was invisible to me. Everything was invisible except my body, for I lived in it and was fastened to it. My body and I were one, because of that damned cord.

If it had been my time, would then that cord have snapped? I already began to ask questions again. When a person dies, would these bodies split up and one go into the ground while the other would go on living? It had to be so, for this is what I was experiencing here. I was spirit and the spirit lived on into eternity. The spirit of light who warned me had told me so. How far I still would have to go. Where was God? Here? This could not be His heaven for it was sadly pathetic.

The shadows which I had noticed a while ago were leaving. My earthly garment now lay in a grave, but I myself lived right beside it and had to live through all of this. In this terrifying silence I had to collect myself and so I thought about my whole life on earth. Everything I had ever done, to the smallest details, all my thoughts and deeds passed me by again.

Finally I came to Roni, him I had murdered. Roni, my friend, where are you? Do you live in this world or in a different one? Are you sad too and have you received as much suffering as I? Ah, Roni, can you forgive me? I thought about him for some time and just could not shake these thoughts. On and on I thought of my murder and of him, my friend, whose life I had destroyed. What a terrible thing a murder is; it takes away a man's happiness, light and everything else, whatever it may be. I did not have that right. How severely did my action conflict and clash with all the laws. How wrong I was. Oh, I fervently pleaded for his forgiveness. Now that I was undergoing all this and with the yearning for living returning to me, I began to feel how wonderful it was to be able to live on earth and to do something good, in whatever form that might be. I now realized what I had done wrong.

'Roni, my friend', I called, 'I am asking your forgiveness. Where are you? Come to me, I beg you, take this away from me, forgive me and I shall make it up. I will do penance. My life I give you if you will forgive me.'

For hours, no, weeks I thought of him, according to earth time. I

just could not shake it, he alone was on my mind. Why, I asked myself, why must I think so intensely about him? Sometimes the thinking faded, but then it pushed to the fore again and I compared these problems with his life that I had destroyed.

Now I thought I saw more light, or was it my imagination? It had grown calm again in me, but I continued to think of my friend, these thoughts and feelings stayed with me.

Did I hear correctly? I listened intently and it was as if I heard something. A voice? A soft sound? I listened again and yes, I heard a very soft voice, a whisper in my ears. It sounded as if it came from afar and I thought I recognized the voice.

It became clearer and in and around me I heard: 'Did you wake me up?'

'Ah, is it you?' I did not dare to say his name, but it had to be done and I asked: 'Is it you, Roni?'

'Yes, I am. You woke me up'

'I?' I asked.

'Yes, Lantos, you alone. But there are other forces that give you the power to wake me up. Oh, how enormous is my sleep, how deep, how deep was I asleep.'

'Where are you, Roni?'

'I don't know.'

'Can you forgive me, Roni?'

'No', I heard him say.

'No?' I repeated. 'How can you be so hard. I beg you, Roni, I beg you, forgive me. I have suffered so much.'

'So have I for my life was cut short and you did that, Lantos.'

'Forgive me Roni, please, forgive me.'

'I would like to, Lantos, but it is not possible.'

'Did you say, not possible?'

'Not possible. The deed, your deed remains.'

'How do you know all this.'

'I know it, because within me, you hear, deep inside of me it lies. It is a force stronger than myself. That force tells it, it intrudes upon me. I have to listen to it, it forces me into this situation.'

'How awful, how hard you are.'

'I am not hard, Lantos, I want to forgive you, but it is impossible.'

Only then, when all this will dissolve and the laws are in harmony again. We disturbed those laws, you and I. We both, Lantos, will have to make good, only then I can forgive you. But why did you wake me up?

'I'

'Yes, you.'

'I am unaware of that. Where do you get such wisdom, Roni?'

'It is in me, I feel it. It is as if I am dreaming and speak to you from my dream. Who gives me the power to speak to you? Do you know? Can you answer me? Come on, Lantos, answer me.'

'I don't know, I can't answer that. Everything must dissolve itself first, you say?'

'I feel that that will be so.'

'What are you doing now, Roni?'

'I must sleep but I shall live.'

'Do you know anything about Marianne?'

'No, but I will see and meet her.'

'You?'

'I, Lantos, I, because I must, I feel it.'

'Are you still teasing me in this life? Do you still dare to hate me, you scoundrel? You are a rascal! You with Marianne and I stay here? How dare you say that? How cruel, how diabolical you are, do you hear, diabolical. Your hate is devilish. You...'

I felt myself sinking away, but after a moment I returned to my former situation.

'Roni', I called him again, 'did you mean it?'

I listened but heard nothing. Then after a short while I heard him say: 'Why are you calling me back? You rob me of my rest, let me sleep.'

'Tell me, Roni, did you really mean all this?'

'It is laid down in me that I shall live and see Marianne again. But why do you recall this in me? Who gives you the right to do so?'

'I am not calling you back, Roni', I said. And asked: 'can you see me, Roni?'

'No', I heard him say, 'but I feel you, I can only feel you. You are here with me.'

'That is not true', I said, 'I am here.'

‘Whatever it is’, he said, ‘I feel and hear you speaking to me.’

‘I too hear and feel you’, I said to him.

‘I am asleep, but when I wake up again I feel that I will live.’

‘Do you think, Roni, that these are other powers that let us experience this?’

‘It has to be because I hate you, do you hear me, I hate you.’

‘How hard you are.’

‘Who has put those loving thoughts for you in my mind? Once again I hate you, Lantos, I hate you.’

The voice now came to me from afar. I felt that he, Roni, returned to his own world. Where did he really live? Once more an other phenomenon. He would see Marianne and I would not? Why he? What was the meaning of this? Oh, that fiend! Even beyond the grave he hated me. Had I woken him up? Was he asleep and did he have to sleep? Wasn't that very strange? Who would help him and me? I had sensed something and seen more light, but now it was a deep darkness again. Could it have been that shining figure? Emschor? Was it him? It must have been. Roni was woken up, he spoke to me as in a dream and I felt there was something that had done it. I found Roni hard, because he still hated me. But I had asked him forgiveness and that made me feel relieved. He now would have to decide for himself what he wanted. I was sorry that I had let myself become angry again, but he had acted like a devil and had not changed at all. Every sin I wanted to set right; but not he, he wanted to go on living, he hated and continued to hate. Did he wish to live again or did he have to? Was this a law? He and Marianne? I, however, did not feel her. Why he and not I? Did he have a right to her? What for? Oh, that devil, he teased me and thought he could torment me here too. However I forced myself to change my thoughts and tried to collect myself.

All that thinking had tired me out and I tried to go to sleep. But I had to give that up, the process of decomposition kept me awake. I had lost all count of time for I had given up marking days in my cell and here I could not do so. According to my feelings months had passed, but it could also be years. I continued to think and think and now and then I tried to work myself free. Still I was able to move a little further away from my earthly body and that was a sign



to me that one day all this would come to an end, though it could last a long time. Within myself I sensed many other feelings that came straight from my material body to me. I could not stop those pains and feelings, that life went on, had to go on, otherwise I would sit here forever. The faster this process would proceed, the better I liked it.

As I said earlier, the thinking I did brought me some relief, because then I lived in feeling in what I was thinking of. That made me understand that if I could focus my concentration on other things my pains and all torments became much less. Everything here is concentration and I learned to master all those various attunements of feeling.

Suddenly a violent jolt shook me, I wondered what was happening now. It came from my earthly body. When I concentrated on it I understood the meaning of the shock, I saw and sensed it clearly. My earthly garment had reached the second stage of decay, I had felt a similar shock once before. Because I felt and watched this I now understood how this great and mighty problem worked, even though it remained horrible. Ever more intense would I experience this agonizing horror, until my earthly body had completely decayed. I had to go through it and work everything out to the very last moment. A gruesome process it was. Inhuman! But once I was free I could go where I wanted and find entertainment with delicious food and drink. Or were these lies and deceptions too?

The process of decomposition continually interrupted my thinking and the condition of my body reminded me that I could not yet move away. This in turn gave me something else to think about; because of this I learned to know myself better and came to realize that during my life on earth I had been my own boss who had managed and guided everything himself and that *I* controlled my body and made it act. If I had not wished it myself my hand would not have picked up that piece of marble and Roni would be alive today and my sufferings would have been spared me. I was Lantos Dumonché, the artist, my body was my vehicle, but also the spirit was a body of feelings, that lived on after death. I myself was the unnatural and incomprehensible being who had not understood himself on earth. How unfathomable I was. But what would be the finish of me, of this body? Would this what I was now go on and on?

Always further to even more incomprehensible and stranger conditions and places? Would I never return to earth any more?

What was the aim of the Creator? For I understood and would gladly accept that there had been someone who had created this and who knew beforehand what would be the beginning and the end. Otherwise that whole scheme of creation wasn't any good, and if I had to stay here it pointed to a very pitiful situation. Then it was no creator but a destroyer. No matter how it would turn out I understood full well that had I controlled myself on earth everything would have been different. How perfectly fitted these two bodies together, how natural they worked in the material life, how simple were both bodies, but how deeply mysterious to man on earth who could not look through them. If this was possible for them, then unlimited possibilities opened up for man on earth. Then his abilities were absolute and the clergy on earth would know that nobody can be doomed, so the fears of the people could be taken away.

Then no human being would take his own life, because he knew that this is not possible, for it would only place him before new miseries that are more brutal and inhuman. It pleased me that I understood all this and it lightened my suffering.

Again I tried to remove myself and I perceived that I could go a few meters further out. I also thought that I noticed something new. It was very peculiar, when I looked at my material body I saw darkness, but when I looked up it seemed somewhat lighter. Was space up there? On hands and feet I crawled around but felt nothing. I only saw the darkness and the light, but to touch something was impossible. I wanted it to know and thought deeply about it. Suddenly I felt what it meant. Unwittingly the thought appeared in my mind. The darkness over there where my corpse lay was the earth and above me here was space. If I was right in my feelings then I found myself on the edge of my own grave. The cord was stretching as my body decomposed more. The material world showed itself in darkness and the separation from the universe was plainly visible. Still it was so transparent that I kept going right through its matter.

Would this solidify so that at a later date I could move around like I did on earth? How slow was the progress of this; but still the end would have to come some time. With quiet resignation I waited and

when it became too difficult to retain my self-control I began to think anew. Every time I had to try something different, or else I would not be able to hold out.

Again I felt and saw my life on earth passing by. Several times I had followed everything already, but then I started all over again. Not a thought did I want to forget. I followed my mistakes and every one of my actions again and again; even the smallest, most insignificant details I knew and remembered. What I did not understand was the apparent foreign power in me that had driven me out of my home and urged me to break with my parents. Had I been myself in all these things, or were these different, for me unknown, forces that had influenced me? Were they the beings that had lured me to this world? He who had been waiting for me and whom I supposedly had ruined? You see, that I could not understand, but yet I felt that this too meant something.

Then there was something else that I did not understand, but which had to be one and the same power. Namely, I dearly wanted to free myself from Roni's influence, but however much I tried, it proved impossible. I was chained to him and I was forced to leave my parents. Who drove me from my home? Why could I not extricate myself from Roni? Were these laws, forces of nature? I had posed this question on earth and I was still asking it. Now I gave up, it was making me dizzy.

Suddenly there was another one of those severe shocks which told me that the decaying of my body went on. My poor earthly garment had not yet decomposed. Oh, how much longer would it take, if I had a well-cared for, healthy body? I was glad now that this was not the case. The sleep I had felt before had disappeared and I went down into that darkness to take a look to see whether the end of the decaying process was near. At first a thick haze enveloped my whole earthly body and kept me joined to my body, but now it had become transparent. That made me quite happy for it meant that I soon would obtain my freedom.

I became acquainted with other laws and forces. If I wanted to raise myself up, above my grave, I had to will it and only then could I move myself. Everything here is, I thought, what you wish for yourself, otherwise nothing happens and you remain where you are.

This taught me concentration and that concentration meant that I could pass into an other situation. Again I could move a little further out which gave me a feeling of satisfaction. I could now move ten meters out.

And once more that sleep returned, but I could not find the cause of that. I tried my utmost to search and sense the why but I got nowhere, however, the stillness deepened and my sleep became more distinct. These symptoms I only felt now, just after the last shock. I had now become more used to that silence and began to think about the thousands of things I would do shortly. First I had to be free, after that I would see how things stood, then my sufferings should be at an end and I could go where I pleased. At this time I must not lose courage, but be strong, brave and put up with whatever came my way. I felt that the end of this ordeal was approaching, because the sleep deepened and silence entered me. Both these feelings continued to bother me, but because the end would soon come I controlled myself. Nature had almost done its work and my earthly body would be decomposed and set me free.

How carefully man watched over this garment, how much man loved it. But now I knew how little that garment meant in this life. Only that spiritual body had meaning here. Here the spirit was the essential one that lives and must live. So few thoughts were spent on this spiritual body on earth and yet this was the most glorious and mightiest of what man as feeling, thinking and working being was.

On earth my material body had value and significance, here it was reduced to nothing. The material body was draped in silks and velvets on earth, but underneath that lived deep sorrow, for the spiritual body was dressed in rags. Mankind was poor, for he did not know himself. What a difference there was now in my feelings about life on earth. If I ever was allowed to live on earth again I would be a believer, for now I knew a lot more. Terrible things had happened to me, but I learned and would master a wisdom that was totally unknown on earth and that could never be learned or experienced, because it was the wisdom that belonged to the life of the spirit. All this wisdom gave me the courage and the strength not to give up in despair, but to work through all of it, even if it was nothing but grief.

Again I returned to my earthly body to check how far gone it was.

The horrible stench was loathsome, but I could not see the haze any more. Still I could see my corpse but in an other stage, the bones became visible.

I was happy to feel that the cord was losing its strength, so that I could move further and further away. At the same time, however, I became aware of the increase of silence and sleep. I began to stumble away, putting as much distance as I could between my material body and me, but sleep overtook me and forced me to rest.

Now I felt myself sinking down deeper and deeper and I dropped down to rest. In feelings I was still with my earthly body, but sleep and silence overpowered me and I knew of nothing more.

### *To the astral world*

When I woke up I asked myself where I was. After thinking for a while I remembered what had happened to me. I was free at last, could go where I wanted and would finally see people. I jumped up from the place where I had fallen asleep and set out on my journey. Soon I would meet them. Oh, how happy I felt. I wanted to go back to civilisation, where 'they' lived who had helped me to here. With them I did not want to have anything to do, but I only wanted to know who had plunged me into this misery and how devilish they really were. Their powers I had already encountered and experienced, but now I would get to know them in person.

I walked on and on, always further, but there did not seem to be an end in sight. How far had I strayed from the inhabited world? The world in which I walked now was still the same empty world. No animal, plant or human life form, nothing but the silence of death. But it would come, I was certain of that. And so I continued my walk and in my feelings it seemed more like weeks than like hours of travelling. Would it never end? What was happening to me this time? Yet I kept on going, always further. Presently I would see people and find entertainment. I was starved for company. For how long had I been alone? First in my cell and next in this place of horror. But now that I could go further, nothing would stop me. Further, always further, I would soon get there.

Yet I found myself becoming dejected, because it took so long and

was so far. But I called up all my strength and marched forward to the land with the many inhabitants and their amusements. But the change did not seem to come. Wasn't I truly free then? Was there a new horror waiting for me? Had I not suffered enough yet? Was there no end? Had they deceived me again with this? I was alive, I could move and yet could not reach what I wanted to possess. Again I began asking a thousand questions and made myself angry. No it wasn't that, I had to go further still, I had not come to the end yet.

After some rest I got underway again, looked left and right around me, above and below me, but there was no apparent change. I remained alone with that awful sepulchral silence that I had felt near my grave. I was still in this empty world and I wanted out! Leave as soon as possible, for people and to where there was motion. I would undoubtedly go insane if there was no end forthcoming.

After walking for a long time I sat down to rest again. Ah, alas, how terrible is this life, how incomprehensible, how inhuman; it shocked me deeply. How could a God allow this? I had been feeling respect for Him, but now my good intentions were being smothered. Once again I began to hate and curse. Wasn't there any mercy? God doesn't doom, but isn't this doom? Am I not now being doomed? This I was telling myself, while at the same time I urged myself to remain calm. I should wait, calm down and continue on. But I was sure that I had walked for weeks already and still there was no end. Three, four times I had rested already and still I was in this world with nothing in it.

With the last strength in me I went on my way again. I quickened my pace and ran towards the unknown, but the change did not happen and all tired out I dropped down and for the umpteenth time fell asleep. How long I slept I did not know, but I remembered my condition. And again I set out for I felt rested. However, there did not seem to be an end to it. I searched for ways to get out of this horrible predicament, but with what and how? Nothing could I find and I raved and ranted like a madman. Suddenly I felt dead tired. My throat constricted, hunger and thirst bothered me and many other ills more. Inwardly chafing over this terrible suffering I started on my way again, but after a few steps I collapsed again and lost consciousness.

Again I woke up and started anew. After walking for a time I began to have doubts again. Now I tried to find my earthly body, reasoning that the mistake had been mine. For sure, I should not have left it yet. I searched, felt around, touching, but my earthly garment remained missing. Then back to walk again and this time I would try to stay quiet and calm. Again I walked for ages and still nothing changed.

Then I tried to close my hands around my throat and strangle myself, for this way I would go mad. But even that was not possible for when I thought of myself my hands refused and bounced off me. I could not reach myself. So I found out that I could not destroy myself. In whatever I thought of, I could pass myself, but against myself I could do nothing. I was life and this life could not be destroyed. A slight dizziness was all I felt. This happened because I brought myself in disharmony. What should I do now? Was I dreaming perhaps? Did I really live in eternity? Did I have to stay in this void? Where was the end? Who would be able to help me? Here were neither people nor animals, nor did I receive an answer. However, after a long time of meditation I picked myself up and set out again. According to my feelings it seemed as if years had passed.

After walking for some time I sat down to rest once more. I must have slept some time, for afterwards I felt refreshed and cheerful. It was certainly very peculiar that after every sleep I felt so refreshed. I continued my journey and some time later I thought I felt a soft breeze or did I imagine it? No, I felt it. Yes, at last there seemed to be a change. I went forward, but did not hurry any more, since I wanted to concentrate on everything around me. That soft little breeze became a rushing noise; I could now feel it too. I thought I saw life around me, it was above and below me and wherever I looked. Inside me my soul exulted now that at last I would see life. Why it had taken so long I did not understand, but I would ask the first person I met. I wanted to know the meaning of all my experiences. I felt that now I was on the right way and I walked on.

Before, beside and above me I saw shadows, but below me it grew darker at every step. The soft wind I had felt came up stronger and turned into a storm, the rushing became a strong howling. With every step life around me changed. I marvelled at how natural all

this took place. Below me the air became closer and I felt like on earth. Was this the earth? Was I in the civilized world? Those shapes took on form, everything began to materialize and it was as if I stepped into an other world. My heart began to beat in my throat and I began to feel frightened. Too long had I been alone. Now I saw life and presently I would see people. Everything became clearer and closer and I felt I was returning to earth.

Was I here then in all reality, in the spiritual life? I flew along to meet this life and knew of no stopping. I heard now the tumult of a hurricane, it sounded as if heaven and earth were being destroyed. Was this hell? Yet I moved on, for it beckoned me and I longed for it. Fear and nervousness were gone. The wilder it became, the better I liked it. But it was not very easy to walk on, because I had to battle with the storm and that tired me out. As I gradually progressed I became absorbed in this new life and now that I had come this far I did not feel it so strongly, though I was sure that something was holding me back. I resisted that force strenuously in my eagerness to finally see people. But this resisting force wore me out so much that I decided to rest a bit. I supposed that I was not yet used to this life and needed time to toughen up a little.

There ahead of me I saw a city and people had to live there, but around me there was darkness, though I still could see quite well. While I was thinking about this I thought that I heard a voice. When I looked around me I saw nobody.

Again I heard someone talking and asked: 'Is anybody there?'

'Yes', I heard.

'Where are you?'

'Here, with you, but invisible.'

'Invisible?' I repeated. 'Why don't you come to me?'

'Listen, my friend, I have something to tell you.'

'You have something to tell me?'

'Yes, if you will listen.'

'Can you tell me where I have come from?'

'That I will explain.'

I now listened with the closest attention, for I knew already who was talking to me.

I heard him say: 'You walked endlessly on and on and no end



came. Yet this end has now come. After your release you had to live out the time that you in the normal situation would have lived on earth. Is this clear to you?

I thought for a minute and said: 'No, I don't understand.'

'Listen then, you yourself made an end to your life on earth. Do you know that?'

'Yes, I know that.'

'Well then, you would have gone on living on earth and this time you could only live throughout when you were free of your material body.'

I now understood what the voice meant.

'What do you intend to do?'

'I want to see people.'

'Hear me out. Before you lies the astral world; what you hear is the sound of passion and brutality. But over there you see an other road. That one will lead you to the silence, but a different kind of silence than you have felt. It is the road to the spheres of light, to the higher existence. You still have no consciousness and other forces can destroy you. But when you continue to seek the higher life then I will assist and support you in your efforts.'

'Am I not conscious?'

'Not conscious', came the reply.

'Is that there the earth before me?'

'The earth, my son.'

'And where is hell?'

'This is your hell.'

'My hell?'

'Your hell', I heard him say very plainly. 'The hell is the mirror image of your inner life.'

'Is there not a burning fire?'

'No, only the fire of passions.'

I thought a long time and presently I heard him ask: 'What do you wish to do?'

'I want to see life and meet life. What do you advise?'

'Act according to your own feelings and follow the voice of your heart. When you need me and problems arise that need to be explained, when you feel that you would like to get to know life, our

life, and feel the seriousness of your life, understand the sorrow on earth and like to follow that other road, call me then and I shall come to you.'

'Are you Emschor?'

'I am Emschor, your spirit-guide.'

'Were the feelings I felt when I lived in that silence yours?'

'Mine, my son. I follow your every move and shall continue to do so.'

'Did you wake my friend Roni up?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Why? And where does he live?'

'Later. One day you will know why, one day we shall see each other again. Follow your road and seek the higher things. Farewell, Lantos Dumonché, farewell, God bless the ways you travel. Know that He is a Father of Love.'

The voice faded, the last spoken words came from afar. But I wanted to see people and life, nothing but life. Before me lay the astral world where people lived and I went on to face the unknown.

THE END OF PART ONE

PART II

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

PREFACE  
TO THE SECOND PART

Dear reader,

In the first part of the book I told you about my earth and material life, of my sufferings and struggle, my questions of 'why' and 'for what' and of my exit from this material world. This time I am going to tell you about my life on this side, how I became cognizant and learned to accept this life, how all my questions were answered and how I became convinced of the existence of a God of Love. How incomprehensible all this may be to you, nevertheless it is the holy truth. It is my and your cycle on earth. If this opens the eyes of but one of you towards accepting a life that is eternal, then this work and my suffering have not been in vain.

LANTOS.

## *The astral world*

**B**EFORE me lay the astral world. Yet I could not leave. I had been meditating here for quite some time. An invisible observer, a human being had watched me, for I had clearly heard his voice since he had spoken to me. Before me lay a town and on my left I saw a road leading up to the unknown. If I took that road silence would await me, though an other silence than the one I already knew. However, I wanted to see people, to see life. Stormy though it would be, I would gladly accept it, I had been alone too long.

I still felt that frightening silence inside me. No, I did not want to go that way. I would follow this road how capricious it would be. It was clear to me that the opposing force I had felt was his. That force prevented me from going on. How strong were the powers of the human being who had died on earth to stop an other being. It was most wondrous and I was glad that I had been allowed to experience this, though I did not understand it at all. I remembered every word he had spoken to me. I thought that this silence would never end, though I now lived in an other world. How wonderful was this life. Now I understood that the years I should have lived on earth I had had to live through in that empty world and when that period was over I slowly passed into this world.

This was my hell. However, there was no fire. Everything dissolved quite naturally, an awe-inspiring justice had excluded me from the inhabitable world. I had tried to break a law that could not be broken and I had experienced the consequences. I had felt the law of cause and effect. I had been the cause and I had suffered the effect. In that silence I had experienced all this which included the process of decomposition, the most horrible part of this event. I had learned this law, through my suffering I had come into harmony with those laws of nature again. It had to be so for I felt it.

I found the condensation of the earth and life around me remarkable. In a similar way man had probably been born as well as all other life God had created. It condensed under my feet, above and to the right and left of me it grew until this world became visible to

me. The soft sound grew into a terrible hurricane and that, as the spirit had said, was the passion and violence. It was a hell where people lived who were violently passionate and probably devils. How terrible I thought that. A man living on earth would not be able to understand that, it had to be experienced. Still I would like to experience it once more, but this time as an observer. Then I would be able to understand this life better and become familiar with all these powers, which I would very much like to acquire myself.

I lived on earth again and yet I was dead. But the earth before me was the astral world where people and spiritual beings who had laid off their material bodies lived together; and I was one of those. I now was an astral person and in the world where the spirit resides. How I had longed for this state when I was on earth and how anxious I had been to know more about it. Now I was in the hereafter and many strange things had happened to me already, but I still did not know a thing about this life and I was very curious to find out what was waiting for me. At last I would see and meet people, something I had long wished for. And so I set out and descended to face the unknown. The wind screamed as if earth and heaven were being destroyed. Yet I was not afraid, I had already become used to the wild howling. The more noise and howling I heard the better.

Already I made a new discovery, for when my thoughts turned to other things I hardly heard anything of all that noise. I felt then that I merged completely with what I was thinking about and entered into it so fully that all previous ideas dissolved while I took on this other one. It was exactly as when I was tied to my material body. By thinking of other things I submerged myself in them and then the pains and everything connected with that situation lessened. In this way I was able to relieve my horrible suffering somewhat. Here that very same principle worked again and this violence dissolved. A very curious thing this merging in one's thoughts.

Step by step I proceeded, I was not in a hurry for I had all eternity before me. However, after each step I took I felt this new life was pervading me, so that I uttered deep sighs for it took my breath away. It was caused by the violence to which I returned. Yet I found myself growing calmer. I tried out this way of merging a few times and so I learned to tune myself in and make connections spiritually

myself. It was wonderful and I was delighted that I had mastered it. I had not changed in anything, on the contrary I felt much livelier. That was because I was living in a different world of which I had learned something. This was my own spiritual possession, my wisdom about which on earth I had known or understood nothing. Thousands of questions I had asked there and not one had ever been answered, but I now understood that all those questions were going to be solved by and within myself, if I would pay attention to all those forces and keep my eyes open. I had always had an appetite for knowledge and this would motivate me. This extraordinary silence now began to creep up in me and yet I was in hell. Maybe it wasn't that dark in me? I felt I had changed. Inside I was different, because before I entered here I had feelings of hate. Now, however, I felt none. Before, in that silence, I became rebellious, but now there was rest in me. How wondrous, I thought, what a strange being you are.

I felt exactly as I did when I was alive on earth, before those terrible events had happened. Had I returned to that same state of feeling? I was precisely the same personality, I only had lost my earthly body. 'Laid off' I did not dare say for I had destroyed it myself. Towards nobody I felt hate, not towards my parents either. It was an unusual feeling and I could not understand how it could be. Roni I hated and he me and yet, now that I had made amends and experienced it all, it was as if I had never known him. He seemed very far away from me. In the life on earth I had not been able to shake him off, but now that I wanted to go to him I found I could not. An invisible power had torn us apart. That is how I felt, but whether it had significance I was not sure. The way I felt now I had felt with my very first teacher. That had been a very happy time, just like now and yet I only lived in the darkness. There was a bit more light here than in that silence, but not by very much. Also all the torments I had felt that silence had lessened, like that band around my throat, and the hunger and thirst I only suffered when I thought of it. Therefore I did not think my hell such a bad place after all. I could stand it quite well, for it was not very inhuman, even though I did not possess the light Emschor had told me about.

But really, what had I done wrong? I had not cheated people or tortured them, I would not have been able to do that, but still I

lived in hell. I had killed but had atoned that with my punishment. Horrible had my punishment on earth been, but it had been even worse on this side. I had been punished not once but twice, wasn't that sufficient yet? Could not God forgive me all those petty sins? Did I have to atone for something else? I thought I sensed the problem. I had landed in a hell that was in agreement with my personality, my inner life, because hell, so said the spirit, is your inner life. If this was so then I certainly had not made much of my life on earth. If I had not committed murder and made an end to my life I still would have entered here. So it was, it could not be else. I understood this very well and accepted it.

Strange had been my talk with Roni. And I had woken him up? Just because I had been thinking of him this had happened. He could not forgive me, even if he wanted, but afterwards he told me that he hated me. This too was strange. I had the feeling that an other power had silenced his malicious feelings towards me, so that I could experience this. He was alive and somewhere, but had fallen asleep because he had the need for sleep. I too had fallen asleep and my sleep seemed to last ages, at least that is how I felt when I woke up. All these things were still mysteries and would remain unsolved for some time. The higher spirit had arranged the connection between Roni and me, but I still did not understand a thing about it. However, I did not feel inclined to start all over again with my questions of 'why' and 'wherefore'. It would only upset me and I wanted to stay calm. My hell, however, was a special sort of hell, for presently I would meet people and be able to find amusement. Or were these lies too? Those demons could not be trusted, so I'd better wait and see.

It surprised me every time again that I felt so different from before. Was it because I had suffered so much? Had my inner life changed because of it? Or was it because I now resided in this life and had laid off my earthly body? I felt so wonderfully tranquil. Again questions, always more questions. I must think a little more careful and avoid these problems as much as possible.

In the distance I thought I saw the silhouette of a city. It was possible to see quite far ahead though it was very dark, which was an other miracle in itself. Nothing but miracles and problems happened



to me here. It seemed almost incredible, but yet I saw a city with many towers and buildings. Wherever one was and no matter how dark it seemed one could always see well enough on this side. Not like on earth where one could not see a hand before the eyes in the dark. But in this life everything was different, myself included. And then again not, for I thought like on earth and felt exactly the same. I had arms and legs, I could hear, see and feel everything plainly.

But I was privileged in something and these were my feelings, they were sharper and livelier than on earth. Here everything had to be felt and when I felt it, then I knew it and understood it completely. Even in the darkness of my own grave I had very clearly felt the working that was going on in my material body and seen it as well. That working communicated itself to my spiritual body and I had to work it out myself; that working out was feeling. The feeling of something was in this life experience. If I thought of something, then I began to feel it and went over completely into what I was thinking. I had never lived like that on earth, only perhaps when I came under the deepest inspiration, otherwise never. In most things I did everything unconsciously. Was this wrong? Here I had to be myself totally, otherwise I caused disharmony and then all the material torments returned in me. Over here one could only think of one thing at the time, that too I had noticed.

I should continue in this way for I thought that I understood. Oh, if I had only known this on earth! How much simpler my life would have been, I would not have made it so difficult for myself. But what did people on earth know about a heaven and hell? Nothing at all. Where really was that heaven and where was God? I used to think that I had to appear before God's throne, but that too was a lie. No God came to question me and yet that's what I was taught. I had not listened to the religious teachers on earth and no one even questioned me about it. No spirit, no human being, no God had I seen. I now lived in hell, but as yet I had to get a glimpse of the devil. What nonsense those religious leaders preached on earth, they knew nothing about it, but they monopolized the religion. Christians who did not accept their version were branded, tortured and killed. That's how far these people went to uphold their lies. How stupid, how frightfully stupid is mankind. I found that out in this

life. Because of their ignorant nonsense, scores of people were slaughtered. It was very sad. I must accept this truth for I saw neither God, spirit nor devil. Neither was there any fire or damnation. Nothing but lies and nonsense were being preached. Yet it was quite remarkable that it were just those demons who had spoken the truth about that. Perhaps they too found it horrible. That those were true devils I was convinced, for they had lured me into a trap that had caused me much grief and agonies. That one devil appeared to be intent on my downfall, but once that was accomplished he left shouting nothing else but that revenge was sweet, which I did not understand. Also he knew me, for he called me by my name.

I was very glad that there was no damnation and no fire; for that alone I could love God already. This was a completely different God than the one they knew on earth. This one was more gentle, had more love and He was Love as the spirit Emschor told me. But Sergius\*) proclaimed damnation, eternal burning and total destruction.

Ah, you fools and parrotries, you know nothing. You put fear in people. You think that you do good but you are wrong. It is not the way. You are blind, spiritually blind and your hearts are cold and without feelings.

This I had already learned in the short time I had been here. Where would these people live once they too would die on earth? In heaven? With God? Because their whole life long they had spoken untruth? That would be a fine thing and very unjust. Surely God could not and would not allow that. God is just, so the people said, and this was injustice, then God would be false and dishonest towards all people. If all those false preachers of that belief would land in heaven then I ought to be there too and I wasn't for I was in hell. If one was an unbeliever then one was thrown in the dungeon and tortured. See, that seemed to me the greatest injustice of all. On earth I had to take up a religion or I too would have been killed, though all I wanted was to work quietly on my artwork. Otherwise I would never have joined, for I could feel the contradiction in their beliefs already.

It had indeed been a pity that my life was cut off so early. I had to leave my last work of art unfinished. When I compared myself with other people I felt that I was neither good nor bad. I hovered be-

\*) Sergius was then head of the church.

tween good and evil and therefore my hell was not so inhuman. If every person carried his heaven and hell within himself, then there should be millions of heavens and hells in existence here. For where were all those people who had died on earth? Here surely? But yet I was alone, totally alone. Was I not awake, not conscious? Did I still live in the unconscious.

Were Roni and Marianne not so good as I? Or was it the other way around? Where would Marianne have gone to? Time and again I thought of those two. And my parents, were they still alive? Had Marianne taken my sculpture home with her? Perhaps she had died also? Was she dead like me? I loved her truly, would God destroy my love? Maybe God would not want me to love her? Would she be in a heaven or hell that was different from mine? I thought that I would meet her, but this had not happened. How much I loved her! Would she be mine? Would she love me as I loved her? Did she belong to me and were we one?

I was beginning to ask questions again and I did not even know whether she was dead. But yet this feeling came up in me, it was a most intense feeling. If I had to weigh those feelings of life and death, then death weighed heaviest, for I felt it more clearly. How incomprehensible, I thought, is this life. I did not dare think like I used to, but yet I found God strange, very strange. I now knew Him even less than on earth because everything here was very different. Yet I stood in awe of Him, merely already because of the things that had happened which contained the truth. Because the spirit who had warned me that I would suffer a great deal were I to make an end to my own life, had spoken the truth. It showed that he knew more about this life than I and consequently I must accept that God was Love. That same spirit, who was somewhere now and who had followed me, whose voice I had heard, who had urged me to be a little more careful in my thinking of God, that spirit had spoken the truth.

I felt nothing for throwing myself fully aware into misfortune. This God in any case was a different one than the God of my parents. Their God had been a dictator, a God who only loved them and their family. And such a God was nothing to me, I felt no respect for him. When I compared my inner feelings with their God I

stood above their God and had a different mentality. All this went on in my mind now that I was in this world. The greatest enigma was solved for me and that was God. Of course I did not know Him yet, but all the experiences I had gone through gave me the strength to think in a different way. The God of my parents was a terror, who tortured people and wanted to turn me into such a ruler too. As a child I already loathed these things and today I was very thankful that I had been protected from them.

A moment ago I learned something new and exciting, it was a miracle to me. When I was thinking about God I unwittingly looked up fervently to the heavens, for that was where God should live. And while I thought of that, longing to be allowed to see through it, I suddenly felt myself rising up and I hovered a few meters above the earth. It was a miraculous happening, gravity had been lifted for me. How wondrous, I said to myself, what is happening to me this time? After that I tried it again many times and I reached higher and higher, though the darkness remained. I came to know still other powers, for when I thought of going up quickly and concentrated on it then I went with great speed. Were these the powers of the spirit, I wondered, or did they belong to the devil? I shivered at the thought of mastering devil's tricks, for I would not want that at all. I wanted to get ahead, spiritually higher, not move further downwards. Then I would rather go on walking, always walking, rather than plunging myself back into ruin with those tricks. Yet I tried it again for it was really funny. But high enough for the darkness to dissolve I could not go, so that it remained dark all around me. This belonged to the many other peculiarities I would come to know.

Again I continued my walk and would soon reach the inhabited world. I went even faster now than before for I discovered that I could use this power also to propel myself forward. I was floating rather than walking. The earth I did not touch any more. That was also very remarkable. I could never do this on earth. There we were served by the horse, that noble animal that did what man wanted. This way of moving forward I repeated several times also, going a bit faster every time. I fell from one surprise into an other.

Then a short distance away I saw a human being going the same way I was. I was very curious to know whether the being was from

the earth or the astral world. When I came a little closer I saw that it was a woman. Had she died or did she still live on earth? I now was very close, so I gave a little cough, but she did not hear me. She paid no attention to anything and kept walking on and on. But spirit or material being she was a human being. I wanted her to notice me for perhaps I could ask her some questions. So I walked up to her and spoke to her, but she remained deaf and was probably blind too for she neither heard nor saw me. Deep in thoughts she walked on and she acted as if I was not there. A strange figure, I thought. This time I would approach her from the opposite direction, then she had to see me and could not ignore me. When I was a few steps ahead I turned back, but even now she did not notice me.

Was she still living on earth? Then I could understand why she did not see me for spirits were not visible to the human being who lived in the material body. A few of those on earth had seen spirits, but I was not one of them. She too was blind like all other people. I continued to walk close beside her, I as a dead man, while she still had her earthly body. I found it very interesting to see a person of the earth and only now did I understand how deeply hidden lies the spiritual life behind that veil. The haze that kept this world hidden was impenetrable for them. How long had I not been looking for the solution to all these problems, from early morning till late at night and I never had found an answer. Thus it was not at all unusual that she did not see me. I had now stepped into this impenetrable life. Sooner or later they all came here and they would find it just as miraculous as I.

This human being, however, kept going and going and I walked with her, because I was curious to see where she was going. She wore an exquisite robe, just like my mother had worn. Therefore I understood that she belonged to the first circles, for she was very expensively dressed. Was it day or night on earth? By her actions I concluded that it was day. She would never have been able to walk around like that at night. The city gates would be closed and whoever was not inside on time would have to remain outside, unless he was furnished with the required documents. Was she a stranger? I found her so very peculiar! Again I was acquiring more new experiences. On and on we walked. Soon we would reach the city gates.

I tried once again to communicate with her and asked: 'Are you from the earth?'

But she remained deaf and blind. It was taking her a long time to reach her goal. We walked beside each other for a considerable time, but there did not seem to come an end to this walk. I began to get bored. Where was she going? We had been underway for hours. Did it mean something? The further we walked, the more I saw of the city. Yet this view was different from the one I saw first. What was the meaning of that? I wanted to see the inhabited world and I kept moving, but no end seemed to come to this walk. Not for her either. I felt that here was an other, a new problem.

Ah ha, something came to mind, my thinking was not lucid. I thought of everything and everybody, not of what I should be thinking of, of the earth. In this way I would never get the answer, for my thoughts flowed in all directions. I was on my way and I was not on my way.

But what about her? Was she not an earth person, no material being? Once again I observed her and was startled. Her face showed a great sadness. Her eyes were empty and yet they saw, for she continued to walk on and on, but her head was bent towards the earth and she was absorbed in thought. Did those eyes see or was she a sleepwalker? I myself was in a very strange mood. It seemed to me that she looked right through the earth. Was I indeed connected with the earth or not? I began to doubt myself. Who was she and what kind of human being was she? A spirit, a problem?

Suddenly I thought to feel this enigma. I tried following her in her thought pattern and really, I felt it clearly: she had died on earth, for within me came death. Now I understood this wonder. She had committed suicide and lived in that silence. I had met a suicide, but because I had not tuned myself in properly I got the wrong experiences. Now I tuned myself in on earth and immediately this world condensed and I saw the earth before me. Then I concentrated on her again, but still kept contact with the earth and saw that she was enclosed by a haze. She now was a shadow to me, exactly as I had seen the demons in my dungeon. This was a miraculous happening. A human being who had made an end to her life, a woman.

Ah, you cannot be given help, for now I understood the whole

situation. She could be going on for years and still there would be no end. I could only hope that she would not have had to live hundred years on earth, otherwise her sorrow would be indescribable. I too had walked in this way, so I knew her suffering. She had to undergo the experience, for in this way she lived out her earthly life. No, she could not hear or see me.

Still some day this world in which I was now would become visible to her. Even though it was very tragic, I now found this world quite wondrous. A person who commits suicide shuts himself out from every living thing in the universe. She now lived in a void in space, like I had experienced. Nothing, nothing in it, only she and her thoughts. She thought and walked, always on and on, year in year out. Still there would be an end! In her I saw all my grief and torments passing by again. Now that I observed this I began to understand my own life more clearly. How mighty it all was! Everything that had happened to me up to now was mighty and wondrous.

She had chosen poison, I the noose. When I thought of it I felt the stabbing pain coming up again. By thinking about them those pains returned and by thinking of other things they disappeared again. Remarkable was that sensing of things every time, but in this way I would go on. This situation had taught me to connect myself in various ways, that what was interesting to me, that I felt. The most extraordinary things came to me. In me came her life as soon as I wanted to think of her. I re-checked everything thoroughly, for by doing this I would learn. What came to me was tragic, but nothing could be done about it.

Over there walked grief and deep suffering, a human wreck! She was dead and yet she lived. But in her life she too was unaware of everything that surrounded her. She was blind and deaf, alone and left by all, she was a nothing. I sat down and continued to watch her. She went always further. Here walked a human problem that was nothing but misery and that only I knew. I could not express in words how I could see her. She was walking in the silence of her own grave, nothing could stop her. She too knew the meaning of the process of decaying. She had undergone the experience that her motherly and divine body had decomposed.

Oh, human, how did you come to do such a thing? Through love?

Did someone break your heart? Did life on earth destroy you? It could be so beautiful there, but the one person destroyed the life of the other. I had killed, but I had been forced to it. The most dear one to me was being besmirched. Who would be able to control himself then? And yet, now I knew, I should not have done it. The result was that Roni was dead and I landed in all this misery. But it was better not to think of it any more; it was past and I had fought my battle.

This poor woman was also making amends for her sins. But afterwards, where would she end up? Would she go deeper down into the darkness? That too I now understood. When she would have worked all this off, she would go directly to her destination. In a hell or a heaven she would arrive. Only then this life would begin for her and she would enter the real world. It all was excellently put together, it fitted like a glove. Those laws were God's laws, nothing man could change.

