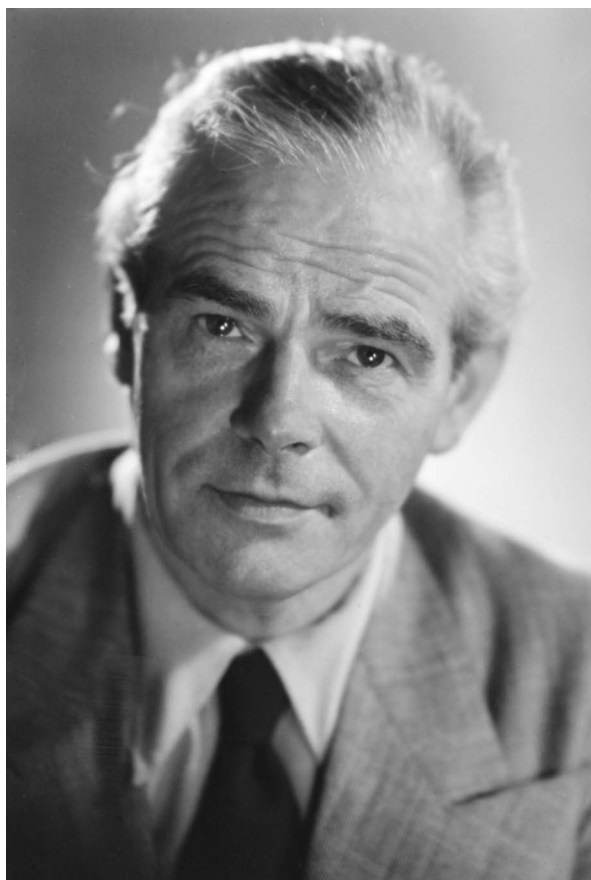


Jozef Rulof

# The Cycle of the Soul



The Age of Christ



Jozef Rulof  
1898-1952

Jozef Rulof

# The Cycle of the Soul



The Age of Christ

## Contact and copyright

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On the cover you will see a little porcelain plate with an illustration painted on it which Jozef Rulof received from the hereafter. The illustration was painted by the spiritual author of this book, Lantos. Lantos says about this: 'And this is my life cloth. You see me with a pallet, I paint a few lives of myself. With the pearls of wisdom, left and right, and the 'Life harp' on the bottom left. A spiritual gift for Jeus (Jozef Rulof) from me.'

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The Cycle of the Soul, 2020

ISBN 978-90-70554-89-7

# Contents

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Contact and copyright .....                   | 4  |
| Word by the publisher .....                   | 7  |
| Book list .....                               | 8  |
| Explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof ..... | 9  |
| List of articles .....                        | 11 |
| Jozef Rulof .....                             | 15 |

## 1938

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Foreword .....                          | 21 |
| Introduction by the spirit Lantos ..... | 25 |

### Part 1: The material life

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| My childhood on earth .....                           | 31  |
| In my new surroundings .....                          | 43  |
| The break .....                                       | 49  |
| I became an artist .....                              | 57  |
| I committed a murder .....                            | 77  |
| In my dungeon .....                                   | 83  |
| Reflections .....                                     | 89  |
| In contact with the invisible world .....             | 94  |
| I ended my life and entered the spiritual world ..... | 98  |
| To the astral world .....                             | 121 |

### Part 2: The spiritual life

|  |     |
|--|-----|
| Foreword for the second part .....                 | 129 |
| The astral world .....                             | 131 |
| The human being on earth seen from this life ..... | 142 |
| To my dungeon .....                                | 150 |
| The world of the unconscious .....                 | 159 |
| The past .....                                     | 165 |
| The demonic sphere .....                           | 188 |

Marianne’s end on earth ..... 193

My walk on earth .....200

I made my last work of art from this life .....206

Part 3: The cosmic life

Serving love ..... 213

Back to the earth ..... 250

To the spheres of light ..... 257

I took possession of my own sphere; spiritual education .....260

The cosmic connection ..... 269

The awakening on earth .....273

My birth and death on earth ..... 276

I visited Marianne and Roni on earth .....284

# Word by the publisher

Dear reader,

This book belongs to the series of 27 books which came to earth via Jozef Rulof between 1933 and 1952. These books are published by Foundation Spiritual-Scientific Association “The Age of Christ”, which was set up in 1946 by Jozef Rulof. As the board of this foundation, we guarantee the original text of the books which we are making available today.

We have also published an explanation for the books, which contains 140 articles. We consider the publication of the 27 books and this explanation as an inextricable whole. For some passages from the books, we refer to relevant articles from the explanation. For instance (see article ‘Explanation at soul level’ on [rulof.org](http://rulof.org)) refers to the basic article ‘Explanation at soul level’ as you can read that on the website [rulof.org](http://rulof.org).

With kind regards,

The board of directors of the Foundation The Age of Christ  
2020

# Book list

Overview of the books which came to earth via Jozef Rulof in the sequence that they were published, with the years in which the content of those books was realised:

A View into the Hereafter (1933-1936)  
Those who came back from the Dead (1937)  
The Cycle of the Soul (1938)  
Mental Illnesses seen from the Other Side (1939-1945)  
The Origin of the Universe (1939)  
Between Life and Death (1940)  
The Peoples of the Earth seen by the Other Side (1941)  
Through the Grebbe Line to Eternal Life (1942)  
Spiritual Gifts (1943)  
Masks and Men (1948)  
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 1 (1950)  
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 2 (1951)  
Jeus of Mother Crisje Part 3 (1952)  
Questions and Answers Part 1 (1949-1951)  
Questions and Answers Part 2 (1951-1952)  
Questions and Answers Part 3 (1952)  
Questions and Answers Part 4 (1952)  
Questions and Answers Part 5 (1949-1952)  
Questions and Answers Part 6 (1951)  
Lectures Part 1 (1949-1950)  
Lectures Part 2 (1950-1951)  
Lectures Part 3 (1951-1952)  
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 1 (1944-1950)  
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 2 (1944-1950)  
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 3 (1944-1950)  
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 4 (1944-1950)  
The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof Part 5 (1944-1950)



# Explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof

The foreword of this explanation is:

Dear readers,

In this 'explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof', as publisher we describe the core of his vision. In this way, we answer two types of questions which we were asked during the past few years about the content of these books.

Firstly, there are the questions about specific subjects such as for instance cremation and euthanasia. The information about such subjects is often distributed over the 27 books with a total of more than 11,000 pages. This is why, for each subject, we have put relevant passages from all the books together and summarised them each time in an article.

The distributed information is the result of the knowledge building in the book series. In the article 'explanation at soul level', we distinguish two levels in this knowledge building: the social thinking on the one hand and the explanations at soul level on the other hand. For his first explanation of many phenomena, the writer limited himself to words and concepts which belonged to the social thinking of the first half of the previous century. As a result, he attuned himself to the world view of his readers at that time.

Book after book, the writer also built up the soul level, whereby the human soul is the main focus. In order to explain life at soul level, he introduced new words and concepts. In this way, new explanations came, which supplemented the information from the previous round about particular subjects.

However, usually the explanations at soul level did not supplement the first descriptions, but they replaced them. In this way, for instance in social terminology it can be spoken about a 'life after death', but at soul level the word 'death' has lost every meaning. According to the writer, the soul does not die, but it lets go of the earthly body and it then passes onto the following phase in its eternal evolution.

The unfamiliarity with the difference between these two explanation levels ensures a second type of questions about words and views in the books about which current social thinking has changed in relation to the first half of the previous century. In this explanation, we explain those subjects from the soul level. As a result, it becomes clear that words such as for instance races or psychopathy no longer play a role at soul level. These words and the related views were only used in the book series in order to connect with the social thinking in the time period that these books were realised, between 1933 and 1952. The passages with these words belong to the then spirit of the

times of the readers and in no way represent the actual vision of the writer or the publisher.

When currently reading these books, that is not always clear, because the writer does not usually mention explicitly at what explanation level the subject is dealt with in a particular passage. This is why, as publisher, for a number of passages we add a reference to a relevant article from this explanation. That article then explains the subject dealt with in that passage from the soul level, in order to express the actual vision of the writer on that subject. For cultural-historical and spiritual-scientific reasons, in the 27 books we do not make any changes to the original formulations of the writer. For the readability, we have only adapted the spelling of the Old Dutch. In the online version of the books on our website [rulof.nl](http://rulof.nl), all the linguistic changes can be requested upon demand per sentence.

We consider the publishing of the 27 books and this explanation as an inseparable whole. This is why, on the cover of each book and in the ‘word by the publisher’, from now on we will refer to the explanation. For a wide availability, we have published the 140 articles of this explanation as e-book (visit [rulof.org/download](http://rulof.org/download)), and all the articles are on our website [rulof.org](http://rulof.org) as separate web pages.

The relevant passages from all the books by Jozef Rulof which we have based the articles on are also an integral part of this explanation. Together with the articles in question, these passages have been combined in book form and are available as the four parts of ‘The Jozef Rulof Reference work’, in the form of paperbacks and e-books. Furthermore, on our website at the bottom of most articles a link has been included to a separate web page with the source texts of that article.

With the publication of the 27 books and this explanation, we aim to contribute to a substantiated understanding of the actual message of the writer. This was worded by Christ with: Love one another. At soul level, Jozef Rulof explains that it concerns universal love which is not engaged with the appearance or the personality of our fellow being, but focuses on his deepest core, which Jozef Rulof calls the soul or life.

Kind regards,

On behalf of the board of Foundation The Age of Christ,

Ludo Vrebos

11 June 2020

# List of articles

The explanation consists of the following 140 articles:

## **Part 1 Our Hereafter**

1. Our Hereafter
2. Near-death experience
3. Out-of-body experience
4. Spheres in the hereafter
5. Spheres of Light
6. First sphere of light
7. Second sphere of light
8. Third sphere of light
9. Summerland - Fourth sphere of light
10. Fifth sphere of light
11. Sixth sphere of light
12. Seventh sphere of light
13. Mental regions
14. Heaven
15. The Other Side
16. Children spheres
17. Meadow
18. Dying as passing on
19. Death
20. Spirit and spiritual body
21. Cremation or burial
22. Embalming
23. Organ donation and transplantation
24. Aura
25. Fluid cord
26. Euthanasia and suicide
27. Apparent death
28. Spirits on earth
29. Dark spheres
30. Land of Twilight
31. Land of Hatred and Lust and Violence
32. Valley of Sorrows
33. Hell

34. Dante and Doré
35. Angel
36. Lantos
37. Masters
38. Alcar
39. Zelanus
40. Books on the Hereafter

## **Part 2 Our Reincarnations**

41. Our reincarnations
42. Memories of previous lives
43. World of the unconscious
44. Aptitude and talent and gift
45. Child prodigy
46. Phobia and fear
47. Feelings
48. Soul
49. Grades of feeling
50. Material or spiritual
51. Subconscious
52. Day-consciousness
53. From feeling to thought
54. Solar plexus
55. The brain
56. Exhausted and insomnia
57. Learning to think
58. Thoughts from another person
59. What we know for sure
60. Science
61. Psychology
62. Spiritual-scientific
63. Universal truth
64. Connection of feeling
65. Loved ones from past lives
66. External resemblance to our parents
67. Character
68. Personality
69. Sub-personalities
70. Will
71. Self-knowledge

- 72. Socrates
- 73. Reincarnated for a task
- 74. Reincarnated supreme priest Venry
- 75. Alonzo asks why
- 76. Regret remorse repentance
- 77. Making amends
- 78. Reincarnated as Anthony van Dyck
- 79. Temple of the soul
- 80. Books about reincarnation

### **Part 3 Our Cosmic Soul**

- 81. Our cosmic soul
- 82. Explanation at soul level
- 83. There are no races
- 84. Material grades of life
- 85. Human being or soul
- 86. Against racism and discrimination
- 87. Cosmology
- 88. All-Soul and All-Source
- 89. Our basic powers
- 90. Cosmic splitting
- 91. Moon
- 92. Sun
- 93. Cosmic grades of life
- 94. Our first lives as a cell
- 95. Evolution in the water
- 96. Evolution on the land
- 97. The mistake by Darwin
- 98. Our consciousness on Mars
- 99. Earth
- 100. Good and evil
- 101. Harmony
- 102. Karma
- 103. Cause and effect
- 104. Free will
- 105. Justice
- 106. Origin of the astral world
- 107. Creator of light
- 108. Fourth Cosmic Grade of Life
- 109. The All

110. Animation of our cosmic journey

#### **Part 4 University of Christ**

- 111. University of Christ
- 112. Moses and the prophets
- 113. Bible writers
- 114. God
- 115. The first priest-magician
- 116. Ancient Egypt
- 117. Pyramid of Giza
- 118. Jesus Christ
- 119. Judas
- 120. Pilate
- 121. Caiaphas
- 122. Gethsemane and Golgotha
- 123. Apostles
- 124. Ecclesiastical stories
- 125. Evolution of mankind
- 126. Hitler
- 127. Jewish people
- 128. NSB and national socialism
- 129. Genocide
- 130. Grades of love
- 131. Twin souls
- 132. Motherhood and fatherhood
- 133. Homosexuality
- 134. Psychopathy
- 135. Insanity
- 136. The mediumship of Jozef Rulof
- 137. The Age of Christ
- 138. Illuminating future
- 139. Ultimate healing instrument
- 140. Direct voice instrument

# Jozef Rulof

Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) received all-embracing knowledge about the hereafter, reincarnation, our cosmic soul and Christ.

## **Knowledge from the hereafter**

When Jozef Rulof was born in 1898 in rural 's-Heerenberg in the Netherlands, his spiritual leader Alcar already had great plans for him. Alcar had passed on to the hereafter in 1641, after his last life on earth as Anthony van Dijck. Since then, he had built up a vast knowledge about the life of the human being on earth and in the hereafter. In order to bring that knowledge to earth, he wanted to develop Jozef into a writing medium.

After Jozef had established himself as a taxi driver in The Hague in 1922, Alcar first developed him into a healing and painting medium, in order to build up the trance that was needed for receiving books. Jozef received hundreds of paintings, and by means of their sales the publication of the books could be kept under their own control.

When Alcar began passing on his first book 'A View into the Hereafter' in 1933, he gave Jozef the choice of how deep the mediumistic trance would become. He would be able to put Jozef into a very deep sleep and take over his body in order to write books outside the consciousness of the medium. Then Alcar would be able to use his own word choice from the first sentence in order to explain to the reader from that time how he himself had got to know the reality at soul level, which the eternal life of the human soul is central to.

Another possibility was to apply a lighter trance, whereby the medium could feel what was being written during the writing. That would enable Jozef to grow along spiritually with the knowledge passed on. However, then the build-up of the knowledge in the books series would have to be attuned to the spiritual development of the medium. And then Alcar could only give the explanations at soul level if the medium was also ready for that.

Jozef chose for the lighter trance. As a result, Alcar was somewhat limited in the words which he could use in the first books. He let Jozef experience this by writing down the word 'Jozef' in trance. At that same moment, Jozef woke up from the trance, because he felt he was being called. In order to prevent this, Alcar chose the name 'André' in order to describe the experiences of Jozef in the books. Alcar also changed or avoided other names and circumstances in 'A View into the Hereafter', so that Jozef could remain in trance. In this way, the reader does indeed learn in this first book that André

was married, but not that this happened in 1923 and that his wife was called Anna.

In order to remain in harmony with the life of feeling of Jozef, Alcar allowed his medium to first experience for himself what was described in the books. For this purpose, Alcar let him leave his body, so that Jozef could perceive the spiritual worlds of the hereafter for himself. The books describe their joint journeys through the dark spheres and the spheres of light. Jozef saw that after his transition on earth, the human being ends up in the sphere to which his life of feeling belongs.

In an out-of-body state, he was also witness to many transitions on earth. By means of the description of this, it is recorded in the books what exactly happens to the human soul upon cremation, burial, embalming, euthanasia, suicide and organ transplantation.

### **Jozef gets to know his past lives**

The name André was chosen by Alcar, because Jozef had once borne that name in a past life in France. Then André was an academic, and the commitment to investigating everything thoroughly could help in order to deepen the explanation level of the books step by step.