Look at her go, the poor woman! I continued to watch her, but when I thought of other things she became invisible to me. Yet she was there, walking on and on, though I then could not see that hell any longer. Presumably there were innumerable invisible hells, like that, and later I wanted to get to know them. It was worthwhile to know everything of this life, how it was governed and how the people were who lived in it and what they had done to get there. I well understood that all of them were sinners. Higher attuned beings lived in a heaven. That was out of reach for me. Were there just as many heavens as hells? One day I would know all that too. It was all so enormous that it was hard to believe and yet now that I saw it all I had to accept it. She was wearing her earthly clothes, but how could that be? Didn't she live in eternity? A new problem again!

Suddenly I looked at myself. How absurd that I had not noticed it before. I also wore my earthly clothes. Absolutely, it had not changed at all! How was this possible? Oh, what a miracle! I was dead and yet I wore my earthly clothes. They belonged to life on earth. I had not for a moment given it a thought before. But that too was understandable, for I would only experience what I thought of. It did not alter the fact that it belonged to the earth. I was not naked, I wore clothes, felt like on earth and yet I was spirit. It is miraculous, so I thought,



how mighty God is, to provide man with everything and I began to feel a greater awe than ever for the Almighty. Was this a law too?

An extraordinary feeling flowed through me now that I knew and had verified these facts. These were miracles one could only experience in this life. It was all concentration, nothing else but thinking and feeling. I had to watch out for a thousand things. Whoever would have thought of that, for if I had not met her I would never have thought of it. Yet it was so natural and just because everything was so natural I did not think of it, it went unnoticed. How wondrous it was. When a person woke up here he would be wearing his earthly clothes. How this was possible I did not yet understand. I sat and admired myself and found myself an enigma. I had been here only for a short time and look at all the wonders and problems I had met already. With every step forward I experienced an other miracle, so that I never really got finished thinking about them.

Now I concentrated on the woman again and saw her immediately. She was a great distance away from me but still I saw her clearly before me. I too had been wearing this garment when I walked in that silence. Yet I had not paid attention to it and never noticed it. In future I must keep that well in mind for whatever I thought of came true; what I wished to see, meet or hear would happen. I felt very happy, for now I was prepared for the things to come. From here I watched her tight-lipped face and her walking on was terrible. Now that I was concentrating on her more intensely I could even feel her thoughts. By sensing her feelings, for that is how it works, I understood her fully. First the sensing and next I processed her feelings that reached me by way of thoughts. These thoughts were hers. It was her life and in this way I merged with someone else's life. On earth this could not be done. One looked at a person as he was only on the outside, but the inner man remained hidden. Here, I sensed it clearly, were no secrets any more and man could not hide himself. I sensed and saw from within her life and this seeing and feeling was a miracle in itself. At the same time I realized that the human being on earth did not know himself. How many secrets there were in a human being! For that we should be thankful to God. Man possessed many qualities, but the qualities I now experienced were not known on earth. During his life on earth man was one great prob-

lem, here also, but in this life a person merges with those problems, no, one lives them. Man is a miracle and a problem!

*Man on earth as seen from this life*

I focussed my concentration on earth again and immediately the material world became visible. I did not want to follow that poor woman any longer, it would only disturb her.

‘Farewell’, I said to her, ‘farewell, poor unfortunate one! Perhaps we shall meet each other again.’

But eternity is a vast expanse, so meeting then would mean another miracle.

Before me lay a city and this time I saw people everywhere, earth people. Wherever I looked I saw life. At long last I was back in the inhabited world and was soon swallowed up by the bustle of the city. How different from the time when I was living there in my material body was the earth now. Everything was wrapped in a haze, but I could see the people, buildings and what belonged to the earth very plainly. I roamed the streets, however, it was impossible for me to concentrate on one point. The change had been too drastic. I saw too many things and had to let this life sink in first. Now that I had come here I understood that the woman did not have to remain in this loneliness very much longer. She was already going over into this life and then this world would soon become visible to her. Undoubtedly she also would be very surprised.

I thought I recognized the city, for I discovered things that I had known before. Though much had changed I still recognized everything. If I had tuned myself in properly then I was in the city where I had lived. My thoughts had brought me back here.

I saw people who still lived on earth, but there were astral people too. I went right through one person, but collided with another when I thought of him. All the astral people were dressed in earth type clothing and that solved one riddle for me. I had not imagined it for it was really true. It was very easy to distinguish an earth person from an astral one. The earthling was more solid, the astral one transparent, yet they looked as if they still lived on earth. I just could not understand why people knew so little about this life, for they

were certainly clearly visible. The earthly human walked right through me and did not feel or see a thing of it. I myself stood inside of him and yet he did not feel me at all. Earthly man had not the slightest awareness of an other life. A thick haze lay around each earthly human being that imprisoned him like a spiritual wall. What this meant I had not yet figured out, so I recognized the material being. Then again I saw earth people as shadows, and others again were like very coarse-material. These I could see best and were the easiest to reach. I sensed that I could merge into their lives, if I but thought of them. However, I had to tune in on them finely and precisely, otherwise it would not work.

But it definitely was a mighty wonder that I had returned to the very place where I had lived. I wanted to try and learn everything about this life. Therefore I decided to stay on my own and not team up with others. It was also very unusual to observe how everybody went his own way. The earth- and astral people lived together which was like death and eternal life. Death and life were two problems for man on earth, but now I saw and felt that it meant life only. There was no death!

People on earth were spied on and pursued by man who had died. Whether they did good things or bad I did not know. But what I clearly felt and observed was that astral man was in all silence working at a plan, a plan that he and man on earth experienced jointly. I felt this, because I could see them moving along together. It was very wondrous to watch.

When I concentrated deeper I heard again the howling noise that meant passion and violence. When I concentrated on the human being again, then it was as if I sensed treachery come up in me. Here danger threatened, here one had to watch out. The life I was observing felt oppressive and frightened me. I now understood that earth was a hell.

Man on earth lived without knowing it in a spiritual hell. It became very obvious to me that hell lay in and around them, because their inner life contained darkness. Now that I had seen the shadowy figures I understood that they lived in a different hell from the coarser beings. From those who were so frightfully easy to see, fear and horror radiated for me. I now began to understand that fear,

because for those beings I must watch out. Already I had also seen astral beings who looked more like beasts than human beings. It was scary to see them going along. They were not human any more, that name did not fit them, for they had shed all human qualities. Had these people gone down and become like beasts? It must be, for they were horrible. I thought I saw demons in them, for a green flashing light surrounded them. It radiated from their inner life, as I clearly saw. The greenish light was exactly like that of the demons who had lured me here. I intended to watch them anxiously and keep an eye on them. With those people I did not want to have anything to do. When I sensed them I felt lies, passion and betrayal. But most peculiar of all I was invisible to those people. They did not feel my presence and it was impossible for them to see me. When I found that out I dared approach them closer. But how beastly these people were I could not possibly describe. They were like pre-animal monsters with hands like claws and yet these beasts lived on earth. I did not follow this 'animal' any further, for I felt that I had better be careful on earth. I had to watch out for several things, but what kind of danger threatened me I did not know, however, what I sensed did not promise much good.

Therefore I followed my own way. A time would come when I would acquire the feeling for wanting to know more about these people, but for now other thoughts prevailed. I now sensed my own life and of that I wanted to know everything and quietly merge with this life. I would not yet be able to withstand many emotional situations. It was quite striking though that my own thoughts and feelings pushed me in that direction. A certain something led me there and so I would follow the voice of my heart. There was something in and around me that I felt intensely, but which remained invisible to me. Was I being sent in one direction? Well, I would wait and see and keep my eyes open.

At this moment I felt all the questions I had asked during my lifetime on earth return to me. Then my feelings of a moment ago had been right and clear. That spurred me on and I willingly submitted myself to this. All those earthly questions I would try to solve through and by my own self. For a long time I meditated on this and then I felt very strange.

Now that I had come back here I felt exactly as I did on earth during that period of time. These feelings then were apparently connected with my questions. In that time I lived in seclusion and now that urge returned in me also. I was the same, totally and in everything the same. It's amazing, I told myself over and over again. This life is amazing. The more I thought of these things, the more my former personality traits reappeared. At the same time I realized that this in which I lived now was my hell. It was not so dark any more and I saw more light than when I entered. I had lost nothing, but I had not gained anything either. I was just like that time on earth. In that time too I had felt no desire to meet people. It surprised me very much. Before I entered here I yearned to see and meet people and find entertainment, but suddenly those wishes were smothered. In my cell I had been burning with desire to see life, but now that I saw life and lived among it with people all around me, it left me indifferent. I understood how natural this life was, because I felt and lived it. Here a person could only be what he had in inner feelings.

In former times I had been in an unnatural situation and now I was natural again. I had brought myself into disharmony and those feelings dissolved. I had lived through them, so that I could return to my own life. Amazing, truly amazing this life is. I could not help repeating this all the time, for these were miracles. It was mighty, because my own life brought me back in harmony again. Yet I was still in disharmony with the whole, with the Almighty, with God, because I was living in a hell and that meant disharmony. For the Creator of all this I felt great awe. He Who could retain harmony in all those hells was all powerful in my eyes. Here everything regulated itself. Because I was life and signified life, it could reveal itself in me when I experienced it and all those wonders and problems passed through me and dissolved within me. I began to feel gratitude towards Him, that inscrutable God.

The houses, buildings and temples were enveloped in a haze, yet I saw them clearly. Through walls I walked, nothing could stop me, I went in and out, for nothing was closed to me any more. That too was a miracle in itself and so amusing that I repeated it several times. I found myself in and among people, but still they did not see me and heard me even less. I could hear them talk to other people and

understood every word. But here I discovered a new sensation. Some people seemed far away, though they were actually close by. I could not follow their conversation very well and I thought I understood the reason for that. Their figures were invisible to me, others were just shadows and others again were very coarse, and them I could hear best of all. On the street too I had noticed it. The shadows I saw before me were holding a conversation and that talk from one person to the other was odd. I had to make connection with the person I could see best if I wanted to follow their conversation. The solution that I sensed was this: Some possessed a higher character than mine, they stood above me. The others were worse than I or had no possession. Whatever it was, I felt that this was the meaning for the occurrence.

As I said before I kept going one house in and out the next, but at last I stopped that for I wanted to start living my own life. When I came into the street – I felt the earth as I did of old – I heard a frightful commotion intermingled with cries. When I concentrated on it I felt what was happening. On the corner of a street a large crowd scattered and fled. These people were being attacked. I saw that they carried crosses and statues of the saints and I understood what was happening. This crowd was being broken up by the heathens. Blood of the christians was flowing in the street and it was they who had raised those fearful cries I heard. As usual, I thought, man does not change. Now that I was beginning to understand my own life and now that eternal life was becoming clear to me, I found this event even more horrible than when I lived here. This surely was not necessary! Horsemen rushed in on the christians and dispersed them. The christians too defended themselves, so that left and right the dead lay around me.

Before me I saw a wondrous scene. From where the astral beings came so quickly I did not know, but I saw the spirits taking away all the people who entered here after they separated with a jolt from their bodies. I found this a remarkable event. By the time I realized what had happened the silence had returned again. Christians and heathens each went their separate ways. A short but fierce fight it had been with a few dead and wounded. All this happened because of a religious belief. The astral people dissolved before my eyes. The

only thing that reminded me of it was the street stained with Christian blood, for people were destroyed here. They had been killed for their religion; that's why these people were struck down. Heathens versus believers and both were not aware of what they did.

Why all that hate really? Why did the head of the church allow this? The heathens were being provoked, and now they were all fire and fury. However, I did not spend long thinking about it and went on my way again. When I tuned myself in on other people I heard them discuss the event. Their thoughts varied, one was in favour, the other against. When I continued to follow their conversation I found that great changes had occurred since I had died. I heard them say: 'He is a follower of Sergius.' Sergius, I thought, had been the head of the church in my time. Was there an other head today? I waited and listened for what more they had to say, but their conversation took an other direction and I moved away. I wanted to connect myself with other people for I wanted to find out what all this meant. Again I met an other procession in a street and once more the riders drove into the crowd and crushed them. Their moans reached me in this world and probably they went higher and higher until it would reach God. What God would think about it I did not know, but I found it horrible.

'Death to Honorius', came the shout from all sides. 'Death to Honorius and damned be his God. A curse on him', it went on.

I tuned in on the earth people and sensed in what period of time they were living. How was it possible, did I feel correct? Could a whole century have gone by? It seemed almost impossible, but yet I felt it distinctly.

When I was a child people talked about Benedictus, Johannes and Leo, and now it was Honorius. Once more I tried to make a close connection with them. However, it was the same, it could not be else, a century had gone by. But how was this possible? What had happened to me?

I had been shut up in a dungeon, committed suicide, lived through the process of a decaying body and then fallen asleep. After waking up again I had lived for a long time in the silence. Did that take up a whole century? Was there one century between me and my past? I just could not believe that; but yet, when I probed them once again

and completely merged with their lives I had to accept it. Understand, however, I did not and I decided to wait and see. Again I had experienced something strange, but I could not think of it as miraculous. At some future time I would find the answer; here, I felt, it would leave me in the dark. I must try and find the answer in my own life for it concerned me and it would be solved on this side. It belonged to the life of the spirit, though the event was part of the earth. I found it very sad that man ruined himself only for a belief, for God. Would that be God's intention? That seemed unbelievable to me.

I continued along my way and would try to find my own home back again. I would like to know what was left of my house. But if I was to accept everything I had just observed, then Marianne was dead and lived on this side and my first feelings were correct and clear. But where would she be? I became very curious and wanted to know everything of my youth, if this were at all possible. Wherever I went I found them fighting. I had never joined others in such pursuits for on earth I only lived for my art. Still I had to join a church, or sooner or later I would have been imprisoned. People had fought already in early antiquity and men had not changed yet.

I followed the voice of my heart and kept going in the direction of where I had lived. Really, I began to recognize many things that were there in the early days. I lived close near the wall of Rome, one of the finest parts of the city. My own thoughts brought me back to that place. I saw that much had changed, but I could orientate myself sufficiently. The closer I came to my house, the louder I felt my heart beating. It was as if something strange would await me. At last I reached the spot where I had lived. Here I had killed Roni and met my Marianne again.

But what had happened? The place was levelled to the ground, nothing more was visible of my house. That was a terrible disappointment to me for I had not expected it at all. Maybe I was in the wrong place? I directed my concentration to my former possessions, but no, indeed, this is where I had lived, my concentration had been right. I did not understand it at all and sat down to think about it. It was as if the whole neighbourhood had been turned inside out, even nature had changed. Because of this disappointment I felt a stab-



bing pain in my heart and I was in a downcast mood now that I had to accept this finding.

Where was Marianne? She lived on this side and still she had not come to me.

‘Marianne, my child, are you dead? Are you living in an other hell or do you belong to the lucky ones? Did you arrive in a heaven?’

Would she possess a heaven? Was she that far away from me? It seemed too unbelievable, too unnatural to me. But she definitely was dead, for she could not have reached an age this old.

‘Why did you not come to me? Don’t you love me? Can’t you find the way to me?’ All these questions welled up in me. No, this was something I had not expected, there was nothing left of my earthly life; my life there had been for nothing. Would Emschor know where Marianne was at this moment? Who could solve this riddle for me? It was a mighty problem, that I could not solve by myself, it was inexplicable to me, for I felt that I was at odds with laws which I did not understand or know. Even though I felt very sad, I wanted to remain myself and not lose my head. But wherever Marianne was, even if she was in the deepest of hells, I would look for her and stay with her, never to leave her again. Such was the kind of love that lived within me and I was prepared to go to her, for I loved her, truly loved her. No other being could I love in that way.

When I was sitting, thinking all this over, I felt an other influence settle within me. It was stronger than I and it merged with my feelings, for any change in them I felt immediately. I felt myself grow weary and sleepy, something was happening to me. But what? The earth disappeared from my sight and I sensed that I was being connected with an other world. There below me some movement could be seen, something was taking shape. Did I see correctly? Was that my studio? Was I looking in the past? Of my house and everything else I had owned on earth nothing more could be seen. Now, however, I began to see the past. I not only saw myself, but also saw that I had started to work on the statue of Marianne. It was the moment that the old statue had toppled over and broken into bits and pieces and had disturbed my inspiration. I remembered this event very well and here I was being connected with it again. The past revealed itself to me, but what did it mean? Was I awake or dreaming? I

touched myself, but no, I was wide awake, but something wondrous was happening here, that I not yet understood. I watched the moment that I swept the pieces together, so that I could get back to my work and not be hindered in my movements. What I now observed was a miracle, for I felt the tremendous jolt that caused the statue to crash and break. But I saw more!

From those bits and pieces shone a flashing green light that I had seen on earth, in the moment that I killed Roni. Had I then been surrounded by the powers of darkness and had they influenced me? I now had to call up all my strength to control myself. Presently I became calmer. I was also given aid with that for it was enormous what I began to see. The power that showed it to me was also the one that prevented my collapse. That force, I felt clearly, guided all this and me too.

Who was it that gave me these experiences? Who possessed the powers to connect me with the past? Was it Emschor? I felt now, that those terrible influences of a moment ago had destroyed my ability to think on my own and had that other power not come to my aid I would have collapsed.

Who had brought me that statue and placed the order? Oh, yes, it was a slender young man, an Egyptian. While I was thinking about this the vision changed and an other appeared. The moment when the stranger delivered the statue was played back to me. I recognized him clearly. That vision passed also. I thought that I recognized the greenish flashing light as a power from my dungeon. The demons had shown themselves to me in that light and that too I now understood completely. It made me feel that all my movements had been followed and that all this had to happen. That included the death of my friend as well as many other things and events that were not yet clear to me. The fear and the fever which I had felt then also belonged to it.

New problems piled on, but many of them I relived anew. Very likely it would all be cleared up for me. That demon who had destroyed me had already been in connection with me. I was certain of this and it was something I must accept. The influences of those terrible beings were still attached to the bits and pieces. This light which was of the devil and the light in my cell were of one and the

same influence. But I must remain calm or I would get nowhere. How false were those forces, how treacherous that they could bring about these terrible things. Or was there an other meaning to this? I sensed, however, that everything had to do with these demons.

The statue had been of one of his relatives who had died long ago. It was sculpted in the Egyptian-Hellenic style. But I sensed more, one feeling followed another. However, what came to me now seemed incredible. I felt namely that I had something to do with that old statue, for I saw myself merge into that sculpture. In that old-fashioned style I felt myself. My first teachers had to break me of that style and they could never understand how I got it. But if all this were true, then perhaps the riddle of where I got my feeling for art, that was already present in my childhood, would be solved. Now I stood before a great human problem that I did not yet understand, but that had been on my mind during the whole of my former life. Oh, if only that riddle was solved, how happy I would be. An other riddle was, how had that Egyptian managed to bring it here? How did he get that antique piece of art? My feeling for art, the old style and the sculpture in which I saw and felt myself were one. Something, an incomprehensible force, a power or whatever brought all this together, but which one? Was it in truth Emschor? Could he show me all these things? Did he have such power? I felt that I was now returning to myself and that a dense haze kept all this hidden. It was a pity, for I was so splendidly on the way to unravel all these secrets. But I was powerless.

Wondrously strange things I had just now experienced. Was I not allowed yet to find out the whole truth? Then I had better be patient and wait, I thought, and I felt that I should move on. But where to?

I would continue to follow this road and go to my dungeon. There it was that Marianne had visited me, perhaps there would be something to see too. I followed the voice of my heart that had shown me all of this and my feelings and thoughts brought me to the place where I had been locked up.

## *Back to my dungeon*

Before me I saw a building, a building which I knew from former times. So, I thought, was my first cell in here? I had been locked up in an old arena. I entered through the gate, but the moment I stepped inside I heard fearful cries and lamentations uttered by people. A similar scene as I had already seen on the street and I knew immediately what was happening here. I saw the dead and wounded lying left and right around me and I heard the profane language and cursing of earth people. This was how the religious believers were maltreated. However, at this time all this did not interest me. I was concentrating too much on my own life, so that I did not want to become involved. This was not my business now, for I lived in eternity. They, there on earth, would have to fight it out themselves. A christian spectacle, however, it was not, for the air was thick with oaths and beatings.

Soon I reached the cell where I had been shut up to await the verdict. Others had now taken my place. I counted seven, though actually there was only room for one. Three of these earth people I could see clearly, but the others were like shadows to me. Since now the walls of my cell were transparent for me I could see that the other cells were occupied also. People on earth were in revolt. The believers were being destroyed. Many would have to die, for when they were locked up they were doomed to die. Here I had waited out my time. Afterwards I had been transported to an other place where I eventually died. Here I had spoken with Marianne. I was so sorry that I had lost consciousness then. Yet I did not feel or see any strange influences. I remained myself and nothing happened to me.

I waited but nothing happened. Now that I could not observe anything about myself I took a look at the people here around me. Near one of the prisoners I saw a spirit who could be his mother. When I focussed my concentration on her I felt that it was his mother. Did she feel and know that something terrible was going to happen to her child? How did she know this? How did she get hold of this knowledge? These again were new riddles for me. However, I did not pursue the matter too deeply for I wanted to stay with my own life. I was not getting any the wiser here, so I decided to go to my

other cell. I concentrated very strongly on the past and I felt and saw that I was leaving the city.

This time I floated across the earth and my next sensation was that I had come to a neighbourhood where I had never been during my life on earth. Was this a place for prisoners? Before me lay a large stretch of water with an island in it. This water was surrounded by mountains. I would never have been able to escape from a place like this. It looked more like a subterranean hole or the catacombs I knew. I felt very clearly that this was the spot where I had been imprisoned and died. I glided across the water and landed on the island. How extraordinary was this floating!

There, in that hideous building I had died, there I had associated with demons. I walked inside and recognized the stairway that led down. The steps were hewn out of the rocks and I remembered counting them. Now I did it again and indeed there were thirty-two. Then I came to a small square, where before me I discovered a path that snaked upwards to cells on the highest levels. No, I could never have escaped from here. First I wanted to go to my own cell, later I would visit the others. This must be the death island I had often heard about.

Now I stepped into my cell. In this squalid square hole someone else had taken my place. What a miserable hovel it was. How terrible was the fate of this man, for he was waiting for his end. It was a gaunt, young man, who lay in the very same spot I had always lain and where I had come in contact with the demons. There he rested and like I had done, thought: When will my end come? Did he have connection too? Already he was totally exhausted and it would not last very long, then death would fetch him; death which wasn't death but meant living. I myself was death and here I stood before him, he knew nothing about it. Poor man!

I sat down beside him, but he did not feel me. Next I went right through him, but he did not feel that either. The invisible human could come very close to the earth human, he could influence him, he could make him do anything he wanted and yet the earth man knew nothing about it. One had to be extremely sensitive to be able to see, hear and feel this. How easy it had been for those devils to come to me. In this life one could go where one wanted and do

what interested him. I must try to master making connections. I would like to know exactly how to reach a person on earth, then I could protect him and in this way prevent him from taking his own life, if that was his intention.

Above me I saw a shadow and that shadow had more light than I. It was an astral person. An earth person had quite a different light, so that I could tell by the light that it was an astral being. Did this being watch over him? The light I saw was but very weak, but yet I knew that this person was further advanced than I was. Was she here to influence him? I felt that she was looking at me. By the lines of the figure I saw that she was a woman. Still more came to me clearly, I felt why she had come here. This was a guiding spirit, a human being who watched over the well-being of a member of the family, who probably was her child. That, however, I did not know for sure, but in any case she had come here with good intentions. She would protect him from the demons, so my help was unnecessary. She also know more about this life than I and would be able to reach him in many ways of which I had never heard yet.

How I could feel and understand all this so quickly was now clear to me, for I felt again the other influence. It was as if it had been laid down within me. In it I felt and recognized my own guiding spirit and I knew that probably he would explain more of those truths to me. Had he followed me here? Was it Emschor? However, I did not get an answer to my thoughts and so I waited. I did understand though that in this life one learns through others. This life was sensing, merging and protecting. For her above me I felt respect, also for the feelings that were coming my way. She was still there and I felt that she was looking down at me. Again I learned forces that differed from those I knew. But what was I doing here? Here I had made connection with those demons. Where were they now? Could they not reach him? Had that apparition come here just for me, for I felt that she was looking at me. If it was possible to see in someone else's life and feel that life, then she would know that I was here to find out about my own life. My life was completely open to her. I could read the life of others, so she who was much further advanced could certainly do that too.

Now I thought of the time I spent here. How long had I been

imprisoned? I had been almost thirty-eight years old when I was locked up. I concentrated on the time and came to the conclusion that I had been here four and a half years before I took my own life. How had I managed to stick it out that long?

In thoughts I returned to the man who had taken my place, I wanted to know why he was here. As soon as I connected myself I felt a strong current pass through me and I understood that power. Was someone helping me with it? He too had committed murder. I mentally sent him a message not to take his own life, for he would only find more grief and worse suffering than he had now. All this was still bearable, but that other would be very much more terrible. When I was thinking this the apparition above me went away. Where was this spirit going? Did she sense danger? I was not aware of danger, because I was all alone with him. Once again I tuned in on him. In fact I went completely into him. I wriggled myself into his body in the same way that I had tried to get back into my own earthly body when it hung beside me. I wanted to see and experience whether he felt me. Since he was a human being, one should be able to reach him. I forced him to stand up, which he did, but after that I did not have him under my control any more and he walked over to a corner of his cell where he had marked the days, weeks, months and years. My thoughts followed him and I added up all those numbers. Seven years had already passed by. How inhuman was his suffering. Seven years in solitary, totally alone in this horror. It was quite remarkable that I could gather all this from him. Now I sent him what I already knew about this life, but that too proved unnecessary for he knew of an everlasting life, he was a believer. I understood that he could not be reached by those who wanted him to do away with himself. He was a christian and patiently resigned to carry his cross. He had in him a powerful belief and I admired him. Suddenly he did something I had not counted on. He knelt down and began to pray.

How ashamed I felt when I saw that. Neither during my life nor in here I had ever prayed. However, I remained with him and then I felt a great happiness surge through me. Could a person just by praying become so happy? Such a beautiful feeling now came in me. If this was the power of his prayer, then I was a poor beggar. How

happy he was, even though he lived in this hell. This was the most horrible punishment a person on earth could receive. And this devout man had killed? How could he kill, for people who are believers do not kill. I now saw why he had murdered. He had wanted to protect his sister. A heathen had wanted to defile her body, what he prevented by knocking him down.

Who provided me with this vision? He thought all this over and asked God forgiveness. 'Gladly', he prayed, 'will I atone, but please protect my sister. She is not strong, she is too weak to protect herself against such forces. Support her, my God, I shall gladly do penance.'

Now I understood everything. Poor human being, you have sacrificed yourself. You are now imprisoned and must die there. But what a strong belief for one so young.

'Protect her', I heard him say, 'since mother is not living any more.' Then the apparition was his mother and my feelings had been correct. Was his father on this side also? He was not here however. How we differed from each other. I had sought contact with life, with demons and let myself be deceived and lied to, while he sought his God. Inwardly he stood far above me.

Again I had come to know a different kind of person. But what was I doing here any longer? I wanted to leave, but felt that I was being stopped. That very same power I had felt when I entered this world after coming from the silence. Now here was this force again and so I concentrated on the prisoner once more. Did he keep me standing here? No, and yet I had felt that influence clearly, I could not have been mistaken. Must I pray too? I felt much respect for this unfortunate man, but I could not pray the way he did. I would not be able to pray like that, because my inner self refused. Yet I would dearly love to do it for I felt great awe for all the things that had happened to me and for God too. But to pray as he was doing, no, that was not possible, I had suffered too much. I felt awed and for me that was already very much. Did I have to begin believing in God? Did that invisible power want me to kneel down? Would the being who had spoken to me, wish me to do that? I was not yet ready for that, although I sensed that I would have to acquire it. By living and experiencing life I would raise myself higher and begin to



feel love. But then, did I not have love now? How much did not I love Marianne, wasn't that love? Again I tried to leave and for the second time something called me a halt.

The prisoner had returned to his corner. What did they want with me? Again I looked at the man sitting before me and I felt that he had sunk deep in prayers. He sat there with his eyes closed, as such I visualized a saint.

I began to feel uneasy and that was because of his praying. I found myself coarse and insensitive. Through his prayer he drew me into an other world, in a world of believing, love and submission. That world I did not yet know. Here in my cell I got to know an other life. A life of joy, sacrifice and the purest love. By sacrificing himself for his sister he had landed here.

I too would do that. I could have given my life for whoever needed it, if I knew that it was necessary and of use. Death was non existing anyway, one went on eternally.

For a long time I watched him and because I experienced all this, I changed my thoughts. If this had been their intention, then something was gained and I would remember and continue to think of it. I would try to become a christian like him. In the depth of his struggle, his suffering, grief and many other miseries he wanted to atone, and still asked God to give strength to others. This taught me a lesson about myself. I had cursed and sworn. God I had made out to be an unjust being. But I learned here how I should live, while at the same time I came to know other hells and heavens. She who had left a short time ago lived in her heaven and the heaven he possessed was great in trust and faith. My heaven was the darkness in which I lived. I lived between those two situations and I wanted to try and acquire myself a heaven. I was very glad that I had this experience.

Once again I started to leave, because there was nothing for me out here. This time I wanted to go to the other cells, but for the third time I was restrained. Yet I saw nobody, nothing of the power that prevented me from going. The prisoner had finished his prayer and sat staring straight ahead. He was sitting there as if was dead, he did not seem to breathe. When he did, however, his chest squeaked so that I could hear it in my world.

Suddenly he jumped up and walked a few times around his cell,

then he returned to his place. I too had done the same thing, for I thought I was going insane. I joined myself to him for I wanted to calm him down, but he did as he pleased and I felt that I could not influence him. When he had jumped up at my first attempt to concentrate him into action, he had done this of his own will. This taught me that man on earth can protect himself against other strange and for him unknown influences by closing himself off. God laid an own will in man and according to his spiritual level, feeling and personality could a person be influenced. However, I began to get the feeling that, without man noticed it, God was still guiding man.

Now my thoughts turned to Emschor. If he let me experience this then I would want to thank him for it from the depth of my soul. If he was guiding me I would beg him to be patient with me, for I would do my best to master it all. For me these events meant wisdom of living. I learned about the life in which I was now living and accept my own life as well.

Again I sat down beside the prisoner, an other power forced me to do so. I was barely seated when I thought I saw a luminescent haze in front of me. It was a happening very similar to what had occurred to me when I had been imprisoned here. There was movement in the haze, something began to take shape and I could plainly see it building up, becoming clearer and denser, until I recognized a human being. The man beside me, however, did not notice it at all.

Was this done only for my benefit? Indeed, I had seen correctly. Emschor, I said to myself, it is Emschor. The spirit who had talked to me a century ago had come back to me. A face that was radiant looked at me, an exalted current flowed through me.

‘Lantos’, I heard him say, ‘Lantos Dumonché.’

‘You know me?’ I asked.

‘You hear that I know you, but listen. I have come to inform you of several things and also to tell you that I am very grateful for the beautiful thoughts you sent me just now.’

‘You know that too?’ I asked.

‘You hear that I know it.’

Remarkable, I thought, such powers this man has.

‘A while ago I prevented you from leaving and connected you with the man who sits beside you and also with many other for you

still incomprehensible situations. Hear me well: From here you will receive connection with life. Many years ago I spoke to you here and advised you not to make an end to your life. This time I have come to you to convince you of our life. I will follow you in everything, Lantos, and I will be the go-between with still higher beings who guide you and me. I am allowed to connect you with the past, this is not my will but the will of those who live in the higher spheres and who are the cosmic awakened ones. I therefore will follow all your ways, because we both form two links of a powerful chain that joins us to this life, to the past and to the cosmos. Step by step you will make your way and I will assist you. Through it miracles will happen and all your 'why's' and 'wherefore's' will be answered. It will enable you to enter this life and assume it as your possession. You will bridge the gaps and acquire the powers necessary to do that.

You may have noticed that every person pursues his own way on earth as well as here. Well then, they all are on their way to help mankind and make good for themselves what they have to set right. They all serve a higher power and are prepared to shoulder the heaviest burdens they meet on their way. They serve life, work to improve their inner spiritual attunement, so that they can join this life. Their way is yours, it is mine and of those who already have reached the highest spiritual attainments. One day you will be with me in the spheres of light. Work will await you there. Thus, accept everything, even if it is strange. And because you will experience these miracles you will presently accept even greater miracles, for it has to do with your life on earth and with your previous lives.

It all belongs to the cycle of the earth. It is the cycle of the soul who is pursuing its course to the ultimate goal. Your cycle on earth is drawing to a close, follow therefore the voice of your own heart. It brings you to the place where the wonders and problems will be solved for you. Every thought and every event makes a connection with truthful reality. So I will assist you in everything, and why all this happens you will only understand better later. This is my assignment, it is your and my task.

Strange things I have to tell you, listen further, Lantos. We both belonged to the same family. I once had your name, the name you go by today. On the place where you were born I will give you an

explanation. However, many centuries have gone by since I lived on earth. Many centuries I have waited for this moment of our connection. A century ago I told you that I too made an end to my life. You did it because the loneliness drove you mad and you could not wait any longer. Your curiosity about this life brought you in that situation. I, on the other hand, killed myself out of remorse, because I had stolen the possessions of others. This I had to make good again in an other life. I paid for it with my own life. Notwithstanding, I was able to extricate myself from the darkness, because I was seeking to do and follow the things that were good and because someone convinced me of my own life. This way lies open for you too. I advise you therefore to aim for the higher things, because the continuation of life exists and wondrous regions are waiting for you. There you will have light and happiness. I told you before, that higher beings are assisting me with clearing up the deepest problems for you and that we shall work for them. All this serves to make man on earth aware of our life. I serve you, you serve me, we all serve. Now you may ask me questions.'

Immediately I asked: 'You are of my family?'

'I belonged to your house, therefore I know you and I carried your name.'

'Can you tell me more about that?'

'No, the time is not there yet. Later, on the place where you were born.'

'Was the influence I felt in my studio yours?'

'Mine.'

'What was the meaning of the greenish, flashing light that I saw?'

'What you saw was your connection with the demons.'

'Then my feelings were correct?'

'Yes, but it were my thoughts, I let you feel it.'

'Thank you', I said. And asked: 'Why did he make me kill myself?'

'You had something to make up to him, he was shadowing you and he helped you kill yourself.'

'And I did not even know him.'

'That is not necessary, but later I will explain it to you. It belongs to the law of cause and effect.'

I found it all highly remarkable and asked: 'That statue that fell over and broke to bits, was that the work of those demons also?'

'Their powers are in reality strong enough that they can do so.'

'Have I anything to do with that statue?'

'That also I will clear up, but in a different place, there where you once lived. It belongs with the past.'

My thoughts turned again to the one who had sent me to this world and I asked: 'Do you know that demon?'

'Yes, Lantos, he is a relative of yours.'

'Of mine? I don't know him, I had no other relatives and was the last one of our family. How then is this possible?'

'Yet this is the case and you will get to know him.'

Miraculous is this all, I thought, and continued my questions with: 'Do you know where my beloved is?'

'Yes, she lives on this side.'

'May I go to her?'

'No, she lives in the world of the unconscious. I will tell you about that too, when the time comes.'

'Can't she come to me?'

'No, that is not possible.'

'Pity', I said, 'but I am very grateful to you.'

'Don't mention it, I am ready to help you with anything.'

'Is Marianne not conscious?'

'Presently I shall explain that to you, just continue on your way.'

Still one question: 'Why do you stay in your condition, in your heaven?'

'Because you must live your own life.'

'Oh, now I understand.'

'I am leaving now, Lantos, but I will continue to follow you. Farewell, seek always what is good. Your Emschor.'

The spirit dissolved before my eyes and I was alone again with thousands of thoughts, but my mind refused to think, for this had taken me by surprise.

The man beside me had fallen asleep. I lay down beside him for I did not have the strength to move on. I knew much more than before, but still everything was darkness. He would continue to watch over me! Marianne was in this life, but invisible to me. I sensed

much and understood him, but of all those problems and miracles I felt nothing. But I had to move on, I could not stay here. By moving along all those miracles would reveal themselves and teach me more about this life. I wanted to work to better myself and discover the secret of my- and Marianne's life and of many other things. I gathered all my strength and jumped up from where I was sitting. Away from here, far from this misery.

'Farewell', I too said to him, 'and may your God soon grant you your life's ending. Poor, poor human being!' Then I left.

I now walked from cell to cell. Above and below me they were locked up. I saw old and young people. This was a place of death; here lived death and life hand in hand. Man stripped off his earthly garment and received a new one in its place. That life lay in them, but they neither felt nor knew that life. It was the life in which I now lived and where they also would enter one day.

Many of the cells I had already visited and seen horrible spectacles. Many spoiled their earth- and spiritual body and went down to total ruin. Thank God, I thought, that those thoughts had never come up in my mind. Did I possess a different mentality than they? Was I free from that? It had to be for I would never defile myself. This was even worse than kill a human being. These were spiritually insane and tortured the material body. I could not stand this any longer and went away.

### *The world of the unconscious*

Those people were not themselves anymore. Pitiful, it all was very pitiful what I saw. The one sought himself, the other life, and an other God, while thousands more did not know where to begin. But every human being searches and will continue to search until he finds out. I too was a searcher for I wanted to get to know life, my life on earth and the lives Emschor had spoken about. Ah, I had so much to ask and forgotten so much. For instance he would have been able to clear up for me how I got my feeling for art. However, I would ask Emschor when he returned again.

Here in this place of horrors I experienced that human beings on earth worked themselves downwards ever deeper, so that making

any progress was out of the question. I wanted to go further, but where would I go? I began to feel that I should return and obeyed that inner urge by making my way back to my cell. Here I would start with examining everything, something told me that I was supposed to do that.

Above me were the window bars from which I had hung. I now felt myself sinking away into an other world. I let myself go and saw the earth and everything else disappear, but I still remained fully conscious of everything around me. What was that? Did I see right? There, hanging from the bars, I saw my material body with myself hanging beside it. I was being connected with the past and suddenly I knew what he had meant when he told me that I must go on and follow that road. The peace and silence from that world descended in me and I saw that my corpse was being taken away. I now also saw the people who had buried me. What I observed here was a miracle. The past was exposed to me and became reality again. What I saw had happened once. I followed my own corpse outside. We went down the small passage and climbed the steps. Outside I saw more people who walked ahead of us. There in front of me I saw the grave and they laid me in it. To watch my grave from the spirit world was something extraordinary. The bearers who had carried me went away, two others closed it off and Lantos Dumonché was forgotten.

On the edge of my grave I sat down and thanked the invisible power for this scene of a century ago. Mighty, I thought, are the powers of people who have reached the higher spheres of which he spoke. I bowed my head, for at this moment I felt myself very insignificant and small. These powers I wanted to acquire, I must possess them. I took a look into my own life, through him who had those powers. He was the connection with still other beings. I understood that this needed even greater and much mightier powers than he and I possessed. This was a wonder and a problem. Yet, now that I knew how it had happened, I accepted and I did it gladly. Again I had returned to the silence of my grave. Here I sat thinking anew and feeling anew.

‘How mighty, dear leader’, I said very loud, ‘is everything that has been shown me. I thank you, I thank you very warmly.’

It had to be experienced to believe it, for it happened a very long

time ago. Long, very long ago, yet now it was so very near. I just could not think enough about that. I would have liked to stay here, to rethink it again and again; that's how wondrous it struck me. Nothing could be destroyed, the events that had happened could be re-awakened and recalled. Here I had fought a horrible battle. Here I had felt a fear and horror as is unknown to earth. Here I had been torn apart and unravelled. Here I had put myself because I had harmed others, something I did not even know. How deep it all went.

Here I had spoken with Roni, which had also been very strange for me. Would I be able to speak with him again? From where did he come? Did he come out of the depth, out of this silence? He had been awakened, but how?

I looked again at my earthly garment. There lay my skeleton, it belonged to me once. How insignificant is that earthly garment and how mighty is the spiritual one. I was a great marvel myself. This marvel was now looking down on that trivial one there below. I did not understand or even know myself. But that one was decayed, there was nothing left of it.

How great is God Who knows all this beforehand. There was something here, as I clearly felt, that put the human being who lived here to sleep. If I would go down deeper, that sleep would swallow me up, at the same time I felt that it would not happen and yet that sleep lay already in me. I only had to take one more step and I would be asleep. This was a strange feeling! Life on this side was a life filled with wonders. Many secrets were here and the one secret was even deeper than the other. I understood at last that only Emschor could explain it to me, but I would wait.

It grew very quiet in me. Did I feel correct? I thought I felt the voice of my master. It was still far away, but his voice was coming closer and closer to me. This slowly coming closer was also quite a miracle, but I understood it fully. It was the master tuning in. I was now being connected with him and then new things would be explained to me.

When the voice was clearly audible I heard: 'At the edge of your grave I come to you, Lantos. You now live in the world of the unconscious. Deeper down and you would fall asleep. He who enters



this sleep shall and must return to earth. Listen well and I'll explain it to you. Here you arrived and experienced the decay of your earthly body. More than a century has passed since. When you had experienced the total decomposition, you fell asleep. That sleep happened because you had taken your own life.

But everyone from earth who enters into our life will fall asleep. For some that sleep lasts very long, for others it is short, that depends upon your inner life. They who have lived a spiritual life will have a short sleep, for they are inwardly awake and have love. But others who know nothing about this life will fall asleep, until they return to themselves and they will sleep again and again, until they are ready to enter the spiritual spheres.

Therefore your sleep was so deep, because you had neither a belief nor love for a God. You had to learn all this. I am telling you this, because you must not think that others have done this to you. Your sleep then was a spiritual sleep that meant spiritual poverty. You possessed nothing that could wake you up and you had to experience that. Therefore also you were all alone, nobody could help you.

The woman you met on your journey, and as you have already sensed, a suicide, could not be helped. I let you feel that and connected you with her, which enabled you to seize up this life and in this way accept your own grief and all your struggle. You took up your own cross, because you knew that you had to carry it.

As I told you before, all who enter here fall asleep. But those who end their own lives are trying to break a law of nature that, however, is unbreakable, for that law means life and life cannot be destroyed, for life is God. Those disharmonic vibrations generate this sleep. Those who die in the normal manner will also sleep. No being can escape it; no being is so strongly conscious of our life that he is on the same moment of his death on earth awake and can stay awake. The body of the spirit has to assimilate this and that is you, yourself. That is man, that is life. Now I shall tell you about the world of the unconscious. Try to follow me.

A while ago you felt that sleep was overtaking you. I went down deeper with you for I wanted you to feel this. There in that world lives your friend Roni. The masters awoke him, so that you could speak with him. This waking him up has a purpose, because we shall

return here one day and then you will experience other wonders. Just now you were able to observe your own life and saw yourself being carried to this place. That is the past and the conversation with your friend Roni also belongs to the past. But that lies hidden deeper in this life and in this situation only the masters can make the connection.

This sphere, this world then corresponds with the earth. It is the connecting world in which human beings – that is the soul – live, who will return to earth. From here the soul comes back into a material body and is the ‘life’ that animates this body. That is being born on earth. The soul who has now entered this world may have to wait centuries before being attracted again on earth. That is God’s will and those are God’s holy laws, that cannot be changed or influenced by man or spirit. Millions of beings have entered here, but all those beings, those souls, which are people, were born and have died on earth. After their death they enter here and will and have to return till they have finished their cycle on earth. They all return to earth with a set purpose.

It will be obvious to you that the life that brings the material body to animation comes from the universe and in particular from this sphere. This therefore is the world of the unconscious. The soul who returns to earth is unaware of his former life. I could also call this sphere the world of the embryo, because the embryo is being animated from here. You will experience all this at a future date when we return here and you will have reached the spheres of light.

Wherever a person on earth may find himself, he can only be fathomed by those who have reached the highest spheres of light. Most of them can tune themselves into that life, as happened to you and your friend. That waking up you will also experience. The human being who returns to earth follows the law of cause and effect. Thus, causes and effects, being born on earth and the return to this world. When the soul has completed its cycle on earth it will proceed in this life and try to reach the highest spheres. However, all this is for later when you have acquired the strength for it, only then I can make it clear to you. Now you may ask me questions.’

I had listened attentively and queried: ‘Do I have to go back to earth?’

‘You will undergo the material process.’

‘What purpose does it serve?’

‘To convince the people on earth of our life and to make them cognizant of all this.’

‘But I’ll be born then?’

‘No, you will return before that happens.’

Extraordinary, I thought. After which I heard: ‘You shall learn these wonders, for they belong to our work. It is my and your task, as you will find out later. Great happiness will await you.’

‘Does my friend Roni go back?’

‘He has to go back to earth and live there.’

‘What for?’

‘That too you will know.’

‘He told me that he would see Marianne. Do you know anything about that?’

‘I know that and it will happen. It is a law.’

He and not I, I thought.

‘They both’, I heard say, ‘have to make amends, let this be sufficient.’

‘Thus Marianne lives already in this world?’

‘She is here.’

‘Have I lost her?’

‘No, on the contrary, she is and will remain yours.’

‘Do you know that for certain?’

‘I do know, Lantos, accept it. You are one and will remain one, but the cause of this situation I can only explain later.’

‘Am I especially privileged that I receive all these experiences?’

‘No, everyone who enters here will be made aware of his life and its cycle. I am doing work here and as I already told you, I want to convince you of the existence of this life. I shall help and support you, but in its place you give me your trust and submit to everything. Thus it belongs to my work.’

‘Has every human being a guardian spirit?’

‘Everyone will find in this life him or her who provides support to the one newly passed over to familiarize him with this life. It is not possible otherwise to free you of your earthly life. I too have been helped in a similar way and will always remain grateful for that.’

Understand that we know each other, that our souls are joined and remain connected. We are one, others are one, and therefore we work together for one goal and that is to free you from your earthly train of thought. You follow your way and I follow you and I do great work by helping you, but you help me, because at some future time you will be given the opportunity to pass this on to the earth.'

'Is that possible?' I asked.

'You will see it happen.'

'How enormous that is.'

'It is God's will, Lantos, that this shall happen.'

'Are my parents here also?'

'Yes, and they too will go back to earth.'

My God, I thought, who will know You?

Upon which Emschor said: 'Some day you will get to know God as a Father of Love. You do not feel it yet, but it will come. In the life that you will sense lies the power and you will merge with it. Only then when you have entered the spheres of light and His holy Love will give you joy, will you be thankful and feel a holy awe for Him, Who is Father for all of us.'

'What do you advise me to do now?'

'Keep on going, I shall follow you.'

'Do you think', I asked once again, 'that I will get to know God?'

'It will happen, because you seek what is good. But first you must learn to understand the depth of your own life, whereafter you will wake up to a still higher love. Ever further you will go and kneel down again to give thanks. Now I shall leave you. Always seek the higher things.'

'May I see you again?'

'No, not until the spheres of light. I remain invisible to you now, but remember that I am nearby and follow you in everything. Farewell, God be with you.'

Again I was alone; I was wiser and yet I had travelled only a short distance of my way. Marianne and Roni would have to return, as would my parents.

Man, oh man, know yourself. These words rose up in me. A human being was deep, incomprehensibly deep. It was impossible that on earth one could know the human being, there it was not even

known that man lived in eternity and not at all that he also could return. The church leaders of the earth thought they knew God, but these learned men knew nothing of an eternal life and nothing of God. There were no connoisseurs of God on earth. Only people lived there who were not even human. A human being ought to know himself, only then would he be human. But who could say that of himself on earth? I and millions of others could not. I trembled under all that knowledge. The world of the embryo, of the soul, of the human being, miracles they were! How thankful I could be already to the Creator of all this life and I felt awe, a heartfelt awe for God.

Was I waking up? Was something beginning to change in me? It had to be, it could not be else. How overpowering was the Creator of heaven and earth. And I was just like everybody else, godly? It was incomprehensible and impossible to feel.

Roni had been woken up for my sake, because I had to experience it. I would never have believed it, had it not happened to me. His voice I had heard and recognized and therefore I had to believe it. But Marianne was my soul and would remain mine. Was this the great and mighty happiness that was waiting for me? It would make me very happy, of that I was sure. In time we would see each other again, then we would be eternally one. This great and mighty happiness lay deep within me, my love for her, my twin soul. God was righteous and would surely know why they had to return to earth. Possibly I might know that too eventually. But I would keep on thinking of her, even if it took centuries.

Because I was given all these experiences I was learning about myself. I would do my utmost to make those powers mine.

### *The past*

My parents would be going back to earth and I could understand that. I could hear them already over there: 'How and why can God allow this?' It was clear to me now. All the other questions and occurrences I would let rest for the time being deep down in my subconscious. One by one they would dissolve. I would continue as long as I had not completely run out of questions and when I was

completely empty then I would reconsider again. I could think in this manner for centuries, but I had to get on, further, always further!

I now concentrated on my own life. Where to, Lantos? You have come to here, but now get on with it! Now I concentrated on the astral world, where I entered after a short moment. I followed the voice of my heart and that voice led me to the place where I was born. I wanted to know everything about my childhood. In the meantime I had learned to orientate myself in several ways, so that it went effortless. I glided across the earth and felt that I was leaving this country behind me. I felt no obstructions and passed right through everything. I knew that I would arrive at the place where I had spent my youth. These forces worked unflinchingly.

I was curious to see how I would find everything over there. My parents now lived on this side and naturally their possessions had changed hands. But whose hands? And how had their life's end been on earth? Had they died in the normal manner? And Marianne? That too I wanted to find out, in short, everything that concerned her and my life, that is if it was possible. Wherever I looked I saw life. When I sped along very fast I saw or felt nothing of all this, but when going slowly I saw astral man moving along like me, but only when we were of the same spiritual attunement, otherwise it was not possible to see them. Everybody pursued his own way. The one to help, the other to destroy life. And others again to become conscious, as I was doing. For I was not conscious, I was still a living dead. Consciousness, yes, that was what I wanted to acquire. I felt that I was nearing my destination and coming into my parental estate. I had directed my thoughts towards it and here I was.

Immediately I walked towards my parent's house, for there the past would be unveiled for me. Emschor had promised me this and he would keep his word, no doubt about that. I was walking again on my own ground, the soil that once burned under my feet and which I had left behind. Now, however, everything was different.

Nothing but a ruin I saw where once my parents house had stood. Could that be or had I made a mistake? The old castle was a heap of rubble, yet I felt that this was the house where I once lived. What happened here? I wanted to leave but felt the well-known power pervade me. 'Stay', I heard, 'presently I shall be with you.'

Truly, I had seen this ruin once before and my thoughts went back to the time I had seen this vision. It happened at the time that I was going away and now I saw that my vision had come true. But what had destroyed our home? The elements? That I had also seen once. It made me run home, only to find that nothing had happened. Now only the foundations were all that was left of the once proud castle.

I felt the power of my master return into me and mentally I said to him: 'Welcome, master, I am very grateful to you.'

Next I heard say: 'It is I, Lantos, Emschor.'

I asked: 'Did I make a mistake, master?'

'No', came his answer, 'you were right. Here you have lived and from here you set out into the wide world. On this side the voice of your heart never deceives you when you continue to follow it; all you need to do is listen.'

'May I ask some questions?'

'As many as you like, I am ready.'

I sensed where I had to begin, for I saw my whole life before me.

My first question was: 'Why in my youth did I have such an aversion for everything wealthy, for those children and their parties? Where did those feelings come from? Can you answer me that?'

'I'll give you an answer, so listen and try to understand me. It was I, Lantos!'

'You? Why did you do that?'

'Those feelings were already in you, but I woke them up. Those incomprehensible forces belonged to the past. In this life you were going to enter an other phase and that was the life you have lived and left. I mean your last life on earth. I did nothing more than bring those forces to consciousness. I worked in on you and then you acted. Each human being comes to earth for a set purpose, as I told you already, to make amends. In you lay that power, thus it was your will to undertake an other life. You arrived at that spiritual attunement, not in the life where you committed suicide, but in the life before that. However, I shall stay with your last life, later on you will be able to review these other lives I mentioned just now and then I can consciously connect you. Ask me if what I told you is not clear. I will answer you.'

‘If I understand you correctly’, I said, ‘then I came to earth in that life, so that I could disengage myself from it and escape from our material possessions?’

‘So it is. Very clearly felt.’

‘Is this a law?’

‘The law of cause and effect.’

‘Thank you’, I said. ‘Did you help me with everything?’

‘Yes, with everything.’

‘Also with art?’

‘That too.’

‘Then I have much to ask you.’

‘Go on, Lantos, I am at your disposal.’

‘Tell me, master, was I an artist in a former life?’

‘Yes, in ancient Egypt.’

‘What did you say?’

‘In ancient Egypt.’

‘How wondrous and remarkable is what you say.’

‘They appear wonders to you, but all those wonders and problems are values of life, which the soul has experienced.’

‘Do you know where I have developed those feelings of art?’

‘That too you will experience.’

‘Thank you’, I said. ‘Can you tell me about it now?’

‘No, later, on the place where you have lived, thus in a short while.’

‘Does that happen in the same way as before?’

‘Yes, it is easier to connect you with your past there, it is difficult from here.’

‘Can you explain to me why I behaved like that in my youth? I mean, what protected me and from where came this contempt for my family?’

‘This has connection with your first question. In you lay the feeling to go away. You wanted to free yourself, but you could not quite sense that in your youth. It was all too deep, even now you cannot fathom the depth of these feelings.’

‘No’, I agreed, ‘I can’t, but I feel what you mean. Thank you, master. And so, in this you also awakened me?’

‘Yes, by raising those feelings towards consciousness you felt what you had to do. The contempt for our lineage surfaced, because you



wanted to seek the higher things. Is this clear to you?

‘Yes, I do understand you. But what if those feelings had not been present in me? What then?’

‘Then many centuries would have gone by. Still eventually you would have attained this condition of spiritual strength. That is unavoidable. Those feelings you have acquired for yourself in other lives. Every person will sooner or later come to the very same attunement of feeling. He may experience it in a different manner, but in the end it works out the same and he wants it in his inner self, though not consciously, himself. Therefore a human being is deep and these are problems for him. But all these problems, as I told you already, have a meaning, which is the passing into a higher spiritual attunement, acquired in other lives. This belongs to the cycle of the earth. What a person has stolen from an other in one life, he will make good in an other situation.’

‘Then these possessions which I did not want, did I steal them from someone else?’

‘Not you, but I.’

‘But what do I have to do with that?’

‘You were my son.’

‘How is that, did you say your son, your child?’

‘My child, Lantos. You are my boy, but of centuries ago.’

‘You are taking me ever deeper. You tell me miracles, nothing but wonders and problems. I, your child?’

‘My boy, my child, Lantos.’

Problems, I thought, of which I had never dreamed.

‘Isn’t man a miracle? Not a problem? I shall explain this to you later on. Go on, then you will be able to understand it better.’

‘You told me that every person experiences this. Are they being guided too?’

‘Everyone, because man has connections with thousands of others, and all those people have the same things in common. However, from this side man, the soul, is being influenced on earth when this is possible. They all have come to a higher attunement, otherwise it is not possible.’

‘Thoughts came to me sometimes, that were faster than mine. Can you explain that to me?’

‘It was my strong concentration speaking through you.’

‘Thank you, master, I understand it very well. Then you were able to reach me.’

‘True, just like now. This influence is the same. Now you know how we join with man on earth from this side.’

‘And that is why my feelings of art came to the surface again?’

‘Only because of that, your feelings are correct.’

‘Remarkable, everything is so grand and deep.’

‘You experience wonders, but that can only happen because I have connected myself with you. A higher attunement can make connections with those below his attunement of life. This will now be clear to you. Passing on and connecting that is what makes you grow in consciousness. You will get to know those powers. Only then you will enter into a higher and different life where great happiness awaits you. Never forget this.’

I still could see myself. It was extraordinary the things I now experienced.

Then I heard: ‘It is my will and powers that let you see.’

I asked: ‘You always know what I am thinking. Is it that simple?’

‘Didn’t you do it with others?’

‘Yes, I have experienced it already, but to have it happen again and again is like magic and I cannot stop thinking about it.’

‘You can see, Lantos, how wonderful these forces are.’

‘I do want to acquire them, master.’

‘Continue like this and look for what is good, then it will change in you. Through the change you begin to sense life more and you will bow your head for Him Who governs all of this.’

‘To experience this is like having a dream. Are my feelings right in this?’

‘The life here before you, which is the time of your youth, you view in a visionary situation. You have a bright mind, but only through my powers. You could not manage it on your own strength. Only by desiring to do good will you acquire these powers. I stress this again and again, because it is the only possibility to advance higher.’

‘You are not dealing with someone who is ungrateful, master. I will, I am sure of it. You are Love, master, and feel love better than I.’

‘Would I not assist my own child with love? Would you act differently? Will parents when they are cognizant and when they know all these phenomena and problems not act like me? Is love not the force that joins us, that moves mountains and gives us and all others life? Does love not connect us with the highest there is, with our Father in heaven? That’s where our way leads us.’

‘I am still poor in love, master, I am still poor.’

Whereupon I heard: ‘But you are busy to acquire this love. You want help and that is already a great asset. It tells that you are willing to carry your cross and by carrying it you bow to higher powers. That is the way, the only way, my boy.’

‘Am I still non-conscious then?’

‘Alas, you are a living dead.’

‘It is hard’, I said, ‘to have to hear that.’

‘That hardness you will lay off. When you live life, you will begin to change. Always do the good things, otherwise this is impossible.’

‘Then the people on earth are not yet conscious?’

‘No, none of them. Of all those millions of beings now living on earth not one is spiritually conscious. Only then when a person enters the first spiritual attunement on this side, will he get consciousness. That consciousness is the love he has acquired by doing good and living for others.’

‘I haven’t done anything for others yet’, I said.

‘That time too will come. Soon you will do something for somebody else, only have patience. Here you can only do the thing you feel inwardly, that lives within you and that power is love. To feel love for all life will bring you awakening.’

‘In my childhood I made my own God, why did I do that? Can you explain that to me?’

‘Already in your youth lay the longing for happiness and higher things. Thus desires, that showed themselves in this way. You wanted to learn about life and about God, but you misunderstood those feelings; that was what they meant.’

‘Did you also help me with that?’

‘Yes, I urged you to look for the higher life and every thought you cherished towards that end, woke you up a little more and forced you to continue to follow that road.’

‘Thank you, master, I understand this, even now I am no different.’  
‘So it is. Today you are conscious, but at that time you acted unconsciously.’

‘You say that I am conscious, but a while ago you told me that I was a living dead, what must I make of that?’

‘Are you not reviewing your childhood?’

‘Yes, all this is played back to me, I see and feel it.’

‘Well then, you are conscious of it, but only through my powers.’

‘You see, feel and hear, but that seeing, hearing and feeling is not spiritual consciousness. You still possess nothing! If that were so, then you would be in a different sphere, namely the spheres of light. But you are still surrounded by darkness and therefore you are not spiritually conscious. This consciousness happens because I connect you. Therefore we also know that man on earth is not conscious. They are conscious only in a material way over there, they feel love physically and that is a different consciousness. When I speak of spiritual consciousness, it means your attunement in eternity. You still feel in an earthly manner which is in a material way. We know the physical life, thus the material consciousness, the spiritual consciousness and the cosmic consciousness. You are still living in your material life and are busy discarding that life. You are trying to give yourself an other kind of consciousness. Is this clear to you?’

‘Yes, I feel what you mean, thank you. Whenever I was myself in my youth – for I do remember those feelings I had – had you then withdrawn yourself?’

‘Yes, then you were on your own. Do not forget that each human being has his own will and that the higher spirit cannot and will not exert influence on your life, because he knows this. You must act on your own, we can only protect and guide. And so we cannot change anything to your inner life. Not one spirit may carry the burdens of man. Every person carries his own cross. Still we can help by guiding you in the right direction.

Consequently it is not in my power to make you live your life as I would wish. That is not possible and that is why you felt two conflicting moods that still belonged together. When I felt and saw that you were taking the wrong way, I helped you by urging you to follow that other way. Silently I exerted my influence on you, what

you have clearly felt.'

'I modelled a sun and clouds, why did I do that?'

'You were searching, you longed for happiness of the spirit.'

'Is this connected with my actions in many other things?'

'Yes, with your whole childhood, that drive was embedded in all your feelings.'

'I spent hours gazing at the sky, did that also belong with it?'

'Yes, the desire to know, to know about God, to have spiritual happiness brought you in that situation.'

'The time my sun rained away, young as I was, I felt that it had something to do with my life. Was this true?'

'You already have experienced it for you know that your life was ruined. I let you feel that in your youth.'

'You knew that already such a long time before?'

'Yes, I viewed it in your life.'

'That is extraordinary to see so far ahead.'

'I explained to you already that a human being can be fathomed, but only by those who themselves possess these powers. The way that you see things at this moment, I saw in your life.'

'Then you could not intervene? I mean, could you not have changed my life? Did this have to happen?'

'Yes, everything is fixed, this is a godly law. In your earlier situation, while in the world of the unconscious, I have explained this to you. Thus you returned to earth with a fixed purpose and nothing can change that. Not even a spirit or human being can, no matter how high they may be.'

'If I sense correctly, then my passing over, when I made an end to my own life had no significance and falls outside that law?'

'No, you would have died on your set time.'

'Then I acted myself and not under cosmic influence?'

'That is well felt, so it is.'

'All that suffering then was for nothing?'

'No, not so, it shook you awake.'

'Yes, I have gained knowledge, horrible as it was. But from where did he who urged me to do it know me?'

'From an other life.'

'Was he aware of that?'

‘Yes, listen carefully to the explanation. Were you aware of your feelings for art?’

‘Yes, I was.’

‘Well then, why not he? Within him lay hate, a hate for one or another human being. That being was you. He hated you, could hate you, because once very long ago you tormented him, tortured him. Those forces and feelings dissolve only then, cease to exist, when everything has been made good. You would meet him in an earthly life and that has happened. And so, my Lantos, nothing but cause and effect. You have experienced the effect of one of your causes. He knew what awaited you and therefore, only therefore, he was connected with you. You tortured him once – as you will presently see – and therefore you had to make amends.’

‘But what if I had not made an end to my life, what then?’

‘Then you would have found the demons lying in wait for you on this side. You would have been assaulted, they would have dragged you along, tortured and beaten you. Yet then you would also have felt the cause for this event.

Afterwards he would leave; in him and in you something would have changed. The past dissolved in it, so too the law of cause and effect, so too the human being, the soul who had to live through it and who had to atone. He had been drawn to you unawares, but later these feelings became conscious and culminated in the awareness. For did not you become an artist? Weren’t these your wishes? Have they not come true? Feelings they are, but yet causes and effects, nothing and nothing else.’

‘Will I know now why and how that happened in the past?’

‘Later, when I can connect you with the past. You will then be glad that all is done already, that you have atoned.’

‘Then my death and passing on would have come a few years later?’

‘That is correct, you have sensed that very well, so it is.’

‘Everything is now very clear to me, master, and I thank you. Did you also influence my parents?’

‘No, they lived their own lives. They could not be reached and will proceed to other lives, so that they can raise themselves to that level of feelings, of love. Much they will have to learn. In the situation they will come now, it means that they will take up this time,

they will have to work hard for their existence. They and thousands of others need that, and this is only possible on earth.'

'But why did this have to happen to me and not to them? Aren't they of our lineage too?'

'You belong to me as will be shown to you later. You are and were the last one of our family.'

'Ah, now I begin to understand you. When I am sensing this, then you are the cause and I am the effect.'

'We two are one, Lantos, we are linked together, just as the law of cause and effect has one and the same meaning. One cause will be made good and this has now happened. You have seen it happen.'

'Then I would not have been able to give descendants to our family, however much my parents wished for it?'

'This you also feel correctly. No, your cycle on earth was coming to an end. I was the one who consolidated all this. You were my child and we both shall make good. Your parents lived from our assets, which I once took from someone else. That was centuries ago. But in your last earthly life that past would reveal itself and this counts for every human being too. They all will get experience, return and make good, no one can escape it. All is struggle, sorrow and grief. You have felt it. That struggle lay in you, but I supported you in everything, to go on, to accept and to do what you inwardly felt. I ask you, would you want to have the possessions of others if you knew that they were stolen?'

'No', I said. 'I would not want that.'

'Well then, you would go away and leave all these possessions behind, because your inner feelings were that far advanced. You would have become a ruler otherwise, is that clear to you?'

'Yes, master.'

'All that time your parents lived of the stolen goods, of the possessions of others, but one day it shall be taken away from them and it will all dissolve.'

'Then a curse rested on our wealth?'

'Yes, the curse of the past.'

'Then this is also clear to me, I have felt it. Now that I know this I understand why I went away. I wanted to leave, something drove me from home and that meant that I was gradually extricating my-

self from the past. How mighty is all this, master, how miraculous and natural.'

'These are laws, my son, laws of nature, it is God's holy Guidance.'

'Others come back and give their possessions away to others, is that a similar situation as mine?'

'Sometimes, not always, but usually it is of one and the same power and nothing else.'

'But then it is not doing good, but making good?'

'So it is, but man is not aware of that, he imagines he is doing good, though he is only paying his debts.'

Deep, how very deep, I thought. It was not good and not bad, he only complied with a law and made good what he once did wrong. What was being explained to me was mighty and I fervently thanked the master.

'Do others force them to do that?' I asked.

'Yes, others exhort them to it and, of course, have some connection with them.'

'How it all fits together, Emschor.'

'That is life, one thing is linked with the other and merges with the previous life. These are laws, God's holy Laws, conditions, connections and attunements in spirit, thus causes and effects. I am sure you feel that all is God's will, God knows all His children and knows what they will do in their life on earth. Whatever it may be, in whatever situation they will be born there, poor or rich, all is firmly fixed and it shall happen. And that happening is God's holy Will that governs and leads everything. God knows what that soul will find on earth, because every human being returns there to receive either good or evil, happiness or poverty, strife or misery. They have brought it upon themselves in a previous situation. It has happened to me and to you and to thousands of others it is still going to happen. Others again are on earth to serve and give all of themselves for their fellow human beings. Later you will see and experience this and then it will become clear to you. As you hear, it is always again experience and living it, until you have acquired the spiritual love and enter the spheres of light.'

'Do you know Marianne?'



‘Yes, I know her. Here you have played with her, I followed you in everything.’

‘Do you know how she died? Can you tell me about it?’

‘Yes, but later, when we have made some progress, so have patience a bit longer.’

‘Why, if I may ask you this question, did she act so strangely? I mean in our childhood.’

‘In her were the same feelings you had, her connection with you, but she too was not aware of them; and she will not be, even when she is being born again. But at some future time she will get that far, and then she will know that she is yours. You already know it now, but she will come to these feelings in time. Both of you first have to make amends, she on earth, you on this side. Therefore she acted according to her inner urge. Still she must live her own life just like you.

It will be clear to you that the things people do not understand, but still feel in their earthly lives, belong to the past. Some day, however, it becomes aware but that will be on this side. Over there on earth this is not possible. You cannot see beyond the veil and feel the depth of your own life, nor can you see through all those centuries. As I mentioned before this ability belongs only to those who possess those powers and they are the cosmic awakened ones, the masters, who have reached the highest spheres, who assist me and you with convincing humanity of their continuing existence and of the cycle of the soul. Besides that they live there to make good and to learn to love what God’s life is. That is the road these cosmic masters have travelled and the road you, I and millions of others will travel.

She, Marianne, thus acted according to her inner feelings which lay deeply hidden within her. You two are twin souls, you are one in everything, in feeling, in understanding and in love. But this merging you will receive only on this side. Only later, my Lantos, for you are now working at earning it, do you hear, earning it! You now can no more love an other, that unity of feeling transmits itself from one to the other. In it you feel yourself, know yourself, in it you feel God’s holy Love. This Love is powerful and because it is so powerful you will have to earn this great power which means happiness and

bliss. You on this side, Marianne on earth, she will now have to atone for what she once did to your friend Roni. This I will also show you, but presently.'

'Then the feeling when I was walking around with the statue of Marianne in my arms, was right?'

'Yes, but they were my feelings. I put this truth in you, which you felt but did not understand. Now that all is clear to you, I advise you to accept the facts.'

'Have I met her before on earth?'

Yes, you knew her, you met her many centuries ago, but both of you destroyed your happiness. Mankind will destroy what he does not understand and yet belongs to him, to his inner life. But you were not yet that far. Therefore, all of the people on earth are not conscious yet, they are not far enough yet to receive this mighty and holy love. They think that they have this love, but those are own thoughts and wishes that hold no spiritual truth. They have not the slightest notion of spiritual love nor of spiritual unity and understanding. What they feel is part of the material life, and as such, are earthly, material feelings. These feelings are far, far removed from the spiritual happiness.

Everyone, whoever he may be, will have to develop himself. But that cost sorrow, struggle and grief; yet only in this way can this mighty and great joy be acquired. In this, the life of the spirit, all people will be united.'

'Then nobody on earth receives this love?'

'But yes, on earth there are people living together who are already that far, but all those beings belong to the privileged ones, for they are one in everything. However, if there is but one thought transmitted from one to the other that is misunderstood, then that connection has no spiritual value and is just an earthly connection. The connection will be of the spirit only when the people, man and woman, possess this love and carry it inwardly. But then they belong to our world and they are children in spirit; do you hear, children. The twin love for which you are waiting and which you are busy earning, is the holiest of unions we know on this side and is the highest happiness God can bestow on His children. This love gives, it serves; she merges with him and he with her, they live through

their feelings, in prayer and in faith, while they work for one goal, to bring happiness to mankind and all the other life that God has created.'

'Then you need not tell me more. I am not as far as that yet.'

'Thank you. It is so nice that you are beginning to understand me. Carry on this way, then I can and will clear up many of the wonders.'

'Did meeting her again and again make me conscious of her love?'

'Yes, that is true.'

'So we had to separate?'

'That was necessary and then again, it was not necessary. You could have conquered it through struggle, by accepting a life like a hell, which would teach you to love. Who wants that on earth? Yet, that is the way. Thus the being, the soul, will meet that certain other being who cosmically belongs with him. Again God's Will and a law of which no man can change anything. But man on earth does not accept, he leaves and searches and searches so long till he thinks he has found his goal and in it he sees his love. Therefore will the human being, will the soul, return to earth and people will meet each other always again because they are one, live one life, which in the life of the soul signifies their cycle on earth. Therefore, my dear Lantos, is the earth the planet to which we belong. The earth as well as our life serves as the purifying sphere. Once we have passed these the soul begins to prepare itself to enter the fourth degree of universal attunement. There are seven degrees, and you can feel that thousands of years will elapse before we are that far.'

'Have you already received this sublimity?'

'Yes, Lantos, this sublimity has been given me.'

'And are you alone?'

'No, nevermore will I be alone, because that possession is mine, it rests within me. Can you feel the deep significance of this?'

'Yes, I feel it, for you have merged with that possession.'

'That is so. No separation is possible any more, because I live at that attunement. It is mine.'

'Also hers?'

'We are one, Lantos, and will remain one, even at a distance. No distance exists any more in our life when souls are one and feel one

love. What I feel and happens to me, happens to her. Do you understand how deep, but how holy this connection is?’

‘That lies far away from me still.’

‘No, when you continue to seek the good things, you will receive this mighty force within a few centuries.’

‘Centuries, you say?’

‘Centuries, Lantos. But what does that matter when you live in eternity? What is a century? What is a lifetime on earth? Nothing at all. You will strive to make yourself worthy to receive those treasures of the spirit. One day you will pray to God to allow you to wait a little longer. You will call out to Him that you are not ready yet, that you are frightened that once again you will not understand this love. Do you sense how enormous this possession, the power and the joy are to feel this love? To be allowed to sense in an other being the very same love as you have and are? Once again, what are centuries? That it is necessary and takes so long I will illustrate for you with a short story. Listen: A child is born on earth and reaches the adult age as a man or a woman. Then it becomes itself. It merges into that life consciously, at least for life on earth. Follow that life and see; it does not go higher but descends; it sinks deeper and deeper down to die afterwards. Seventy years and more went by. Nothing has this person learned. Do you hear me well? Seventy years, nearly a century. Do you get an idea of what a century means on this side? How many centuries will be necessary before this most holy feeling can be received?’

‘I accept, master, there’s nothing else I can do. I will wait, I promise you. I dreamt in my younger years that I would become an artist, were those your feelings also?’

‘Mine, Lantos, I put that dream in you and let you dream events that would once come true. Thus I saw ahead, but all of it lay in your inner self.’

‘Also that dream that I would commit murder?’

‘That too, for you would forget yourself. It taught you something and you have learned to control yourself in the future.’

‘Was it not possible to avoid this?’

‘Once again: you have to live your own life and not through me or any others.’

‘And what about evil? They brought me here and they should not have done that either. Isn’t that power the same?’

‘My question for you is, is it alright to do wrong?’

‘No’, I said, ‘it isn’t.’

‘Well then, they who did it will have to make it good again. You have atoned, but he went on destroying others. But some day there will come an end to that for him too and he will seek to do good things. When you will meet him again and he will ask you for help, what will you do?’

‘Help him!’

‘So it must be, Lantos, one day he too will possess these powers and then only will you be brothers in spirit. But he will have to make good what he did to others, to the very last deed. You, however, stand at the beginning of your eternal life, but you will have to develop yourself spiritually.’

I further asked him: ‘The tranquillity that came over me when my parents, especially my father, spoke to me so roughly, was that calm yours?’

‘Yes, mine, it was my will.’

‘He beat and kicked me, does he have to make that good?’

‘He will make it up, he cannot escape that and some day he will gladly do so.’

‘The happiness I felt was your happiness, wasn’t it?’

‘Yes, Lantos, I was happy that you continued that way at all cost.’

‘Had I not been able to control myself?’

‘Then the consequences would have been uncalculable.’

‘Thank you, master, I fully understand. Has our estate gone into other hands?’

‘Yes, the rightful owners got it back again, for it was their property. Many centuries ago I stole it from them. But you see, some day the rightful owner will get his possessions back. All this happened to you in your previous earthly life, others only apprehend it centuries later. Know, that God does not recognize dictators and that God is Love only. The thoughts of your parents thus were wrong. However, they knew nothing about it, and will only accept this much later in an other situation, when they learn about themselves and life. So, they too follow your way and will have to mature spiritually. Let us

hope that they will get that far in the next life on earth. You were the last of their line, as I already said, and would leave your home. But in this life everything would be revealed to you and this happens to everyone.'

It's enormous, I thought, not one person can make changes to any of this, in fact they do not even know about it.

I went on with my questions: 'Who destroyed these buildings?'  
'The elements.'

Then my feelings had been correct, I thought, but I heard: 'I let you see that through my will and my powers.'

'Where were my parents when it happened?'

'At home, they were crushed. Here lie two people, your father and mother.'

'Are they buried on this spot?'

'No, in a place in the woods. That was their wish.'

'Was it God's Will that it collapsed?'

'No, not this. This has nothing to do with God's Will, even though it belongs to the working of it. Their passing over was fixed.'

'Thus accidental?'

'No, working, happening, but only their end, not this collapse. You will learn about these laws later, it is not possible for me to explain them now.'

'You let this happen and showed it to me beforehand, to what end?'

'So that I can convince you now of your cycle on earth. You would not have been able to accept it otherwise. But as you see, all those events are connected and fit together.'

'You are powerful, master Emschor.'

'Don't say that any more, for I am only a child yet in spirit. Only God is powerful. You must now at the same time accept that there are no miracles or problems, for these miracles and problems dissolve as soon as we come to know them. Thus a spiritual law received connection with an earthly event – in this case the elements that destroyed their possessions – and this meant their passing over. It tells us that matter and spirit are one. Do you feel what I mean?'

I thought about it for a long time and finally said: 'When I have an accident it is not necessarily pre-ordained?'

'That's what I mean. If an accident occurs because of carelessness

it is not a cosmic happening. Yet on the other hand it does have spiritual significance, but as I told you, it is too deep to talk about that already.'

'How has your life on earth been and how was mine when I belonged to you?'

'I will show you.'

The earth sank away before me and all life disappeared before my eyes. I remained, however, in the same spot. The old castle began to take shape in front of me and everything started to change and seemed to come alive again. I saw this very clearly before me. Next I saw another picture. In one of the rooms of this magnificent castle I saw a being and I recognized that being immediately. Emschor, I whispered in thoughts, for it was he. He was wearing strange garb, but I recognized that outfit because my father had worn something similar.

'What you will see next belongs to the time before I could call the estate mine.'

The picture faded out and an other scene became visible. I saw Emschor on horseback, but he was a hireling. He wore clothes that were fashionable in those times. A battle was in progress and he together with many others surrounded an other man's estate, which they captured. He was victorious, but deceived his master. Many were slaughtered, one of them his master. I could see all this very clearly.

This picture also faded out and then I saw him again in one of the rooms of this castle, lying in bed. In a corner of the room an other being now began to materialize, and in that being I recognized myself. Tall and slender I stood there. I could feel that something was amiss and next I was being connected with myself in feeling so that I knew what was going on. My father was ill and he wanted me to leave this place, for he wanted to bequeath this inheritance to others. It was a devilish plan. I fully understood it, because Emschor had shown it to me beforehand. I did not comply with his request and refused. I was not going to let myself be pushed off my property. He spoke to me and pleaded to grant him his wish. I steadfastly refused and thought he was mentally ill. Every word that was spoken in that time I understood. Then I talked with him and succeeded in persuading him.

After that scene came another. Before me I saw several human beings. I was one of them and seated at the same table as my father. I saw him rise up and while looking straight at me I heard him speak these words: 'I will that he who bears the name Lantos Dumonché shall take over this estate and care for so... and so... Do you agree with this?' This question was directed towards me. A sum of money was decided upon and the names were recorded. I answered in the affirmative and the documents were written up and sealed.

That scene also faded away and I saw another one that made me tremble. Before me I saw my father, he had taken his own life. I knew why and understood everything.

Again came another picture. I was with some other beings. A second document was written up and the first one destroyed. It read: 'I will that he who bears the name Lantos Dumonché shall take charge of this estate upon coming of age and be instituted as its ruler.' The real document had been fraudulently altered.

After that I saw myself with my spouse and some children. Two boys and a girl she gave me.

In the next picture that followed I saw myself on horseback, ready to ride into battle. I commanded the hundreds that were following me. In the distance lay the aim of our expedition. Quick as the wind we rode forwards and captured the possessions of someone else. Many were killed however. My adversary I recognized. It was the man from my dungeon, the demon!

The next picture startled me. We were in our torture chamber and forced him to surrender his possessions. His facial expression was devilish as he cursed me. It now was clear to me what I had done to him. But he too was a robber and murderer. His possessions had also been stolen.

Again the picture faded and I saw my death, which this time was a natural cause. My child succeeded me, and after that one generation followed after another, including my parents. How wondrously was all this interwoven and I had to accept the truth. Mighty is the past, I mused.

'Observe, Lantos, battles, robbery and violence. But the violence is destroyed. They whose possessions I stole, have had it returned to them. Your parents were the last ones who lived here. You moved



away and ended your life by your own hand. I could go on indefinitely and show you more situations and events, but that leads us too far out. This will suffice and you will have to accept. Much you have made good already and so have I. Notice that when the father has acquired his possessions dishonestly, the children will have to give it back again. You have to lead your own life and I mine; we both have suffered.'

'Where is my mother, your spouse?'

'She lives on this side, but has a higher spiritual attunement than I.'

'Is she your happiness?'

'No, not she, she belongs with someone else.'

'Where are my wife and children?'

'Some are now on earth and some live already in the spheres. The one generation succeeded the other, Lantos. You returned here and went away. Therefore I came back to earth. And because of that we are connected and both will make good. You also feel perhaps that it was impossible for me to make restitution at that time, because you were my child and you forced me to let it be, but I could not agree, and made an end to my life. You did not do as I had asked, falsified the documents and wrote up new ones. So my deed remained, it could not be undone, everything rested on me. And still my passing over was not enough. You, however, continued with destruction. But I thank God that all this happened. My sins are now forgiven. I have atoned with my life and on this side, in other lives, as well as on earth I have made good again.'

'How many lives were spent?' I asked.

'Many', came the answer, 'but in this particular life we were together. You and I have gone on to other lives, yet always to return to this estate. Do you feel now how deep a human being, the soul, the life, is that animates and guides the matter? All this cannot be fathomed, my boy, let this be sufficient. You see at the same time, that ties of love cannot be broken. For better or worse we shall once face one another and either make good or receive. We all have cursed, we all have broken hearts and robbed and tortured others. Those who have reached the spheres of light know all this. Not one person on earth knows himself. Nobody on earth has the right to condemn an other. They who live on earth will have to shed all those earthly

habits. Also those who live in the darkness have to make good, for all of us follow one way, the way for the development of the spirit. One day we shall all be together. One day we will look back on the past, but then we shall be brothers and sisters in spirit, travelling always further. Those then who have much wealth on earth and earthly happiness will lose it again if it was stolen by their forebears. Everything on earth is perishable. Everything shall and will change, nobody can stop it. No one on earth has the powers to oversee all this. They are laws, nothing but laws, Lantos. Can you be thankful that you left home in your youth? Can you say so from the inner depth of your heart? Do you feel the inclination to thank God? Do you realize that it is a blessing to be allowed to behold all this?

I was allowed to show you all this. The meaning of the past you will now feel and understand. And all of this we shall tell to mankind. I shall wait for you till you have entered the spheres of light. I could go on showing you pictures from my youth, as well as many others, but I repeat, that is going too far. It only serves to explain things, to make you realize that everything we do must be set right. Whenever a father robs and the children are living of the stolen goods, then in due time the father will return to earth and exert influence upon them to help and support them as I am doing to you now. However, father, mother and children must live their own lives and what they make of it is by their own will.

My sins are forgiven and as of this moment my and your past dissolves and we are taken up in this life. The higher spheres are open to me, but I shall stay with you to lend my support. You will continue to work on yourself and I will follow you in everything.'

Next a strong current flowed through me and a hand lovingly pressed my shoulder. I knew whose strength and hand it was. Tears welled up in my eyes. For the first time I cried and felt the warmth of him who loved me. I grew quiet and thought for a long time.

Unbelievably deep was all this, but I accepted it, for I had seen it. I would never have believed it, had it not been explained and shown to me. I could now forgive him who caused my destruction and even be grateful for it. How much at this moment had I changed and in such a short time! Truths change a human being in one split second. These were truths I felt within me. They had been shown to

me and to that I bowed my head. I thank you, my father. But I shall go on calling you master. My pre-century father was my leader and master. How was that possible, such depth and so unbelievable.

You must accept, always accept, Lantos, I admonished myself. You can't do else and you can't escape it either. The things I had experienced till now were very mighty. Now I understood that God did not create kinds of people, but that people turned themselves into weird species. Very animal-like were the human beings of ages ago. Still I was not happy and did not belong to those who lived in the light-radiating spheres.

Once more I thanked my father and asked: 'Did my parents know that they were living of stolen money?'

'Yes, they knew and you too would eventually have learned about it.'

'Will they have to suffer hunger on earth?'

'No, that goes too far, but they will have to work hard for their daily bread.'

'But tell me, master, how is it that the past lies hidden in the human soul and they know nothing about that?'

'Because the material body cannot stand the stress. But that what a person must experience he will feel in his consciousness. Take your art for instance.'

'Yes, I feel and understand it.'

All those other life experiences dissolve in that earthly life, because one cannot understand and will not accept the meaning in that life. Many do not even believe that a hereafter exists, others do, but only very few can accept the past. Still it is embedded in each human being, it lies hidden deep in his inner self. Do you have any more questions for me?'

'Perhaps, but at the moment I know not what more to ask.'

'Well then, my boy, let's move on, I have more to show you. I shall now connect you with the life before your last one and return you to the place where you lived. We will start from there.'

I returned to myself again and the earth became visible for me once more. I took a last look around and then left.

'Back to your studio', I heard say, 'that's where our investigation begins.'

I soon arrived on that spot and immediately felt the familiar in-

fluence come over me. At the same moment my studio became visible and again I saw the chunks and pieces of the old statue. This time, however, the connection was made with the energy it radiated. Next I was lifted up and off we sailed towards the unknown. I floated over the earth again and learned to concentrate myself into a rapid speed.

Faster and faster it went, until I felt that the power that pushed me ahead began to slow down and I heard my leader say: 'We are where I wanted to be. Here, Lantos, is where you mastered your feeling for art. We are now in ancient Egypt. The city we are in is Memphis. Centuries ago here the arts flourished. You were one of the masters here. You rose to great heights and this marvellous art was all you lived for. Your art is still preserved. In palaces and temples your statues have been saved. Marianne lived here too. You met her for the first time in this place and she became your beloved. You, however, brought sorrow and grief and robbed happiness from someone else. You have now atoned and made good.