For instance, in 1938 Jozef was able to receive the book 'The Cycle of the Soul' from master Zelanus, a pupil of Alcar. In this book, Zelanus described his past lives. In this way, he showed how all his experiences in his past lives have ultimately built up his life of feeling, and ensured that he could feel more and more.

In 1940, Jozef had developed far enough in order to experience the book 'Between Life and Death'. As a result, he got to know Dectar, his own past life as a temple priest in Ancient Egypt. Dectar had increased his spiritual powers in the temples to a high level, as a result of which he could experience intense experiences in an out-of-body state, and in addition he did not neglect his earthly life. Those powers were now necessary in order to reach the ultimate grade of mediumship: the cosmic consciousness.

### **Our cosmic soul**

In 1944, Jozef Rulof was so far developed as 'André-Dectar' that he could experience spiritual journeys through the cosmos together with Alcar and Zelanus. By means of the descriptions of those journeys in the book series 'The Cosmology of Jozef Rulof', the highest knowledge from the hereafter was brought to earth.

Now the masters Alcar and Zelanus could finally describe the reality as



they had got to know that as the truth themselves. It was only now that they could use words and terms which describe the core of our soul and thus reveal the essence of the human being.

In the cosmology the masters explain at soul level where we come from and how our cosmic evolution began because our soul split itself from the All-Soul. André-Dectar now got to know his past lives on other planets, and the gigantic development path which his soul has gone through in order to evolve from a rarefied cell on the first planet in the universe to the life on earth.

In addition, with the masters he visited the higher cosmic grades of life which await us after our earthly lives. The cosmology describes where we are going, and in what way our lives on earth are necessary in this. This casts a cosmic light on the meaning of our life and the essence of the human being as soul.

## **The University of Christ**

The masters could travel all the cosmic grades and pass on this ultimate knowledge because they were helped themselves by their order of teachers. This order is called 'The University of Christ', because Christ is the mentor of this university.

In his life on earth, Christ could not pass on this knowledge because the mankind there was not ready for that. Christ was already murdered for the little that he was able to say. However, he knew that his order would bring this knowledge to earth, as soon as a medium could be born that would no longer be killed for this.

That medium was Jozef Rulof, and the books which he received heralded a new age: 'The Age of Christ'. Christ himself should have limited himself to the core of his message: the selfless love. In the Age of Christ, through Jozef Rulof his pupils could give a detailed explanation of how we raise ourselves in feeling by giving universal love and as a result reach higher spheres of light and cosmic grades of life.

Under the assignment of his masters, in 1946 Jozef set up Society The Age of Christ, in order to manage the books and paintings. In that same year, he travelled to America to make his knowledge received known there, in collaboration with his brothers who had emigrated. Just like in the Netherlands, he held trance lectures and painting demonstrations there.

Back in the Netherlands, in addition to the hundreds of trance lectures, he also held contact evenings for years, in order to answer questions from readers of the books. In 1950, master Zelanus was able to write the biography of Jozef entitled 'Jeus of Mother Crisje' with the name 'Jozef' and the child-

hood name 'Jeus', without breaking the trance.

The masters knew that mankind would still not accept the University of Christ, despite all the knowledge and efforts passed on by Jozef. Science will only accept a proof of life after death if that is achieved without a human medium, so that influencing by the personality of the medium can be excluded.

That proof will be supplied by what the masters call the 'direct voice instrument'. They predict that this technical instrument will bring a direct communication between the human being on earth and the masters of the light. At that moment, Jozef and other masters will be able to address the world from the hereafter, and be able to give mankind the happiness of the certain knowledge that we live infinitely as a cosmic soul.

In order to prepare himself for this task, Jozef passed on to the hereafter in 1952. At the end of his book 'Spiritual Gifts', master Zelanus had already mentioned that, after the transition of Jozef, Jozef and the masters will no longer approach human mediums, because the ultimate knowledge from the hereafter can already be found in the books which Jozef was able to receive during his earthly life.

1938



# Foreword

*Dear reader,*

I received this book, in three parts from the spirit. They are entitled:

‘The material life’,

‘the spiritual life’

and ‘the cosmic life’.

It is a biography of a spirit called Lantos who lived on the earth many centuries ago. I received this book in a very remarkable way.

During Christmas 1936 the spirit Lantos showed me his life on earth in a few visions. I saw his childhood years, a few scenes at a later age when he became an artist, how he killed his friend and was locked up in a cellar, then how he put an end to his earthly life and entering the spiritual world. When I had perceived all of that, I heard him say:

‘I showed you my earthly life and my entering into the hereafter, but what I will now show you are truths in spirit.’

Again I saw various scenes passing before me, how he was born again on earth, but also that he had died before his birth. Then I heard him say:

‘I am allowed to tell all of this and record it in three chapters. I will now go and will come back after some time. Lantos.’

Then the spirit dissolved before me and the spiritual connection was broken. Nevertheless I heard my leader Alcar say:

‘Just wait patiently and calmly, Jozef, you will soon sense him, because he will work on you.’

Months passed. One morning I started to sense a remarkable connection. I felt the first part of the book coming into me. To the left of the centre of feeling, that is the solar plexus, that volume started to grow until it lay completely within me. Not a word was spoken to me from the other side. Then, after some time, I felt the second part coming into me, which I felt to the right of the solar plexus and then the third part in the same way, which had taken up a place in my emotional life above the solar plexus. I therefore felt three parts in me and I could not release myself from them, however much I wanted to, which I had tried a few times. My thoughts were: now they will soon start. Yet nothing happened and summer came. Another week and I would be leaving town on holiday. However, one Saturday afternoon I felt

myself suddenly going into a trance and, still conscious of my actions, I got some paper, then I felt myself sinking away deeper and deeper and I was no longer aware of anything. They had started. That same week I received the first part called 'The material life.' Then I left town.

The following Saturday we came back and it started again on Sunday morning. That week the second part 'The spiritual life' was recorded. The first part was written, but the second and third part were immediately typed. Now I enjoyed a few days of rest, but I was explicitly told not to read any of the material I had already received. Later, when I started reading, I understood this cautionary measure, because all those terrible things would have disturbed me. Then I received the third part 'The cosmic life'. All of this was passed onto me within the short space of six weeks. The book was recorded as follows. I got the typewriter ready and waited patiently until the spirit Lantos took possession of me. I did not need to wait long, I soon felt myself sinking away and being elevated in feeling in the spiritual life. When I am in a trance, I know nothing more about my own life and what is happening around me. Then my hands start to work, the feelings of the spirit are interpreted and one sheet of paper after another is typed full. When those on the other side think that they have passed on enough, this connection is broken and I go back to my own life. They could go on like that day in day out, but I have a wonderful protection, because my leader Alcar makes sure that they do not tire me out too much. When the three volumes were recorded, I read through the whole work. How I trembled from emotion as I read this biography. How tragic, how deeply human and terrible the scenes are which the spirit Lantos describes. It is worthwhile going into it deeply and following the advice in order to start a higher life.

I wonder: could I have achieved all of this in a short time? I, who only finished primary school, who know nothing, absolutely nothing, about art and literature, and when the spirit supervises me do not even know anymore that I am alive? No, that is impossible, to me this is everything and all my books are a great miracle. This takes place outside my own capabilities and life, it is an invisible power, visible to me, which gave me all of this.

I could not even have written this preface alone, my leader Alcar had to help with that as well. Could I have written this wonderful book, all those problems, those terrible situations of the spiritual life, all those laws and miracles which are described in these three parts without Alcar's help? Our feelings do not reach that far, this is impossible for an earthly person, because we know little of the spiritual life. It is too amazing and too deep and yet how simple everything is. Everyone can follow this life, because it contains enormous spiritual wisdom. It is love, which they have given me from the other side through the human being who lived for many centuries on earth.

I thank God from deep within my soul for everything and I am pleased to have received this. It is truly a message from the other side! I have passed this on as I received it. May this book also convince many people of an eternal hereafter on the other side.

The Hague, April 1938.

J. R.

*To my Marianne*



## Introduction by the spirit Lantos

People of the earth, one day, for one person sooner, for the other person later, you will enter the life of the spirit. I say, sooner or later, unexpected, prepared or unprepared, one day you will enter this life. Many people receive happiness, light, love and beauty of the spheres on this side and continue to live in harmony and heavenly joy. They are those who have already mastered those spiritual treasures on earth, because they lived as God wanted them to. They accepted their suffering and sorrow as well as other miseries, carried the cross that God laid on their shoulders with courage. They are beings who bowed their heads to God's divine command. They were open to that divine leadership and acted according to an inner voice and are convinced of an eternal afterlife. The path they walked took them upwards, as well as the path we walked and will still walk on this side. These are the awakened and children of one God. They bring happiness, love and sunshine over everything they meet in life on earth. On this side they receive happiness and many are waiting here impatiently for the moment they will be connected to them. They will surround them with pure love. They will see their parents, sisters and brothers, friends and acquaintances again. They will go forth in divine joy on the path to perfection. All earthly suffering and sorrow will then be past. These believers, these people simple in heart, are all children in spirit. They know themselves and have cast aside their bad qualities. They know neither hatred nor passion, but they are the strong in spirit who have mastered all of this in earthly life. One day, everyone knows, they will enter the land on the other side, the spheres of light, and they will be awake and conscious.

However, how will those who complain and call out 'why' and 'for what purpose' enter here? Who are too weak to carry? Who are asleep in their inner self? Who feel themselves as a personality and place themselves on a pedestal? Who hate and are eaten up by passion? Who believe neither in God nor commandment? Those poor of spirit, those living dead, who will they enter here? They will be faced with a poor and unconscious life on this side and will find their dwelling place in the dark spheres, where hate, lust and violence await them. They will meet those who cheated humanity in earthly life. Hundreds of years could pass before they enter the spheres of light. Hundreds of years of suffering, sorrow and deep misery, as you do not know on earth and have never felt. Here they are confronted with starting a new life. On earth they did not want that and were too weak, experienced earthly life in an animal-like way and abused and destroyed everything, also He,

Who gave them life, their God, the Creator of heaven and earth. Here they are faced with that wonderful life, the life of the spirit, which they neither knew nor believed in. On this side their earthly possessions and happiness will mean sorrow, they will live here in darkness and cold. No learning, not any of their knowledge will have meaning on this side. Their pedestals will collapse, their power has been destroyed, they live on, but in deep, almost inhuman suffering. How will they enter eternal life who put an end to their lives? What will their lives be like when they leave earthly life in such a way. Oh, beings of the earth, these poor human children have to suffer terribly. They enter here into an empty space, riveted to their discarded earthly body. They are alone and abandoned, there is nothing around them, neither human beings nor animals, and a cold and deep darkness reigns. They are the most unhappy beings who arrive here. You have no idea of their sorrow and grief. No suffering, no material pains, no illnesses or other earthly torments which you know can be compared with the suffering of those who have put an end to their earthly existence. They will feel the misery of their failed lives and experience everything which happens to the spiritual body. They put an end to their lives, but life cannot be destroyed, because life is God. In this life they are faced with that incomprehensible mysterious life of the spirit and they will suffer until they have made up for what they once did wrong.

Now I will tell you about my awful end on earth and life on the other side, as I entered it.

I, whose name is Lantos, belonged to those who put an end to their earthly life. I killed a human being, then myself, but this appeared impossible for me to do. I entered another life, that is the life of the spirit. What I am now going to tell you is the sacred truth; it is the law of cause and effect. I had to accept and make up for what I did wrong. What I am going to tell you is the cycle of the soul, which follows its path through all ages, to the source of all life in order to reach the divine spheres. I am going to clarify incredible and terrible truths for you, helped by those who call themselves the awakened, the cosmic orientated, those who have completed their cycle on earth.

In the previous books which we passed onto this medium, you read that the human being possesses two bodies, of which the spiritual body is the eternal which lives on. You also read about spheres, from the dark to the highest spheres of light and spiritual attunement, about cosmic mentality in degrees and about universal conditions. You were able to measure your own life attunement from this, at least if you got that far and have the feeling for it. You were able to test your earthly life on those who found the light from the darkness. I want to try and give you a clear picture of the meaning of life on earth and answer your questions 'why' and 'for what purpose'. Your pleas which we receive follow one path, the path of the higher attuned being. We

will try to answer your question why God can approve of all of this.

Why does one person have to lose his father and mother too soon? Why do murder and violence reign? Why does one person have everything and another person has to die of starvation? Why are many people weighed down by the torments which another person puts upon him? Why live and suffer on earth? Why all that suffering, while there is a Creator, a God of Love, Who loves all His children? Why does God not call a halt to them and does He not say: 'So far and not further'? Why can rulers continue to kill their fellow people and sleigh them in their thousands?

People more advanced in feeling search for the attunement of their own self, their lives, which they neither know nor sense. Where did we come from? How long have we already been on the path to perfection? Will we reach the divine spheres one day? Will everything dissolve before us one day and will our questions then be answered? Is there a life after death? Are there planets where people live, or are we the only beings in this great universe? Does a human being have free will, or is everything guidance and governing? Does coincidence exist? Why does everything go well for one person and all wrong for another? Why is there is so much wealth, while millions of people are starving? Why all those questions, again and again?

People of the earth, I and the millions who live on this side also asked all these questions when we still lived on earth. I, like they, wondered why and for what purpose God could approve of all of this if He is a Father of Love? Why does He give one person so much power and does He let another person starve? I asked myself all kinds of questions but did not get any answer on earth. However, these questions were only answered on this side. Here I got to know and understand the meaning of being on earth. On this side I became convinced of a God of Love and this happened by those who passed over before me and now live in the higher spheres. Here I got to know the meaning of all that suffering on earth, why one person possesses and enjoys earthly happiness and another has to starve. Follow me on my path and accept my testimony, however incomprehensible it may be for you. It is the sacred truth.

Lantos



## Part 1: The material life



## My childhood on earth

My childhood on earth could have been a paradise. As an only child and the heir of my parents, who loved me dearly, I was well cared for. When I became of age I was to take charge of the administration of their estates, woods and other property. Their earthly possessions meant a great and powerful capital. They were convinced that I, Lantos Dumonché, would represent them in a worthy manner as far as the highest circles of society, as befits a ruler. Because it was God's will! For centuries our family had represented this place; our family was born on earth to rule and to lead. I can still hear my father and mother saying these words and yet it was almost nine hundred years ago. Their God wanted me, Lantos, to act as all those other generations had acted. I was to rule and keep my illustrious family from dying out. Many eyes rested on me, including those of God. My parents lived for me, and if they were able to experience this, it would mean the greatest happiness imaginable to them which God could give the human being on earth. They were very grateful to Him for everything. A new generation meant to them that God loved them and favoured them. Many prayers were sent up and they were befriended with many clergymen for this purpose. I was their only child and heir, it would and should happen in this way, but fate, or another power, decided otherwise, so that my childhood was no paradise for me.

I had reached the age of twelve, but was not aware of all this wealth. On the contrary, I felt like the other children who did not know or possess such wealth.

Another few years and the greatest happiness for my parents would become reality. They lived for this, and for this alone. No illness or other suffering could darken their earthly happiness, since every earthly help lay within their reach. They were also convinced that their happiness could not be destroyed. Their faith was strong, they loved their God and acted according to His will. They considered everything as a task assigned to them by God. This was also confirmed by the clergymen of that time. A son was given to them and to them a son meant the furthering of their family.

In old records, drawn up centuries ago, it was written that he who bore the name of Lantos Dumonché, would be born to rule. If the successor was of age, the present administrator would gradually withdraw and the former would accept the administration. The last administrator would then start to lead a quiet but well-considered life in order to be able to enjoy his earthly possessions.

When I had reached the age of twelve, a wife was already arranged for me.

We came into contact with each other from time to time. However, we were both unaware of this arrangement. We played, had fun and would get to know each other in this way and perhaps love each other. In any case, it was certain for her parents and my parents that we would marry. We were to be informed of these plans at the age of fifteen and we had to accept them. An own free will, refusal, was ruled out.