In a short while I shall connect you with your art which includes the piece that fell over and broke in your studio. You have wondered how this piece came to be brought to you. Well then, all that was my doing, I wanted it, and connected myself with an other life. When we are in the service of higher powers we also receive aid. What I did was simple. I willed a man, who was going to Rome, to take along one of your statues. I was successful in awakening him for this ancient art and inspired him to bring it to you. What happened next you know. You were going to make another statue, but the old one fell into pieces. I knew this would happen. But it was only my intention to connect you with this art form, which you created in the past. Later you will get to know all these forces and accept how simple it is to bring them about. To you these are miracles and yet it is only concentration. But I am going to tell you about another miracle. Don't be startled when I tell you that he who brought you the statue was your own child. Your child thus from this time, from this life here in which you lived.'

'What did you say?'

'Your own child, you heard me well.'

'And of Marianne?' I asked quickly.

'No, not hers. You left the mother of your child.'

'And Marianne?'

'Her too.'

'Why? may I ask.'

'Because you were a seducer and she was frivolous. She did not give you a child. She did not possess the feelings to receive this mighty and pure gift. Neither of you had any love. What you thought you had in love was nothing but passion. You left her but later returned. You kept on searching until your very last life on earth. But now you know that she is yours.'

'And afterwards?'

'After that you forced yourself into her life and destroyed the happiness of someone else.'

'Whose happiness?'

'Of Roni.'

My God, I thought, such wonders are happening to me.

'How do you know all this?' I asked.

'Because I followed you for many centuries.'

'Did you live here?'

'Yes, but I had to follow you from this side and I have continued this work.'

'Did I die here?'

'Yes.'

'Where is my child, do you know that?'

'In the spheres of light. He is, now, your brother in spirit.'

'Will I see him again?'

'That you will and many others too.'

'What then is the meaning of all these lives?'

'By living all those lives you will get to know the true love. What you have to learn yet is the sister- and brotherlove. Everyone we know and have known are our sisters and brothers in spirit. It cannot be else.'

'Does my child come back?'

'No, he will go on like all the others who arrived there.'

'My master and father, whoever you are, I accept everything, but will man on earth accept it?'

'They must sense it, feel it through and through, there is no other

way. Yet many, very many we will reach. It is God's will that this shall happen.'

'I shall entrust myself to you for I understand and accept everything and see that it is the truth. I am deeply, very deeply grateful and give you my sacred promise that I will give my whole.'

'Thank you, Lantos. Know that I am explaining and showing you the holy truth. If you could not accept all this I would have to stop and wait until you are that far and ready to follow and listen to me again.'

'No', I said, 'please don't stop, stay with me, I am ready.'

'Splendid, then we continue and will reach our goal.'

'Can we visit Marianne when she will be on earth?'

'You will see her again, but later when the time is there. Have you any more questions?'

'No.'

'Well, then we shall make our connection again.'

Now I felt myself going and merging, and then I was walking in the streets of Memphis again. It felt miraculously familiar, as if I had never left and still lived here. A former life returned to me and took hold of me. How great was the potential of the spirit! I entered a magnificent palace. Inside I saw exquisite artwork. Would I be able to call that work mine? I had to accept that it was, for when I attuned to it I could feel myself in those stone statues. Nothing could show me more clearly that I truly belonged with them. How deep went all this! Wondrously beautiful was my art. In Rome I had never been able to reach that height. Only now did I realize that, because I felt and saw it. In that life, I now understood, I had lived myself out in art.

I knelt down and thanked God for everything I had received to this day. My first prayer I sent up to God in childlike simplicity. For a long time I remained thanking God. Here I had lived and mastered my art. Deep, very deep was a human being. Ever deeper did I descend into my own life, and still I would not solve the deepest secrets of the soul, for then there was no end. At the same time I understood that this was sufficient for me to be able to accept.

I asked my master: 'Who was my art teacher, do you know that?'

'You had many.'

'Where did Marianne live?'

‘Would you like to go there?’

‘Please, very much’, I said, ‘if it is possible.’

‘That too is possible, follow me.’

I continued to see Emschor as through a haze, but I knew it was he who guided me.

Suddenly he stopped me and said: ‘Do you see that water before you?’

‘Yes’, I said.

‘That is the Nile. However, we will go a little further, come follow me.’

For a time we walked on.

Again he halted and said: ‘Do you see that building over there?’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘quite clearly.’

‘You see what I see, you feel what I feel, but everything has once been alive and thus is reality. This building is many centuries old.’

I saw a marvellous building in front of me. Rare statues enhanced it all, and to the left and right I could see the sphinx. At that instant a being entered the gate and walked towards the entrance of the building. I recognized that walk and that whole appearance. Were my eyes deceiving me? Were my feelings correct? Was the being I saw and felt Marianne?

Then I heard my master say to me: ‘It is Marianne.’

My God how overpowering is this picture. To see her in a different body. I felt her whole personality come within me. It was a miracle. This way I had sensed her in my dungeon. Yes, it was she. My feelings did not deceive me. For this I would forfeit my life. Tears sprung to my eyes, but I controlled myself. My love for her was deep, because now my feelings were conscious. To love with consciousness, ah, what a great treasure, such joy. She was a completely different personality in this life, but still, something in her told me that it was she. Through her love, the feeling that could not lie, I recognized her. What a beautiful figure she had!

I followed her inside, where some servants were waiting for her. Now she entered a large room and was received by an other person. I felt myself sink away deeper. I understood from that feeling that my master was connecting me even deeper. The person waiting for her I recognized immediately. It was Roni, my friend. What an enigma! I spotted great wealth surrounding him. Now I could feel

my connection with her and him and I understood that I came between the two of them. But how was this possible? I fathomed them again and felt that my observation was true. Now I heard them speak. He feels and knows that he is being deceived, I thought. Next I saw an event that had occurred way back in the past. Truly a wonder.

After that the picture faded and I heard my master say: 'He was married to her, and you were her lover. Come, follow me.'

We returned to the bank of the Nile. What belonged to the earth faded away. I was going down till I felt that I was being connected with my own life. Before me I saw two beings, two lovers, which I recognized immediately. They were Marianne and myself. Slender and handsome I was, she like a tigress and unfathomable. False and mean we both were. Here I recognized the truth and enormous problems were becoming clear to me. I followed those two and sensed the inner situation of myself, but also of Marianne. In nothing did we hold any values, we were spiritually poor, yet we were in love, deeply in love, but that love was passion, nothing but lust. She was not honest, but neither was I.

'You both were frivolous', I heard the master say and that I accepted.

Here I felt and saw that he spoke the truth. This was not loving someone, it was gross egoism.

'Remarkable', I told the master, 'very remarkable.'

'I told you, didn't I, that miracles would happen to you? You accept these miracles only because you can see them. You must accept them or everything was for nothing, and then you keep on searching. This is sufficient for you.'

'I accept', I said, 'I can't do else. God I thank and you too. I shall do my best, tell me what you want.'

'Feel this blessing, Lantos, which God gave to you and me! Wake up, I don't need to say more to you.'

All this made me silent. On the place where I had walked with Marianne centuries before, I knelt down and prayed ardently and my prayer increased more and more in strength. Like a child I prayed to my Father and on this spot I asked Him not to break up my love. I felt that I was beginning to feel true love and I wanted to maintain this inner strength. Some day this great and holy love would be



given to me and I would do my utmost to earn it. I now felt very cheerful. My master had returned to his own life, but I felt him close by and I knew that he would remain wakeful and follow me.

‘Come’, I heard him say, ‘my Lantos, let’s go on, I have still more to show you.’

### *The demon sphere*

‘Are we going to Marianne?’

‘This is not the time yet. Still you will know how her life’s ending on earth has been, but later. We shall visit him who sent you to this world.’

‘But will I recognize her in her new life?’

‘Yes, certainly, because you will sense and have that feeling towards her, Lantos.’

‘Thank you’, I said.

I felt myself return and enter my own sphere again. I thought I noticed a bit more light than before. Inside I felt different. I was happy, because I had surrendered everything and let myself be guided. I followed willingly and bowed my head. Still I descended again in this life. Inkblack darkness surrounded me, but presently I was lifted up and on we went to an other continent.

The sphere to which I was transferred I recognized at once. It was the sphere of the demons, where the beings lived who had shortened my life. I saw people who were like animals. Horrid creatures they were, and it was frightening to watch them. Did he belong here with them? Did he live in this situation? In this hell? Were these people? If so, how far distant was he from me. I asked my master whether my feelings had been correct and he confirmed they were.

All the time I remained in contact with my master. Many of these beings walked right through me. I could see them, but my concentration flowed every which way, and was not focussed sharply; however the help of my master strengthened the power of my concentration. I learned this as I was moving along. The people I saw were like devils. Clearly I recognized that greenish radiation I had seen in my cell. Various hells I came to know, but the heavens I could not yet see. From the one spirit world I went to the other.

Finally I saw the earth again. Everything was as I saw it at my own

spiritual attunement. Around me was a deep darkness, but in that darkness I observed life, the astral person who lives around the earth person. I saw clearly, that they followed the earth persons, wherever there were earth people one could find the astral being.

‘Is the person on earth aware of this?’ I asked the master.

‘No, they are not aware of it. They attune themselves to those living on the side beyond, and in this way the earth person enters into this life and vice versa. They both want the same life and the same experiences, they are one.’

I came to know forces of which I had never dreamed on earth. I was living in reality and discovered a horrible truth. These forces meant hell, doom, destruction and lust. Shadowy shapes I saw that still lived on earth and I understood now how all this could come about and what it all meant. Suddenly I noticed where we were. We had returned to my cell.

‘Why’, I queried, ‘do we return here?’

‘Here you will connect yourself with demons. Listen, Lantos, now think of him, the one you want to see. Keep your thoughts concentrated on him and you will receive the connection with him. I want you to learn to do that. You have made connections yourself many times, but only through my will and power. At the moment you live in the spheres of darkness.’

‘I understand.’

I did what my master wanted and again we floated over the earth. Still I asked my master whether my concentration was tuned in clearly.

‘You are doing well, Lantos. I am letting you go ahead. In a short while I shall leave and then you can orientate yourself.’

‘You are leaving me alone?’

‘I have to leave you alone, for you must live your own life and go your own way. But only then when you know everything of your earthly lives and when the past has dissolved.’

I concentrated and kept on thinking. Suddenly we entered an earthly building where I saw many people going in and out. What was going on in here? We walked through the halls and I saw what man on earth did. Here they were celebrating and drinking a lot. The wine was flowing across the floor. Many were drunk, but they all wore rich clothing and belonged to the highest classes of society.

When they would die they would arrive here in the same clothes, like me. They who lived here were the wealthy. Having possessions on earth meant happiness, that is if that happiness was understood. But the rich too could be influenced, for the astral person lived in and around him.

In one corner of the hall I saw a gathering of people and I felt I was being pulled towards them. I saw something that frightened me severely. The moment I saw it I wanted to turn away, but I heard the master say: 'Stay, Lantos, he does not see you, you are invisible.'

It reassured me, so that I went a little closer. There before me I saw my enemy. How is it possible, I thought, that I found him in this vast infinity. I attuned myself to him and knew immediately what he was doing here. He held two earth persons in his powers, they were connected with a devil. At the same time I saw their kind of pleasures and felt where and how far they went. With him were the many women I had also noticed in my cell. Monsters they were. These were people like pre-animal beings. The earth person in his powers was a strikingly beautiful woman. But to me she was a frightful predator.

I now also understood, how in my cell I had tuned in on him. I had wanted it myself, otherwise he would not have been able to make contact with me. But, had I arrived on this side directly, he would have been waiting for me and may have dragged me across the ground, and beaten me up. Today this connection with him was severed and I understood what my master had explained to me. I had paid my debt! He now lived his own life and I mine. He would continue to ruin people, but they wished that themselves, otherwise he could not reach them. I saw many earth women who were drunk.

In and around this beautiful being I could see his power and influence. Their souls were one. Their feelings were brutal and I well knew what he wanted. I heard the people on earth speak and clearly understood every word. She was a decoy and used as such, but behind it all I felt a faith. A gentleman in rich, fine clothing was doing the talking. She listened attentively but he was held in the influence of my enemy. My enemy spoke through him and his strong will was obeyed. These beings were irrevocably lost, they were false, terribly false. They let themselves go and lent themselves to unsavoury prac-

tices. The one that sat before me was an ambassador of the religious orders. Gold and jewels were needed. On that a faith was built. I saw through it all, because I could feel it. They were to me like an open book. I read in their lives, made myself one with them, so that I knew what they were thinking. From out of his world the demon worked on them and in this way experienced an earthly event, which was terrifying. I now saw through that religious haze and felt the satanic influence of it. I had never known about this on earth. I would never have believed it, but here I experienced it. The horrifically laughter of all these people bothered me very much. During my life on earth I had never wanted to associate with them, the meanness of their life had repelled me. Now, however, everything was different. It was impossible to describe how low these people had sunk. An earth being was corrupted and that person was supposedly serving his religion. The fortune she acquired was for her church. If she joined a rich man, that would provide gold, silver and jewels for her church. Damned be your deeds, I was thinking, and with that I meant my enemy. I perceived him as a master in evil. Also I knew this kind of woman. She was dangerous, because her beauty served for all sorts of baseness. Now I understood this celebration. Their parties were only a side issue and all those people were but puppets. Truly, it had been well thought out. Among all those earth- and astral people there was but one human being alive and that was she, the ravishing beauty. She lived, all the others were living dead. Within the scope of her devilish plan she was alive, for she saw far, very far ahead.

All were demons, not one excepted. Loathsome this life was! On earth I had never joined such parties for I had no religious belief. But how lucky I was that I had not known or had a belief, for all this was vile, brutal and horrible. This game was directed by those who lived on this side. My enemy organized all this and lived himself out. Wherever I looked, earth- and astral beings were together everywhere. They lived inside of one another and the astral one lived himself out, he felt, experienced everything the material human being did. It was so simple to bring this union about, both were one in feeling. The astral man stood inside of him and man on earth was totally unaware of it. It was very sad!

I had now learned my enemy's pleasures. No, that kind of pleasure I did not want, it was too beastly. Devils in human form they all were. Was this their life? They had spoken the truth, for they could amuse themselves on earth and they could love as much as they wanted. But was that love? An animal possessed more feelings than these people. I saw men inside women and women inside of men. They were one in feelings and those feelings were limitless, for they both lived themselves out. How deeply tragic it was, I thought. Where is the end?

I asked my master, who had followed me in everything but had not spoken a word: 'Did you know that?'

'Yes, Lantos, I have known for a very long time.'

'Have you followed his ways?'

'Yes, I know all his ways and this is not even the worst, they can sink much deeper yet, deeper and much more base, more brutal. What they wish they can receive, in short everything. And do not think that they feel unhappy here. On the contrary they are very, very happy.'

'In this darkness?'

'In that darkness they feel happy.'

'When comes any remorse?'

'When they begin to get enough of this life.'

'Will that ever happen?'

'Yes, some day they all will come to that point and seek the good things. But thousands of years will go by. Think about that, thousands of years and yet that is only a flash in eternity.'

'Can I connect myself fully with them?'

'You can.'

'Master, I want to feel what their feelings are, is that possible?'

'You can do it.'

I put myself inside an earth person and urged him to drink. At the same moment he raised his beaker and emptied it with one gulp. I even felt the taste which was a peculiar experience. How miraculous to undergo this from my own world. Next I made contact with a woman. Her thoughts came to me and I let myself go. Her thoughts were loathsome and quickly I returned to myself. Not that, no, not that, awful were those thoughts. Now I knew their love, their feel-

ings entered mine. This was connecting, we were one in feeling. I understood their animal-like life. Human, oh human, who are you?

But how easy was this connecting. People came and went, went to sleep and rested. But rested they set out again and lived the same experiences again until they were shrivelled and worn out. Then death came and again they would be connected with those who had lived through them. The astral person would be waiting for them. With all their worldly possessions they rolled into the darkness and that was for ages. There they called out 'why' and 'wherefore' and for their mother and father! How intensely had I admired the wonderful lines of the female body! My whole personality I could have given her, but now I shied away from sculpting her. How terrible was a human being and yet he was a child of God. Now I understood all these kinds of people.

'How false they look when seen from this life', I said to my master.

'There are many other situations much deeper and more evil than this hell.'

'Where is the end?'

'You will find that out too. Follow your way and make your own connections, then you will merge with what you want to learn.'

'How deep can I go?'

'Below this one are three more situations and these are hells in the true sense of the word.'

How is it possible, I thought, still more evil, more brutal and meaner than these?

'We shall now be on our way for our last research and then I will leave you, but only for a short time.'

We left the sphere of the demons.

### *Marianne's end on earth*

Once more I was back in the place where I was born. Here my investigations would begin. I immediately recognized my surroundings, for here the years of my youth were spent. I was in the forest where I had played with Marianne. Before me I saw the grave of my parents. All I saw were two skeletons of which I knew whose they were. I would not spill one tear here, I did not feel the necessity for

it. These skeletons were as strange to me as they had been when they were alive and happy. What is a human being? And how much mischief he can cause! How strong he is and how mean, but at the time how stupid! Here in front of me rested that earthly intellect. These skeletons belonged to those who had intended to make a ruler out of me. They had ruled but did it too well.

‘Rest in peace, all is forgiven and I do not bear you any grudge but love you for you did not realize what you were doing. You acted as small children would do.’

Now they were dead, life had vanished, and I knew where it lived. God loved us, but we did not love Him. Man cursed his God and destroyed one another. Dead and yet alive, children of eternity! They would come back on earth again, but probably separately. This meeting again was so mighty, that I could thank God for it; I could not cry, but sent them my loving thoughts. They really did not know any better. Wealthy they had been, but poor in feelings. What was earthly wealth? My parents had never lived as they should have. Many more parents I had and only now did I begin to realize what father- and motherhood meant. Farewell, children of eternity, God bless your pathways!

For a long time I lingered on this spot, but I felt that I should move on. On the place where Marianne had lived I sensed that Emschor was connecting me. At the same instant I began to see and Marianne appeared before me. It was during that time of my life when I was leaving my home. That very same day, they had to leave also. They were sent away and I understood that scene. I clearly saw that they were getting ready to move. They were under suspicion of having corrupted me. They were fortunate to have escaped the torture chamber. God had protected them, like He did me. But still I felt a different working in it. Was my feeling correct? Ah, it could not be else.

‘Master’, I said, for it was he who had protected them from that fate, ‘how can I thank you, how powerful you are.’

Poor people! Soon they were ready and moved away to an other village or city. I followed them. Again I was connected with the past. The love I felt for Marianne today was already in me as a child. She too felt as I did, we both searched and longed for that one great and

holy love. But still we were non-conscious, for the past lay deeply buried within us. My love grew with every step that took them further away from my parental home. The thoughts that were in her mind at that time came up in me. With childish simplicity she loved me. How miraculous was this connection. Her parents were sad that they had to leave, but also they were glad that they had escaped with their lives. In another place, a small village this time, they pitched their tents to start a new life.

One picture followed after another, I saw Marianne growing up and as she grew her character and personality developed. Her parents watched with some fear, as signs of frivolous behaviour showed through. She was a graceful appearance with a great and strong feeling for art. She also had a lovely voice. As she grew older these qualities became more conscious and I heard her wonderful singing which sent vibrations deep into my soul. I saw that she left home when she was twenty-one. Silently she stole away into the wide world to gather fame and honours. In her being lay the intellect of former lives. All those powers and gifts were becoming conscious; and she built on them to develop her voice. In her was the strong will to make something beautiful of her art. She was striving for the one goal I also had worked to attain: Fame, happiness and love. Our paths were one, which was remarkable.

From my place here I followed her life from city to city. She threw herself from one flighty affair into another. Still she remained simple, her parentage and birth could not be denied. This bit of humanity brought her in the most unpleasant situations, and through her recklessness she learned all about life. It brought her nothing but sadness and grief. Her beauty brought her into temptation and it provided her earthly happiness and recreation.

And so the years flew by. But she too kept on searching and could not find what she so dearly longed for. An unknown force of which she knew, felt or understood nothing, drove her to one place. How is it possible, I thought. I felt that she was being directed towards me, propelled by force of the past, a cosmic law of which the people on earth understood nothing. Here I felt and saw that law in action. I saw that she settled in my neighbourhood, close by. Oh, if I had only known! It now became clear to me that mankind was being



pushed forward by invisible powers. But those powers and forces originated and had received their connection in the past and then merged in one another, only to be torn apart, yet to be joined again later. Enormous was this view into the depths of the past that was granted me. How different everything would have been, had I only met her sooner. However, nothing could be changed here any more. It had to happen.

Now I understood why all those thoughts had come to me when I started working on her statue. From afar she had influenced me, though she had done so unwittingly. Neither had I been aware of it, but still we had been in contact. In that I saw inspiration from a distance and understood that I was being lived by her. These laws were so very deep that no artist on earth was aware of them. I had sculpted the one I loved and she lived nearby. It was almost unbelievable, I thought, but I had to accept it. How intense were the human thoughts! I wanted to learn all these powers and this I would not forget. At that time I had thought of her day and night. I now understood everything, it was remarkable.

I turned back to her own life and saw that she was exactly like the other women I had known and had I met her in that situation I would have turned away at once and left her. I thanked God that I had been spared that, it would have ruined my love for her.

Was this Marianne? I now also understood her reluctance and her begging me not to ask about her life, because she had good reasons for it. Yet I loved her for she was mine. One day we would be joined for ever. My cycle on earth was coming to an end and hers would end too. Sooner or later we would be that far and then we would be one eternally. Now that I knew how my life had been I could forgive her anything. Something held us bound together and that was the past. It was shown to me in ancient Egypt and I was very grateful for that.

How beautiful my Marianne was! Her golden-blond curls, the healthy colour of her face and the sparkling eyes gave her this beauty. But what is a human being who does not know himself and forgets himself? What is earthly beauty when the inner feelings remain centred on the material life? She forgot herself, because she did not know herself. Some time in an other life she would come to know

herself. Now I realized that she needed to return, for in that life she would awaken. But how deep was everything now that I knew and fully understood this.

What is a human, when he defiles these forces of nature and dishonours his wondrous body. I felt that not only as a curse, but it also showed scorn for Him, his God, Who had given him that magnificent body. It was already an enormous blessing to have a body like this for many were maimed and crippled.

My friend Roni I hated for he defiled his wonderful body. He was like an adonis, but inside like an animal. Marianne had given herself to him, she was pampered, but also jeered at and ridiculed. Others desecrated her beauty which had been sacred to me. No, in that time we did not belong together, we would not have understood each other. She could not feel the greatness of my love, only God knew that the time had not come yet, and so, what was necessary had happened. Marianne would not – and I saw and felt that only this moment – have been able to give me that highest of inspirations and that would have been a shock to me if I had experienced it. Today I thanked God that I had not met her sooner! Roni I could now forgive, I did not hate him any more and Marianne I loved, she was my twin soul and he had become my brother. With Marianne I felt myself one of soul and we would remain that for all eternity. This was a cosmic law, God willed it, in the universe it was decreed. The depth of this enigma I could not yet sense fully, but I accepted, for this feeling of longing lay in me.

When she had lived in such close proximity to me, she had also thought of her youth and her love for me had awakened. Yet she presumed she had found that love in Roni, but this was not the case. I was now confronted with an enormous problem, as I sensed that the three of us were connected. This spiritual puzzle fitted closely together and our connection became even more intense. Three souls were on earth for a set purpose and would meet one another there again. Whatever happened we could not escape it, for it was a law and we had to live through that law. I felt myself tremble for it was all so miraculous. To one particular spot on this large earth we were sent to meet each other again. Such it was, for it had happened to Roni, Marianne and me.

To thousands of people something similar happened, but only on this side could they learn about these laws. Here in this life miracles and wonders dissolved, we merged with them. It was mighty to be able to follow all this. Besides I understood that each of us had to live his own life, but that there was one situation that concerned all three of us. We came into contact with many other beings and through the people we learned about life on earth. We did right and wrong, which began to change our characters. From 'animal' to human, from spirit to God, that was the road man had to go. In the earthly body the soul lived it up, but still the earthly life served to acquire spiritual knowledge, pure and spiritual love. The one learned through the other, but all those people were guided and governed by one power, and that was God, the Creator of man, animal and all the other life. In man lay his destination, a flame that burned eternally, but which man let go out. Man had, as I saw and felt all this, received the highest of all, but that holy love had to be earned. Roni and I and also Marianne would be connected. Some day Roni would receive his own love, like every other human being. I could not fathom the power that had brought us together, but I did not desire it for I felt awe. For something so great we must bow our heads.

Suddenly again I thought of her condition, she carried life. A young being was inside of her when I was taken to my dungeon. Had she carried this young being to the end? Pictures followed one after another and faded out. Then I saw the scene where she came to visit me in my dungeon and after that the picture where I was sentenced and she was ill. At the instant I saw this, I received the answer to what I had just thought about. No, the shock had been too great. The young life inside of her had returned to where it had come from. Thank God, I thought. Still, had it been necessary, I would now have surrendered myself to everything. These truths for mankind were so strong, they strengthened the soul, because man knew why and wherefore that man renounced everything.

In the next picture I saw that Marianne had recovered from her illness. What were her plans now? I stayed with her and saw that she went back to my studio to accept what I had offered her. Her own statue and mine that I once had made for myself, as well as many other pieces were carefully packed and so began her journey. Where

would she go? I soon guessed where she was heading. This was the best possible solution, since her life and mine were shattered. Broken of heart and spirit she returned to her parents. She had bowed her head and come back humbly, she had laid off her frivolousness. She had taken all of my possessions with her and many statues received a place close near her. Her parents were overjoyed and received their child with open arms.

The rest of Marianne's life was spent in solitude and silence. Her personality had received a severe shock, but to me she gave her love. She felt for me what I felt for her. In nature, outside, she became conscious. Living had broken her heart, but had awoken something in her innermost feelings that came to me in my cell and shook awake my desires. I had yearned for her, it had consumed me and these thoughts too had been hers. Again I saw and felt the miracle of the power of thought. Love knew no distances for we were one without realizing. We only had to awaken, so that our love would grow more lovely and conscious and blossom into something wondrous and exalted. Only then it would be spiritual, then our love was pure and would reach even further than sister- and brotherlove. You see, I saw and learned that only now, now that the past was being revealed to me and the veil over an event was lifted. The silence I had felt in my dungeon had been her silence. Outside in nature her love had developed, her surroundings were the past, for near her stood her own statue with beside it mine. For hours she dwelled in this spot and talked to me.

'If only my soul was as white', I heard her say, 'as this snow-white marble out of which he modelled me. Lantos, my Lantos, oh, how you must suffer! Can you forgive me? When you know everything, will you still love me? If God listens to me, He knows that I only love you and always loved you. Lantos, can you be mine? Oh, how I long for you. What is it that you have laid down in me? I feel your silence, all your grief and suffering and yet I cannot and may not visit you. Over there you are all alone, you suffer and are broken. I feel it, oh, I know it for I see you in my dream. Sometimes I feel you very close, but then again you shake me off and do not want to have anything to do with me. Therefore, my Lantos, I ask you, do you love me? Oh, how I could love you! I shall await my death and then

I can tell you everything. You will not live very long. May God give you the strength to stand it all. I am your misfortune, I am the cause that led to your undoing, but yet I ask God forgiveness. Lantos, Lantos, forgive me!

Then she collapsed. How I loved her! Tears were running down my cheeks. Love, my God, how beautiful, how sacred is that pure feeling. In her statue and in my own she sensed my love for her. Her yearning for this mighty bliss became ever more intense. She was longing and for that I had prayed when she came to visit me in my dungeon and this longing dominated her life. Whatever she thought of, one emotional force ruled everything and it was a burning feeling, the desire to be allowed to possess love. But only the love that gives support, that feels the pure joy, only after that she hankered. Did she feel she was waking up?

The years passed and she pined away. Other pictures now succeeded each other and I saw that her parents passed over one after the other. Marianne now was alone. Her material body shrivelled and her strength diminished every day, but her inner feelings grew. Ever stronger and more beautiful it became, for that is what her love did. Yet she reached a ripe old age and was only a shadow of her former beauty. In this way her end approached. In her will she requested to be buried with my statue and hers. She was convinced that she would have to appear before her God, for now she had a strong faith. Next I saw her deathbed, in all silence she passed over. Her last thoughts were for me, for she too believed that she would once see me again.

No, Marianne, I thought, our time is not yet there. We will see each other again, but only centuries later. She went over, but in her rested the desire to be granted this great wish. And her earthly life was past too.

Some day our statues will be recovered. Some day, for I see that they have not been found yet. Then mankind can cast a glance into the past. At this moment I could make you a prediction, but I know people would not accept it. No, man of the earth, you still cannot believe the deep significance of what you will lay bare in the depth of the earth. I beg you, however, have love for what you excavate, do not condemn it for you do not know how much that human being

had to suffer once. Have respect for what you uncover, then the human being who now lives somewhere else will not be disturbed. I know how long it will take, still, but they will find us; though the past will not be shown to you. A dense veil, which is our love, will cover it. One day when we have received this mighty happiness our statues will be found. But then we shall belong with the beings of light and have entered those spheres. Then our condition will be natural and nature gives this life back. Then the past becomes conscious, it lives on in reality and goes onward to still higher regions, as my master told me. And I can put my trust in that, you and thousands of others can build on it; always remember that these are no castles in the air but the sacred truth, for it is your inner life. Only there souls will be joined, for by then a person accepts all this and bows his head and all the 'why's' and 'wherefore's' will dissolve for him. He will experience them and then his problems and wonders are no problems and wonders any longer. We are these ourselves, it is our inner and eternal life.

A long time I remained in thought at the edge of her grave. Within me I felt a sacred band and there was consciousness in me too. This occurrence gave me the strength to continue. Now I would begin to do work on myself, I wanted to learn about life on earth and on this side.

I looked up in the beautiful face of my master and said: 'Thank you, my father of centuries ago, I love you.'

'I am leaving now, Lantos.'

'Is it time already?' I asked.

'Yes, Lantos, we must part. You go your own way, but know that I watch over you and will always do so. Think of your love, for this love gives you the strength to bear your cross. Save all this deep inside of you and wait patiently until it is God's will that you receive it. When Marianne came into our life, she thought that she would see you, but you know that she must return and only after that will you meet each other. One day that time will come! Try to master that kind of love. You are searching and wanting to do the right things, always continue to look for the good things, then I shall await you in the spheres of light, so that we can go on with our work. You will then experience new wonders again, greater and deeper than you have met up to now. I am preparing myself in the spheres

of light to receive you. Know, my boy, that many will be awaiting you there. When you will be that far, I shall call you.'

Then I felt his hand on my shoulder and a large light shone over and around me. Before my eyes that light rose upwards slowly, then it went higher and higher until I could not see it any more.

Still, spoken from afar I heard: 'Farewell, my Lantos, as you see we go always higher. Farewell, God bless your ways. Your Emschor.'

I was deeply shocked and sank to the ground. On Marianne's grave I had collapsed with tears streaming down my cheeks. My love for her was real and deeply human. The great love of my master, who had just departed, had made that love grow. I prayed fervently and long to God for our love. My master was gone and I was quite alone again, for I would have to miss him for a long time. My why's and wherefore's had been solved. The past had become conscious in me and a God of love I now knew. I made a decision. I wanted to study all those transitions of the spirit for I wanted to know everything, just everything about this life.

### *My walk on earth*

'Farewell', I said to Marianne, 'farewell, I shall not return here any more.'

I made a solemn vow not to defile our love and was ready to leave. But Marianne held me captive. Yet I had to leave. Once more I called a farewell and tore myself away to face the unknown. I wept as I had wept once before when we were being separated. Still it helped me, for I felt a glow of warmth creeping up in me.

Where would I go? The earth was vast, but infinity was even larger. Here there was no end. The human will was enormous in power and the feelings were unfathomable. But yet the human will could bend when the truth of everything was recognized and experienced. This I felt in my innermost, for I had experienced it.

While gliding over the earth I pondered about it all. Many things had happened to me and I had grown wiser. Man did not like to bow his head. Yet he would have to bow before God. Only for his God. God the Creator of heaven and earth forces life – the human being, the soul – to seek what is good. Nature will force him and

then the mighty life that takes possession of him makes him tremble. I too bowed my head and begged for forgiveness. My personality was broken and my heart bled. But there was happiness in me also, for I knew that one day I would receive that greatness too. I was floating along and did not need to think about the past any more. While soaring on like this I began to feel a new force rising in me that urged me to go to work. A whole new life opened up for me. I wanted to study man on earth and follow him from one sphere to the next. I would watch and take everything in, so that I could compare it with my own life. It seemed the best way to learn fully about this life. With fresh courage I went on my way.

Many hells I knew already, but there were still more that I would also like to visit. As fast as the thought I raced forward and the stronger I tuned in on a human being the more visible he became to me. I did not feel like staying in one place. I wanted to become spiritually conscious and not remain a living dead, although I never thought I was one. Still I belonged to the living dead. How remarkable were all the things my master had told me. I was his son. And my own child of many centuries ago had brought me a statue which – of all things – I had sculpted myself. Even though it sounded unbelievable I accepted it all.

God did not create people just to let them die. Problems I had had, that were nothing but wonders and that what awaited us all was awe-inspiring. The earth was a school and in that school one had to make something of himself. People had to come into harmony again with life, but they first had to have the wish to do so, for if they did not want to, they learned nothing. If I had felt more love then I would not have killed. By subject my will to myself this life would become different for me. Now I began to get the feel of what God was, and for that Almighty I could now bow my head. People possessed a will that was a heaven or a hell on this side. My soul had already experienced many of these hells and I was now in my last hell from which I must try and extricate myself. For centuries I had been underway already. I was born on earth, died and returned to be born and to die again. Now I understood my cycle of the earth and that of all people. That the earth was the only planet in this mighty universe on which people lived I could not believe any more. For



when from the earth one gazed at the universe, tens of thousands could be seen. Some day people over there would find a way to make contact with all those other planets.

I floated through the buildings and saw earthly man. Everything that existed below my own spiritual level was visible to me. Yet I saw only that in which I was interested and what was of concern to my own life. All these human doings did not interest me, for almost everywhere I saw the same things. The one could control himself and the other could not. I saw lugubrious situations, but I let them be and closed my inner eyes or I examined everything in order to understand that life too. I noticed that God had known how to separate the earthly from the spiritual life. The material belonged to the earth and the spiritual life was where I lived. A spirit could see the material life, but man on earth could not see the spiritual. However, an earth person who had this gift could see in our life, but these were very few. I myself had never had this gift and therefore my life had been one of continuous searching. But I saw that if one began to work on oneself on earth, one was not blind when one entered here. Life on earth served to acquire knowledge of the spiritual treasures. I now saw and felt the many kinds of people and could even point out those who would have to return. Those people were still like animals and they were on earth to become human, though that was not possible in but one short life. Dictators would in the first place have to lay off their lust of power. God knew how that occurred.

Always further I travelled and I got to know the human being on earth. Wherever I went I saw humans and animal-like beings, but I saw that most of those 'animals' walked around in human shape and they were dangerous. Horrible as it may sound, in the child I saw already that animal-like being and the older the child and the more it grew up, the more conscious that 'animal' became. What I saw here was a mighty experience. At birth they were 'animals' already. In a child that could not even say father and mother, in that tiny body there already lived that incomprehensible animal-like person. When it reached the male or female adulthood the 'animal' began to feel itself and become aware. How natural it was. This taught me something.

I could see from this side how man cursed his own life. I too had cursed and condemned. Not one person on earth knew himself, otherwise he would not curse. He who put himself on a pedestal would curse and I saw very many on pedestals. I learned to understand that the human being, even when he imagined himself very holy up there, still cursed, because he rebelled against others and himself. The one condemned the other consciously and unconsciously, wittingly and unwittingly, but they all cursed. But man on earth will curse, because he is not cognizant of himself and all the life that lives there. He is already thousands of years old, but he still goes on cursing life. I even saw mothers who condemned their children, because they did not want to obey. He who goes against the human being condemns God for therein lies God's life.

I learned to see all this during my walk on earth. I also saw that people were burned in hot oil and molten iron and many other tortures. The human being has his own will and as long as he does not control it with the full strength of his being will he continue to curse and will there always be people who must return to earth to learn to control themselves. I travelled from one city to the other and so the years passed. Still I went on and obtained knowledge of man and his life as no person on earth had. Everything must be set right, I learned, not even one thought is for free. Not one person can escape that.

Into the deepest hells I descended and found that there too man cursed, but those people could be recognized. On earth, however, I saw bearers of the cross and people who were considered holy, in whose life lived something horrible that made one shiver and recoil in horror, when felt in one's deepest innermost being.

As I told you before that by observing this I came to know myself quite well and I was grateful for the opportunity to see all this. I made a firm resolution to break my own ego down for if I was not able to I would have to go on walking endlessly and my situation would remain a hell. With every step I took I bowed my head deeper and deeper until I kissed the earth on which I walked. The love I now felt and had, could not yet be compared to the love of those who had reached the spheres of light, and that's where I wanted to go. Always further I went. Hours I spent with the people and watched

their every move. From that I learned and so I also learned to distinguish day from night. In the night I saw the demons better than by day, but they were always around and in people. I visited churches and palaces and learned about religions. I visited deathbeds and saw that many were awaited here. And so time passed and I walked on and on, for I still did not know enough. At the same time I became familiar with the deepest of hells, but for that kind of life I could not find the words. Human monstrosities I saw, like pre-animal monsters. But one day they too will start to work at themselves. Because of these observations something in me began to thaw out. Ever more sincerely I began to thank God, even for the agonies and grief I had suffered, and I was grateful to God that now I could go higher towards the spheres of light.

When I had a fortune and light on earth I was not satisfied, but now that I only see darkness I am thankful. Because I obtained more self-awareness I knew what I could expect to find and what I must do. Here in that darkness I felt happy with everything. Watching life and other people made me feel alive too. I felt that I was waking up.

Years went by, but it could also have been centuries. I continued to observe how people lived, while around and in me changes took place. The earth changed and one generation followed another. Because I began to get the feeling of what the Creator of heaven and earth intended, my own feelings deepened and I could be thankful for all that I had experienced in the regions of hell.

In one of the hells I was attacked and dragged across the ground; and how they beat me up! I made one wrong move after another, and therefore I was attacked, but it taught me something. Over and over again I connected myself with them, and so I learned and came to know all those hells. What happened to me there was horrible, but it opened my eyes at last, I began to feel differently and learned how to protect myself. Still more intensely did I begin to thank God. I was alive and not dead, and that made me glad. Slowly I began to realize this and I accepted my sorrow and grief in a different way than before. I was delighted that I was going to live, and could be very happy with only the little bit of love that man on earth despised.

How badly misunderstood is life on earth and how they trample on love. Love! Do you, reader, know what this holy power of feeling means? Now that I felt this I could thank God for all my struggles and those still awaiting me. And so I became a different person and that pleased me much. Ah, on earth you do not realize what you possess. Were I allowed to be born on earth once more I would do everything differently. How beautiful I would make my life. Now I lived in a hell and still I was happy. I felt that God loved me and cared for me. Therefore, do you hear, humans on earth, I could bow my head and shout out my happiness in this darkness, so that it could be heard on earth. Now I have forgotten all my struggle. But what is suffering hunger and thirst on earth compared to everything I saw here? Therefore people on earth curse when they are not satisfied with what they have. I prayed to God not to punish me anymore, for I learned how to punish myself and to direct razor sharp concentration on myself, so that I learned to tame my will. I could not be persuaded anymore to do any of those things, for within me I had Marianne's great love, and that love I would never defile.

To view from our world human beings and the earth, is a mighty study. It is a merging into the person, it is feeling and accepting, but what then comes to you is like poison and I had to arm myself against it. Here I learned to see that life is not what you think it is, and that God did not mean it to be that way. Man lives himself out physically and spiritually; that is not the way and it is wrong. It means destruction. And that is pre-animal-like, while man, as my master told me, is godly.

Wherever I went and stayed I saw human- and astral beings. The one joined with the other and so man on earth became only a tool in the hands of evil. I saw that the human committed murder, and yet he did not do it himself; even children were born because of the astral beings! Isn't it horrible to have children that are contaminated by another feeling? I saw it all and learned from it. In this way humanity was being ruined spiritually, and yet I could do nothing to prevent it.

But I have the feeling that some day I shall give all of myself to help and save those people. None of you will be able to see life on earth from this viewpoint, but yet it is the truth. It is man who

curses all that is beautiful, among which the most sacred of feelings. I myself do not want this anymore and will work to destroy my ego. When I succeed, no demon will be able to exert influence upon me anymore. To that end I shall close off my inner feelings and only seek the higher things. I shall not provide them with the opportunity to live out their pleasures through me.

They inhabit the earth, and the young life born there is animated by them. Do you know what that means? Can you grasp the significance of this hideous happening? I saw this holy event, that should and could be holy, being defiled by demons, however, man let them do so. Then, when their children grow up and scorn parental love, they ask: 'Why and wherefore do I have such bad children? How can God allow that?' They fail to see that they themselves experienced this great and mighty event in a coarse-material manner.

And so all this brought me to meditating and it woke me up completely. How I shivered when I observed man in his most intimate inner life. My experiences cried to heaven.

Now I would not be able to kill anymore, I had learned how to love. I began to feel awe for God, Who notwithstanding everything loves His children. I made a sacred resolution to love all life that I would meet. I learned to master powers that I could not have learned on earth, because they belong to the life of the spirit. This sharpened my concentration and I acquired the skill to fine-tune myself when I was being attacked, and withdraw into my own hell. Many unfortunate people who were calling for their fathers or mothers I was able to help. But I continued on, for I felt that this was not the time for me yet to give myself fully to this kind of work. All those levels of hell, all those animal-like situations I compared with my own life, and I saw and felt how far away mankind still was from the veritable truth.

People of the earth, from this side I would like to call out to you: Work at yourself, restrain your own will, step down from your high pedestals. Do not allow yourself to go under because of weakness. When you enter here, hope that you do not belong to those who live in the deepest darkness, for then you will be deeply, very deeply unhappy. Put yourself under control, do not give in to weakness, so that your life has not been for nothing. On this side you will stand

face to face with your own life. Every thought must be made good. Everything, everything is recorded and fixed. And so you will and must find out that nothing, absolutely nothing, can be hidden. Your sins you will atone, all of them, and you will make good what you did wrong. Bow your head, throw off your pride and lust for power and love all that lives.