I did not understand the task which my parents assigned me. When my mother spoke to me about it, her words passed me by. I was never left alone, there were always nurses around me, both men and women. I preferred to play in nature, because nature attracted me, I lived there and felt happy. At the many parties which my parents held I was introduced to everyone. Everyone had to get to know me, but that also passed me by. I did not realise what the fuss was about and why the parties and festivities were held. Much earthly gold was squandered, but nothing was given to the poor. Hundreds of children came to my birthday, in my honour. My future wife was also amongst those present and she was the chosen one of all of them. However, the girl I loved was not allowed. That was Marianne, my little girlfriend, the little daughter of our gardener, whom I met in the wood from time to time. I liked her very much, but my mother thought it was stupid and forbade it.

On one of those afternoons I felt an aversion to all those rich children arising within me. It was so strong that it overcame me, so that it could be read from my face. The party was ended earlier than usual. The children were sent home and I was put to bed. They thought that I was ill. The most learned men from that time were sent for. They examined me, but did not find anything. Their diagnosis was exhaustion and I therefore had to stay in bed for a few days.

I was clearly aware that I was neither tired nor sick. I thought the whole situation was very strange, but I did not talk to anyone about it, since I instinctively did not trust anyone and was very quiet by nature. I dealt with all of this myself and reflected upon it a lot. I felt aversion to all these children, but even more so for my mother, who had refused my little friend. I also knew that both Marianne's parents and my parents did not know that we met each other in the wood. They would have forbidden her it and then we would have been torn apart. Since I knew this, I kept quiet about my inner feelings and so even as a child a dislike came to me for this life, the wealth and the parties of my parents. The more I was spoiled, the more silent I became and my aversion to their parties and birthdays grew. I did not possess any particular intelligence and, for that matter, I was not an extraordinary child either. My strengths were average. It therefore soon appeared that I was not like all the others of our family who had borne the name of Lantos.

It was impossible for me to learn anything, I kept forgetting it again. How-



ever, if it concerned art or history, I only had to be told once; I did not forget any of it. This held my greatest interest, especially art. All the other things I had to learn had to be repeated many times before it was finally understood that I was good for nothing and the teachers were changed. Yet they also soon understood that I was either backward or sick and was not capable of learning, which was still necessary for my education. To them I was a hopeless case and one teacher followed another. Only I remained and did not change.

My nursery was like a museum, a place for collecting art products. Not in my mother's opinion, because where did I get those shoddy feelings? Those feelings did not belong to our family. A tidy-out was held, but other objects came in the place of them and my playroom remained a museum. It was no longer possible for me to display objects, but when I was alone - unfortunately, that did not happen often - I got out my figures and statues and I established the value which each one possessed. My feeling for art had developed intensely, to the annoyance of my parents. The academics were consulted about it, as to how I could forget about this, because it was absurd. However, it appeared impossible, even although they tried it several times by talking to me about other things. I continued to feel for art, art had my love and I gave into it completely. This was the only gulf, the only suffering which I caused my parents in my childhood. I was a sweet child in many other things, honest, but too soft for them. They started to suspect that I would not become a ruler in this way, as they had wanted me to become.

When it concerned art, I could ask hundreds of questions and all my questions were - as the academics said and I eavesdropped again - very deep and I asked them with human knowledge, something which greatly surprised them. I was examined several times, I was prescribed different organic exercises, but I continued to love art. My feeling for art even developed more and more each day, but I kept it hidden and I felt, no matter how young I was, that this feeling had nothing to do with my body. I could not understand their analyses, nor my parents, so that I remained a mystery to them in this sense. They accepted it, because they thought I was too weak and they eventually put it down to mental exhaustion. The busy life was too tiring for me; the academics said that slowly but surely these feelings would recede to the background. My parents had to give into me a bit, which they also did because apparently it would not work otherwise.

This is why they let me be and I always spent time in nature. I now enjoyed more freedom in my movements and that was exactly what I longed for. I would be free for a few months, did not have to study, because my nurse would teach me part-time. To all of them I was now a weak child and it was understandable that this worried my parents. Something had come into their

old-fashioned concepts which shook faith and belief in this earthly happiness. Their family had always been blessed with robust health. This is why earthly life could be called a paradise for them. However, I, their only heir, was weak, there was no doubt about it. Yet I was a normal child. However, where did those feelings for art come from? I heard them say these words.

I did not think about why I hid my true character. I did not have the slightest idea that I was doing wrong, but I already said that I had an aversion to parties and all those rich children. Every day my mother came to visit me in the wood. She asked me questions about how I felt and I gave her a random answer. If I felt happy then I also reassured her, but sometimes it was as if another power forced me to make her afraid, as a result of which I spoiled her life; in these situation she got to hear a whispered 'yes'. From this she determined that I was not yet as she wished me to be. I had no idea who and what incited me to do this, but I clearly felt it arising within me. It was quicker than my own thoughts, it had already been said before I was aware of it. Then I started to think about it and often found it a great pity that I had answered her in this way. However, it overcame me so suddenly and irresistibly. I did not think about it for long; I was still too young for that, but I understood that it meant freedom for me. Along with these feelings there were also others which I had never known before. I was continually occupied making figures of clay. I searched for the earth for it in the wood and kneaded it until it stuck. My nurse was surprised about it and forbade it because I made myself too dirty. Yet I could not leave it; she had to keep on forbidding me time and again, but I remained incorrigible. This feeling grew after each statue that my hands formed, they took shape and life came into them. It happened of its own accord, I did not have to think about it. I asked her not to talk about it, since my parents would forbid me, and as a result of her love for me, for which I was later very grateful to her and still am, I could go my own way to my heart's content. I loved her dearly; she was good for me and we understood each other completely. I had no interest for anything else, it was in my thoughts day and night. My products did not remain alive for long, because they fell apart, but I had the satisfaction that they had lived. However, it would not leave me alone and I looked for things to prevent them from falling apart. I found those things. I mixed the earth with other earth which I got out of the water at the pond and which I kneaded to a dough until it was dry. As a result of this I got a solid substance, ready for modelling. I buried the statues which I made under the earth and I already had several kinds. Suddenly I got the idea of making a God. To me it would be a great figure, firm and strong. However, I did not yet feel any of His power. Everyone talked about him, God lay on everyone's lips. Everyday people could be heard talking about Him! I started this work with devotion

and I sculpted Him in full form. When I was finished I showed my latest product to my nurse and asked her:

‘Who do you think that this statue is?’

‘A gentlemen’, she said.

‘A gentlemen?’ I repeated her answer and smiled because she did not know. She understood my smile and asked: ‘Who is it then, Lantos?’

‘God’, I said. ‘This is God, my God. Is yours different?’

She was visibly shocked and her gaze remained fixed and staring upon me.

‘God, you say?’

‘Yes’, I answered, ‘who else could it be? Is God different to this figure; is He perhaps not clear enough? Do you not recognise Him?’ I asked her many questions after each other, however, she continued to look at me and said nothing.

‘Does it surprise you?’ I asked her.

It was a disappointment to me and she felt this, because she said: ‘But child, what makes you think that? Where did you get this thought from?’ Then she mumbled something like: ‘And they call that not normal, weak or sick!’

I understood her, but did not go into it and waited for another answer, but she did not say anything more. Then I asked her: ‘Will you not talk about this either?’ She nodded to me and remained in thought, staring in front of her. I placed my arm on her shoulders and kissed both her cheeks, a sign of a relationship and understanding. I saw tears on her cheeks and I therefore asked: ‘Are you crying, have I hurt you? Should I not have made this statue?’

‘My Lantos, dear boy, what makes you think that?’

I accepted this as a sign of admiration and felt gratified. How proud I was of my statue. Adults each 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?’ She looked at me with surprise, inwardly moved. She took both my hands in hers and looked me in the eye for some time. ‘I also love Marianne very much’, I continued, ‘none of the others.’ If I had been a bit older I would have known what went on in her old and wise head; however, now that all passed me by and I was already thinking of other things. ‘Now I will make Marianne’, I told her, released myself from her embrace and set to work. When I was occupied like this I knew beforehand what I had to do; those thoughts came into me of their own accord. When my train of thought slowed down, I knew that I would not manage to achieve anything. It was exactly as with talking, when my mother wanted to find out something about my health. The statue of Marianne was soon finished and I showed it to her too. I saw her trembling but I did not understand it and was only waiting for her approval because I valued it.

‘Lantos’, she said and thereby looked at me full of admiration, ‘it is Marianne.’ It is the spitting image of her’, she said to herself involuntarily, but I caught these words and was very happy. I continued: ‘Then is my God also real after all?’

She knew that no one had taught me this art, that my parents would forbid me, that it did not become my social position and yet she said: ‘Who taught you that?’

‘No one’, I said, ‘I can do it!’ I could not have given her a clearer answer, but I felt that it was not myself who had spoken. It happened outside of me, but I could not find any words for it and thought it was very normal.

Marianne was given a place with all the other statues which I already possessed. I also buried her under the earth; no one was allowed to know. I wanted to make her happy as soon as she came to visit me in the wood. This day was a radiant day for me. A few days passed and the academics who examined me thought that I was making progress. My parents were very happy, but I understood that this time would soon belong to the past and this made me afraid. During these anxious hours I discussed my suffering with my God. I got out the statue and placed it on a platform and talked to it. I could only do this when I was alone. I did not dare to entrust this secret to anyone, not even to the woman who took care of me.

I asked my God whether I was ill and many other childish questions. Then I was myself and had to think about it and make an effort to be clear. However, that game did not satisfy me either. Sometimes I lay on my back for hours gazing at the sky and saw various figures in it. I tried to portray some of them, which I did not succeed in. I made clouds and a sun, let it shine and attached it to a tree. I felt the heat reaching me from my home-made sun and told my nurse about it. She had to laugh, but it did me good, because I was sensitive to friendliness.

One afternoon Marianne came to visit me. She had run away from home and come to me in silence. I asked her to sing something for me, because she had a beautiful voice which I loved without knowing exactly. I said: ‘Come on, sing something, I have a surprise for you. If you don’t do it, you will not get the surprise.’

‘What have you got?’ she asked, very curious.

‘Sing first’, I said. Marianne sung, it was a song which everyone in the neighbourhood knew. I both admired her for this wonderful gift and also envied her as a child can be envious. She sung as if her whole life depended on it. When she had finished her singing, she said: ‘And now the surprise!’

‘Come on’, I said, ‘come with me.’ I took her statue out from under the sand and moss. I had wrapped it in leaves, afraid that it would break. ‘Sit down over there and see who this is.’

Marianne recognised herself, mostly by her blond curls. I had plaited them together with twisted branches and leaves, I spread the clay around it and it held, however fragile it might be. She was very pleased and happy.

‘Who taught you that?’ she asked.

I said: ‘No one. You may keep the statue, but it has to stay here with all the other statues.’ We called it our art gallery and she agreed with it. However, where did I get this feeling for art, this knowledge, I had not learned it, had I? I am telling all of this in detail, because I intend to make it clear to you how pure my childish feelings were with regard to my hobbies, in this case my art. Later I will come back to this when the time has come. We played together and had fun, so that the day soon passed and I already longed for the next one. That night it rained heavily. When I went back to my favourite place in the wood the next day I immediately saw that my sun had been ruined by the rain. It had burst and was no more than a yellow spot with little rivers. On the ground and along the tree trunk lay some yellow sludge. Before it was my sun which warmed me. That night my happiness had been destroyed. I got out my God and He was also soft and fell apart. My God had died and I told this to my nurse, but she did not go into it, but followed all my actions in a penetrating way. I felt it but asked: ‘Shall I make your statue?’ She thought about my question for a long time and finally she said: ‘If you can do it.’ She did not need to ask me a second time and I ran off to fetch the necessary materials. I came back to her and kneaded the earth into a solid mass.

She observed me for some time and then asked: ‘What are you doing now?’

‘Killing it’, I said.

‘Killing it?’

‘Yes’, I replied, ‘otherwise it will fall apart.’ I felt again that it was not me, these thoughts were quicker than I was. Yet I continued and had already started to model her. I did not need to look at her on the whole, the statue was completed at a fast rate. A push here and a pinch there, it all came forth from my inner being, which I felt very clearly. Only my hands kneaded and modelled the material. When I had worked for a while I asked her: ‘Can I go now for a while, otherwise I cannot finish it.’ She was amazed at this, but I went. After a short time I returned, her statue was finished and I showed it to her.

At the same moment she called out: ‘Lantos, Lantos, where did you get all of this from, I have to talk to your parents about it.’

As soon as she said those words, an unpleasant feeling overcame me. I felt a tightness in my chest, so that I could hardly breathe. I thought I was going to faint, but after a moment it disappeared and I felt normal again. This all happened in a short space of time. I looked at her and, however young and

childish I was, I cursed the moment that I had made this statue. Danger threatened and I felt the reason for it, but I could not find an explanation for it.

‘Are you unwell?’ she asked softly and tenderly.

‘No’, I replied briefly and sharply, ‘I feel fine.’ For the first time I had spoken like a Dumonché, which frightened her. However, our beautiful relationship had been destroyed because I no longer trusted her in anything. In my feelings I withdrew from her, I could no longer be reached in anything. I did not understand why, I did not understand any of this, yet I felt what I wanted, because it lay deep within me.

She had talked to my parents about it and from what was said I understood that she had not told the ‘reason’. She had only told that I had put her in her place in a sharp and cold manner. How did my parents react to it? They thought I was as I was supposed to be. They saw the true character of their family in this and they were pleased. With this the incident was over and done with, but I had changed. From then on I ignored all her good intentions. I remained afraid of something, but of what?

I longed for Marianne, she was the only one I still trusted and to whom I could express my inner feelings. My love for her grew.

I destroyed the statue of my nurse, it did not get a place with the other statues. When she asked me questions, I avoided the answer. However, a conciliation came again, because she continued to give me her love. After a few days I gave in, by which tears flowed down her cheeks and she embraced me passionately. ‘My boy’, she said, ‘how can you be so angry.’ As a result of this I understood that she did not understand my true feelings and did not feel my fear. I fought for something as if my life depended on it, which was not felt by her, who was much older, after all! I was guarding something, which lived around and in me, but which I did not understand myself. Other children of my age will also hide their world when they are not understood. No being will entrust someone with feelings who does not have the same feelings and react to them. The life of the soul closes itself off irrevocably. The feelings of the child either become dormant or it continues to worry and does not know how to stop. It shall and will achieve what it longs for, it becomes sharper and more conscious, until it develops and the true qualities appear. A person builds his own future on this. In the years to come the spirit will develop, especially when the male or female age is approaching. Then a person is aware or asleep, but that state of sleep belongs to those who neither experience, feel, deal with or possess all of this which I am telling you about here.

A driving force lay within me and people thought of weakness, therefore material, but this whole problem only took place in my inner being. This force unavoidably closed itself off to those who did not understand me. How-

ever, when an older person surrounded me with his love, it opened of its own accord and I moved to that power of love, which made me happy. As a result of this I also yielded to the woman who took care of me and was my teacher. I was very certain that she if she had told my parent the real reason, I would not have accepted anything from her under any circumstances. This made my conciliation and the return of my old feelings for her easier. I told her that I was not angry, but also that she was not allowed to speak. 'You will not break your promise, will you?' I added.

'My promise, did you say?'

'Your promise', I repeated and continued to look at her.

New thoughts arose within me and I asked her: 'Will I make another new statue for you?'

'Do as you wish, my boy', she said, upon which I rushed off and disappeared. When I was a dozen paces away from her I felt my urge to model lessen and I sat down to have a think. I do not know how long I sat there, the time fled past, thoughts followed each other and I became tired from thinking and fell asleep. I only woke up when I heard my name being called. Marianne stood before me. I immediately remembered the promise and did not greet her. Marianne did not know what was going on inside me, but she looked at me angrily, turned round and walked away.

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

However, she did not stay and had already disappeared. I went on my way again, but could not reach the thoughts I desired and I went back. My nurse smiled at me from afar and I understood her smile. This statue was no longer discussed, but I told her: 'Do you know that I will soon be leaving here?'

'Soon be leaving here, Lantos? What makes you think that?'

'I eavesdropped, I heard my mother say so. I am better, don't you know that?'

'No', she said, 'I know nothing about it.'

However, the following day my mother came to tell her. She enquired with interest how I was getting on and also about her feelings. I looked from my mother to the woman who loved me and awaited my death sentence. I already knew what she would say, she said: 'The wood does him good, he is much better.'