Hurry, brothers and sisters, for your end approaches. Know that we can go higher and that when you enter here your loved ones will be waiting for you, but then you must have love also and live as God wishes all His children to live. Work and pray but do not ask. Don't do what I did, you only destroy yourself. Do not search, but believe. Accept, humans of the earth, accept that death does not mean dead, but living. Accept that love is the highest God gave man. He, who feels love is awake and God will guide and strengthen him. Then you will come out as victors.

I knew when I had begun my walk. When, however, I concentrated on the earth, I was shocked to find that centuries had gone by. Centuries of practical experience and still I knew nothing. I only knew the human being on earth and still I lived in hell. Several generations I had followed on earth but never I had concentrated on the time. When I saw that, it came home to me that many centuries were needed before a person could reach the spheres of light. Only then did I begin to realize how I might get out of here, because I wanted to go further and higher. I was still a living dead and yet how much knowledge had I not acquired already? But I then understood that, though I had learned much, I had spent all that time for myself, as man on earth does too. They too are learned and yet poor in love. For thousands of years I could go on, but still my hell would not change. I must serve and make myself useful, I must do something, otherwise I would not get out of here. And I would try to do just that. How I did it I shall tell you.

### *From this life I made my final work of art*

I visited those places where mankind preserves artworks and also the earthly artists, for I was interested in finding out how they made their work. I roamed the whole earth and finally returned to my last

homeland. It was my intention to help an artist on earth with his work, I wanted to try to make my final work of art through that earthly person. It seemed to me that it would be easy, for now I had learned to make connections with people on earth. My feelings had deepened, I had come to know God and loved life. My dearest wish was to be allowed to make this happen. A very long time I hunted for such an instrument. Months and years went by and I thought already that I would have to give up. But at last I found what I was looking for and I received assistance with this too.

It was a youth of eighteen years, who was surrounded and inspired by many masters, for he possessed many gifts and an enviable feeling for art. Through intercession of my master I was granted to make contact with those masters from the higher spheres. I asked them whether they would allow me to make a last artwork, which I intended to name 'Life'. It was granted me, but I had to wait patiently for several years. I left, but returned to them from time to time and saw that they made great progress. This young fellow was urged to study art, which was worked through the masters. His feelings and love for art were raised to a very high degree.

In this way I learned the true inspiration; now I understood my own life on earth and how man received these inspirations. It was marvellous to watch it done. From this side they guided his way, and for this there were special beings – that are spirits – who protected him on earth from ruin, until he became aware of his life himself. With my fullest attention I followed all this and I learned from it. From this side influence was exerted only in art, and in his own life they left him alone. He would have to live his life himself; living another person's life for him is not done here.

Several years passed. At last the time came that I could work through him. I was ready, had prepared myself and meditated deeply with my whole inner being tuned to the subject. The great moment that I would be connected with him had come. The great masters made the connection and I too was given help.

Can you image this limitless depth in feeling and in art? Can you feel this inspiration from human to human, from spirit to spirit, from feeling to feeling, that goes higher and higher until the ultimate is given and human powers and feelings cease to exist? The

earth person was inspired, I was assisted by still higher beings, and beyond that, higher still and even further and further, and still deeper lies perfection, the All-Feeling power. That is the highest love, the holiest of all created by God. To be allowed to draw from that source supplies an artist the ultimate that can be given him from the life of the spirit.

My work of art was a great success for him, and an enormous satisfaction for me. It carried the approval of the masters with it, which pleased me greatly. How happy I felt, and thankful to God for all this. During my own life on earth I had never thought about it. The inspiration we humans receive is a great blessing for the artist, and mighty joy for the spirit. But the spirit must carry his feeling for art in his innermost being, a feeling he has mastered in one or other life.

Once we are connected the earthly instrument works practically day and night, in a trance condition. The closer the inspiration, which is our connection, the deeper the artist feels the product of his creation and knows of no stopping. The powers of his soul and all his love he lays down in this piece of art, but increased by the masters on this side.

As I said before: Through him I created what I had been intending to make on earth when the opportunity was taken from me. In that situation I felt no hate, in me lay love.

But how was my thinking on earth? In my life on earth I wanted to ruin an other life with my art. There I was in revolt, and did neither know myself nor God, nor life, nor animal or human. And at that animal-like attunement I had wanted to attain the ultimate, the holiest. How low I bowed my head and asked for forgiveness now. I now was exceedingly grateful that this blessing had been granted me.

The masters created through him several great works, and this art will not die out, at least if mankind will not desecrate these statues.

But how did this person on earth feel? Did this human appreciate what he received? Did he feel our influence, this spiritual help? Did he know and understand how he received this inspiration? I followed his doings and wanted to know whether he understood his own life, I was thoroughly disillusioned.



When I asked the master about it he said to me: 'Listen, my brother Lantos, in his own life he is an ordinary person like many others, but he possesses a heightened feeling for art that he has acquired in other lives. This man still thinks that it is his own ability. But you can see what he is if he had to do it alone and on his own powers. All that counts for us is that we can reach him, that is all that matters. What he does with his own life on earth is his business. But no one on earth can ever reach this height in art without help from us.

We have set ourselves the task to help man on earth and open his eyes to the higher things. This artist had to return to earth, and we knew this beforehand. You see that all his ways are observed, but he will have to live as he wants and feels. Your question therefore I can answer with a resounding 'no'. He places himself on a pedestal, and that pedestal only has meaning on earth. However, he feels very clearly that he is being helped, but he ignores it, because he puts his personality in the foreground and feels accordingly. His vanity plays him tricks. When he starts to enrich his inner being, begins to feel love and to understand his God, bows himself before God's holy Guidance, is and remains humble, then after death a person can enter the spheres of light. Do you feel what I mean?

But when he thinks that he himself created all this, and lives his life as a human of the coarse-material attunement would, then his skills and knowledge will be the cause of his spiritual downfall. He created wonders, but those wonders were given to him, and materialized by us. He is only an instrument, nothing more!

We on this side have totally laid off our egos, but he will have to learn that yet. There are but few individuals who have reached this height on earth and whose inner life is a combination of spiritual development and then it is the most beautiful thing that can be acquired on earth. Only then God's holy blessing rests upon it. Then joy covers both situations, art grows and blossoms and forces the human being to feel awe for everything that is given him. Then all is love and contact with us.

Not just one, but thousands have brought themselves to ruin this way. They could not stand up under the wealth; they forgot and lost themselves only because they did not understand their life on earth. The earth master is carried on people's shoulders. The being 'car-

ried' one has to wish for, and the person who wishes it is too weak for a higher life. As you know from your experience, man receives his inspirations from here. From here they are raised to the ultimate height. In this world everything is calculated, thought out and felt through. Still the people on earth think that it is they who have those inner powers. Once more, brother Lantos, no man who lives on earth can achieve that on his own. The spirit, that human, the life that lives on this side, brings him his inspirations. Every artist feels and knows that when he is not himself anymore and everything works all by itself, he is living in an other and for him unknown situation. This then is what it means.'

'But', I asked the master, 'what then should we do?'

'Nothing, brother Lantos, nothing, we can do nothing. Were you any different? Did you not live a similar life on earth? Did you live it spiritually? Check yourself and see how you lived your life. The one drinks to whip up the necessary inspiration, the other tries to find it in living, in passion and bestiality. But in order to receive spiritual inspiration one has to be searching for the higher ideals. A spirit of light knows all this, and it saddens him when he has to watch a person ruin himself through his talents. Yet we cannot step in, for they must live their own life and cannot be lived by us. We do not tie our instruments hand and feet, we only take care that in their life on earth they are themselves.

We know why we return to earth. We go there to serve mankind and to shake them awake. We bring them life, and more specific, eternal life. We bring them happiness and sculpt our life from stone, to which they can compare their own. This art will radiantly shine in proportion to the strength of our inner powers. That is the love we have. We ask the people to open up for us. They will discover that there is more between heaven and earth than they ever imagined. A person who receives this inspiration is a blessed human child.

However, we have instruments who pray to God to beg for strength before they commence a new work of art, and this sacred influence then will be granted them. This kind of art is alive, for the eternal life shows in it. We too feel awe when this is born on earth, and then we all kneel down – no one excepted – to thank our Father for everything. For His will be done. In an exalted and religious mood

the creation will be accomplished. You should see them, these artists! Wherever they go they bring happiness; they understand their life on earth and for what they serve, and to whom they owe all this. The magnitude of their inspirations they cannot sense, but still they know and say that it is not they, but their Father in heaven Who gave it to them. See, then all is love, and the people will anxiously guard this art. They bow their heads when they admire such a statue. They learn to sense that these are God's holy Powers, the ambassadors of God, who returned to earth to bring this art.

Therefore I would like to shout it to the people: Bow your heads for all these products of the soul. In them lies love, the pure, clear love, the feelings of a higher being. From the Highest Source this was given to you, learn to feel this. Know that everything signifies grief and sorrow, the sorrow of the soul of those who once lived on earth. Drive your feelings always deeper, on and on until you feel the eternal life in that artwork. Then you feel that there is continuation of life and you thank God from the depth of your soul that you were allowed to receive and observe this on earth. Once again our only aim is reach mankind through the arts. The one may express it through music, others through writing, the word, and through prayer, and we through the art of painting and the modelling arts.

Human of the earth, see in this all eternity. Then the work of the person who lives on this side is rewarded, and we know that tears did not fall for nothing. Only then can we move further to prepare ourselves in the spirit. Sense and know, that the ultimate has now been brought on earth. Feel right through that stone statue, feel beyond it and you feel the eternal life. When you stretch your senses further, you feel your God, and you know that He is a Father of Love. All that you can reach through our art. When you finally feel the art of the spirit, you will kneel down and pray, and you will lay down your deepest feelings in your prayer. Gaze at that stone face and merge with it. When you gently step inside there you will feel the love of the being that created it. It makes you sensitive too and tears will come to your eyes. Then you kneel and thank your God for everything you have received on earth. In the art rests the secret of your life, it is religion and faith, it is pure love.

Brother Lantos, and so God granted you, yet still to sculpt your

feelings in stone while you were living in the life of the spirit. Keep going, my brother, in the spheres of light they are waiting for you.'

'Do you know about that?' I asked the master.

'We are connected with one another. We work for one goal: to convince mankind that life goes on eternally.'

'I thank you whole-heartedly', I said, 'that you granted me this blessing and allowed me this experience.'

Then I took leave of the masters. Again I went on my way. I had found out that it is possible to make contact with man on earth in various manners. Then it would be possible also to tell of my experiences verbally. But for that I had to prepare myself, and I would try to reach the spheres of light. There was only one possibility to accomplish this, and to that I wanted to devote myself completely.

For a time I followed the suicides, and learned all the different transitions of the spirit. When I knew them all, a great desire grew in me to help those people. It grew ever more intense inside me and with every step I took it increased, so that I could not put it out of my mind any more. I completely entered into this new condition, and I wanted to make myself useful. I wanted to serve, help the people who lived in grief and sorrow. In the spheres of light people were waiting for me, and when I finally would get there I would meet new wonders.

Therefore I started on my way, and the first person I met I would help, for before me lay endlessly much work. All is misery, grief and sorrow, which man has heaped upon himself. I shall go and give support to people on this side, and protect man on earth to guard them against total destruction.

END OF PART TWO

PART III  
THE COSMIC LIFE



## *The serving love*

**T**HIS life in my hell I fully understood now. All those transitions and spheres I had come to know, and now it was time to start working at myself. This could only be done by being of service to others. My master had explained this to me, and also the masters in the arts had spoken to me in a similar way.

I continued with my way on earth and soon I would do work to which I could give my whole self. However I remained in the astral world. Going higher was impossible for me. I roamed the streets and concentrated myself on the human beings. Those who were suffering through sorrow and grief attracted me most, and them I would follow. I met very many people and not one of them was happy. There was always something that clouded their happiness and I knew why.

Earth was a planet where man had to learn, a school, and in that school one had to learn about one's self. Oh, I understood and felt very intensely what God meant and why people lived on earth. Everything was obvious to me now. In my own life the depths, the problems and wonders had disappeared, they were all revealed to me by – of all things – my father of centuries ago.

How mighty was man, how deep and incomprehensible were the laws of the spirit. When on this side one wanted to do good things, then one learned all these laws, and miracles and wonders happened to him. Only then one became conscious of oneself, and life and the meaning of being on earth became clear. But in life on earth, in that school, there one had to work to learn about oneself, and for that one lived on earth. But mankind was in revolt, searching and asking 'why' and 'wherefore' and would accept nothing. He wanted happiness, for that was his human right. God loved all His children, was a Father of Love, and yet there was so much misery. Everybody felt grief, illness and many other inhuman things, so that there were no happy people.

I saw them jog and run, not one was quiet. From every human being flashes of light shot out left and right, and that was the radiation from their inner being, from their realm of thought; that was

the spiritual attunement of the human being. By that I recognized their inner feelings. Every ray of light that I could see clearly meant something. I saw the greenish light that made me shiver and that I had known from very close by. That demon sphere I would not easily forget, for there they had attacked and dragged me across the ground. Also the beings whose light I had noticed belonged to them. I did not need to do much searching and sensing for they were transparent and I could read their minds and merge with them completely. These beings were dangerous. When on earth they got hold of power over various possessions, they certainly would not shy away from using torture and torments when man did not do what they wanted. On this side they belonged to those I had met, and who would again continue to destroy mankind. These people could not be reached. I met many of them, but let them be. They lived in all circles of society. I saw poor- and rich ones like that, and when the means and the power were given to a poor one, he would also forget himself and act exactly the same. Their inner feelings were alike. But I knew that the poor ones had come to earth to finish their cycle in this condition.

Of other people I could see by their inner light what they were thinking and with what their whole personality had merged. Sombre radiations I saw, that were awe-inspiring to watch. At the same time I understood that I would not have comprehended anything of all this, had I not been down in those hells. But in the meantime centuries had passed, and I had learned very much, so that now I understood everybody who lived in- or below my own hell. When I met people that were shadows to me, I felt glad. They were further than I, and it gave me an incentive to think deep and very intense. In this way I had followed the human beings for a considerable time already and was ready to help those who needed me most.

There before me I saw an earthly human being, in whose radiation I saw something that attracted me. The man walked bent over, totally absorbed in his own thoughts, and he was like a living dead. He wore a magnificent attire that showed me that he belonged to the highest circles of society. As I continued to follow him, I looked deep into his soul, so that I knew what he was thinking. This person was innerly broken. He was consumed by hatred because he had



been deceived. Love, for ever and ever it was love; that made him feel so sad too. At this moment he did not even know that he was alive. He walked in the one street and out the other. But I saw more. He was being pursued by two astral beings, a man and a woman. Destructive were the thoughts they sent him.

What did these beings want of this earthly man? I withdrew myself into my own world, for I did not want them to see me. How I came to think of that so suddenly I did not understand until later, and I felt that I too was being followed. Now I learned forces that I had never met on my journey, yet that had lasted centuries. This man was not himself any more, for two animal-like beings had attached themselves to him. They now lived inside of him. He was enveloped in a haze of passion and destruction. If only he can yet be saved, I thought.

The man was sad and had nothing of any spiritual possessions with which I could connect myself. Yet I continued to follow him, an other power forced me to do this.

Coming from him I saw flashes of light that went out to an other human being, as I could plainly see, and the significance of it I could understand. Presently I would follow those fiercely transmitted thoughts, but first I wanted to find out where he lived. It took him a long time to reach his destination, but at last he entered his home. My feelings that he was wealthy had been correct. He possessed much earthly riches, yet he was unhappy. Uninvited I followed him inside and with me came the other two. A man on earth was totally unaware that he was being watched. I thought I sensed something ominous.

It was frightening to observe this from my world. He sat down in one of his rooms. Now I traced the astral beings, curious to know what their intentions were. The earth person leaned forward with his head in both hands and sighed deeply. One of the demons approached and wriggled himself into the man's aura, sensed his feelings and pierced him with his own will. I attuned myself to this being and felt what it wanted. Such monsters these are, I thought, what horrid beings! Murder and violence were being transmitted to the man. The astral being lay inside of him. The woman spirit stood beside him and watched the proceedings. All the time I kept contact with them. Remarkable was such a union, but very horrible, for it

incited man on earth to terrible deeds. The demon increased the hatred in him and this was very simple. He reinforced the man's feelings towards her who had caused him this anguish. Once gone far enough, he would execute this plan. The light that I now saw was devilish. The man on earth became wild. He leaped up from his seat and raced back and forth through the room! After a while he sat down again to think.

Oh, man, you are in the hands of evil, I thought. When you decide to do what they are forcing you to, a human being will die, and you too will enter this life. Murder and destruction was laid in him. There was nothing to be done for me here, I could not reach him, for the demons had him in their power and he had something to do with them.

Next I traced the feelings of the female spirit and looked in her life. She had been destroyed on earth, her life had been cut short. She had fought her battle, but she hated. She had received help in this life from her companion, who now had made contact. Her hatred was fierce and horrid; it was from her that it all originated. He, the man on earth, had killed her.

Me, this life had purified, but for her it had increased her hate. A human, but horrible play was being staged here before me. I was witness to an event that had started on earth first, and now was going to continue on this side. My heart beat in my throat. What should I do? I sensed clearly that I could never reach him. From this side it was wanted that he should kill. To protect himself from that fate, he would have to start a different lifestyle immediately, and do away with his desires. I felt that this was not possible, those powers were not in him.

Again I concentrated on him and felt that his hate had somewhat abated. He now sat there meditating quietly. The demon worked himself free again and said to his female companion: 'I thought I had him that far, but he does not come to a decision.'

I understood that the man on earth still remained himself, and that that was his own protection.

'Urge him on', said the female monster, 'make him drink, then his concentration will weaken.'

Once more the astral being squeezed himself into this earthly being and urged him to take a drink.

I was startled. Truly, he obeyed that strong will and jumped up. From a niche he took a pitcher and poured himself a full goblet, which he emptied at one draught. Once again he took a drink and feelings became stunned, his thoughts hard to control. The intoxication confused his brain, and he became restless. Now he was totally under their control.

With interest I followed this terrible process and remained where I was. Constantly I saw thoughts travel from him to that other personality. This time I would follow them, for I wished to know who caused it. I followed his thoughts by attuning myself to them, and these thoughts brought me to the place of the one who occupied all his thinking. It was very simple. Soon I entered a building and before me I saw an exquisitely beautiful woman. With her was an other man and now the whole situation became clear to me.

‘You must help me’, I heard her say, ‘my life is in danger for he is not himself anymore.’

‘Shall I stay here?’ I heard him ask.

‘Do that’, she answered, ‘let’s wait. But I am not sure, I do not trust him in anything.’

The being to whom she spoke radiated beautiful light. Him, I could reach and I would try to warn him of what was going to happen. I connected myself with him and imprinted my feelings in him. The flow of his thoughts I pushed towards the other one, and the conversation that now followed assured me that he had taken up my feelings. I heard him say. ‘I know him, he stops at nothing. You must be very careful, for you are not the first one. The rumours go, that if he has set his mind on something, he will resort to drastic measures if it does not work out to his advantage. I feel that this is a very serious situation. You are gambling with your life. Why did you go so far?’

‘What do you mean, going too far? Must I let myself being deceived? You mean to say that it is my fault? What gives you that idea?’

‘But I mean it, you went too far. You misjudged his personality, and now you have a case that is very serious. Do you want me to go and visit him?’ he added.

‘Visit him?’ she repeated, ‘what would you do?’

'I would talk to him, perhaps I can persuade him.'

'You? Your enemy?'

'Why not?'

'No', she said, 'that never.'

I withdrew, for I found myself in a very peculiar situation. Only I knew what could happen. Now what? Again I made contact with this young man and knew to what lengths he would go. He would give his life for her. But she was not worth it and I tried to prevent it. I planted the feelings in him that she was not worth it, and kept my concentration focussed on that. It did not take very long before he began to think. Sharp were the thoughts he now focussed on her. He now saw through her whole personality.

Delicate and humanly pure were his feelings. She, however, played with hearts, and I let him feel that clearly.

He stood up and asked again: 'How long have you known him?'

'Almost six months', she said.

'So, and you have promised him nothing, absolutely nothing?'

'How can you ask that?' was her question.

'How I can ask that, should be quite clear to you', he said quietly.

'I don't understand why he should have any right to make such demands.'

'You see that he thinks he can do so.'

He fathomed her, and I him, and I found that he did not know her very long. To him she was the unfathomable being, for the depth of her feelings could not be fathomed by man on earth. Therefore I raised his feelings and through me he could sense her as he never had before. Here I wanted to save what I could. If this person was willing to sacrifice himself for her, both he and she would be lost. I now wanted him to extricate himself from her influence. I imprinted a feeling of doubt in him, and then fortified these feelings by letting him feel her character, so that he became aware of it. I kept track of his thoughts and his interest for her lessened.

Suddenly he took a step forward and said: 'May I read the letter?'

She threw him a penetrating glance, shrugged her shoulders disdainfully and said: 'What would that matter you? Nothing. You would only lose your health and good humour.'

I realized immediately that I did not know everything. Was there

a letter? Had he written to her and made demands? Where was that letter? I intercepted her train of thought and knew where it was. She carried it with her, though she said she locked it away and could not get it just now. To me that was a lie. Now I read what was written in that letter. Extraordinary it was being able to do that. Every written word I saw clearly. Every word radiated light. This writing meant hatred. I did not have to read any more, I knew it already. It was an obvious ultimatum.

I read: Give me the opportunity to speak to you within twenty-four hours. Most of that time had already passed. This evening before twelve o'clock she had to decide. She was down to her last few hours. The man with her would guard her, and yet I felt clearly, that now in feelings he withdrew from her for he knew her true personality. This man was willing to give his life for her, but he had to know the reason why. That made me very happy, for those were my feelings.

And at this moment I saw an other miracle. Beside me, something started to materialize and a spirit built itself up before my eyes. I saw that she belonged to the higher beings.

'I thank you', the being said to me, 'for protecting my child.'

'Your child?' I said surprised.

'He is my child', and she pointed to him. 'I am very grateful to you, for I have followed him already for a considerable time. Have you taken in this scene completely? Do you know what is happening?'

'No', I answered, 'I do not know everything yet, I am busy following it.'

'Know then, that you cannot stop this. I have seen the danger a long time already, and therefore am following my child. But you must prevent him from coming closer to her. With concentration this is possible, then he shall have to withdraw himself. I shall help, but not here. God I shall ask for help, for it is necessary that he should live.'

'But', I said, seeing my own life suddenly before me, 'is this possible? Can one protect him when he must pass over, when he must experience this?'

'No', said the being, 'it is not that, but if you do not awaken him he will still go under. He will grieve over her and his life will then be

ruined. Do you feel what I mean?’

‘Yes indeed’, I said, ‘I understand you fully, I am trying already.’

‘I know it, and you must stay with him. He is the only one you can help there.’

‘And the others?’

‘They both pass over.’

‘Can you foresee this already?’

‘I have received it’, said the beautiful being to me.

My God, I thought, what a lot I still have to learn. ‘I shall stay with him, but can you give me some more advice still?’

‘Follow him and stay with him, more you do not need to do. But whenever possible, bring your feelings over onto him, and then he will act accordingly.’

Then the spirit withdrew herself and I was alone again with the two people. A hideous drama was going to happen. In the spheres this was already known. For me, this was another deep problem again and a marvel of human strength at the same time. Everything was known of the people on earth when both were connected. From this side one tuned in on the human being on earth, and what on earth were miracles, that could only be cleared up on this side, was nothing else but love between mother and child. I would try to take away the last feelings that he still had for her. I was learning laws that were new to me. The one lived through the other, and again an other was ruined by an invisible human. The one I had sought to protect could not be saved any more, but another I had not looked for or known even, was just the one I had to help. Now I waited to see what would happen. Everything was quiet here.

The young man spoke with her, but she evaded his questions and refused to see the seriousness of her situation. She had used her beauty to influence him; it was her beauty that attracted him. It was all really human. Such situations were the order of the day. But the way it all happened I only found out in this life, and I experienced it because I merged with it. Here I learned what I had not learned on my long trip. But I would not disappoint the lovely apparition. He was still blinded, but I had to try to kill his feelings, though I felt that it was not going to be easy.

This woman had close connections with the man influenced by

the demons. She had cut the connections, but not he, he didn't accept it. I could see it all now, it was very simple. He had deceived the demon-woman, and she had received help on this side from the horrible monster, so that now he was being pressured by them. Five people were involved in this, and I would try to save the young man. Not an easy task, but I would do my best. A mother was watching over her child; her feelings were kind and gentle and it made me feel good to have experienced it. In it I detected the purest kind of love, a love that was more exalted and mightier than mine. Even though I had been thinking, I was still monitoring what went on in the room and I now heard them talk again. He insisted to tell him all about her life with him, but she very cleverly parried all his questions and turned the conversation to other things. Still he kept returning to it. I gave him my feelings and urged him to persist. Short and severe were his questions; snippy and hypocritical her answers.

'If you do not tell me the truth I shall leave', said he.

'I have nothing to tell you', she snapped back. 'What do you want? Go if you don't like it, go, I know how to defend myself.'

He stood there, white as a sheet, startled by the rude outburst. How he began to see what she was really like, for I remained in contact with him.

She walked over to him. 'Come', she said, 'let it be.'

She snuggled up to him, and my power over him was transferred to her. It was not at all simple to totally control a person, and protect him from this side. Because of his love for her he repelled me, and because she nestled against him in close contact, my power over him was already broken. His own desires played tricks on me, and I had not counted on that. Everything here happened unexpectedly. That human will I had to subjugate, otherwise I would accomplish nothing. However, at this moment I could not reach him. Now my thoughts turned to the others. I wanted to know what was happening there, and left here to return later. Soon I was there and found him exactly as I had left him. Time went by. In and around him I still saw the two demons. He was now an instrument in their hands. What would the outcome of this drama be? I fathomed him again, and found that he already had taken a decision, and that he was bound with body and soul to the demons. His hatred had reached

its peak. His soul was infected with the poison from this side. It was inhuman what I observed. He had reached the age of forty, and that was too young to die. Yet he was lost for he did not want else. Enraged he stamped on the floor and emptied his goblet; this dulled his brain and increased his hate.

Suddenly he seemed to come to a decision. I felt what he had in mind, and just saw that he picked up a dagger and sheathed it. Then he made ready to leave. The demons followed him, their concentration remained sharply fixed on him.

In a flash I moved back to the one I was going to help. I concentrated on the surroundings and glided along. Around the house lay a magnificent garden, some trees closing off the view. I could see this earthly landscape clearly. Quickly I entered for it was time for action. I attempted to force both of them to leave, but I could not do it. He had again come totally under her spell and was entangled in her snare. His youthful blood could not be denied. I squeezed myself into him and sharpened his concentration. I could have stopped a run-away horse. A terrible fear assailed him.

‘What is the matter?’ she inquired interested.

‘I do not feel very well’, he said.

I then went over into her and gave her my fears with what I knew of their fate. Both of them felt me.

‘Something is going to happen’, she said, ‘I am afraid.’

He too was afraid, but did not want to show it to her,

‘He is coming’, she said.

‘What shall I do?’

‘Leave here’, she urged again, ‘for he will kill you.’

‘No’, he answered, ‘I stay.’

‘Go’, she urged once more, ‘it will cost you your life.’

‘I stay’, he said determinedly. He sat down and looked at her. She ran back and forth like a wild animal. Suddenly she let out a horrible scream, that penetrated even into my world. She was looking at the entrance and there stood her former lover. He surveyed the situation and smiled. Then he stepped forward and two pairs of eyes met. He looked from her to the one who had stepped in front of her.

‘Who are you?’ he asked my protégé. This one did not speak, but looked at him steadily.



‘Who are you?’ he asked once more, ‘and what are you doing in my house?’

My protégé was startled. ‘Your house?’

‘My house, what are you doing here?’

She stood rooted to the ground, close to desperation. Then with one jump she stood before him. ‘Go away’, she said ‘who gives you the right to speak like that?’

‘I come here when I so desire’, I heard him say.

Quicker than lightning he pulled out his dagger, and at the same instant two people were stabbed. My protégé, in severe shock, left. I stayed behind to see how this would end. They were still alive, but would both die.

At the same moment I saw this I heard beside me: ‘Follow him, you can return here later.’

I concentrated on him again and soon reached him. He was moving along as in a dream, and completely unaware of where he was going. When I concentrated on him I found that his thoughts were fierce, but I succeeded in bringing some order in his thinking, so that he began to ask himself questions. He felt my thoughts and my power brought him to awareness. Suddenly, however, he burst out crying and collapsed. That, too, I had not counted on. What now? I wanted to wake him, but without results. Hours passed. At last I saw that he was brought to his own home. And then I returned to the place of the fatal stabbing. Both were still alive, but a few minutes later she expired.

While I was watching this, I noticed shadowy figures near to me which I thought I had seen before. They now became visible for me and I saw that they made long magnetizing striking movements above the material body. Then I heard a terrifying scream, and the spirit went out of the body. She was dead on earth, but born on this side. He was still alive, but that would not be for long. The demons stood watching from a distance. They had left him to himself, but were waiting on this side for his entrance here. I stood there waiting to see what they would do. In these few hours I had experienced a ghastly drama. Now I heard a muffled cry, and I understood: he too would pass over.

But again, an other thing occurred to me. Again I saw shadows,

and these shadows carried him away. But how could that be? Had he too not taken his own life? What did it mean? That very moment I heard spoken within me: 'This is the end for him!'

'The end?' I repeated, 'the end for him?' My God how incomprehensible are your laws.

'Follow those shadows', I was told, 'only later can this be explained to you. For him this is the normal end.'

Whose voice was that? Someone who had committed suicide died in the normal way? And what about me? Too complicated, I thought, this goes too deep for me. At some time or other the significance will be given me. I did not hear any more and began to follow these shadows.

Where would they go? I felt myself lifted up, and in full flight we went away from this spot. The demons too took off and followed the shadows. I felt we were leaving the earth. Steadily higher and higher we went, so that I could not see earth any more. This too I had neither seen nor felt, nor experienced during my prolonged journey. What kind of wonder was this again? I continued to follow them.

Did those demons know where the shadows were going? I felt, however, that I would experience a new miracle, about which I knew nothing yet, even though I thought to know a lot already. On and on we travelled. These shadows I remembered seeing on the occasion of the street fights. Suddenly that thought came to me. There too they had carried away those who had died. But where to I did not know, but now I would find out. Before me a city doomed up. I entered a different world. Around me I saw houses and buildings. Where was I? This could not be a heaven, for darkness hung over everything. Still they went further and further, and flew right through all those buildings. At last they descended, and I felt that I was at ground level. The ground felt solid. The demons too were close beside me, yet they did not see me. I followed their actions too. They were watching like predators and I sensed their intentions. That being there held their fullest attention.

The dead person was laid down in a dark cave. Around me I saw more of such caves and holes. I now could see the shadows clearly, and one of them irradiated him, he also made long magnetizing striking movements above the body. This lasted a long time. I con-

tinued to watch with wonder what they were doing. The demons also remained watching from a short distance. I perceived that the shadows felt them too, for one of them looked in their direction and I heard them speak, and started by what I heard.

‘Our work is done’, said one of the shadows, ‘presently they can attack him.’

That immediately cleared up the whole situation for me. My master had told me about this. I too would have had such a thing happen to me, had I died in the natural way. The shadows were leaving and already both demons attacked the sleeping man like lunatics, and beat him up. I heard him moan and felt that he was regaining consciousness. He was kicked and hit and then dragged out of the hole.

‘Leave me alone’, I heard him say, ‘let me be.’

Then the woman shouted some swearwords at him, and damned him. I saw that there would not be much left of him, but I felt also that I could do nothing here. The demons had him in their power, no doubt about that. Devils they were! They grabbed him and heaved him a few meters away and started to beat him up once more.

Where in heaven’s name had I landed? I seemed to be in a hell, but this one was not familiar to me. How could I find out about it?

The being uttered ghastly moans and still it was not enough, for they continued to beat him. These people were beside themselves, all kinds of profane language and curses they threw at him. He was to blame for her downfall. How bestial were these people, here they lived themselves out. I felt such a hatred as I had never known on earth. How could a human being hate so deeply? And still they continued. The deceased was not aware of anything any longer. He did not feel the beatings any more, he was unconscious. The woman was like a wild, brutal beast, she was horrible. My God, I thought, what beasts, what has become over these people. Finally they let him lie there.

‘We will be back’, I heard them say, ‘we’ll wake you up again. First we let you sleep to gather strength, but then we’ll be back.’

‘I’ll be back’, I heard the female being say. ‘Where is the other one?’

The male spirit to whom this question was directed, said: ‘She isn’t here.’

‘A pity’, I heard her say. ‘Come, let’s go, back to earth.’

Back to earth, I thought, aren't we on earth anymore? Where then was I, in hell? But where? I stood stiff with fright and thought. Suddenly I felt hand on my shoulder and I looked up in the face of a human being.

'Brother', the being said to me, 'do you stand idly by when an other person is torn apart by demons?'

'I can't do anything yet', I said, 'I stand here powerless. Tell me, where am I?'

The being looked at me and said: 'You are in the spheres. This here is a hell. Where you come from belongs to the earth, and are the astral regions, but this is the land of the spirit.'

'Remarkable', I said and asked: 'Are you a spirit of light?'

'Yes, I am.'

'What do you do here?'

'I try to help the unfortunate ones.'

'Here in this darkness?'

'Yes, in this hell, and there are many more.'

'What kind of land is this, I see houses and buildings?'

'This here is the Land of Hatred. In reality you see a city, but this city is pulled up through hate.'

'What are you doing here so by yourself?'

'I am not alone, here are thousands of helpers to help those who wish for help.'

'Could I have helped them?'

'You could have given your life for the one who was brought here from earth.'

'Can I give my own life?'

'Yes, it is possible. Look over there.'

I looked to where he pointed, and at the same instant I was being attacked; before I knew what was happening, I was dragged through the darkness. Once before I had been set upon, so that I knew how to extricate myself out of those claws. A satanical laughter followed me. Those cads! What kind of hypocrites lived here together? I felt that I had freed myself, but evil was prowling after human beings here, just like on earth. I had not counted on that. They had attacked me unexpectedly, those devils! What kind of people lived here?

I was in an other world, but which one? There before me was that

hell. I still wanted to know what had happened to him, and so I returned. I concentrated strongly on the being that was laid down there. I might be attacked again, but still I went down there. That demon had pretended to be a brother, this was a dangerous place.

It grew dark around me, and I felt that I was going in the right direction. Warily I approached. There lay the human being. Left and right I saw other beings, and these people were like the demons who had followed him. I could also hear them talking. They talked about me. Did I hear right? Yes, they were telling one another how they had attacked me.

From this I understood that I was in an other hell. I was far away from earth here. This was their spiritual attunement. Was this region situated outside the sphere of the earth? Where was the earth? I would watch for it. Did I feel the meaning? Was the astral world on earth? Was that the truth? I had entered a to me unknown sphere. Furthermore I heard him announce that the others had returned to earth, but that they would return here. One of them was keeping watch. They were waiting till he would waken again, and then there would be another fight.

People were beaten to death on earth, but here they only could be beaten unconscious. One 'had' to wake up here. I also thought I felt this problem and found it hideous. Nothing but cruelty, passion and violence was what I observed here. All were demons, demons who made others believe they were higher spirits, so that they could beat up the unwary. I still felt the beating they had given me. How terrifying was everything I had experienced up to now. I had been attacked in the astral world, but I found them even meaner here.

Many now left, but two stayed behind. Did all these belong with him, did they all have some connection with him? The evil he had perpetrated on earth was waiting for him here. Probably there might be hundreds who had some connection with him. A short while later again others came. Also the first demons who had sent him here returned, among them the woman who was the leader of them all. There before me I saw a terrible conspiracy.

A detestable gang of robbers and murderers were banding together. They all belonged together, it was unbelievable. Here I was learning the connection devils have, hundreds were joined together. Now

they were talking about me, that I had followed them, but that they had destroyed me. Wouldn't you have liked that, I thought, however I was no match for such superior numbers. What else could I do here?

I wanted to go back to earth, to the one I had left behind all alone. I would follow the voice of my heart, and that voice and desires I kept focussed on earth. A man of the earth I had seen entering the domain of the spirit. It had been an awful passing over, for here the evil was waiting for him and stood guard over him. When he woke up they would attack him anew. I shivered and shook of these satanic powers. But now I concentrated on earth and wanted to go faster, for I felt fear creeping up in me. The hell here dissolved around me, and by keeping my thoughts steady on the earth I floated there towards it. My feelings had been right. Out there a region of spirits existed, and now I was on my way back to earth. On earth there were astral regions, that must be so, I could not find another explanation for it. But then the demon had spoken the truth!

Earth came in sight already. Now I kept my thoughts fixed on the person I had intended to protect. The only thing I had been able to do for him was to help him think and discover her true character, and that had not been much. The earth became now quite visible for me, it was as if I could see more clearly. Would that be because now I was doing something for others? In any case it gave me a pleasant feeling, for I was aware of my good intentions.

And on earth now, I entered a building. I kept my thoughts focussed on the man I had left behind and walked through the rooms. He who had undergone this tragedy lay sleeping in one of the rooms. Around him stood some earth people. I saw that he was waking up, and that the people wanted to ask him questions. In an instant I knew what I had to do. I merged my mind with his and answered every question. I stated that I had nothing to do with all this. He, himself, did not quite know which way he should answer, as I clearly felt, but he had to follow my way or he would be lost. So, I stayed with him and forced him to answer in this way. My control over him was total, and he listened to me. Presently an old man entered, of whom I felt that this was his father. He listened in, and understood the predicament his child was in. He was asked whether he knew both persons.

‘No’, he said.

‘You were followed’, I heard them say.

‘Then these people did not see right’, he added.

Suddenly I thought that all was lost, for he started to cry. This was the wrong thing to do, he might be considered guilty. They now thought that he would break down and confess. I increased my concentration and forced him to remain calm. At the same time I felt that I was being assisted. With the strength I laid in him he managed to recover and said: ‘I am quite upset, what do you mean coming here and asking me those questions?’

The father too joined in and pleaded for his child. I understood that this was the only way to save him from the scaffold.

‘I am not feeling well’, he said, ‘and with the other business I have nothing to do. I now wish to go back to sleep, for I am unwell and feel sick. Search here no longer.’

The father took over the conversation and tried to convince them of the innocence of his child.

‘Where were you at such and such a time?’ one of the men still asked him. ‘You were found far from your home.’

‘That is true, but it had no connection with that.’

‘All right’, they said and left.

The first part of the examination was over. I felt myself attracted to him, but knew not why. Might I perhaps have something to do with him? Soon he fell into a deep sleep, but I continued to watch over him. Remarkable feelings rose in me. I felt as I did long ago when my parents were still alive, and yet I was now in a foreign country. Did I know these beings? I fathomed him and then his father. At this moment I felt the so familiar working within me again. Was I being connected with something? From the past something loomed up in my mind. Did these beings have a link with me in times gone by? Again I fathomed them to try to feel their whole being, their deepest inner life. With this, however, I did not succeed, and so their life remained enveloped in a dense haze. I had no doubt that this meant something, for in this life everything had significance. Every thought that was felt or uttered consciously or unconsciously had meaning for the one who received it. However, I felt attracted to him only, not to his father. Our feelings, or what-

ever it was, were a match. In his situation lay something of me and those feelings returned to me. It was this that occupied my mind, that was strange but I felt it very clearly. In feelings his father was far removed from me, him I felt rather as the contact to this human being. These feelings came to me while he was sleeping. After a long sleep he woke up again, jumped out of bed, and went looking for his father. I followed him, for I wanted to know what he would discuss with him. This time I held back on my concentration, otherwise he would transmit my feelings, and I would not learn anything. I was trying to find out the whole truth.

A conversation now took place between father and son.

‘I am not guilty’, he spoke. ‘None of that was my doing.’

‘Were you there?’ the father asked.

‘Yes, before my eyes he stabbed himself and also her, whom I have know for a short time only.’

‘Are you telling the truth, Lantos?’

That shocked me. Did I hear right? Lantos? He had my name? Was he a member of our family? Had my feelings been correct? My God, I thought, what have we here again.

Whereupon he answered: ‘I speak the truth, father. Were I guilty, I would put my head on the block immediately, but this was not of my making, believe me.’

‘I believe you’, said his father. ‘I understand and will help you. Leave this to me. They must accept it, or your life will be forfeit. You have, however, chosen the best way to handle it. Continue that way, or your head rolls.’

His father left, and I knew what he was going to do.

Lantos, I thought, this young man carried my name? Suddenly I thought I felt the solution. A being of our family lived on earth. Now I began to look around the room and recognized many objects we had possessed also. If my feelings were right, goods of our possessions had been saved still. Then they were the ones who either had inherited our estate, or received it in one way or another. Left and right I noticed objects from my time. It was miraculous. Was it master Emschor again who had connected me this time? Was the working I had felt his? It could not be otherwise. I sat down and thought about my former life.



Suddenly I heard a soft voice say: 'Thank you Lantos Dumonché for your help.'

It startled me, for my name was mentioned.

'Do you know me?' I asked.

'Yes', said the voice, 'I know you. To all of this there will be a good ending, but my child will go away. He bears your name, and yet he belongs to an other family. In one of your lives he was your child. You can see, that your paths are being watched. He who convinced you of the past, sent me to you. Accept it, it is all true.'

'Are you his mother?'

'Yes, he is my child.'

'How mighty are the powers of the masters, to be able to know all this.'

'Their powers are unlimited. If it is God's will then everything will be revealed to us.'

'What should I do next?' I asked.

'Go on and continue your own way.'

'Can I be of more help here?'

'No, here your help is not necessary anymore.'

'Did master Emschor want me to experience this?'

'Yes, and as you see, it has happened already.'

'Was I sent here?'

'Yes, those who possess these forces, can do so, and you know these powers. Thank God for all this.'

Again my feelings had been correct, and Emschor had shown it to me on the place of my birth.

'Where is the woman who was killed?' I asked.

'In a different world. You may visit her later. But do wait a long time, for she too sleeps and will have to sleep a very long time.'

'Thank you very much', I said to the being, 'but why does all this happen to me?'

'To convince you of your past, and because it is necessary.'

'Do you have connection with everything and everybody in the spheres of light?'

'We are joined with millions of beings, and you also belong to them.'

'Dear spirit, from the depth of my soul I thank you, now I know enough, thank you.' The spirit left.

Remarkable I thought, I had protected my own child, how deep was everything. Enormous are the powers of those who know all this. Always again it was the past; apparently I hadn't experienced enough yet. I had never thought of that, but then, who would? The higher up one went, the deeper one could view into life, and into those lives that had already been lived. This life is grand, I told myself.