It was decided that I would receive my physical education somewhere else in a few months' time. New teachers would give me their powers, but my free life would then be over and a new one would begin. The next day I told Marianne the big news; she behaved in a very shy way. We wandered around the surrounding area together, hand in hand, like two people in love. She suddenly said to me: 'I will plait some wreathes and then we will get married.'

I immediately agreed to her little plan and we picked flowers together in

order to make the happy event a success. My beloved dog was with us and the sweet animal would become our child once we were bound in matrimony. Soon the wreaths were ready and we went back to my nurse who continually remained in the immediate vicinity and did not lose sight of us for a moment. We went towards her, hand in hand. I was the spokesperson and said: 'You have to marry us.'

'What did you say?'

'Marry us', I repeated, 'we have decided to get married, because I will soon be leaving.'

Deadly seriousness lay within us for this event. When she observed us and felt from our serious little faces and posture that she must participate, she bound us in matrimony with a few words. We were man and wife and Marianne immediately applied her rights. I had to obey, be nice to her and put her first in everything. However, we had soon forgotten our union and looked for other games to kill time. For hours we lay on our backs, hand in hand, gazing at the sky, but neither of us broke the silence. It was as if she felt that she would soon miss me. However, then she suddenly jumped up and took to her heels. What possessed that cheeky girl? I was just thinking about this, but could not get to the truth. Sometimes she came back after a few hours and when I asked her about her disappearing and about her tantrums, I did not get an answer. I felt that she was spying on me from all sides and behaved differently than normal. Was that because I was leaving? When I asked her whether she thought it was a pity that I was leaving, she started to weep. Poor Marianne! I stroked her blond curls and promised to give her something. When she sung I knew that she was happy. She grasped my hand in hers and was now wild with joy. How I had begun to love her! I told her that I loved her very much, even more than my parents. She understood this completely. Our little souls longed for warmth, especially I, since I did not get that from my immediate environment. Then we lay down again and told each other beautiful things. Suddenly she said: 'Come on, Lantos, I will bury you.'

'Bury?' I asked. A strange game, but I liked it and did not want to disappoint her. I would be buried and she would mourn for her husband. She buried me under sand and leaves, my head remained free, but I had to keep my eyes closed. I did what she wanted, because she was still the one who thought up new games. I roared with laughter, but to her it was serious. She mourned that it was a sweet passion. Tears rolled down both her cheeks. I also became serious. Marianne knelt next to me and said: 'Oh, how I loved him and now he is no longer here.' It was tragic, she felt real human suffering. While she wept I felt a remarkable force entering me. I started to tremble and shake and cold shivers ran through my body. I wanted to put an end to this game, but it was not possible for me to do that, I was paralysed, my power over my



limbs had gone. These feelings remained for some time, but our game was disrupted by them. Then I felt my strength return.

We looked each other in the eye and we both felt that something had happened which was not part of our game. Without wanting it, it had overcome me. Then we burst out laughing and this game was a part of the past. Unexpectedly, she asked to see her statue. When we came to the place where I kept my collection, I got out her statue, but it was a dreadful sight, wasted away to a slimy mass. She insisted on making a new one. She did not need to ask me twice and this statue became even nicer than the first one. I wrapped it in an old piece of cloth and buried it again. All that time she had not said a word, but when I had buried the statue she said: 'Are you ill? You look so pale.'

'No', I said, 'I feel very well.'

Yet she continued to stare at me and suddenly she turned around and disappeared. She made me furious by disappearing so suddenly. I ran after her, wanted to know where she was going without saying anything. That was the only big fault which I had discovered about her, but which bothered me and hurt me. I did not see her for days and I just wandered around and looked for some other diversion or complained about my distress to my nurse. She could not give me an answer to Marianne's actions either. With her behaviour she smashed something within me, she broke something, as a result of which I suffered. Then I could not be reached in anything and my true nature was revealed to others around me. I then destroyed everything in sight and was supported in this by my parents. Now I was one of them, after all, now they were no longer afraid of anything.

Time passed and I met Marianne once more. I asked her the reason for her sudden disappearance, but she did not answer me and ignored my question. Then I no longer knew myself and got hold of her in order to give her a good shaking. She screamed for help and my nurse rushed to her aid at her calls and freed her. Marianne took advantage of the situation and took to her heels. I was furious, but I did not dare to measure my strength against those of my nurse and I therefore also hurried off and sought my happiness in my room. There I came to myself and felt that my fear for that other thing in me had disappeared. I already felt it from the moment that my mother had spoken to my nurse about my leaving. That time was now irrevocably determined. I thought about Marianne and asked my mother whether I could greet her. However, she forbade it and shrugged her shoulders. Another child, whom I could not stand and had not seen for a long time, was to come to me. However, this visit was just short; as a result of my mood an end was made to it and my future wife left. I would not see her again, another power broke this bond, which neither spirit nor person could change anything about.

The next morning I was taken to other surroundings, where I would be

educated. My childhood, the most beautiful time on earth, was over. I did not meet Marianne again. In my mother's feelings there lay a deep chasm between her and me which could not be bridged. No matter how young I was, I still felt the significance of this. However, I did not feel as she did, her standing, birth, wealth and power did not awaken me. Before I left I thanked my nurse for everything. I would not see her again either.

## In my new surroundings

I have told all of this in flashes, described the most important images and feelings, but I avoided so many other possible earthly events which happened in my life because they had nothing to do with this. I was only concerned with my inner feelings and the powers which forced themselves upon me and which I could not withdraw from. I only want to describe material things which are necessary to make it clear to you, so that you can follow my story. Dear reader, I am only concerned with the effect of invisible powers and forces as a result of which I lived, worked and acted, as you will also meet and perhaps experience in life on earth. Whatever the case, everyone experiences something, because you are on earth to experience something. One person is aware of the influence, feels that guidance, another person is asleep and experiences other happenings. Yet all these life problems have a deep meaning. We will follow this path together. I will now continue.

I was brought to another environment, as I already said, in order to be educated. My educators had to teach me and many others. One tried to make the many characteristics conscious, another taught us to use different weapons and many more things. We went from one teacher to the other, but however much effort I made, I was not interested and I could not master any of this. Months passed, but I learnt nothing. I did not feel any love for all these things, it clashed with me. My parents were asked for information since my educators thought that they could solve this mystery, but I understood that this message must be terrible for my parents. A few years passed in this way. I was about to turn fifteen but I felt older than twenty. I saw through my educators and felt the meaning of their strict reprimands. They did not come straight from them, but I felt a familiar force behind them, namely that of my parents. It was my mother's will which spoke through them. My aversion towards everything and everyone which was influenced by my parents grew by the day, especially after every reprimand which they thought they had to give me. My character began to develop, my aversion and hate became more severe and I became further and further removed from their surroundings. Certain qualities became more conscious, but all my feelings were in rebellion, severely resisting the things concerned with my descent. I could now clearly understand what I felt as fear in my childhood and which I had kept hidden, but which I did not understand, even if it remained impossible for me to be able to see the whole picture and to understand its meaning. It now worked like a poison in me, showed itself as contempt and changed to hatred with every stab I was given. All that provoking and ruling took me, as I al-

ready said, further and further away from home and from those who loved me. In my thoughts I saw my ancestors passing by my spirit and I also hated them. I could no longer be reached, rejected everyone and everything which was connected to them. As a result of my sad demeanour I attracted few friends and continued to live in loneliness. None of that did our relationship any good. I receded deeper and deeper into myself. The more strictly I was treated, the deeper I shut myself off, until they tried to do it with violence. I also put those severe measures down to my parents. Like others who had given themselves in complete love, I could just not learn. I did not feel any love for this material, it repelled me, it was impossible for me to be any different, however much I wanted it. However, I did not know what I really felt.

I was sent from one teacher to another, but all of them gave up on being able to teach me anything. I was not good enough at anything, except if it concerned art, I was one of the best at that. During my childhood I was interested in history, but now it was only art, namely the art of sculpture. These qualities were attributed to a bad past. It was a mystery to me where the academics got these ideas from. However, my feelings for it appeared to be of a changeable nature.

Sometimes it was very profound within me, then other times I did not think about it for days and I was indifferent to everything. People tried to divulge my true character, but they did not manage it. The more kindly they approached me, the easier I was to reach. However, they were all blind to this method of approach. Instead of that they used methods of force, but I remained unshakeable. My character could not be fathomed out, could not be felt, I myself could not be found, so they were faced with a mystery.