Where should I go next? First I went to visit the man I had protected. He had gone back to rest, and I felt that no danger threatened him now. It wasn't his time to go yet. How many beings were connected with this event? It might be thousands, and yet it happened only for him. But it had taught me much, I realized now that by no means I knew everything about my own hell. Through just one situation I became connected with the whole universe. Through just one person I learned what would prove impossible on earth. This then was wisdom of the spirit, it belonged to this life. But it was mighty and deep, very deep.

But now I wished to move on, and would look for new work. Where to? Should I return to my cell? Probably I would find work there, for many unfortunates lived there. Was I being directed there? I liked the idea, for there were demons trying to destroy those unlucky people. What I encountered was always violence. Here evil lived together. Still I did not go to my cell yet, for first I wanted to pay an other visit to that other world, so that I would learn all about it. And so, I went back to that other being.

I was soon there, and saw that he was still being guarded. Poor human being, whatever you have done, this is frightful. He would have to make up what he once had misdone. How many people had he sent here? Had he had that power on earth? That seemed to be the case according to all that I observed.

Again I roamed the streets of that gloomy city and I was all eyes! If I had not seen it for myself, I would not have believed it. Here lived the people of the earth, but I soon realized that only the evil was gathered here. I saw shadows here too, but they belonged to the higher attuned beings who came to help these unhappy ones. Fathers and mothers they carried on their shoulders away from this place of horrors. Where were they going? They dissolved as it were

before me, which for me was very wondrous. Still I had to watch powerless, for I could not go with them, no matter how much I would want to. An invisible power called me a halt. When I tried it anyway, it was as if I was suffocating and my breath were cut off. Therefore I gave up, because I understood the reason why. I was not yet that far, and did not have those powers. The law of the spirit was inexorable. Was this God? No, this wasn't God, it was I who had locked myself in, and therefore could not leave my hell. Only when I had acquired these powers I could go higher and further.

I was, however, constantly surprised by everything I saw. It was like earth here, and yet this region lay far distant from the earth. Therefore it was called the spirit world. I lived in a city, but that city was distorted. It was a real hell, but this hell differed from the astral regions. Here I was in the true hell of the life after death. Every hell had its own significance, and I went down to visit all of them. In them people were living who moved along like animals, were not human anymore, so that I shuddered. I came upon beings covered with wounds, and when I did not understand their condition I would fathom them, so that I learned why they were like that. So I walked around the sphere of the suicides who had undergone the process of decomposition on earth. From the earth they had come here. In this way everyone pursued his own way or joined up with others. I pitied these people, but yet I could not help them. It was here that I felt the deepest sorrow any person could receive.

All alone I stumbled on, and so I learned about these hells. Always further I wandered, deeper and deeper I descended, and visited one hell after another. I came to a hell where the people were neither animal nor human. They lay down there and slept, and I felt that they could have been sleeping there for perhaps hundred of years. But one day they would wake up and then their life on this side would begin.

All that misery I had experienced; how had I been able to withstand it! Now I had advanced enough already to want to do something for others. Whether all these beings had to return to earth I did not know. For them it would be a blessing, because on earth they had everything. When they would descend from their hell into the world of the unconscious to return to earth, they would of course

have no memory of anything, for their experiences lay deep, very deep down in their soul. Whoever had gained the powers to probe into the depths of the soul would see and feel these realities. But only the masters, the cosmic awakened ones, as master Emschor said, could do this.

When I tuned in on these people, I felt that they had already finished their cycle on earth, and that from here they would have to go further to seek the higher life. How I came to understand this so all of a sudden, I did not know, but I presumed that I had received help again. Their sleep was different from mine when I had been connected with it at the edge of my own grave. But not only their sleep but also this world, hell or sphere, or whatever the place where they lived was called, was different. Though they themselves did not feel it, their world had movement, but in that other world there was nothing, it was empty. Now I felt even more, namely, that those who would return to earth immediately went to the world of the unconscious, but only then if it was related to their cycle on earth.

There were others though, who had died on earth and had come here, who could go back to execute one or an other task, but these descended consciously into this connecting world. These then were two possibilities to return to earth, but the one of them was a spiritual law. Again I felt that these thoughts were not my own and I thanked the invisible help for these feelings.

Ever deeper I went down, and when I concentrated clearly on my location, I found myself close to earth. Man, oh man, I thought, who are you? Why all the misery? I felt at this time that all these hells ran into one another. Whether deeper or higher, still they were one. Hence it was likely that the heavens were also arranged like that. I went back to the hell where I had left the demons behind. They were with him, watching him still, for his sleep was deep, yet some time he would wake up again. How it all worked, I did not understand but I shuddered of all these horrors.

How hard and cruel were these beings, they continued to wait and wait. They could not forgive him what he had done to them. He had taken away their life, and probably that of very many others, and that he had to make good. I felt the depth of this problem. A person stood on this side before his own ruined life, before all his sins

and mistakes. Here one could hide nothing. Even though it was very sad, he had willed it himself and that was the most horrible part of it.

If people on earth could only know this. How I wished that I might some day tell them of the many who would lie in wait for them here because they had something to make up to them! I felt full well that here I would find no end to my learning and that I could go on and on for thousands of years. For there was no end. Didn't I live in eternity? People on earth had not the slightest notion of eternity. They lack the ability to grasp the idea of eternity. When they enter here an invisible power calls them a halt, and they stand face to face with their own personality. The one receives happiness, the other terrible misery. This will first have to be lived, before the depth of this life can be felt.

Many consecutive years I spent in all of these hells. When my help was needed I fully gave myself. After all these years I thought I saw more light, it was beginning to dawn in my hell. At first I did not want to believe it, but I had to accept that it was true. I had not done very much for my fellow men yet, but I was ready to stake all of my inner being.

Now I began to feel that I did not want to stay here any longer. This hell I knew as well as the hells that lay below it. There were seven in all. In those hells I had learned that it was not very easy to help people, but I would try to overcome these difficulties. It had made me merge totally with this life, and that means spiritual knowledge.

Now I would return to my dungeon. It was as if I was being sent there. Was it someone's influence? Then could they follow my exploits from afar? I sensed that it had to be so.

When I tuned myself in on the earth, this world dissolved for me. This dissolving was very remarkable. I practised it several times till I understood it completely. Next I sharpened my concentration and I floated through the mighty universe towards the earth. I was aware that millions of beings, stars and planets, suns and heavenly bodies were all around me, and yet I was alone, totally alone and deserted on my way to help others. My concentration I held fixed on my dungeon. By thinking of it constantly I should get there. This forward gliding and the connection with other situations I had already acquired. When it concerned my own life I could observe every-

thing, but all that lived above my own world remained invisible to me. As I said before, more light had come into my hell, and the reason for that was that I was changing inside. One day the higher spheres would also become visible for me.

Soon I was back on earth. I entered the place where I had been locked up. My cell however was empty. Then I visited the other cells, for I wanted to know if I might be needed here. Those I had met during my first visit, were all gone to this side already. Centuries had passed, and still this building served as a prison. I went into one of the cells. Before me I saw an old man, who I guessed to be sixty years old. He too was like a skeleton.

Again I felt that gentle persuasion from the higher spirits, that served to remind me that they still followed me in everything. It was as if they had called me, and it gave me great joy when I felt it. How mighty were the powers of the spirit, distance just did not exist here. Still I did not understand the workings of these forces, though it was wondrous to experience them.

He was sitting in a corner of his cell peering all around him. My senses told me that he had contact with the world on this side. As soon as I had tuned myself in, I saw immediately.

My God, I thought, what have we here again? Several demons I observed, one of them, a female being, had made contact with him. She was a horrid monstrosity. I sat down close beside him and followed his train of thoughts. With me too was a demon, a former enemy; here, however, it was a female being. The man was consumed by passion, and through this passion he intended to make an end to his life. The connection he had was much closer than mine. Clearly the being manifested herself to him. I fathomed him and felt how long he still had to live. It was only a few weeks before he would die. How could I best break this connection and free him, to protect him from suicide? He spoke to the astral beings, whom he clearly saw.

‘Oh, help me’, he said, ‘have pity. Who are you?’

I followed this horrid show, and now heard the spirit say the words that sounded so devilish in my ears: ‘Make an end to your life, then you can come here.’

‘Where?’ he asked.

‘Here in our world.’

This I had to try to prevent, I knew only too well what awaited him there. It would take all my powers, but I felt that this man could be saved. I would try to suppress his passions, and I meditated for a long time how I would go about it.

‘Come to our world’, how devilish, how mean were these beings. Now I merged with him and shone my radiation upon him, so that he fell asleep for a short moment. The monster on this side felt that she had lost her power over him, temporarily.

‘He is asleep’, I heard her say, ‘how did that happen so suddenly? But we won’t leave him alone.’

I merged with her and felt whom she was, and how she was connected with him. What she wanted she could easily find on this side and on earth, but this old man had something to do with her life. The connection, I saw and felt, originated on earth. She hated. She had sunk deeper than he, and therefore he was within my reach. I would do everything to prevent this demon from gaining control over him. Shortly before his death they wanted to force this detestable process upon him. She knew how hideous this process was and was well acquainted with all the agonies it would cause him.

During his sleep I put wonderful thoughts in him, among others from his childhood. With these thoughts he presently woke up. He sat staring in front of him, and spoke some words in his mind, that I could not hear, but felt coming through within me as my own thoughts. He thought that he had dreamed. In him, at this moment, lay his youth, and with those memories he extricated himself from the claws of that being. In this way I managed to keep her influence away from him. They had been acquainted on earth, but she nurtured a deadly hate towards him. His life had been anything but sweet, but compared to her, he was a saint.

My will was dominant over his now, so that he continued to think in the same direction. And so the night passed. Oh, how well I understood his torments. No one could understand him better than I, for the same kind of life had also been mine. I knew all about it. I had experienced those laws and that terrible way of passing over. By day he could not see those beings either, but at night the astral being condensed himself; and I now knew how that was possible. By mani-

festing themselves they could urge this unhappy man to end his life sooner. When they achieved a close connection with him, then his passing over would be unavoidable. Therefore they always tried this connection at night or during deep darkness. But I continued to watch over him. I laid my own radiation around him and waited.

All day long he paced up and down in his cage. When he became exhausted, he sat down and began to think anew. I tried, as Emschor had done with me, to show myself, but I had to give up for I could not do it. Many times I tried, but without success. I should have to possess more powers and I now understood that I had to dominate all those dark spheres if he were to see me, and so I gave up. It strongly brought home to me how powerful the higher spirits were. Notwithstanding this disappointment I felt happy doing this work. This then would be my first important deed in this life.

Night was approaching again, but on this side no one had come yet. I watched my charge, saw what he did and felt what he longed for. His desires went out to her, and when he concentrated strongly I felt my radiation began to weaken. Then his own will pushed my help away, which lay around him like a dense haze. Still I tried to prevent this and keep him under my influence. But when he applied his own will the haze weakened and he slipped into the other forces, which he longed for.

The night darkness grew deeper, and still I did not see any beings. I would spot them as soon as they returned to him. The dungeon was still and hideous. The wind howled outside through the bars and made him shiver. In my time this had frightened me too, thousands of other feelings I had experienced in my time. They were inseparable. He too was living these same experiences. I tried to free him from them and prayed fervently to God to help me. For hours on end I prayed very intensely and through my prayer he felt some warmth stealing in. What I felt, he felt, for we were one. Therefore I could hear the howling of the wind, otherwise it would have been impossible to hear that in my world.

It did him good, so that I continued my prayer. I knew this misery and knew what to ask my Father. My prayer was pure, very human. I did not pray for myself, but for the ability to help and protect him from this downfall. So, I prayed and continued to pray, and



this night too passed without any incidents. Thank God, I thought, two nights of his time had gone by. I checked his time and saw that he had been shut up here for many years already. He too had marked the days and years. By day I tried to exert influence on him and get him to pray too. If I would succeed in that, then he could not be reached so easily anymore. But this man too had prayed little during his lifetime. But I persisted. I put devout thoughts and the idea of dying in his mind. I let him feel that he would soon die. He took up that thought of mine and reflected about it in all sincerity.

‘Oh, God’, he said to himself, ‘what will await me? Can you forgive a poor sinner?’

Then again he interrupted his own thinking in order to reflect on other inferior things. When he let the animal-like feelings get the upper hand, he cut off my connection and the protective haze I had laid around him dissolved. Yet he fought against his own feelings. He knew, no, he felt very clearly that what he did was wrong. But he was always drawn back to it. He fought the evil in him, and that fight was not very simple.

I too on my long journey, had to fight myself. I had freed myself of all earthly pleasures and feelings but that freedom fight had been a ghastly struggle. My love for Marianne had protected me from this detestable life. Hence I understood that a person had need of something to hold on to. My thought world had been a series of events, like that of Marianne on earth, and yet, just the thought of her had given me the necessary strength, or I too would have stumbled again and again. But I had muddled through.

He too was busy, but could he win out over himself? I would continue to help this poor man. It was a fight of life or death, a fight of evil against good, and against his own will. That being, the woman who had returned to him, was the most pressing danger to his self-preservation. If he would connect with her again, then he could not be saved anymore. The powers to turn himself against her, he did not possess.

Therefore I kept on praying, for I knew that only a higher power could help me. When other and higher beings sensed my feelings, they would support me from afar and I knew that a sincere prayer sent out would bring help from those who could receive those feel-

ings. My prayers went on and on, for I made a solemn vow that nothing would stop my prayer. I prayed for a human being who was in danger. It had once been terrible for me.

Days and nights went by, and I sensed that the demons would be powerless if I could continue to protect him in this manner. I had entered inside of him and stayed there. So close was I connected with him, that he even looked for things to kill the time in the daytime. It meant to me that the evil had fallen asleep. He drew people and figures in every usable space of his cell. That was quite remarkable to me. I fathomed him to find out from where those feelings came so suddenly. He found it strange himself.

Suddenly he did something I did not expect, that made me aware that I did not have him as completely under my control as I thought. He cut a gash in his skin so that it bled. With his own blood he now drew nude figures on the walls. He considered this a funny amusement, but I pondered about it and thought I understood. These feelings came from deep within him. Like a wall of spiritual strength my aura surrounded him, yet he squeezed himself through it, although I had prevented him from doing so for some days. He continued to draw figures. Enormously taut were his feelings, and I sensed that I had to set him free, if only for a minute, otherwise I would drive him insane.

He had a very strong will, and the penetration of his personality brought him in this unexpected and incomprehensible situation. I had a problem! His inner being was looking for a way out, and hit upon this way, even though a dense spiritual force-field surrounded him. Feelings merged, but we would be totally one only if we cherish but one thought, as my master had taught me. For me all this was remarkable and educational, since here I learned the depth of the soul and to fathom the human being. Still I remained in contact with him. He stopped his drawing for a moment, and I felt that notwithstanding his own will, he still listened to me. It was as if he was waking up. He sighed deeply and admired his own 'art work'.

Again I faced an enigma. He rubbed over his eyes and knew not what he had done. He looked at his arm and cursed at his own address.

'How did I come to do this?' he questioned himself, 'maybe I am going crazy?' He looked around him and saw several figures he had

drawn. 'Remarkable', he said, 'how did that happen so suddenly?'

He was unaware of it all, from which I deducted that his whole being had merged with mine. Yet I had felt nothing during his drawing, but I understood the danger of it all, for, because of me he had lapsed into a strange, unfamiliar situation in his feelings. I had to admit honestly, that I thought he had taken over my feeling for art without my knowledge, because in me lay that art. But this was not the case, it went deeper, since he knew nothing of what he had done and was frightened by the results. This I had not wanted. My thoughts and concentration had never been directed towards that, there was nothing in me that had been thinking of art at the time. Where did these feelings come from? Were they in him, or did he descend into a former life? I fathomed his life on earth, and saw that there was no art in it. He had never learned it, he had a very different profession. This was an enigma that I could not solve.

However, I sensed that I should continue in this manner, and then the enigma would resolve itself. For a long time I searched him and concentrated on his innermost being, and there in the farthest depth of his human feeling, I felt hidden feelings of art. From the very depth of his past these feelings had risen to the surface. He too had been an artist at heart. How deep was a human being with all those feelings that remained latent. Now I knew for sure that those feelings of art had not been mine, for when he began to draw it had startled me.

I now must try to take these feelings of art away from him again, and I felt that I must let him have more freedom, if I did not want to drive him insane. It would upset him frightfully if he found that he had done something for the second time of which he had no recollection. Through my concentration I had pulled him up into this life completely, and he had come under the deepest inspiration any artist on earth could wish himself. It became now obvious to me, that in this condition the greatest and most exalted works of art were created. What only mattered here for me, however, was, that I put to rest those feelings for art which so suddenly awakened in him. I took my force-field away from him, set his thinking free and he felt that he was becoming his own self again. Now I could start all over again.

He had stretched out to rest. However, before nightfall I would have to re-establish my contact with him. When these beings returned he would go into them. And so, when night approached, I made a very light connection with him. But I stayed in my own world and looked on to see what was going to happen, for I had a premonition that they would return tonight. He was sending his thoughts to this world, and yearned for a talk with her.

‘Are you there?’ he asked unexpectedly.

I did not see anybody, so I answered: ‘Yes, I am here.’ My words he heard in his inner being. I now did exactly like the demons who had spoken with me, I was glad that he gave me this opportunity. This was a way that had never occurred to me and which I had not counted on. It was a new way to make connections. I was in and around him and still I could reach him. This kind of connection was better and closer than the first. I directed my concentration towards him, and in all silence built a new wall of spiritual strength around him, while all the time I remained one with him.

And so I answered that I was with him and he said to me: ‘I have asked you questions, but why did you stay away so long? You still have not told me whether there is a death?’

Remarkable I thought, he asks exactly what I had asked. My answer was: ‘There is no death.’

‘There is no death? And you said first that there was, and now again that there isn’t?’

‘No, there is no death.’ From this I concluded that they had not told him the truth either. In connections with demons a person was invariably cheated and lied to.

‘You did not understand me’, I added.

‘Not understand you?’

‘No’, I said.

Then there was a moment of silence. Man on earth accepted it all, he could not see through that veil and he would have to if he wanted to penetrate into our world. Lies and deceit were given him, and because of lies and deceit I had made an end to my life on earth. Still this man’s connection was closer than mine had ever been. He possessed more of those forces than I’d had when my end was approaching. At the same time I understood that all these forces were related

to the approaching end. The soul was slowly getting ready to leave the material body. Because his spiritual body was coming into contact with this world, it would become more difficult for me to protect him from these beings. I felt and oversaw this.

Again he asked me: "Tell the truth, is there death?"

'No', I said, putting all my power in that word, so that it made his heart beat faster.

This conversation and the vibration inside of him, frightened him. Our connection was very close again. I was fully myself and yet he did and felt as I wished him to do. This situation had come to him unconsciously. I tried to fathom this and scanned his spiritual condition, but in that I did not see or feel the slightest opposition. Now we were one and I would try to keep up this unity of soul. I now examined his physical condition; this was very simple for me, because I felt it within my own self.

His heart was weakened, something I could plainly see, I felt it beating. Every hour used up a whole month of physical strength in ordinary living conditions. He was a wreck. The weakness of his earthly body, the yearning of his soul, the personal will, in all these lay this sensitivity. I understood that fully.

But now I felt the feelings of art returning in him. Now what? If he would give himself over to them, he would become totally insane. I tried to influence him in such a manner that he would go over into his material life fully aware, and to that end I thought up various earthy things. Through concentration I managed to make him sing and whistle. Next I forced him to walk in his cell up and down. From one silliness he went to another. My plan worked, by doing all these things he became himself again. The past sank back for him, and thus one danger was over. I now would have to calm him down somewhat and therefore I made myself one with him again, for I had to let him free when he was thinking of all these earthy things. All that walking up and down had made him tired. He sat down and tried to sleep. But he could not sleep, he was too fully conscious. Now I understood how I had been. For I too had not been able to sleep and this was the explanation. His inner being was in revolt.

For thousands of things I had to watch out here. I had not be-

lieved that it would be so difficult to help an earth human from this side. I did feel though that I was doing good work, for I relieved him of much suffering and from the most unbelievable agonies, not known on earth. For that I gave myself, all of my inner-self. I felt now that the past had returned to the past. This man too was deep. Every human being carried a deeply submerged past, because everybody has its ties with the cosmos. These were cosmic forces, and belonged to a completely different life. A life that I did not know, but which, through him now, revealed itself to me. He was dazed, panting for breath, for his body could not endure all of this.

Now something was approaching, I felt it. That cursed being, that monstrous hussy would influence him. This would be an open battle between her and me. But I had to take on two beings, for his will, his own personality was also against me. That will demanded and wished to contact her. That will, that enormous human will would be my undoing if I could not muster enough strength to prevent it.

‘Here I am’, I heard her say.

She did not see me, but looked in my direction. I appeared to her as a shadow, but wrapped in a haze. She knew these shadows, just as well as I had seen them in and around me. It told her that he was not alone.

She attuned herself to him and asked: ‘Aren’t you alone?’

A bit of luck, I thought, she thinks he has someone with him on earth.

‘What do you say?’ he asked. So he had heard something, but had not understood her clearly. I experienced the most remarkable things here, but at the same time horrible ones.

‘I am here’, she said after a pause, ‘don’t you see me?’

He was still sitting, staring dazedly ahead and did not answer. Still she had picked up his inner urge to speak and urged: ‘Come now, give me an answer, I am here!’

It sounded so snippy and severe that it woke him and he came to life. There was now but one possibility open to me to keep him out of her claws. I tried to overpower his inner being and make contact with her, so that I could receive her conversation.

I said to the being: ‘Go away and leave me alone.’

A very long silence followed. She had clearly received my mes-

sage. Suddenly she left. Where was she going? Had she felt any resistance? Had she gone for help and did she know where to get it? I knew that on this side such a being could join with a similar character, and together they could eliminate a human being.

So I waited. Beside me the man had come to his senses. He looked around and thought that he saw something in that pitch darkness.

'Oh', he said, 'I feel so sick, so tired. If there is a Father in heaven, how can he allow this?'

Strange, I thought, every being asks for Him, every being asks 'why' and 'wherefore?' How God could sanction this, I too had always asked. However, I had come to know God as a Father of Love. This man too would one day know a God of Love, but after he had died. Still it grieved me. Why must people on earth suffer so much? Why must the soul go through all those phases on earth before it could reach that height? Always again the 'why', it was and remained an enigma. God is Love. How simple to accept it seemed, yet so difficult. Wherever I had been, in the sphere of the earth, in the astral regions, in hell, everywhere there was sadness, misery and grief, but also passions and violence. Man did not want to obey. His questions 'why' and 'wherefore' were a reason for me to help him and protect him from ruining himself. He was willing, but if he would rebel his personality would work against me, and I must watch out for that.

He tried to sleep. He was too ill and too tired to attune himself in spirit. A few hours passed in this way until suddenly I noticed movements in front of me. Two beings had come back and with it the woman being. So she had gone for help, because she could not tackle it alone.

A lightning flash of spiritual force was shot at the man, who shook and trembled under that sudden influx of power and looked up. They had reached him. His desires to find contact with them flowed together with their combined forces focussed on him.

I was desperate, it was four against one and I could not possibly hold out against that. What should I do?

He raised himself up and spoke: 'Are you there?'

'Yes', I said quickly.

But at the same instant I heard them say: 'We have come to help you.'

‘Wonderful’, he said, ‘give me some advice.’

What now, I worried. To the left and right of me were the demons and before me the unfortunate man. I scanned him, but his longing was intense. His interest and passions cut off my aid. Several possibilities were now open to me, but which one should I apply to him? I squeezed myself inside him and penetrated his personality. Still deeper I should try to merge with him. Let it be insanity then, better insane than such a downfall. I felt him slip down and return; suddenly he began to scratch his old wounds open again. His blood began to flow. Next he jumped up and ran around like a mad man. The deepest darkness surrounded him, but that did not stop him. It was terrifying. This lasted a considerable time, and then he lay down again and sighed. He was over-exerted, his brains could not handle it all. His mind worked feverishly and his heart beat as if it would burst. With both hands he squeezed his head and called out: ‘I am going mad!’

I felt how in this condition the spirit can drive a person on earth insane. His physical strength was not able to resist this enormous, powerful influence, I was working on him, and so were the demons who were trying to pull him up into their life. It made him dizzy. A normal-feeling person has trouble enough already to keep himself in balance, so that the material body is in harmony with the spiritual body, and one can well understand how this poor wretch felt.

During my journey on earth I had seen all these things, but now I was going to have the experience of it. When the astral being has gained control over an earthling, he lives this life the way he wants. The demons use that material body for their pleasures, for their lust, violence and destructions. It all is animal-like and very, very sad, but this is the awful truth. Once an earthly being is reached, dozens of other beings can live themselves out in that material body. One who falls into the hands of evil is usually irretrievably lost. From this side everything possible is done to try and save such a person. It is hideous and grisly, but the astral man wants to live himself out, they are one in feeling and thought. One piece of advice I can give you only: Want for the good things, so that a higher spirit can reach you and use his influence. As you think, so you draw towards you and you go over into it. Do not be at the mercy of your own thoughts.



This unhappy person experienced all of this. They wanted him destroyed, spiritually ruined, and I was trying to prevent that, I worked on him in my own way, but he persisted in wishing to make contact with the demons, and the demons sent him their hideous feelings. An organic disturbance was going to happen, for even the strongest material body could not withstand this. Again he jumped up and raced like a crazy man round and round, until he was too weak to move one foot in front of the other. He was already in a condition of total exhaustion. In the middle of his cell he collapsed and remained there. For me this was a stroke of luck, for now the demons could not reach him. He was too weak now to make an end to his life. But if it would go on like this, then the man would become insane.

In my time this always frightened me, so that I kept myself busy with thousands of other things, and kept a check on myself. Unwittingly I had controlled myself, yet it would have been better for me to have become insane, than to suffer that most horrid passing over.

The man now lay there like dead. I fathomed him and felt clearly that he was dazed. Of his past I felt nothing anymore. What happened to him now, was related to his physical condition, for his strength was failing more every minute. That was the reason the demons could not reach him sufficiently now, but they were still in and around him.

‘He is not alone’, I heard them say again, ‘a doctor is with him, he is being cared for.’

‘No’, said another, ‘he is lying on the floor.’

This conversation made me realize, that they could not judge or feel the true state of this situation. All those transitions were familiar to me, and I knew that my prisoner had a higher attunement than they. If I could suppress his desires, they would not be able to get to him. However his time of dying had not yet come, and much could still happen in the meantime. If he were to tune in on them, they would be able to see clearly that no earth doctor was present.

When I was thinking these things he asked: ‘Why don’t you help me? I am here so alone, nobody helps me.’

While he was speaking, I heard the female demon say: ‘He is alone, yet there is help, but that help comes from this side.’

I withdrew myself a little more, so that they would not spot me as a shadow.

‘I see nothing’, said the other.

‘Then you don’t see so well, come hurry up, don’t dawdle. He must make an end to his own life.’

Then they all attacked him in force, so that the poor fellow moaned and groaned. This much influence drove him crazy, his brain became confused. He wished for help, but that help would be fatal to him. It was now impossible for him to think normally. I was still one with him. Murderous were the thoughts of those who wished to destroy him. The unfortunate man did not know with whom he was connecting himself. I now called on all my strength, and prayed to God to assist me. It was coming to a most horrible battle. To the left and right of me I thought I noticed a bit of light. Did I too receive reinforcements? The full strength of my will I kept fixed on one point. I killed his feelings, more I could not do just now. On the demons I could not concentrate, so I had to let them do as they pleased. I only prevented him from listening to them and tried to divert his attention to other things. He could still be reached. I noticed that he followed me in my thoughts, and so night passed and the demons went away, because the morning-light weakens their connection.

For hours he had lain there, but now I urged him to get up. He tried to raise himself a few times, until finally he succeeded in reaching his former place. He was exhausted, for during the night he had lost much of his strength. During the day I saw the demons too, when they frequently returned to him. The man, however, was sinking deeper and deeper. I now felt that last night I had received help, my ardent prayer had been heard. When they would attack him tonight I could very likely count on that help again.

In the afternoon the man had visitors. There was indeed earthly help. He was given some medicine, and that made me realize that centuries had passed. When I had been locked up here nobody bothered with the prisoners, we were left to our own fate. Still he was left in his cell, even though he could not last very much longer.

I had been here a few weeks already protecting him, but still the end was not in sight. But there was a certain something by which I

sensed that the end was near. When I attuned myself to him it went much easier than before. The spirit, who is about to enter this life, has already contact with it. In feeling he was moving away from the earth and was entering my life, and therefore I could reach him much better, though at the same time he became more sensitive to the demons.

The night and day went by without interruptions. The day after he could hardly move. He lay there very still with thoughts that were confused. He now was in a state of lunacy, far removed from his earth consciousness. All this I could plainly feel. Closer edged the end, but still he strained all his strength and crept around on all fours like an animal. I wanted to stop him, but it was not possible, he was looking for something.

‘Where are you?’ he called, ‘where are you? Come and do not leave me alone, I love you.’ They feel and see it. ‘Come now, speak. You are dear to me.’

Completely insane, I thought, but he feels in spirit. In my life he was normal. Once he was dead that spiritual disturbance would soon dissolve. How simple was lunacy. In my life on earth I had not understood a thing about it. The power of the thought from other beings had caused the disharmony in him. The one was helping him and an other tried to destroy him. I was still by myself, later they would possibly return.

I waited and followed him in thought. The closer death on earth came, the more difficult it became for me. I knew for a certainty that, had he been fully conscious, he would have made an end to his life long ago, but under these conditions he could not do it. He could not think of but one thing anymore, he was loaded with thoughts. This was for me now the only possibility on which I could concentrate. My connection with him remained very close.

Darkness had long fallen when the demons approached. He uttered profanities, begged for help, cursed his God and lost himself. Now there were five, three had not been sufficient. Those devils in human form knew that they were being obstructed. With their combined forces they wanted to draw him up into their world and do away with him. A horrible end they were forcing upon him. They closed in, completely surrounded him, and combined their concen-

tration on the unfortunate man. Against such power I could not hold out. My prayer had helped me once, so I prayed again in silence to God to send me help. It was as if a hurricane force broke loose over him.

More intensely I prayed. 'Help, help', I cried. 'My God help me.' Then I called for my leader. 'Help, Emschor, help me.'

Suddenly I felt a different force come into me. Again I prayed. 'I am a prisoner here, Emschor, help me, frightful is the force coming at and in me. Oh God, help me. Emschor! Emschor! My Almighty Father, I beseech you, help me, hear my prayer. I cannot hold out any longer. I can't go on.'

I continued to call for help, for I felt my strength lessening. A feeling of uncertainty came over me, but I hung on and prayed and prayed. How strong was my prayer. A slight dizziness hit me, but I kept my concentration fixed on him and resisted the demons.

Suddenly the prisoner sat up, sighed, moaned and uttered sounds of fear. Now I saw blood flowing from his mouth. His head throbbed and his heartbeat I could hear in this world. Gruesome was this unequal battle.

Again I cried for help. Over and over again I called Emschor's name. They had to help me, or I would have to give up.

What now? The prisoner was getting ready to hurl himself against the prison wall and kill himself. In this state of lunacy he did not know anymore what he was doing. This I had not reckoned with. Lightning fast, with all the power still left in me, I squeezed myself in him and forced him to think of other things. I succeeded. He sank back and I let him creep around to make him dog-tired. The demons had wanted that he would crush himself, and I had been able to prevent it. At last he dropped down, completely exhausted. Thank God, he still was under my control. Yet he crept back to his pallet and I waited to see what would happen. High above me I saw several luminous figures. They looked down and smiled at me.

'How can I thank you', I sent up to them.

Upon which they said: 'He will soon pass over, his fight is finished. The demons can not reach him any longer. This night will go by peacefully. Love is the ultimate, the good wins. God be with you.'

I burst into tears. Both of us had been given help. Emschor had

heard my prayer and sent me his helpers. What a fight I had fought for his passing over! I had been allowed to help a human being, how happy that made me feel. How thankful I was to God and how deep did I bow my head. A strong current of joy flowed through me, a happiness which meant love.

I fathomed him again and felt at what time he would die. It was as if the poor man felt it too. Before me lay a man who had fought his battle. How he had suffered, asked and searched! And how deeply shocked this person had been! I thanked my Father that I had been able to bring it to a good ending.

The demons were still present, for I heard them speak. At last they went away, to return no more.

I meditated about everything and realized that I had learned a great deal. I felt different from before I started, and yet only a few weeks had gone by. There seemed to be more light around me. I was busy serving human beings and loved my God, Whom I did not know very well, but of Whose powers I was now convinced. I had accomplished something for this man and would gladly do it all over again. On the very last moment help had arrived. When my concentration weakened I had been lost, and had that help not come then the demons would have pulled him down into their life. Miracles seem to happen only at the very last moment. I had experienced this frequently at this side. Prayers too were heard at the very last instant.

Night had passed and I felt that his end was drawing near, so that I had to attune myself in a different manner. Now I brought rest and prayed for him. Then I spoke to him and he understood every word, so close was his connection with our world already. Slowly his day-consciousness returned. Clearly I saw and sensed this working, his head did not throb so much either.

‘Who are you?’ I heard him ask.

‘Your friend’, I said, ‘do rest at ease.’

He could see me very well, and asked: ‘A friend?’

‘Yes, a very good friend.’

‘Where are the others?’

‘Did you see them?’

‘Yes, where are they?’

'They have left', I said.

'She too?'

'Yes.'

'Thank goodness', he said. He had been very closely connected with her. He felt relieved that she was not here anymore.

'I am going to die', he said. 'I feel it. Will I be with you then?'

'You will be with me and with other friends, who mean you well.'

'If only God will forgive me. I have suffered so much.'

'God loves you.'

'Is that the truth?'

'The sacred truth.'

Tears welled up in his eyes. My words sprung from the deepest part of my soul. How I had changed! Yes, so I thought, God is Love.

'You speak differently from them. Have you been with me all the time?'

'No', I said to him, 'I came to help you.'

'I am grateful to you; just a few hours and then I'll die.'

I wept too, but from happiness, because I had been allowed to help him; but I was sad too because man on earth had to suffer that much.

'My God', I prayed, 'I have been witness of his suffering, he will seek what is good and work at himself. He will be like a child, please be merciful, he has suffered so much.'

A calming current flowed through him. His physical strength deteriorated every minute. Like a beast he lay there. On earth they left him alone, not one human being came to visit him. The food was shoved as usual through the hole, but he had no more need for food. Time passed and he willingly submitted himself. His spirit was preparing itself, he had already lost consciousness for the earth.

Now I felt that I must help him. I made those long magnetizing striking movements over his body as I had seen it done before. His spirit body now came free, the cord, that had also held me fast till the last second, was dissolving already. It became more and more transparent, and the more it faded the more his strength lessened. The dying man sighed deeply several times, he still lived on earth. He called for his father and mother and remembered his youth. Again he fervently called for his parents. Were they still alive? It did

not seem likely. Once more he called and gave a terrifying scream. I shuddered. This was a terrible passing over, but nothing compared to my own. Still his dying was awful. Lonely and alone he entered this life. No friends or acquaintances, no father or mother; he lay there all alone in his misery. This hovel was his death chamber.

Now he was leaving the earth, the cord broke apart and the spirit freed itself completely. Life on earth was over.

Now I heard talking, I glanced up and looked in the faces of two youthful spirits. One of them spoke: 'We have come to fetch him, brother. Are you ready to follow us?'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'We are bringing him to the place of his spiritual attunement.'

'Oh', I said, now I understand you. How did you know this man was dying?'

'We know this some time beforehand. We are sent here from the higher spheres.'

'Have you helped me during this horrible fight?'

'Yes, we followed you in everything'

Isn't that enormous. I thought.

'Does this man not have a father and mother on this side?'

'Yes, but both belong to the unfortunate ones.'

I understood. The two young spirits now caught the spiritual body, and a human being had died on earth, but had entered the spiritual life. Dead on earth, and born in the life of the spirit. The body of the spirit lay wrapped in a haze. Nothing was said anymore. In rapid flight they left the earth. I followed them. Where would they bring him? Always further it went. I sensed where we were, it was not the Land of Hatred.

Were they bringing him to the spiritual spheres? Every human being was met and fetched from the earth if it was possible. However, not me, I had been stuck to my material body where nobody could fetch me. How did they know everything up here? They had known that I was not freed. 'This' then I had gained for him. If I had not stayed with him, he would have had to undergo the process of decomposition also. God was almighty, for God governed all. His envoys knew this beforehand.

At last they seemed to have arrived at their destination. I was in an

other land and saw many brothers and sisters together. Could I enter here? This was not my sphere. My hell was different. Did I now have more light? The man who had just died was carried into a huge building. Many other brothers I saw arriving with earth people also. Where am I, I thought, and stepped inside the building. Everywhere I saw resting couches on which lay the spiritual beings, who had died on earth and entered this life. Love, nothing but love I noticed. How considerately they all cared for these people.

A brother now walked up to me and said: 'Don't you want to rest a while? After doing such great work you need a bit of rest.'

Does he know about that? I thought.

'We know everything', he answered my thought.

Miraculous it was, for I had only thought it and not uttered a word. Here they knew what an other was thinking. I said: 'I do not feel tired and intend to return to earth.'

'Wonderful', said the master, for I sensed that he was a master.

'Keep going in this way', he added, 'and you will earn yourself much spiritual possession. Know, that in the spheres of light they are waiting for you. Many beautiful things await you there. What you see here is the serving love. Each one has his own task, but we all serve the human who enters here. Let me explain to you where you are. Follow me.'

We went outside again and the master said: 'Brother Lantos.'

'Do you know me?'

'You hear that I know you.'

'In this vast expanse?'

'I have known for a long time that you would come here. We wait for you and many others. In the spheres a being is waiting for you, and that master has contacted me. Therefore I know of your life, and of all who enter here. Hear me: you are now in the Land of Twilight. This is not your hell however, you have laid off your hell already. Thus you have come higher. Because you are seeking to do the good things your condition has changed. You can still go higher, for your sphere is the next one which lies above here. The sphere where we are now borders on the Land of Hatred, and is a transitional sphere. You have been in the Land of Hatred and you are familiar with the life there. You then have freed yourself of the dark-



ness by helping him and many others. The darkness, brother Lantos, now lies behind you. Therefore I am telling you to continue and find it in this way, then the spheres of light will be yours. In your proper sphere you already have light, but you have not yet reached the first spiritual attunement.

‘Am I then still one of the living dead?’

‘Yes, you still belong to them, but it will not be very long. Then you will go over into the first light sphere. After that follows the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, sixth and seventh sphere. Next come the mental regions. These are regions, as you have heard, that can be compared with the world of the unconscious. Whoever merges with that world will not return, but will go to the fourth cosmic degree, which is an other planet. But you will be convinced of that later. We all, brother Lantos, give ourselves totally for those who from the darkness and the earth have made it to here. We protect them from falling back and help them in every way. That is our work. Others go down into the darkness to help unfortunate people.’

‘What happens to the one I was allowed to assist?’

‘He is sleeping and his sleep will be long, then begins his life in the spirit.’

‘Is this his sphere?’

‘Yes, this is his attunement.’

‘Will he stay here long?’

‘It can be years and it all depends on his own will.’

‘He has suffered so much, will that be taken into account?’

‘Has anything been given you for nothing?’

‘No, it hasn’t.’

‘Well then, we aren’t able to give him something also, he has willed this himself.’

I understood. ‘Am I here on the border of the real hell in this life?’

‘So you are.’

‘Then I can still go further?’

‘You can.’

‘What do you advise me to do?’

‘That all depends on yourself what you want to do. You can go back to earth, or descend into the darkness, of hell, or go higher to take possession of your own sphere. But I advise you to go to work

again. There are thousands of people who need help. In a short time you can make great progress, for you have a strong will, know all those hells and spheres, and also know how to reach the people on earth. In the centuries that have gone by you have learned all that.'

'I'll go down', I said to the master.

'That is the way, my brother.'

'Have you followed me in everything?'

'As I told you I am connected with your master. From here you have been assisted in every way, and your prayers were received by us here.'

'Is that possible?'

'You see that we know all. Pure prayers that are transmitted find immediate connection. Your cry for help, coupled with your great love to help a human being, reached us, nay, it travelled higher and higher until it penetrated the spheres of light. From there we receive the message to help those who are in need of help. Those connections thus are made by the masters.'

'When I understand you correctly, then I feel that the more pure I can give of myself and the greater the love I have for others, the higher will be the help I get?'

'So it is. By giving your full love, the higher spirits will support you and send you their assistants.'

'Is this for everybody?'

'He who wants what is good will receive this help.'

'Every soul goes his own way?'

'Everyone has to follow his own way, but in reality we all follow only one way in order to reach the highest spheres. That is, by loving life and by serving.'

'Are all those ways equally difficult?'

'No, not that. You, however, have experienced the deepest misery, and walked the most difficult road there is. Your dying was an out of the ordinary entrance. But not only your entrance, also the manner in which you found your way out of everything, besides being totally alone you have managed to work your way up here already. You have gone through various stages and know how to extricate yourself from those spheres. Others have to be helped with it and need our assistance. You, however, look for the answers in your own life and at the same time you try to help and support others. For the

person who can advance this far by his own strength, we feel awe on this side'

'Can you tell me where master Emschor lives?'

'Your leader and master lives in the fifth sphere.'

'In the fifth sphere, you say? How will I ever get there?'

'When you continue in the same way, you shall make rapid progress. Do you have any other questions?'

'Yes, I have much to ask, but I do not want to remain here. I shall go back to earth and all those other hells and try to acquire those spiritual powers. But first I will go back to my cell, maybe I can help others there.'

'That is not necessary, brother Lantos.'

'How do you know that?'

'We know where to find the human being who needs help.'

'In this vastness of space?'

'Here in this world, we have connections with millions. It is a mighty chain, and a human being who makes contact with it, finds his brothers and sisters from the higher spheres there too. Immediately when they send up their thoughts, we know where urgent help is required. And only those who have experienced the very same kind of life, can help them. Everything that you have experienced is concentration and love, in particular the serving love. You can go back to your prison if you wish. but your help there is not necessary anymore.'

'Then that work was given to me?'

'Correct, your ways were followed. In all silence we influenced you. You are never alone, even though you think you are. Not one of those who are still locked up in your prison, brother Lantos, has connections with this world.'

'It's a miracle', I said, 'mighty and profound.'

'So return to earth and you will find other work there. And when you come back here, all will be different and you will understand your eternal life better. Come, follow me. I will show you back to him whom you have helped.'

I saw hundreds of people who were all in a deep sleep. Emschor had told me about this sleep and I now understood it. How true everything was. Men and women I saw together. Grown-up adult

people were being cared for like infants. This life was being explained to them, for I sensed that they were unable to help themselves. I did not want to be like that. I wanted to stand on my own feet. Every second thousands of people arrived here from the earth. Immediately the brothers who brought them turned back to earth to fetch others. It was mighty to observe this. Dying and being born, always on and on, for thousands years it had not changed. Old and young were here together, but children I did not see.

There lay my friend. It surprised me that he had changed much already. The spiritual body slowly became conscious and he would and must wake up. The change happened during his sleep. I felt and understood this, for it had happened to me too. Months would pass before the man would be himself again, but still it happened.

Deep was his sleep. Oh, how mighty is this life, I thought. I looked around me and made my decision. Here I did not want to stay, for I was not a person who wanted to sit quietly down to enjoy my acquired possessions. I wanted to be on my way to work at myself. I thanked the master for everything he had given me, and said good-bye to all of them. Many people saw me off. They all called me farewell. New problems I would encounter and learn the wonders of them. Again I was on my way and the darkness came closer and closer around me. Slowly this sphere closed around me and I dissolved into its darkness.

### *Back to earth*

Focussing my concentration on the earth I floated through space again. Many things had happened to me. My sphere now was different from the one of my first entry. Good work I had done and I would go on doing good. Soon I was on earth. It was night. Earthly life as seen from this side was awesome.

The astral beings did not rest, they lived it up. I knew all their pleasures, their loves and destruction. There were millions of these beings on earth. Each one sought his amusement, which would be his downfall.

Now that I concentrated on the people I could feel their inner life. How clear they were to me now and how deeply could I pen-

trate inside the life of their soul. In the radiation of a human being lay his desires, his sorrow, his hunger and failing. However, my interest went out only to those who wanted to make an end to their own lives. Those who were contemplating it I felt most intensely, for it corresponded to my own inner life. With them I was connected, and I knew them like my own life.

Ahead of me walked a woman. In her was grief and sadness. I felt that coming up in me quite clearly. She was young still and clothed in rags. Her I would follow. Where was she going? Was she all alone in this world? She too was broken of heart and soul. I met nothing but misery. She aimlessly wandered from street to street. I decided that I was on another continent, for the language spoken here was not mine. And yet I understood her. In feelings I merged with that language and with that being, and in this manner I interpreted her own feelings. This was the spiritual connection. In this way I sensed every language spoken on earth. I continued to follow the woman, for there were thoughts of suicide in her mind. These feelings came to me when I connected myself with her. Unceasingly she thought about it. She figured that if she made an end to her life, her grief would be over. Dead was, to her, dead.

But I sensed more. In and around her I saw the means by which she would end her life. For her it was a jump into the water. But then too would she be stuck to her material body; wherever it went she would have to undergo that hideous process of decaying. But I felt a that she could still be helped. Anyone who could not be reached had to be left to himself.

Her inner being showed maternal sorrow and I felt how she had come into this situation. She had been left behind and inside of her she carried a young life. Were she to make an end to her life, she would not be the only one who would enter this life. It would be a double murder she would have to make good. Knowing this, I would do everything in my power to prevent it. Who had brought her in this condition and then left her? It was inhuman. There before me walked such terrible agony as I had not yet experienced. My God, I thought, how much suffering there is.

I did no longer call out: 'Why can God allow this!' anymore, for I knew. I kept contact with her and gave her support. I led her far

away from the place where she intended to go. Not that, I thought. Don't go looking for water, it attracts you. She too was mentally ill, for the person who contemplates suicide, is insane.

I guided her to the edge of a forest. A short distance away I saw a house. Were people living there? This young mother needed help. I forced her to rest a while, and she obeyed. Tears were running down her cheeks, tears of deep human sorrow. Yet in her lay a great love; it was holy mother-love she felt.

Now I pondered over my next move, what should I do? It was far into the night. I forced her to be calm and left. Quickly I hurried to that earth dwelling, but it was empty, no beings were to be seen. What should I do now to help her? Time was pressing. I went back to her and saw that she was ready to go on. Her inner being cried, water, water. The water would be her life's end. In it she would feel no pain and would be rid of all her troubles. I let her go, but stayed with her. At this time I could not take over, for I knew that I was only allowed to intervene in the very last minute. Suppressing her feelings over and over again would weaken her brain, and a mental disturbance would ensue. I was prepared for that. It had happened to me in my cell, and I wanted to protect her from it. Still this work turned out to be much more difficult than I had thought, for I encountered unexpected events. Again she went looking for the inhabited world. Her mind worked feverishly and the calm I had put in her had disappeared. Yet she was alone and there were no astral beings. I found this very peculiar, for why didn't she attract any demons? I scanned her once more, to find out where the sudden unrest came from. Deep down I explored. Again I stood before a problem.

From the depth of her soul rose these thoughts and feelings. Something in her was becoming conscious, in her lay a feeling of dying. This feeling drove her on, endlessly further, and yet she did not come to the action of making an end to her life. She was looking for the water, but she did not jump. She could not bring herself to do it, for something was holding her back. Was it her past? Was I being shown her past? It was extraordinary what I saw and clearly felt. For me, however, it was a problem. I prayed intensely to be allowed to see the riddle, so that I might help her. Now she approached the

water. What would she do? I followed her, while I kept asking for help. Always deeper did I descend into the innermost depth of her soul. She continued to follow the river. I now felt that I need not worry. Man is such an enigma. These symptoms I had not yet seen. Suddenly she turned into a street, and left this danger behind.

How is it possible, I thought. Then I felt the wellknown influence within myself. Her past was becoming visible to me in the same way as I had viewed into my own past. Had Emschor come to my aid again? In the depth of her soul lay suicide, but she would not be able to go through with the deed. She was already too far on the spiritual road to make that jump. This would only happen if one had a lower spiritual attunement. She had committed suicide in a former life. How perfectly simple was this spiritual problem now that I was allowed to view in her past. Through poverty and sorrow she became once more aware of her past, and all those feelings were taken up again by her day-consciousness. I also understood now why she was alone and unhindered by the demons. Her thoughts about making an end to her life were not strong enough for the demons to receive them.

Silently I thanked my master for his help. I felt now what I had to do. She sat down to rest on a bench in a park and soon fell asleep. I scanned her sleep and determined how long it could last. She would sleep for a couple of hours and that gave me time to put to good use. I went looking for other people with whom I could connect her, so that they could help her. I concentrated on people I could reach. I searched the surroundings, but without success. I wandered around the neighbourhood and saw a large building in the distance. There I went.

When I entered I noticed that it was a monastery where monks lived. Man on earth had not started his daily work yet. I concentrated on the time and found that it was four o'clock in the morning. However, here were and lived people who could help me. From one room I went to the other. In every one I scanned the person who lay there sleeping. After going in and out some ten rooms I found what I was looking for. This monk could be reached. His mind stood open to the radiation and thoughts of the spirit. His sleep was not deep, so that I woke him. I urged him to get dressed.

He obeyed my strong will, but he was amazed by his own doings, though he did what I wanted. As soon as I had achieved that, I knelt and prayed to my God and my leader for help. What I wished to accomplish was not simple.

After he had dressed, he too knelt for his morning prayer. In this I may not disturb him and I waited. A delightful feeling of peace lay in me. When he was finished I concentrated on him and willed him to take a walk. But I had to give that up. I sensed what he aimed to do and let him go. He moved away and entered a chapel. There again he prayed to his Father in heaven and asked His blessing for this day. At this time I ascertained how long he would be praying, and when I knew, I transferred myself in a flash back to my protégé.

She was still in a deep sleep, so that I had to wake her. An awakening like this is very simple. I raised her feelings, after which the spirit resumed its task by setting the vital organs into motion. She shivered from cold, the poor woman. Next I put a happy feeling in her, that her serious suffering would soon be over. Then I urged her to leave. She did as I wished. After I had succeeded that far, I forced her to follow one direction, while I retreated with every step she took. One of her steps against ten of mine. In this way I pulled her in the direction of the monastery.

When I arrived at the monastery I saw that the monk had finished his prayer. Now I wanted him to take a walk. He became uneasy and I increased my concentration. I succeeded again. When he came outside, he wanted to go back. He became aware that something strange was happening to him. I forced him to walk on.

‘Take a walk’, I shouted at him, ‘even if it is still too early.’

His own feelings and thoughts were working against me. Still he did what I wanted, but he started praying again.

Now I had contact with both earth beings. The one I pulled towards me from afar, and the other I tried to guide in the same direction. Still I stood for a difficult situation. A high wall surrounded the monastery, and they were accustomed to stay inside the enclosure. But he should and must go outside. With all my force I pushed him in the direction of the exit, but he refused, for this was not allowed them. I pleaded for help and kept my concentration riveted on the exit. Suddenly he did what I wanted. It happened unexpect-



edly and that showed me that I had received help. The monk was not himself anymore, I had brought him in a condition of half-trance.

When we came outside I saw also the young woman approaching in this direction. A few seconds more and they would meet. How happy I was. On a lonely road I brought them in contact. The monk looked at the being wrapped in rags, but walked on. My God, I thought, has my effort been for nothing? Upon my most intense concentration the monk stood still and looked at her. Love, nothing but love, I laid in him.

‘Help her’, I told him. ‘Help, come on help, she needs your help.’

Really, how difficult it was to bring this about. His situation I understood. This monk was not used to start a conversation with people, let alone with a woman, and yet it must be done. I got him so far that he walked up to her.

I called out to him: ‘She needs your help.’

Suddenly he looked around and beside him. Clearly he had heard my words. Still I was invisible for him. Next I forced her to stand still and look at the monk.

When I succeeded with that, I connected myself with him again and called to him: ‘Help her. God is love! God is Love, you must help her!’

Finally he took courage and said to her: ‘Must I help you?’

Unwittingly he used my own words. She began to cry.

‘My sister’, he said, ‘can I help you? Our Almighty Father sends me to you.’

When I heard him utter those words I felt faint with relief. A warm feeling of happiness flowed through me. Thank God, I thought, she is safe. Yet I kept myself standing and watched her being led inside. The doors closed behind her and my work was finished. On the very spot I stood I knelt down and thanked my Father that I had been allowed to help a human being.

Afterwards I visited the monk. He was in the chapel praying to God, thanking His Father as I had done. In me he saw the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost had descended from heaven and had let him perform this miracle. They all considered it a miracle and believed he was a saint; but I had been that holy. Yet I was only at the

beginning of my true way, but it made me feel good that they had considered it a miracle.

Then I visited the young woman. She lay in a spotless white bed and cried from happiness. She too thanked her Father. We all had our own God, but yet her life had been saved. She was well cared for, and her child would be born on earth.

And so I had learned much again and done some things for my fellow man, and I wanted to continue in this way. This is the way we assist the earth people who need our help.

In their own chapel I asked my God to guide my ways, and made myself ready for an other job.

Again I roamed the earth like a vagabond. Soon I found other work and saved a person from a ruinous downfall. I do not want to describe every situation and all the things I experienced. That is too much. Let it be sufficient for you that years and years passed, and that I was able to prevent dozens of people from committing suicide. One generation after another was born on earth. Everything there changed, and so did I. In me light began to grow, as did my love. I continued to aid people. How much better I learned to understand my God and Our Almighty Father. How deeply I went down into life and how clear it all became to me. Old and young, men and women, I was allowed to help. Much agony and suffering I was granted to turn into happiness. Gradually I saw myself and the sphere in which I lived merging into the spheres of light.

In the one person I was taught the wonders of the All, in an other about the deepest darkness. I had happy and sad experiences. Then I was on earth, and next again in the dark spheres of hell. My ways were being followed and I too was assisted with everything. All the time I prayed, but still it was the action that changed me and my life. By prayer alone I would not have got there. My prayers were the request for help and therein lay my love, felt for human beings. It must be the deed, for it is the serving love that gives people the eternal light. And thus I gave all of myself and had many experiences.

As I said already, many years had gone by, and when I tuned in on the time period man lived in, I found that the seventeenth century was approaching. Seven centuries of struggle and moving experiences. I could now see that enormous chain of which I had become

a link. In all those centuries I had come to know life, know how to bow my head and learn to love life.

At last a feeling grew in me, that came from the spheres of light. It was as if someone was calling me. From afar thoughts were transmitted to me, and those thoughts were a command that I would set out for the spheres of light. Higher beings called for me. It was a strange feeling that came in me.

At the moment of my departure for my long journey, I remembered the moment when master Emschor was leaving me with the words: 'When you will be far enough advanced, I shall call you.'

Apparently that moment had come, and now I possessed true worth. In and during my work I had developed. But I could not leave yet, for all that human suffering held me captive. However, the calling persisted and became ever more intense. I had become so used to this life, that I vigorously resisted it. But I must say goodbye to those millions of brothers and sisters of the spheres who were working on earth, even though it was very difficult. I was being called and I must obey. I felt clearly that another kind of work was waiting for me.

I could have returned like a flash, but I took my time and for months I worked along the way through meditation. I reviewed and re-thought everything. The closer I came to the spheres of light, the better I understood my own life and the meaning of living on earth. If I could but tell this to the earth some day! That too was possible, for my master had told me so.

Slowly I worked my way upwards, and I felt that I was going through a process of purification. That purification occurred by thinking. Now I was able to ask my Father in Heaven forgiveness for all my sins and faults.

In the sphere where I had left that unfortunate prisoner behind, I walked inside. The first human I met was the master of that sphere. Nothing here had changed. Smiling he stepped towards me, and said: 'Brother Lantos, God be with you. There are people who find one year like a century, but with you it is just the other way around. Come in, my brother. You left a century ago, and have only now returned. Is there any change on earth yet?'

'No', I said.

‘Do not let that disappoint you, as you see, nothing has changed here either. Everything will be explained to you, however.’

‘How is he?’

‘Oh, he does good work. At this moment he is in the darkness, and has already done much good work. He has become a strong personality. This life has shaken him awake. He has asked for you many times after he was shown the end of his life on earth.’

Ah, I thought, how kind. Tears sprang to my eyes from thankfulness to God that I was the one allowed to save him. How beautiful life is then. To be something for others, that makes a person happy.

‘Your help’, so he said, ‘I will be worthy of; I shall not cause him to be ashamed of me.’

It made me extremely happy to hear this. This life causes emotions, it must cause emotion and shake people awake.

‘Brother Lantos’, the master addressed me, ‘I was instructed to go with you, for we won’t remain here. Presently we will take a trip, and go to your own sphere.’

### *To the spheres of light*

Soon the master was ready, and we set out walking. It was a magnificent figure that accompanied me on my way. I thought of nothing, all I did was observe and marvel at all that I encountered. The further we went, the more nature changed. Where I had lived first, there was ink black darkness, afterwards it had changed to twilight, and now a glorious light shone on me. I felt myself in paradise already, and still we kept going on.

‘To which sphere will you take me?’ I asked the master.

‘Your sphere now is the second spiritual attunement. There another master is waiting for you, and that’s where your path leads.’

The second sphere, I thought, could I enter there? A great feeling of happiness rose up in me. The further we went the more beautiful it became. I asked the master many questions and he answered all of them. How mighty is the life in the spirit.

An enormous stillness, love and spiritual joy I felt growing in me. Not a word could I bring out anymore. All was so holy what I saw. I saw green and trees, flowers in the most exquisite colours, temples

and buildings. Inside I cried, I was so moved by all these wondrous things God has set aside for His children.

Only now I thought of Marianne. Oh, to be here with her, to walk around hand in hand, in all this loveliness, how would our happiness be then?

Already we had entered the first sphere in this land of the spirit. I noticed that now everything was changing again and nature becoming even more beautiful. It was like a fairy tale. What made me deserving of all this? I knelt down and fervently prayed, thanking the Creator of heaven, earth and other planets for all this beauty. How terribly had I cursed all this in my life on earth. But still I could be happy and take in all this beauty, with my head held high gaze at everything, for I had made good all that I had misdome to others. I felt liberated of all my sins.

When I awoke from my prayer I saw the master waiting for me in the distance. I went over to him and he said: 'We all, brother Lantos, don't quite know how to thank God when we enter the spheres of light. All our happiness can not be expressed in words.'

'It is of such greatness', I agreed, 'who can even imagine something like this? Who on earth will believe this? Miracles, I was allowed to experience, but this is the greatest wonder of all.'

'Don't say that, for you will see still deeper and mightier wonders, you are not at the place of your true spiritual attunement yet. As you see, the sky is changing.'

The sky in the first sphere was cloudy, like on earth, but the further we went the more the sky changed, the blue turned into mauve.

'Over there lies your sphere', the master said, after we had walked for a long time.

I cannot express in words how I felt. Everybody who enters here and experiences this, will fall silent and feel the insignificance of his own ego. That is how I felt too. I was nothing compared to this splendour. And still I was not even in the second sphere, not in the third, the fourth, fifth, sixth or seventh heaven! And after that, and further and further! I could not picture any of this in my mind, it was too overpowering. Here was no day or night, here it remained light, and that light could not be compared with sunlight. What I saw here was spiritual radiation.

The sun, moon and stars were part of the material world. For the spirit universe was not visible, unless he applied his concentration to it. And yet I lived in the universe, with all these millions of planets and solar systems around me, but invisible for the spirit who had entered the spiritual world.

Everything I was presently observing, outdid the life on earth by far. My hell had changed to heaven. It all was still too mighty for me to understand but I was going to meet my heaven. I saw that we were going over into still an other condition. I had already noticed it in the sky, but now I saw it in nature too. As we advanced further, I felt myself growing younger. I now experienced one wonder after another. I saw the master beside me transform. He now had a younger, more handsome face and wore a most splendid garment. When I saw that and stared at it in astonishment he said to me: 'Are you surprised, brother Lantos? If I did not know better I might be surprised about you. Take a good look at yourself.'

I glanced down at myself and stopped still. I too wore a spiritual garment, and my hands were like a carved sculpture. 'My God', I said very loudly, 'how can I thank Thee.'

While I was looking at this, I felt an even greater stillness coming in me. How I had changed, how lovely, how marvellous it all was, and how my garment shone. I touched myself and did not understand it at all. In heavenly joy we walked on, while I tried to digest this miraculous happening. I must absorb all this within me, and accept it, for it was mine!

'My God', I repeated over and over again to myself, 'how can I thank you.' Around me and everywhere I saw beauty, and the happiness of the spheres shone out and met the eye. Men and women were together and they all were radiant like suns. They walked around in nature, and I could feel their happiness from afar. Now that were people! People from the earth who lived in a paradise: the hereafter! I had now entered the life of the spirit. It was extraordinary, for I lived in reality.

In the distance I thought I saw an other light. The light remained and the sky had taken on its own colour again. When I would go further the firmament would also change, until I reached the highest spheres, only to keep on changing again, up to the godly spheres,

where it merges into the All. Then man is divine! The thoughts that were coming to my mind were sent straight to me and I knew from where they came. The master spoke to me in the language of the spirit, and I accepted everything that came and was given to me. The light I had seen in the distance was coming closer and closer.

Suddenly there came to me: 'Do you see that light?'

'Yes', I replied in thoughts, 'I see it.'

'Get yourself ready', said the master.

I trembled for I felt what would happen.

'The second sphere', said the master, 'we have entered!'

I believed that in that light I saw a figure and that apparition I knew. Once, no, twice before had I seen that figure. Quickly I flew forward and stepped up to my own master and leader. When I nearly drawn up close to him I knelt at his feet. 'Master Emschor, father, my father, here I am.'

Then I knew of nothing more, I had fainted from happiness.

*I took possession of my own sphere.*

*Spiritual education*

When I woke up I was lying on a couch. Flowers were all around me, and nature itself looked like a fairy tale. I was in paradise and lay in a home that was open and decorated with flowers of the spheres. I gazed around me at all this splendour.

But what was that? Did my eyes deceive me? My God, how was it possible. Before me, carved of snow-white marble stood Marianne. With one jump I was over at the statue and felt and touched it on all sides. It was real. Pure earthly it was, but this statue radiated light. I still had not recovered from my first surprise when my leader entered.

'Well rested, my boy?'

'Yes, father, I am so happy.'

'I am now your brother, can you accept that?'

'With pleasure', I said.

'Come and sit down, how much don't we have to tell each other. Did you sleep well?'

'Yes, master, wonderful.'

‘Do you know how long you slept?’

‘No’, I said.

‘According to earth time you have slept ten days.’

‘I can hardly believe it, but you told me about this when I lived in the darkness.’

‘Now that you are awake and conscious, we shall take some long walks. There is much I want to explain to you, and afterwards more wonders will await you. You may ask me as many questions as you like, everything will be made clear to you.’

At last then, I had come that far. And what a meeting it was here in the spheres of light! Presently I began to ask my questions. Close beside my Marianne I seated myself. She had received a place in the centre of my spiritual home. How great had this surprise been.

My first question was: ‘Am I in my own home, master?’

‘Yes, Lantos, this is your heavenly home, your very own possession. Your home is equal to your inner attunement, according to the love you hold and feel for all life, which is God’s holy Life. On earth the human being builds himself a spiritual home, and the part where you are now is, if we want to make an earth type comparison, the room of love. A spiritual home thus shows the way a person feels and what he has of power in love. Everyone who enters here has and finds his own property, and this applies to all spheres.

In the first sphere we find dwellings, where thousands of people are together, but as the person develops himself, he builds his own house.

As you see, here we have flowers and birds and nature; the human being and all the other life changes, because we always move higher and higher until we reach the Divine Spheres. How would our life be if on this side we had to do without our earth friends the animals, nature, flowers, water, trees and all that God has created? It would not be complete, would it?

The people who have entered the hereafter, they who have reached the spheres of light, feel very happy. All our homes are open. Here we know or have no secrets. This, my brother, all this beauty and purity is your property. In your home are rooms where you can make connections yourself. There are the room of prayer, of faith, hope and trust; in short, of all the character traits a person possesses.

There are also parts of the house that are invisible to you, but



which you will continue to develop. In another higher sphere these will become visible to you, and in this way you will come to know yourself. The higher you advance, the more your inner life changes, and everything else where you enter. There will be a continuous change in what you possess, and your inner self will grow. This then is your heaven.

The first, second and third spheres, are heavens already, but still purifying spheres; but when the human being enters the fourth sphere – which is the Summerland – he will feel himself free from his earthly life. This is the first truly happy sphere on this side. You feel yourself happy now, and think that you are in paradise, and find everything wondrous, but we know still other and higher happiness.’

‘Where does this statue come from, master, if I may ask?’

‘Certainly you may, I had this statue of Marianne sculpted for you and this is done for everyone whenever possible. With it I wanted to show you that she is the soul with whom you are joined cosmically. You both are twin souls.’

‘It is marvellous, master, you have made me very happy. Then it is possible for me to continue with my art?’

‘You can, Lantos. Here we have masters in all forms of art: music, which you can listen to presently, painting, the modelling arts and everything that a human being creates through that inner urge. You can develop your feelings for art further, but all that comes later, now we have to do other and more useful work.’

‘Where does one get that snow-white marble? It radiates light, it is luminescent.’

‘To explain this in earth terms to you is impossible. You can touch this statue and you feel that it is marble, but it radiates light according to the love power the being possesses, and is as the sphere it lives in. Inside of everything lies God’s holy Life and because it is life it will and must send out its inner light. On earth and in the darkness you have seen temples and buildings, but in the darkness everything is erected in an animal-like condition. What people accomplish there radiates a brownish-red flashing light. Their lives and their radiations are those of demons. But the higher you go the more beautiful the art, the human beings, the nature and the homes, buildings and temples will be.’

‘How enormously mighty that is, master.’

‘Everything – and you have experienced that on earth – originates on this side. The masters who allowed you to assist them on earth, descended from the second and third sphere to provide man with the highest there. Your Marianne is luminous because you have that spiritual attunement. But not only you, for when she dies she will enter here too. Otherwise it would not have been possible to give her likeness a place in your home. All of us here have our loved ones around us. If they are still living on earth, and the husband or the wife, the sister or the brother, or even the child, are already on this side, then we decorate their home and make it ready to receive the one who is coming. But if one of them has to go to the darkness, then you can understand that it may be many years before it can be done. And therefore you are one and will eternally remain one.’

‘Do you know whether she is on earth already?’

‘No, she is still in the world of the unconscious.’

‘Does connecting her with earth have to take so long, I mean, can she not go back sooner?’

‘It all depends on the inner life of the person. Hundreds of years may have to go by before the return can happen.’

‘Will I see her there, master?’

‘You will see her. We shall visit her when the time comes. All that belongs to my task, and when you have taken possession of your sphere we shall begin our great work together. But first, as I said before, we shall take walks, for there is much that I must explain to you.’

‘Do you live in the fifth sphere, master?’

‘Yes, Lantos.’

‘And still you come to me?’

‘From here our work starts. He who brought you here has told you about it.’

‘Will that master go back to that sphere?’

‘No, he has a mission on earth and receives a different task.’

‘Will he be born there again?’

‘No, his life cycle there is finished.’

Birds flew back and forth and I looked at them. They settled close beside me and caressed me by alighting on my shoulders.

‘Your friends the animals are coming to visit you, they feel the love of the person who lives here. Each person who enters here, either from earth or from the darkness, is received and greeted by life itself.’

I could not find the words for such a sublime event. How far distant is man on earth from all this beauty, I thought.

‘Come, let’s take a walk now.’

Together with my teacher I went outside. Wherever I looked there were people. How mighty is this life. I became still with happiness, when I gazed at all those marvellous temples and buildings. Everywhere art, built in an incomparable style. We paid a visit to the Temple of the Plastic Arts. It is impossible for me to describe my astonishment at seeing such wonderful art in life after death. While I was living on earth I would never have thought it possible and believed it even less. Sculptured works I saw as were unknown on earth. Quietly, deep in thoughts, I stood there and watched the masters at work. Women and men were gathered here. The man created wonders, inspired by the love of his soul. I also heard music and singing and saw beings splendidly attired. They were like angels. And yet I was only in the second sphere. Always higher must we go, I could now feel it fully. For this kind of art one should feel awe.

I knelt down and thanked my Father for everything given me. Long I remained absorbed in prayer. At last I freed myself. How great was what I saw here. The love of all these people smiled at me.

I felt clearly that the woman was the inspiration. That inspiration was love. Ah, if only I’d been allowed to possess it on earth. But I realized that this was impossible because one needed this spiritual attunement. On earth I had not been so far and could not have had this kind of feeling for art. Mighty sculptures groups I saw. As an artist it attracted me enormously.

Here we spent a considerable time and then we went back to nature. Wherever I looked, everywhere was love and happiness. Heavenly was what I saw. For hours we walked on, everything smiled at me invitingly and for such purity my inner self stood wide open. Through my master I experienced this great and mighty event.

Afterwards I began to ask questions again. ‘Is there an end to each sphere, master?’

‘Yes, brother Lantos, there is an end. Don’t you wish to go to the third and fourth sphere?’

‘Yes, I do.’

‘When it is possible for you to enter there and call it your own, then all those spheres that lie below the first spiritually happy attunement will dissolve. Only there you will feel real spiritual happiness.’

‘Is it now already possible for me to go to the third sphere?’

‘No it is not possible and yet all those spheres run into one another and are linked.’

‘Then I can go on. Always and always further and still not come to a higher sphere?’

‘That is so. You have experienced it in the darkness, when you wanted to follow these shadows.’

‘Do you know about that, master Emschor?’

‘Did I not follow you in everything?’

Remarkable, I thought, how great are the powers of these beings.

‘Is it possible for me to float here too?’

‘You can, but you have to learn that first in your own sphere. You could have a try.’

I concentrated, but I could not move myself. I asked: ‘Why can’t I move?’

‘That is obvious, you cannot go higher than the powers in you.’

‘But yet I clearly feel an other sphere?’

‘That may be possible, for you feel further and deeper and that means that you already have connection with a higher sphere. Still you must master these last powers before you can move yourself in your own sphere.’

‘Then I can go wherever I want, but not higher?’

‘Yes, just like in the darkness.’

I understood. ‘If I feel correctly, then I imagine every sphere to be like a universe; is that a good comparison?’

‘You felt accurately. A sphere is like the universe. Your home, the sphere in which you live, and you yourself have a cosmic attunement.’

‘How many of such attunements do we have in the universe?’

‘Seven.’

‘Where does the earth belong?’

‘To the third cosmic degree.’

‘Have we come from the first cosmic degree?’

‘Yes.’

‘How many times did we have to go back there, before we went to the second cosmic degree?’

‘That’s impossible to determine, but it took as long as we needed to make that degree our possession and carry it within ourselves.’

‘I now feel the third degree in me, is that because I have finished my earth cycle?’

‘Very clear, Lantos, that’s it.’

‘Is all this cosmic?’

‘All this is of cosmic significance. The human being of the earth – and you have experienced that – has a material, a spiritual, and cosmic attunement. But already on earth that cosmic degree lies very deep within him, that means that he is attuned to God and can return to his Father. Were that attunement not in him, then man would never be able to go higher, but live forever over there and in this life.’

‘But where do we find the fourth degree of cosmic life? Is it a planet?’

‘Yes. The fourth degree of cosmic mentality is a planet hundreds of times larger than the earth. It too takes up its place in the universe as so many others.’

‘Do people live on it?’

‘Yes, but they are spiritually further than we.’

‘Do they not kill there anymore?’

‘No, they don’t. Would you still be able to kill someone?’

‘No, I could not do that anymore, not now any longer.’

‘So you see, that the human being – which is life – progresses ever further to attain the highest faculty, and that is the godly love.’

‘When a person dies there, where does the soul go?’

‘A person on that planet who dies, goes to the land in the hereafter, which is here.’

‘Here! you said?’

‘Yes, Lantos, here. They are invisible to us.’

‘And the highest ones too?’

‘Yes, the godly human also. You can sense that the soul or the life,

that is the human being, lives between the pre-animal-like and the godly sphere. In the universe there are seven degrees of mentality, and we now are in the third degree. But all people living on earth, all that life, we who already have shed our material bodies, up to and including the last and highest seventh sphere, are in the third cosmic degree.'

'Is that fourth cosmic degree not visible to you either?'

'No, it isn't, not to me. But the masters who have reached the mental regions already have connection with the fourth mentality. Just as you have contact with the third sphere and can feel that connection in yourself, upon which from here you can tune in already, so can they connect with that degree and feel the life that lives there.'

'Almost incomprehensible, master, how profound it all is.'

'Look over there!'

'I looked in the direction to which my master drew my attention, but I did not know what he meant. I turned to ask him and it startled me to find he was not there. What had happened? At the same instant I heard him say however: 'Do you hear me, Lantos?'

'Yes, master', I said.

'Well then, at this moment I am invisible for you, and in this way the higher spheres that lie above mine are invisible to me. And so the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh cosmic mentality are invisible to all of us, and all these riddles and wonders will only then be solved when we have come to that stage of development.

I acted on you when you lived on earth. There I connected you with the past. Then in your cell it became possible for me to show myself. In all those other situations I let you feel life, and I also influenced you, when you brought about the meeting between the monk and that unfortunate woman. I helped you with all your work, and I did that from my own sphere. I kept up my connection and brought you in contact with your own child. Wherever you went and whenever you needed and asked your Almighty Father for it, you were sent that help by the masters.

You see, my Lantos, that a human being always is one and will remain so, as long as he wants that connection himself. You can see and feel, that all those miracles can only then be solved when a human being has reached that stage of his development. When you

were living in hell I could not convince you of a Father of Love, but today, now that you have observed that one can go higher, you are ready to accept it and bow your head.

I withdrew myself to prepare you for even greater wonders that you will presently experience. I can connect myself with you, talk with you, but yet I am invisible to you, nevertheless it is reality. And so, those who call themselves the cosmic awakened ones, can and will see more of a continued going higher than we, and therefore it is possible for them to connect us with the highest wonder of all. That is the cycle of the soul, the reincarnation, the rebirth on earth. This wonder you will experience through these cosmic masters. I am speaking to you from the third sphere and will now return to you. Just watch, Lantos.'

Now I saw a slight haze approaching me and when it was a few dozen steps away, it condensed as it did in my cell and I plainly saw the master. Very slowly this process materialized, until he had accepted his former situation, in which I also lived.

'It is a miracle, master.'

'These miracles you can learn too and make them your own. Many of these wonders are already in you, but still it is always a new wonder again when you observe it. You can make yourself invisible for several spheres already. It will now be clear that we cannot see the fourth cosmic mentality, but all those beings live in and around us and will urge us to follow them.

God did not create the earth alone as was thought on earth. There are very many planets on which people live, and all that life is God. My instructions are, I have told you already, to convince the people on earth of our life and their cycle. You may tell all this to the earth, an other master will assist you with that. Through an instrument living on earth you will tell all of your life, and what you have experienced from your birth and death on earth, and also what you still will experience. This is my and your task, brother Lantos.'

'That is a great favour, master. What have I done to deserve that?'

'You belong to me, as I said once before, but also your life has certain aspects. Therein lie all your questions 'why' and 'wherefore' that you already have experienced, then your out of the ordinary passing over and entrance in this world, but especially because it is

cosmically possible. This all is related with the earth, because humanity has come into a spiritual stage and the age of spiritual advance is approaching. On earth it cannot be perceived yet, but it is firmly fixed. The century of art is past, now life on earth will receive nourishment for the mind and people will come to know their true God.

Thousands are under way with us, on all corners of the world we are trying to establish connections. On earth he who opens himself up for a higher life will receive nourishment for the mind. From our side we try to convince them of our life, of an evergoing on existence, of love and happiness, of their lifecycle on earth, of laws and problems, and of wonders. Thousands, I said, no, millions are already on earth, and we all do one work, feel one love, know but one God and completely devote ourselves to serve the people, who are our sisters and brothers.

You are in truth chosen, and so are we all, to do this work on earth and tell of our happiness. Added to this is your connection with Marianne, your twin soul, and that you will meet her and Roni, as well as your parents, on earth. All of this will provide strength for the human being, so that they can prepare themselves for this great love. It is a great blessing to be allowed to do this for the masters, don't ever forget that. At this moment work has already started, for your entrance here, your awakening and all the walks we will take, your own thoughts and experiences, belong to this work. Nothing of it will be lost. You will be allowed to tell everything, in shortened form, on earth.'

'Am I strong enough to do that, master? Can I put all this in words?'

'I told you already that you will receive help; this too will prove a miracle to you.'

'How can I thank you, master?'

'You may not thank me, but thank God for this blessing. We shall now continue and I will explain only that what has to do with our mission. I shall stick with a pre-determined plan. Many books can be written about eternity, and that is not at all our intention. See over there! Here you stand before the Temple of Music and there we shall go inside.'



I stepped inside a magnificent building and fell silent when I heard the music. How mighty, how heavenly, how godly it sounded! I sat down and listened with attention. How remarkable it was, to find, after death, music, painting and modelling arts, flowers, trees, birds and thousands, no, millions of other things that make human beings happy. That what I was listening to was a life-symphony, as the master informed me. Here was a rendering of life. It starts on earth and weaves through all sorts of life situations to make it into a whole. In it I felt love, loneliness, meditation, faith, prayer, trust, passion, destruction and many more traits a human possesses. One has to experience it if one wants to feel the depth and holiness of it.

For a time we stayed with the masters of music, after that we went on. All this is an experience for everyone who enters the spheres of light. Every human, all the life that lives on earth, will receive this.

It was weeks and months, no, years before I returned to my own spiritual home. Only now had I taken full possession of my own sphere. Now I knew how far I could go and that I need not try to enter the third sphere. Here too an invisible power called me an inexorable halt. This halt was called at the edge of the third sphere, and I had to listen. In this way our inner self shows us the place that belongs to us. Not a step further than what I possessed in inner strength could I go, and that is the love a person feels and has for the life that lives in everything.

When I entered my spiritual home, I saw everything different again. At the feet of Marianne I sat down to meditate. My master returned to his own sphere. Everything that had been shown and told me, I relived and felt through and through. A great task was awaiting me, and I had to prepare myself for it. There was much I still had to learn, but one day I would see my Marianne and on this side we would go hand in hand further towards the Divine Spheres. God created man, and in man lay good and evil. He must try to get rid of those bad and evil character traits, and change them into good ones. That was evolution, that was going further and higher, that were spiritual attunements and mentalities. I now understood it, for I could feel it in me. How fitted in everything! Thousands of years I was old, probably millions! I meditated for a long time, and when I was ready I thought of my master. Soon he walked into my house.

‘Are you ready and did you call me, Lantos?’

‘I thought of you very deeply, master.’

‘Thinking in that way makes a connection with me. I received those thoughts. As you see, always connection, merging into other forces. People are one, because they are and signify life.’

### *The cosmic connection*

‘I will now connect myself with the masters. You know that you can see and observe through me. When this contact is established and then I connect myself with you, then you will see what I see, hear and feel.’

The master seated himself beside me and took my right hand in his. At the same instant I felt a powerful current surge through me. Then I felt myself being lifted up and connected into another sphere. What came to me now was extraordinary. The second sphere lay far distant from me.

‘Get yourself ready’, I heard it said inside of me, ‘you are going to observe.’

Suddenly a glorious land appeared before me. The people there were different, nature more lovely, and temples and buildings were incomparable to those in my sphere. Where was I? The peace that came to me was the silence of an attunement that was not mine.

‘Can you follow everything?’ I heard in me again.

‘Yes’, I said, ‘I see everything clear before me.’

‘This is the third sphere, but we shall continue.’

Everything faded away and I saw an other picture. Here everything was different again. The first thing I noticed was the purplish glow that descended from the All. More still, more beautiful and grand was everything I saw. The human being shone like a sun. What joy was still in store for me. It was unbelievable, but yet it was taking place right in front of me, I was connected with it. On earth I had been connected with my past, here with my future. I saw an enormous vista with a silky glow pervading everything, that was the radiation of the life that lived here.

‘The fourth sphere’, I heard the master say, ‘this is Summerland and the first true, happy spiritual sphere. There the human being

has laid off his earthly feelings. Only there has he entered the true life of the spirit. There he will feel born anew. This feeling a person has already in the first sphere, but it grows stronger and more conscious, yes mightier, until he enters there.'

Once more we continued and this picture faded to make place for another. Comparisons I could not make any more, for what I saw now was indescribable, so grand and exalted was this view.

'This is my sphere', said the master, 'but let us go on.'

This scene also faded and next I saw the sixth sphere. The sky was silvery, with a golden sheen over all. I was overwhelmed and did not know whether I was awake or dreaming. It was awe-inspiring!

'Did you see that sphere?'

'Yes', I said, 'it was very clear. Where are you taking me now?'

'To the mental regions.'

The seventh sphere came next. I heard the singing of birds, I saw flowers and people. Everything exuded an air of joy, pure, heavenly joy. Ah, I thought, when shall I ever get there? How far distant was I from that sphere! There were temples, such as only a heavenly building could be. What I watched was incredibly mighty. The people I saw must be like God Himself. Were they Gods?

I heard: 'No, Lantos, do not forget that this still is the third degree in our cosmic attunement. These are not gods, but people like you and me, but in a raised degree, which is the seventh sphere. This is the end of the third cosmic degree.'

After this come the mental regions. Anyone entering there will merge with that sphere. The soul will shed the body of the spirit and continues on. It is like dying on earth, it is entering the non-consciousness where the soul will wait to be attracted anew, just like the human is born on earth. This I explained to you in the darkness, where I connected you with the world of the unconscious. There you spoke with your friend Roni. Your friend Roni was not aware of anything, but the masters awakened him. The soul who goes over into the mental regions falls in a deep sleep, and so this world too is a transition sphere, which lies between the third and fourth cosmic attunement.

The being born, as I said before, happens like on earth, through one law, one power, one possibility and is a cosmic happening. In

this manner a person moves along always further, always higher and higher until he reaches the last and highest mentality, the seventh cosmic attunement, where the Master lives, the perfect child of God, whom we know as Christ.

Life on that fourth cosmic degree is different from earth. When you see the seventh sphere before you, you think you are seeing gods. What then will the people be who live on that fourth cosmic degree? It is hard for us to have an idea about that, but still the masters from the seventh sphere know what life there is like. One does not kill there, brother Lantos, there one loves everything, everything that lives. There a person is a cosmic being and he knows it! There they feel the sister- and brother love, they are children in spirit, one in everything. On that fourth degree people grow to be hundreds of years old and live in happiness and peace. Their physical condition differs from the one a human being on earth has. It is there that the destination of the animal changes, and a human being will no longer molest the animal, because all those earthly abuses have been resolved. There a person is in harmony with infinity and knows our Father, Who guides and rules everything. They who live there use their knowledge and skills for the happiness of mankind.

On earth the age of technical marvels<sup>\*)</sup> is approaching, but mankind will not understand those wonders received from this side. But on the fourth cosmic degree all those wonders are understood and those wonders will serve the human being.

On earth attempts will be made to contact them, but yet they can not receive that connection, because they do not understand their own lives. They will not accept that man can go further and higher. They close themselves to the higher attuned being, and will remain as they are. Thousands of years will pass before they will be that far advanced.

The people who have reached this fourth cosmic attunement can find connection with each other at very great distances. They attune themselves to each other and merge with their lives. In the same way I can give you these pictures and the experiences, so too work the spiritual connections everyone possesses over there. Their lives are natural, spiritual and cosmic. It is known there that people live on

<sup>\*)</sup> This was written in 1939!

the planet earth. But earth does not know about them, or cannot ascertain it for certain. However, the human beings over there are trying to arrange a connection with earth, and have come that far, but their signals are not understood on earth.

At a future date savants will be born who can make the connection, but as I mentioned, thousands of years may pass before this connection can be established. The mentality of the humans on earth is the animal-like attunement. How then could an animal receive and feel the transmitted signals and feelings of the higher attuned being? The animal-like-person, who lives on earth, must first lay off all that animal-like behaviour if he wishes to make contact with them.

Everything there lives in an elevated attunement. The social structure is different and everything is more exalted than on earth. The human being too, cannot be compared with the earth human. His handsome figure shines and his feelings are in tune with God's holy Life, and he possesses a cosmic happiness. What you have experienced on earth is a material happiness, but these people have spiritual happiness. Do you feel what that means? To have spiritual happiness in a material situation? Poverty and want, illness or other miseries are unknown there; every person lives in happiness, all torments of the earth lie far from them.

How beautiful the earth would be if man understood his own life, I need not explain to you. Earth people are not aware and will have to return there till they have mastered those powers.

On the fourth cosmic degree everyone is conscious. The person living there, has lived through the first, second and third cosmic degree, and is preparing to go to the fifth cosmic degree. Yet thousands of years will pass before they can enter there. The masters on this side are thus only connected with those who live on the fourth degree.

You feel that all of us are connected with a mighty chain. In this way it goes higher and higher, and masters are connected with masters. Now, look up high. You see before you the seven masters, or mentors, of the third cosmic degree.'

On the terrace of a magnificent temple I saw and counted seven human figures in beautiful garments. Young and handsome like angels, and as exalted and pure as a human could not possibly imagine.

I heard my leader say: 'Before you, from left to right, you see first

the mentor of the first sphere, mentor Astor. Then of the second sphere, mentor Gloudius. Of the third sphere, mentor Sylvius. Of the fourth sphere, mentor Mirades. Of the fifth sphere, mentor Urabis. Of the sixth sphere, mentor Mondius, and of the seventh sphere, mentor Cesarino. These seven mentors serve the humans who live on earth, and on this side. These high beings will connect me with earth. You see their radiant garments and young looking faces, but yet, all of them are thousands of years old. Mentor Cesarino will, when his task is finished, go to the fourth cosmic degree, and then mentor Mondius will take over his work.

I may show you this vision, for you must know that it is not within my own powers to give you the experience you will shortly have. The cycle of the soul is well known to them and they are cognizant of where a person lives on earth and for what purpose he is there. Only they could connect me with Marianne and your friend Roni. They have the knowledge of whether a person is on earth to make good or whether he returns to fulfil a task. They are the governing body of the third cosmic degree, thus of the earth and all the spheres on this side. From here they work and direct the connection with the earth. The millions of spirits who do work there, are under their direction. Every being bows his head for the love they possess, but still they call themselves children in spirit. They point us to the highest Master Who, as I said already, is Christ. All these high masters will grant me and thousands of others the power to achieve the work that I have been given charge of.

The temple you see there is the Temple of the Soul. This magnificent and mighty building is constructed by the masters of the seventh sphere. Forever it will stand there, through the combined efforts of the human beings who have reached the seventh spiritual attunement.

And now, Lantos, I shall return you to yourself, I'll withdraw and you will have your own life to yourself.'

I felt myself sinking and waking up. Beside me stood my leader. 'How is it possible?' I wondered.

'You can see, Lantos, how far away we still are from other and higher attunements. Always further and higher man will go. God is Love, and the human being will once enter the Divine Spheres. It is

of no use to explain the even higher situations. My only concern was to show you with whom I, and many other leaders, have connection. Another great and different work is waiting for us. I leave you now, and return when you think you are ready.'

With that my leader left me.

### *Becoming conscious on earth*

There was so much I had to think about, that I could not stop thinking. Time and time again I experienced new wonders. Exalting had been the view of the fourth cosmic degree. An enormously great happiness was in store for the people on earth. Love, nothing but love! In feelings I was already far distant from the earth. First came all those spheres of the spirit, and next the mental regions where the soul shed its spiritual body and went further. Oh, I fully comprehended and felt it. It was also remarkable that one was always left alone so that one could think things out. What did one do on earth? The one envied the good fortune of an other. I too had been like that. Now they could do anything at all to me and still I would not be able to kill. Such feelings lay far away from me now.

Here I lived amidst my possessions, with beside and in me, my Marianne. In the room of prayer I wanted to be with her, to beg God's blessing for our everlasting union. Her spiritual home would be like mine. Full of joy I knelt down and thanked my Almighty Father for all the beauty and holiness I had received. I was a tiny part of the mighty universe, a very minute part of God, and every human being had this same attunement. How I wished I could let the people on earth know all this.

To be allowed to die on earth was a blessing, for many wonders awaited the human being. I always thought that I had consciousness on earth already, but how many degrees of consciousness had I experienced in the meantime? Only now was I awake, and yet, only in the fourth sphere would I be spiritually conscious. Passing over and waking up, always the same, going over and entering in an other sphere. It was wondrous. But I accepted it all and believed everything, for I had seen it with my own eyes.

Now again I would learn other wonders. I felt elated and sat down

again at the feet of Marianne to say goodbye to her. Then my leader came in. I was ready within myself and waited for things to come.

‘Are you ready, Lantos?’

‘I am ready, master. Wherever you will go, I am at your disposal.’

‘Fine, Lantos, then come here and try to connect yourself with the higher life.’

I knelt down and prayed to God to give my leader the powers to show and reveal all things to me. We prayed a long time. During the prayer a strange mood crept up in me. It was as if my feelings ebbed away and that I entered a silence I had felt before. In me grew the desire to be born again. Deep down I descended in feeling and before me I saw the world of the unconscious. An even stronger feeling came to me, and I saw human beings on earth. Next a family, father, mother and children. The mother was rebellious. What did this picture mean? I saw it all very clearly. Next I only saw the mother, and I felt that I was being connected with her. We both were one. My God, what was happening to me now? I felt that I was the child she carried inside. I sank into a deep sleep, and that sleep lasted nine months. Then I left and woke up. Thus, died on earth and born in the spirit. What was the meaning of this scene?

I looked at my leader and asked: ‘What was the meaning of this scene, master Emschor?’

‘This you will experience.’

‘Will I go back to earth to relive that?’

‘Yes, my Lantos, you may learn to become conscious on earth. However, you will not be born, before that time, only a few moments before, you will return to this life. What will be born there is only a dead body, you as soul and spirit return here. I have connected you with the masters. Did you feel and see it all?’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘it was very clear.’

‘Listen, brother Lantos, I may wake you in the mother, during the pregnancy. After the birth we return to earth, and you will relive the process again, and thus I connect you with the past. You know that this is possible. Are you ready?’

‘I feel ready, master.’

‘Look around you, for a short while you will return to earth, and when you die there you will go back to your home where you will



wake up.'

With great speed we went down to the world of the unconscious. The deeper down we went, the stronger I began to feel connected with that world. Soon we reached that sphere and the master said to me: 'We are now on that place in the sphere where you spoke with your friend Roni. One degree deeper down and that world pulls you inside, and then you cannot free yourself from it anymore. Go, Lantos, go inside. We shall see each other again on earth, there I will speak with you.'

Still deeper down I went, but I remained in contact with the master. An enormous sleep began to overpower me, but I still heard say: 'Can you hear me, Lantos?'

'Yes', I said, 'but I am so sleepy.'

'You will sleep, but do you feel how far your former life in which you lived just a moment ago, is now away from you?'

'I feel nothing but sleep, only sleep, master.'

'Do you know why this is?'

'No', master.'

'The world of the unconscious is drawing you in, you are now entering it. In the life you will presently be born, everything is unconscious to you. When you would be born on earth then only that for which you will live on earth can become conscious in you. In your former life your artistic feelings were conscious in you, but of all your former lives you knew nothing. Therefore little of this is known on earth. I mean the reincarnation. Later on, when we are together again, I shall clarify that.'

Farewell, my brother Lantos, this belongs with your cycle of the earth, and everyone will have this same experience, so that he can convince himself of his own life.'

And with that last word I fell into a deep sleep and heard nothing more.

### *My birth and death on earth*

The next thing I know, was that I felt I was becoming conscious again. It was as if someone woke me up. I felt that clearly. From the depth of the spiritual life I returned to reality. A holy feeling flowed

through me. Inside I felt my heart beat, but in a far-off way. I heard a soft voice say: 'Lantos! Lantos!'

'Lantos', I thought, 'Lantos?'

Closer and closer came that voice. What did Lantos mean? Who was Lantos? I felt myself regain consciousness, and then I understood the meaning of the word Lantos.

'Lantos', I heard again and knew that I was being called. It was as if God Himself talked to me. 'Can you hear me?'

I wanted to make a sound, but could not.

'You can only feel', came back to me.

I understood what was meant and sent my feelings upwards. My feelings were received, for I heard anew: 'Lantos, do you hear me?'

'Yes', I sent back. 'I hear you; where am I?'

'You live on earth, but in the womb of a mother. However not for very long anymore, then you will die.'

'You live inside the mother', I heard once again. 'You are now awake, and it were the higher masters who awoke you. Can you hear me? Answer me then.'

'I hear you, but from far, very far away.'

'Do you feel who is talking to you?'

'I feel you, is it you, master Emschor?'

'Yes, my brother, it is I. Sleep now, Lantos, in a short while you will return to the spheres.'

After that I sank back into that spiritual depth. When I woke up, I was lying on my resting couch in my own home. Beside me stood my leader, Emschor.

'My brother Lantos, do you remember anything?'

'What do you mean?' I asked. 'I do not remember anything. I know only that you took me to the world of the unconscious, that I heard you talk and bid me farewell.'

'You don't feel anything else?'

'No, nothing, I am not aware of anything else.'

'Not even that you were on earth and have died there?'

'No, of that I feel nothing.'

'Then listen well. You died on earth, at the age of nearly nine months you passed over. Just before you were to be born, you died. Your father and mother are in a state of grief and shock, and shed

bitter tears because you left them.'

'What wonder are you telling me?'

'Do you feel the silence of the spirit in you?'

'I feel a different silence than I did before, master.'

'That silence belongs to your mother, that enormous process that you just have explored. You still have not completely re-adjusted to this life, in other words: You have not yet accepted your former situation, from before our descent to the world of the unconscious. Presently you will fall asleep again, and sleep for a long time, after which you wake up again. Only after that you will feel as you did then, before you were connected. I woke you up, and now I shall withdraw my concentration, so that you will fall asleep. Sleep now, my brother, this miracle you have been allowed to experience.'

Then I was not aware of anything anymore. Again I woke up and felt as at the time of my entrance, waking up from my first sleep. I knew where I was and looked at Marianne. How great is God, were my thoughts. Silence and love were in me, a quite peace. I thought of my own life and then of Emschor. At the same instant he came in.

'My brother Lantos, how do you feel?'

'Great', I said.

'There is much I have to explain to you and then we shall return to earth, and you will see your father and mother, your sisters and brothers.'

'My sisters and brothers, father and mother?' I echoed.

'Yes, don't you know what we talked about?'

'Yes, I do, but I remember nothing. I know that I slept for a time, nothing more. Do I have to accept that?'

'Eighty years, according to the count of time on earth, have gone by.'

'What?'

'Eighty years, and that is only a short time, for most stay hundreds of years in that world, before they are attracted back to earth.'

I could not utter a word, and finally stammered: 'Do you really mean that?'

'How can you ask me a question like that? However, we know that nobody can believe it, but I will show you that it is true. So, accept that you did return to earth.'

What a miracle had happened! I had been told about it before-

hand, but still I could not believe it. I asked the master: 'How does it work? When is the soul being attracted, and how does the connection come into being? Do you know how a person is born on earth?'

'Listen. When the father or the mother are beginning to think of this event, they already are in a cosmic attunement. This event thus is a cosmic wonder, a power that reinforces this connection in which both beings are taken up. At the same instant that the father or the mother focusses on it, the life, the soul, is attracted. The process itself makes a beginning when the embryo takes shape, and as it grows life becomes conscious. Direct consciousness comes to the embryo between the third and fourth month. The parents are on the moment of conception in contact with the universe, thus this world; and such a connection can only be broken by brute force, and that is a spiritual murder.

The life that is thrown back into this world in this manner is being damned, and that will have to be made good by the parents or the human being. The human being, spirit or soul, who grows up in that young body, is as you know not aware of anything. When the material body was born on earth, you yourself were already under way to the spheres. In a short time, and sleeping, you returned to your former state and this is only for those who must experience this process of becoming conscious.

If you had really been born on earth, and died there later, then you would have had to do the growing-up on this side, although it takes less time here than on earth. The spiritual growth is in accord with and attunes to the inner forces a person possesses. A higher attuned spirit returning to earth would have taken on his former state already by the time he arrived at his attunement. Is that clear to you?'

'Yes', I said, 'but it is so miraculous.'

'We'll return to earth, where I shall clarify everything. With help from the masters was I allowed to connect you with the past, but this time it will be with your birth and death on earth, and the return to this world. Only then will you be convinced when you experience this yourself. Are you ready?'

'Yes, master, I'll follow you.'

Floating along we returned to earth. What an extraordinary prob-

lem. I had been born on earth, but returned to this world before my actual birth. Wondrous forces of the spirit. Soon we reached earth. When I concentrated. I saw and felt that we were in the Orient. The dress of the people told me where I was. China, I said to myself, thus we were on an other continent.

When I asked my leader whether I had attuned in properly, he answered in the affirmative. I sensed that master Emschor used constant concentration, and I knew that he was connected with higher powers. I followed him in all silence and observed. An enormous problem was going to be solved for me. If people could accept this, they would know where and how they got all their character traits. Art and all those other traits had been acquired in an other life. Language and country had nothing to do with this power. Life returned and would be born on earth. It was profound. If I would be born here, I would not remember anything of my former lives, but deep, very deep down within me, there it lay. I felt and could over-see it all.

We now walked through the streets of a city and again I saw the astral person and knew his desires. We came to a street and entered a small comfortable home. Before me I saw earth people, man, woman and children, and I felt that they were lost in prayer. Here I felt the silence.

‘Your parents, sisters and brothers’, said master Emschor to me.

‘Feel please, that it is she who carried you all these months and with whom you were connected.’

At the moment that I prepared my concentration I felt the connection with my mother. In me came motherly love, I clearly felt these feelings. For me this was a holy moment. Still, all those people were strangers to me, but something held me captive. It was the love they all felt for the being that had been stillborn. They sent pure thoughts of meeting again and joining to me. They were convinced that I was alive.

I now felt myself sink down deeper and deeper. The earth dropped away beneath me, and the stillness that came in me was wonderful. Still I kept my consciousness. This time I was attracted to my mother, and also felt connected with her. I observed myself inside my mother’s womb. Oh, my God, how amazing is all this. I could, however,

only feel, but yet I understood that.

When I saw this, I heard my leader, through the language of feeling, that came up in me, say: 'You are one with your mother, Lantos, I am sending my feelings to you now in order to explain this process. Here you see what once was, you are connected with the past. Is that understood?'

Back to my leader I sent: 'Yes master, I fully comprehend.'

'You can see, Lantos, that the embryo is taking on form. You are already living in this earthly body and yet it is only embryonic. It will grow bigger, and in the growing foetus life becomes aware and reaches total consciousness between the third and fourth months. This I already told you about. The life then, that lives in the material body, is the soul, and that soul, the human person, has lived through different stages of development.

During the pregnancy, the mother lives in a raised spiritual attunement, because of the being she carries. The soul or that life must now follow a process to perfect the growth, and then it waits for birth. One day before that birth you closed off your own life. Within you lay that power, it had been laid down cosmically, a law thus, to which no man can change anything. This has nothing to do with the physical happening. The soul, or that life, must return to the spheres. When you now tune in on this occurrence you will feel it clearly. The power of the soul or that life manifests itself in a rotating motion, closing off its life and returning to its true attunement.

Millions of beings return in this way and have experienced becoming conscious within the material life. I told you once already that this belongs with the cycle of the soul, it is the saying goodbye to the third degree of cosmic life. You returned, but others will be born there. We here know of this, and a person returns there for a set purpose, either to learn, or to bring something of beauty to the earth, which is laid down cosmically.

On earth it is thought that a physical disturbance took place when a child is stillborn. That, however, is not true, for that life had to and must return.

Here you were born, these are your mother and father, your brothers and sisters. I am sure that you feel now, that we all are sisters and

brothers, and that this being father and mother in spiritual life cannot possibly exist, for the father- and mother love changes into the universal love. I shall now let you return and then explain further workings and events.'

I felt myself coming back into my conscious life; this process went slowly and I felt the mighty concentration that was in me, that I would not be born on earth. Next I observed how I closed off my life. A remarkable and exalted happening. When I came to again I was holding my leader's hand in mine. I understood why he did this. From his feeling to my feeling I saw this wonder unfolding and what, through the higher powers, he observed, I felt as it went over into me. A process had taken place of which man on earth neither knew, nor understood anything, and would not believe it. In the life after death lay the secret, and this secret was known and felt by the cosmic awakened ones, the mentors, whom I had been allowed to watch.

Once again I was being connected with my leader.

'Observe', he said, 'this time, however, you will experience the return and the awakening in spirit.'

I saw my mother clearly, and that I was inside of her. I now followed the action of the young life. Next I noticed that it turned over a few times and ended its life. The tiny young body within the mother suffocated and the feelings it had now returned to me. I felt what I was doing, one urge, one power drove me to do it, and I acted accordingly.

After that I saw that the life inside started to free itself, and from my mother's body I saw a young spiritual being free itself. At this same moment I noticed some spiritual beings and among them my leader. I now understood. When the spiritual body had completely freed itself, the spiritual cord snapped and miraculously dissolved. The young life had died on earth, but was born in spirit. The beings who carried me to the spheres were followed by my own leader. From the moment we left the earth I saw the young spirit begin to grow up. Further and further went this growing process. Around the being lay a dense haze, and inside it lay in a deep sleep.

We approached the spheres of light and went into the second sphere. On my own restbed I was laid down. I saw it all happen.

Slowly I returned to my former state. How normal and natural was this occurrence, this miracle of God. I noticed the dense haze dissolved and my spiritual body grew larger.

Afterwards I prayed in silence, and profoundly thanked my Almighty Father for granting me this holy experience. Miraculous was this growing process. Soon I experienced my own awakening in the spheres. I still had not returned into my own life. I watched it all happen. Now the end was near and with the end came my awakening in the spirit. It was at the moment when my leader spoke to me. All this I knew. Again I saw myself drop off to sleep, and after a time wake up again, and then I was like born anew.

A mighty problem I had learned and experienced, of how a person is born on earth and again returned to the world of the spirit. This is cosmic knowledge and sacred. It is God's holy Guidance and Allpower that governs all this. I sank down and I thanked God once again for everything.

When my prayer was finished I glanced up at my leader and thanked him too for this event.

'Oh, if only the people would want to believe this', I said.

'It is possible, Lantos, and it gives them support, for they will view their lives differently than before. They will not grieve anymore when a young life leaves. All is God's will.

Listen further, Lantos. Now that you have experienced all this, it will be clear to you that the human being, or soul, will be attracted from the world of the unconscious and return to earth for one or other task. Between that world and the earth, that attunement, lies and lives God's holy Power. That might and power are laws about which even the masters know nothing. In it resides the secret of what the soul will experience and receive in that earth life. From there it comes to earth, where God's laws will take effect, which determine where the soul shall live. You have lived in China, in your former life in the West, before that in Egypt and in many other parts of the world, and neither spirit nor man knows anything about that.

Before the soul enters that world of the unconscious, the masters then can connect themselves with that life, and with concentration tune in on earth, so they are able to follow that life. If the soul must possess wealth, then no man can change anything about that. He



will be born on earth in that situation. The depth of all those problems can only be assessed from the fourth cosmic degree. However, no being living on that planet – and you know this already – has contact with the earth, because they know these are God's laws, which they will always honour.

Will the soul have to make amends on earth, then this will happen. Will it be destined to die at five, ten, or a later age, that too is irrevocable and will happen. No being on earth possesses this concentration, not even one who is cognizant of all these laws and events, that attract the higher spiritual being to him. These are God's laws, no soul or spirit, advanced as he may be, knows anything about that or can make changes.

To good and spiritual parents comes an animal-like being in the material organism. This can clearly be observed in the life on earth. People pray and ask God to shower the child that will be born to them with spiritual gifts. But nothing can be changed in it by praying. If it happens, it is a law. The depth of this mighty process is known only to God, and is a Holy law which is the Allpower.

Wherever the soul finds itself, it all serves to acquire spiritual love, by living the material life. The human being will again and again come back, until he innerly carries and knows the third cosmic degree and then his cycle of the earth is at an end.

In this life the soul continues, all those higher spheres are familiar to you. You know too, that when a person enters the deepest darkness on this side, he has the ability to work himself up to reach the highest spheres. Your own life is the example of that.

However, from the highest spheres it will still be possible to return to earth and fulfil a mission there. In the sphere of the suicides I let you feel this, it was at that instant that both possibilities came to awareness in you. The one possibility is a law, the other a grant, a mission, a task. A mentor like Cesarino can go back to earth and relive becoming conscious, as well as grow up to the desired age over there, if the soul remains in harmony with the laws of nature. In a flash that soul – thus that high-attuned being – can go back and rejoin his own sphere of his previous spiritual attunement. Thus the higher a person advances, the more rapid this process works, but it all depends on the inner, which is the love-power, that being possesses.

The spirit, or the soul, who enters the world of the unconscious – and you have experienced this event – falls into a deep attunement and regresses to a spark of light, of life, growing smaller and smaller, just like your own garment, your spiritual body, that you watched growing up. From this side, it then descends in that inexplicable situation, and from the time of the physical union – the conception – soul and body together grow up naturally and in this way a person is born on earth. The wonder of gender determination is also a cosmic law, only known to God, and which the soul experiences. It is not possible to determine the gender beforehand on earth. But we know – what I am going to tell you now is the most unbelievable facet of this mighty and holy process – the soul will be born there in both bodies. When a mother bears more than one child, then this is a situation that has to do only with the physical organs. As soon as a conception takes place, life from this side descends into the matter and the embryo attracts the life, because it was achieved by a human.

This holds true for animal and human. But the human being is tuned to the higher, and perfect divine being. The animal, however, belongs to its own attunement of animal life, although the working and the impregnation, the descending of life and the taking possession of the material body, are one and the same working. But all that life is God's holy Life. The soul thus uses both bodies. Do you feel the deep significance of this wonder? It will then become clear to you that the soul will represent the male body in one life, and the female body in another. The depth of this mighty and holy problem cannot be fathomed. But the masters know it, and all of us who can connect ourselves with the people on earth, feel and see that it is the truth. Mother love is that mighty force, God's holy Creation, through which the soul can enter a higher stage of the spirit, and make that its own possession. Everything the soul experiences on earth serves to bring it out of the animal-like and the coarse-material stage to enter the spiritual world.

When someone on earth asks himself: 'Where do I get all these character traits?' then that life has acquired those traits in former lives, and the purpose of it all is to awaken in spirit. We know that we must acquire everything through experience and learning, and that we must also accept that all these faculties of character cannot

be achieved in but one short, earthly life. The soul needs thousands of years for that. And what are thousand years on this side?

God has given this mercy, whereby the soul can make good what in an other life was destroyed, to all His children and to all other life. It is God, Who allows a human on earth this mercy to continue his unfinished work on this side. Always again is it our Holy Father Who guides us children and shows what is best for us. It is God Who provides the soul with the mercy to experience motherhood, so that it can master those love, this most holy of God's creation. That then is the life on earth, my Lantos, and the cycle of the soul is the material, the spiritual and the cosmic life. Is everything I have told you clear, my brother Lantos?

Then I took both hands of my leader and said: 'I understand you completely, master, I could not feel otherwise. To experience all this makes one a believer.'

Thank you, then we shall go on.'

### *I visited Marianne and Roni on earth*

'We now have come to the ultimate and greatest for you, and that is, where Marianne and your brother Roni are. Still you must have a little more patience, for they are not yet born on earth. I am leaving you now, but I will return when I have received those directions and feelings, and when contact with them is possible. Also the time is there to visit your parents who have given you the name Lantos. Try your luck in nature, master all these traits and wisdom, and come to yourself. I shall return, my Lantos. Your Emschor.'

The master left and I knew where he was going. Back to his own sphere, which was far, very far away from mine. Still some day I would also go and enter there, for I wanted to work to improve myself.

At last I stood before the great event of meeting Marianne on earth. She was finishing off her cycle on earth. She and Roni together.

Wondrous, mighty and inscrutable was all this, and yet so simple and natural. Now that I knew this, I also understood all those situations on earth. No feelings, how incomprehensible they might be,

on this side the significance of them was known. It all is contained in the human soul, that soul which is life, and on this side, spirit. Mighty it was and yet so simple. What a way to learn about life! The soul lived on earth in both bodies. For a human this was too strange to believe. And yet it was the truth, for I had experienced it. Inside my mother I had woken up.

Ah, my God, how powerful You are. Oh Lord, what a nonentity is the human who damns You. I had become a different person, and now I felt conscious, but there was no end to thinking. Soul, spirit and then human! Life, in the form of soul and spirit descended in the material body. See, how it awakens! Feel that enormous process and spend a thought on what you are drawing towards you. Ask yourself at the birth of your child: 'Child from where did you come? Are you pre-animal-like? Are you coarse-material or spiritual, or do you belong to an other mentality? Did you come to earth to destroy? To make good? For lust or violence? Why, oh soul, did you return to earth? Was I once your brother or your sister, or your enemy? Did I kill you in a former life? What must I do to understand it all? I do not know, but I shall give you my love. Was I once your father or mother? Ah, young life, who are you? I will accept, because God knows why you are living with us.'

Yes, so I thought; ask questions and more questions and yet submit to it, accept everything, whatever it may be, for God is Love.

I went outside, though in my home I was also in nature, for here is and feels the person one in and with everything, wherever he happens to be. Then I took long walks together with my sisters and brothers. They too had experienced the same wondrous things, and they told me of their lives on earth. Weeks, no months and years passed by, calculated in earth time. Still my master had not returned. And so during that time I familiarized myself with my own attunement.

I will not describe all that here, because the master who is helping me to record this at this moment, has already done this through his instrument. I follow my own life and must follow my own adventures, because that is what master Emschor has instructed me to do.

At last the time was there; I felt the time approaching. In my own home I relived and meditated on all my experiences. When I was

ready with that too my master entered and said: 'Greetings, brother Lantos.'

'Welcome, master Emschor.'

'We are going to earth, the most wonderful part is going to happen for you. Are you ready? I let you feel it from afar.'

'I sensed it, master, and thank you for it.'

'You will meet some difficult moments, prepare yourself for that too. Know, that for a longer or a shorter period of time you will be away from home. Only now your real work begins. Your work on earth will be in the first place the protection of your twin soul, and next, to describe all this. From time to time you shall return to the spheres to gather new strength, but you will remain many years down there, until she too has passed over.'

'May I protect her from this side?'

'That is your work, but at the same time you can help many other people. You certainly have a wonderful task. As soon as I have connected you with Marianne and Roni, and your parents, my task is finished. I told you already, that on earth you will be assisted by a master, so that you can tell about your life through his instrument. Before we come to that we will have to separate for a long time, but you know that we are united for ever. When on earth you face great and difficult problems, then you know how you can reach me. And now we are going to earth.'

Again I was floating towards the earth, this time, however, I had a mission to fulfil. A task had been entrusted to me, and for that I would devote myself with all the strength and love that was in me. We soon arrived on earth and I sensed where I was. This time we were in the West. I recognized the country by the language that was spoken. Did Marianne live here in the stillness of the countryside? We entered a home.

'There before you', said the master, 'you see her parents.'

I looked at them, but Marianne was not there.

'Patience', said the master to me, 'she will soon come.'

So I waited and a short while later she walked in. My heart beat faster with longing. Marianne, my twin soul, my eternal love! I had waited nine centuries for this moment! My master took my hand and I knew what that meant. He was connecting me with her. I

could clearly see the inner face of her former life. It could be seen in this material body, but from this side, and only for me did it have special meaning.

Marianne was seventeen years old. I fathomed her inner life. She possessed everything she had learned in her previous life; deep in her soul lay her longing, the longing to receive that one thing. But, oh, how it hurt me, she would not receive that love in this life either. In this life she had to make good and would undergo a sublimation. Her material body differed from the one in her former life, but inwardly nothing had changed in her. I saw into her innermost life and continued to observe it until I fully knew the depth of her inner being, then I returned to my own self.

‘Is she the one, Lantos? Is the one you see here your Marianne?’

‘Yes, master, the soul that lives in that body is my Marianne.’

‘I will show you something else, but only when she is in a deep sleep, in a short while.’

Marianne still had her lovely voice, but she would only sing for enjoyment. She was living on earth, had come from the hereafter to earth again and was seventeen years old. Miraculously mighty and almost unbelievable. Yet I saw and experienced this wonder.

‘Come, my brother, we must go on, I have more to show you yet.’

Then we left the house.

‘Where are you going?’ I queried.

‘Aren’t you curious to know where Roni lives?’

My God, I thought, I had not even thought of him. Again we walked into an earth home, where I saw a human being.

‘See there’, the master said, ‘your brother Roni. He lives in a different material body, has another name, speaks another language, but I shall connect you with his former life.’

Once more I felt myself sinking downward as had happened to me many times before, then fully aware I stepped into my previous life. Before me I saw the moment of that ghastly scene, that horrendous incident that had caused me so much suffering. His death and my end on earth. This truth emanated from him into me.

Then I heard my leader say: ‘Do you accept, brother Lantos, that this is Roni whom you see before you?’

‘Yes master.’

‘Do you feel that the past lies deeply buried within him? With help of the masters I was granted to make this connection for you. The one that stands before you is your brother Roni. He is going to make amends, and so is Marianne, and make good what they both did wrong once.’

It startled me. This kind of truth was very harsh, but I had to accept it. I had already made a decision and meditated about all this in the spheres. I was prepared, because I knew that some time this would happen to me.

‘Come, my Lantos, we’ll move on. Later on you will return to them. I must now connect you with other beings and then I shall leave.’

‘Do we remain in this country?’

‘Yes, not far from here live your parents.’

We floated on, and again we entered an earthly home. One could always find the people in their homes. In the spheres we always were with nature, but everything was different there.

‘She is not here, but I sense where she is at this moment. Come follow me.’

I had already seen where we were. The distinguished woman of before was in this life an ordinary person, in fact one of the most humble one could be on earth. It was her task to bear the worries of her husband. The scene I saw here was a mighty one.

‘See’, said my leader, ‘there is your mother. She is occupied putting all her feelings and love into her work. She works her piece of land, and also has some animals. Come to me and I will show it to you.’

Again I sank back to the past. A picture began to appear before me that I recognized. It was the moment that I left and had come to that decision. I saw her grim face and felt her cold heart, for she was letting me go without a word.

In the next picture I was connected with the life in which she now lived. She was still cold, very cold, and possessed little love. God had given her a different task in life. In this life she had to earn her own bread by working very hard for it. Her husband was a farmer. They had cattle, a piece of land and all the things that go with it. I saw the callouses on her hands, her bent back, and her tired, worn-out face. She was weighed down under her worries, and I heard her ask and

call out: 'Why and wherefore do we have to work so hard?' But I felt no pity for her, for she had to awaken, and needed to begin feeling love. This would give her thinking a new direction. It was mighty again what I saw here. My mother from a former life! Unbelievable and yet true, the holy truth, I had to accept it.

In the distance I saw her husband, he suffered from her whims, because from him I received the radiation of love. His love would spread warmth to her and change her. Was he my father? When I thought that, my master said: 'No, he is not your father. We shall visit him too.'

There were no children here, though I felt that she would have very much liked to have them, but she would not receive any children. This affected me deeply, for I thought back of my own life. At that time she had not cared for them at all, and now she had to wish, always long for, but yet she didn't get children. Again it was something, a mighty event to shake her awake. God's holy Guidance vibrated through me till deep in my soul. God knew everything. I saw a problem and a wonder, and I knew both. I stayed with her for a long time. I intended to return to her and observe her from this side. Pure thoughts I sent out to her and wished her strength to bear it all. God give that you awaken. When she would call for help, and life on earth was breaking her heart, I would return to her and give her my support. I would always keep my connection with her and come immediately, if at all possible, to help her.

Farewell mother, you still must get rid of your pride, and at the same time learn to become loving. You won't be able to party in this life, all that is past. If you knew who you once were, you would have bowed your head a long time ago. But this is not yet possible.

'May I return to her later, master?'

'As often as you like.'

'Thank you', I said, I shall protect her, for that, too, belongs to my task.'

'Come, Lantos, let's move on.'

I understood, for I would now see my father. In rapid flight we left this country, and I saw that we went to the high North. Did my father live here? Far apart but still on earth! I found it remarkable that my leader could find them all back. My leader went to the



harbour and visited several ships. I thought that I already had the answer to this riddle. How was it possible, my father a fisherman, I could hardly believe it. I saw a group of people; they were very busy unloading the catch. My leader pointed to a tall, strong figure and said: 'Your father.'

'My father', I repeated his words. In this life too, he had not changed a bit. Rough he was. That phoney intellectuality of earlier times was no spiritual possession. This was his true nature. Here he could live himself out. How strong he was; he had not changed in that either. But he did not possess any riches, he had to work for a living, and that he did. I sensed clearly, that for him, my leader did not need to connect me with the past. I followed him and fathomed his inner feelings. He still possessed his airs of grandeur, it lay in him consciously. I heard him talk, he still was giving out orders, for he was the owner of a small boat with which he earned his living. No, this man would not believe that he had been rich once, immensely rich. All this lay deeply hidden in him, the soul had experienced it. Here I would not come back soon, only when he too would pass over, then I would assist him with it. In spirit he was a living dead. Volumes of books could I write about that.

When I arrived on earth evening had been falling. Still I continued to observe, because now I could see everything by my own light. I glanced at my leader, but said nothing. Our feelings merged, and we left, back to Marianne. When we arrived there and walked into her room, she had already retired for the night. She was sound asleep, and beautiful feelings filled her mind.

'I am now going to switch you to the past', my leader said to me. 'Come here, next to me.'

Again I was connected with the past. Picture after picture passed by my mind. I saw myself with her in my former youth in ancient Egypt, and walked with her along the lower Nile. Next in Rome.

Still deeper down I went within her, and felt her cosmic attunement. Here I learned about a new wonder. The soul took on both bodies, but still had to follow God's appointed way. In the last incarnation the soul retrieved her absolute attunement and returned to the spheres of light. I felt the depth of that phenomenon and understood what my leader meant.

Then I returned into my own self and viewed her inner life. My leader looked at me and said: 'My brother, I am leaving now, my task is finished, while yours begins. I am returning to the spheres to receive other work. When the time comes that you must tell about your own life, my brother and master Alcar will visit you. I shall connect myself with him. Follow your path, your task is not easy, for many beings need your help. In the spheres of light we shall meet again. When Marianne is going to leave this life, I will come to you.'

I went down on my knees and thanked my master for everything; and saw my whole life on earth, the many centuries I had spent in the darkness of the side beyond, all pass before me. Everything returned up to this moment, and then I looked up at him. Two loving hands rested on my forehead. A tremendous force flowed into me.

'God, bless your work, my brother. May His holy strength descend upon you, may He guide and lead you. Farewell Lantos, farewell!'

After that I felt him leaving. At the side of my sweet child I prayed to God that I might be allowed to protect her. I was invisible to Marianne, and yet so near.

Years went by and the day came that she was to marry. On that day, that holds so much happiness for a person, I was with her. She felt happy, and yet deep down in her lay a great and holy longing, that would remain unanswered. On this day she was happy and not happy. Something came to her from afar that darkened her happiness. It was an ominous warning, for she would not be understood. On the very first day she realized already that her marriage was a failure. Roni was cold and harsh; he had not the slightest understanding of the depth of her inner being, and of the great love she possessed.

I had to watch it all and sit back, there was nothing I could do, but my heart broke. I had to work this out all alone, by myself, for I had known of it. How she prayed to God and begged for love. Every day of her life she pleaded and asked why God would allow this! 'Why do I have to suffer so much, why and wherefore; why must I let my soul be trampled on?'

I kept watch, and laid all my love and my full strength in her

when she was asleep. Then we were one and during the sleep I could free her and take her to the spheres. There we took long walks and returned in the mornings. Then she could put up with her sorrows better and had more strength. Yet I was not allowed to free her from Roni. She had to undergo this and finish this life in a manner that had nothing but sorrows, grief and misery. Her happiness, and the thought of what her marriage could be lay deep down in her. I had to let her live as she was supposed to live, but I protected her in everything else.

From time to time I left her, but always returned to her. In her lay a longing, and that longing had come to her when we were torn apart in my dungeon. In this life she could and would do nothing else but yearn. Her longing went out to possess that one pure love. But only on this side would that spiritual love come to her. Here in my life we are one, and we go on further to acquire eternal love.

She found consolation in her singing and read pure books. That too, that puny, tiny bit of pleasure they tried to take away from her. But she read on, driven by my powers.

Roni has not changed yet. He is a stranger to everybody. Of his former life only his painting is left. He does not know himself. But there is something he has laid off, as he fights against it, and that is his Don Juan-like attitude. However, these traits are transformed into bitterness and manifest themselves that way. It is a secret and unfathomable. That is because he is everywhere and in everything, and yet his character does not follow a steady course. He does not give anything of himself and shuts himself off to everybody. But I know him and feel sorry for him. When he enters this life he will be a living dead. His place of residence will be in the Land of Twilight, since he will not change very much. I will assist him with his entrance there. Even though he is very cruel, he is and remains my brother. I follow him and mellow his feelings towards Marianne, for if I could not do that her life would be a hell on earth.

In the stillness of her own room I am often, very often alone with Marianne. When she sings I listen closely, however she does not know that I am with her. In nature she can be herself and then I let her feel how it will be one day, she senses me, but wonders where those feelings in her come from. Then she merges with me and tears

run down her cheeks. She calls ardently for help, but she must live through this.

Often when I work far away, for I also continue to follow and help other people, and she calls for help in her prayer, I can see her crying. Then I look at Roni, for he is the one who does all this to her. In him lies a power, and he makes lavish use of it. Her hands and feet are tied, she may not leave. Her children do not feel the drama that is being staged here.

Who could? Who on earth can feel the depth of the past? Aren't all people on earth to learn? Aren't hearts broken by the thousands? Do not evil and good live together? Isn't the good there to vanquish evil? Aren't millions of people tied by hands and feet while their souls are being flayed? On earth people do not find happiness, and he who has it, oh, do pray and thank God, for there are but few who possess that happiness of understanding.

Just now I follow people, but nowhere can I see that love, that twin love which brings and gives the highest happiness. Wherever I go, it is always the same thing. Here it is the man who possesses love, somewhere else the woman, and in many other places neither of them have any love. How puny is man!

I have protected Marianne from total ruin. Had I not been there to prevent it, Marianne would long since have been on this side, experiencing her own life's ending. Not once, but twice, three times those thoughts had come to her mind. I found her at the edge of a ditch, grieving, broken of body and soul. Then I projected to her the images of her two children, and if this happiness had not been her possession, then I could never have protected her. I pray that it will never happen.

The years went by. I connected her with friends and led her ways to them. Also with like-minded souls, who will support her and give her love. I followed her and changed her character. All the time her wrong traits are falling off and transform into tender and fine feelings. She is ready to give all of herself for love, but shies away from meanness and falseness. From this spot I speak with her and this writing she will receive. God gave me the grace and the power thereto.

'Marianne, these words are for you alone. They well from deep in my heart, and I have put all the powers of my soul into them. Fight,

my child, fight, your life is hard, but know that you are not alone. Look around you. How many aren't suffering like you? You can take it, because you have help from others. Others stand alone, completely alone in your terrible world. Know, my child, that if you had not felt and seen the darkness, you would not appreciate the light. All this is necessary. When you look for a haven in nature and caress the plants, trees, and all the other growing things, then I am with you. When you begin to feel longing, then you feel me. When beautiful and exalted thoughts and vistas come to you, they are mine. When you have wondrous dreams of happiness and meeting again, of a life after this life, then we have been together and you will wake in the morning in peaceful and pure happiness.

See, Marianne, keep that with you, and continue to live in it. When you look up at the universe, you see me, for there I live. From there I come to you and lay flowers from the spheres on your paths. One day I shall make it all up to you. Know that I am waiting for you on this side, and that you will recognize me. When your last breath flows from your tired body, I am with you. Then we are one, forever one. And so, fight and follow the path you see before you. Perhaps you will not and cannot believe all this, and I do not ask it of you, but yet, very deep within you lies the past.

The past was shown to me, and some day I shall take you back with me to earth, to explain everything to you. All of what I am writing down now, you will read. God granted me this blessing.

How great my happiness will be when you read this. Together we will read of our life on the side beyond and of past centuries. Know that a century is but a flash. To you they are years, the years of grief, struggle and misery. But reflect on how I have suffered, and all for you, my Marianne, my love, soul of my soul! God I can thank very fervently that He allowed me to tell it to the world. I am already busy and nearly finished. I am still in connection with you, verbally connected now that I write this down.

I shall pray for the instrument through whom I may express myself. Words of thank I cannot utter. I look up at the master who helped me record this, and he sees my tears of thankfulness.

Still a few words to you, Marianne, for I do not want to leave yet. Now, at this moment, now that you read this, we are one, wholly

one. Do you feel me? Think, my dear child, think of this in your lifetime. Think how great the blessing is to be allowed to receive this, but do not think that we are the only ones who have this experience.'

Many, however, will shrug their shoulders over everything they read here, but from this side I call out to them: 'Brothers and sisters, all of you love, but feel this love. All of what I have told you, of what I experienced with Marianne, and of what was explained to me in this life, is the holy truth. God is aware that I have told the truth. God and millions of beings know it, because they have followed me in everything. It is also their own life, their work and desire that was assigned to my master Emschor. If I can convince but one of you of an everlasting life, then my suffering, and struggles and all this work has been rewarded. May God grant that your eyes will be opened.'

'And you, instrument by the grace of God, I now direct myself to you. I shall connect you with Marianne; you will meet her. When I let you feel who she is, let you see and hear it – because you possess those gifts – will you then give her, my twin soul, the fullness of your love? Once again, you will meet her, I will show you her image in various ways. At the same time I shall give you a few identification marks, so that you both will accept, unbelievable as it may seem to you. Will you please, when I give you these signs, whisper to her, that it is she? I may let you know this, it is God's will.

May I thank you from the depth of my innermost being for this you have done for me? The time has not been yours, you lived in my time and my life. I had to record this book in a very short time. The time I spent in the darkness alone could fill many books, but that is not the purpose. The main concern of the masters is, to want to convince all the people on earth who have the feelings and who wish to become cognizant in all of these things, that life goes on everlasting; and that all those possibilities are for everybody, whoever it may be, because God loves all His children. Deep down in yourself lies the truth, you yourself are the answer to it all, for you are life, you are spirit and soul.'

'You, master Alcar, I haven't to thank you. You do not want or wish for thanks, but God I must thank for everything He has given me.

Now I will end this work and dedicate it to my Marianne.'

‘Marianne, this is for you. Take it and lock it inside of you. Read and reread it, then I am with you. Now I will leave. My blessing for you all.’

‘May God’s holy and indispensable blessing rest on this work.’

Your LANTOS.

THE END