Only I knew the mystery, could have solved it for them, but I did not. I did not wish for a moment the trust in happiness for my parents. I was disgusted by everything, also by myself. The more trouble people took to reach me, the deeper I sunk away into all that secrecy. A thick layer of mist lay around my true personality. I was unwilling and could not be handled. I understood that my descent protected me, otherwise the knot would have shattered my body.

Then my parents came and conferred. Again they thought of illness, but this was considered entirely ruled out. I was put through the mill in different ways and questioned by academics. Nothing helped. I remained unrelenting, could not be reached nor changed. I felt empty, could not think about anything. I could feel and answer them, could answer them in one direction, and that was art, at that I could understand everything. However, they did not go into that, because I had been born for other more useful things. They wanted to make a ruler out of me, my origins and gender demanded this. However, I could not be changed, although my parents had a different opin-

ion and therefore other academics were consulted. One of them felt for art and I remained with him for one and a half years and learned various necessities in order to complete my education. When I was almost eighteen years of age I went back home. My reception was as wretched as could be. Neither of my parents allowed me to say a word to them. They felt nothing for me and so I sought sanctuary within myself again.

Many things had changed. My educators had been sent away, also Marianne's parents. They suspected all of them of having contributed to my fall and they were sacked. They had treated my carer, whom I loved very much, in an inhuman way. I heard all of this in the neighbourhood, because there were still people who gave me their trust. My father's old servant also gave me his trust, but I had to promise to keep everything secret since his end would come otherwise. A servant who committed a betrayal would have to pay for this with his life. We still had a torture chamber to fish their secrets out of them and since I understood this, I swore to him that not a hair on his old grey head would be touched because of me.

There was a terrible atmosphere at home, something would have to happen, but what? I avoided my parents as much as possible. I did not dare to appear for meals and was not invited to do so either. I had no idea myself what I would do. I did not have enough knowledge to take control and to introduce myself as heir and to present myself to all that other nobility, that would be a failure. They would not survive that scandal.

I heard all of this from my father's servant, he was my only connection. Through him I learned how to act, if I wanted to save myself in this conflict. They were capable of anything, there was a surplus of hirelings and tyrants. However, in reality I recoiled from this, my body was too dear to me.

Was this cowardice on my part? Was I not good for anything? I started to ask myself questions, but did not get an answer to them. I wandered around the neighbourhood for whole days, alone and abandoned and thought about the beautiful times which were gone. The place where I played with Marianne was now my favourite spot. Sometimes tears flowed down my cheeks and I felt the most unhappy person in the world. Yet I was rich, possessed everything, but only what could mean earthly happiness. However, to me such happiness was of no value, I despised and hated that happiness. That hatred was strengthened the past few days, I started to see this as a curse.

Was there a curse upon me? Why was I not as people wished me to be? Where did that empty, incomprehensible feeling in me come from? Why was I not like my ancestors, a real Dumonché? Why was I different from them, from all those others who had borne this name before me? Many questions arose in me, but not one was answered, so that I felt very sad. When that sadness overcame me and I descended deep into myself, it appeared as if I was

not alone. Yet that thought only lasted a moment, others thoughts pushed it aside again. The feelings of my parents followed me. They pushed me forwards from early morning until late at night. At night I dreamt and was delirious and could not get to sleep. I felt restless and anxious and kept trying to get to the bottom of this mystery. It concerned myself, I was convinced of that. Weeks passed, but there was no result, on the contrary, a strained atmosphere reigned. This could not continue in the long run, something would have to happen. I therefore started to think about my future.

If I was to do my best and speak to my parents in order to reach an agreement? However, then I fell back into my own world and was not able to think, because I was not normal. But how did I get to know myself? From where did those forces come to me? How could I exploit them to change myself and be able to learn better? A haze of secrecy lay around and in me. I had to speak to them, I wanted to know what they now wished for me, then I would see further what I had to do.

I asked for a consultation, but they would not speak to me. They refused to receive me for the second time. I felt my hatred igniting in me again and this did not do our relationship any good. Now I started to think again and tried to compare their situation to mine. I started at the time of my birth. I felt their love for me, their happiness, and for what they lived on earth. I tried to work out their intentions, considered everything carefully, seen from their viewpoint. Yet I rebelled. They did not have the right, that was my conclusion, to withhold their parental love from me. Since I did not possess any feelings, any will to rule, missed all those qualities which my ancestors possessed, did they have to treat me like this? They should accept me as I was, but they thought it was unwillingness on my part. One problem was clear to me and I would talk about this with them when they would let me. Now I had to try and work out those other feelings which concerned myself. However, I already stumbled with the first thought which arose in me.

Because why did I despise them and everything which was a part of their possessions? Those feelings had already arisen in me at a young age. They had not changed, on the contrary, they had strengthened. Why? For what purpose? It marred my life and theirs. It made me rebel as a child, it ate at their hearts and darkened their happiness. I wanted rid of this, but could I put an end to it myself? I thought about this incomprehensible thing for hours on end. Yet my feelings of becoming different were suffocated, my will to act broken. I felt that I could not come out above myself. My powers and will were calculated to a certain degree, I could act and think, but to change my feelings, that was not possible, then my will weakened. I continued to feel, think and love in one direction. Yet I kept on trying to see their family and possessions from a different viewpoint, but I failed completely. I felt like a

stranger and yet I was walking on my own grounds. This was our property, I had to feel happy here, but how did I now feel, and already in my childhood? I resisted this feeling, wanted to become different, wanted to be happy and change myself completely, as a Dumonché should be. My health left nothing to be desired. I felt strong and powerful. For days I remained in this condition. Yet my despise returned, my hate for everything grew and I cursed the moment that I was born here. I was not able to cope with that feeling, it was stronger than I was, it destroyed my will to become as they wanted me to be.

One morning, very unexpectedly, I was called for. This was a surprise to me. My reception was cool and reserved. I found two academics with them, at least I felt that they were academics. My father said the following to me: 'We want a last test, make yourself available.' I bowed my head and went towards them. My mother gave me a piercing look, I did not feel the least bit of love for me in it. I did not find either of them changed in any way. To them I was an inferior subject, a problem, an individual who had destroyed their future, their happiness and trust. I asked another higher power for forgiveness when I had felt wrong. I myself felt in a strange situation and not in the least attracted to them. When I soon established this, my good intentions, which I had felt towards them for the past few days, were beaten to a pulp. My despise came back and my hatred killed my good intentions. A wall stood between them and me and we were more removed from each other than before. They were strangers, people without feeling or love.

The academics went into the room next door. I had to lie down on a couch, but first get undressed. My parents had followed us. I did what was required of me and was very humble, an unfamiliar peace lay within me. I was given something, after which I felt myself becoming dizzy. That dizziness changed to tiredness and I felt sleep overcoming me, so that I knew nothing more about anything. I awoke during the night. I was aware that I had wakened and remembered what had happened to me. Next to my bed I saw a shadow and that shadow was holding my hand. I saw that it was a person, but shrouded in a haze. I was aware of everything which I observed. Then I fell asleep again and started to dream.

I dreamt that I was living in another town and that I was an artist. Honour and fame lay at my feet. I lived in a building and was working on a large statue which I idolised. I felt a great love for the creation, because a great happiness flowed into me. I could clearly recognise myself, but I had become much older. I felt that I loved, but did not possess the object of that love. Now I saw a person who radiated a greenish light, and that figure made me afraid, so that I shivered. He was not well disposed towards me and appeared to be my enemy. I also hated him and yet he remained near me. He was a handsome young man, an Adonis. We were expecting someone. He would

put me in connection with a person but I did not know who it would be.

Suddenly I felt a terrible hatred entering me, I jumped him completely unexpectedly and knocked him down. I had killed and was a murderer. At that same moment I awoke. My forehead was dripping with the sweat of fear. I knew what I had dreamed about, I remembered everything, but dismissed it and put it down to the new tests. I was still so clearly aware of everything that scene after scene passed by my spirit without me wanting it. Then I fell asleep again.

The sun had reached its highest point when I awoke again. Next to my bed I saw the academics who had carried out these tests. They asked how I felt. I said that I felt wonderfully rested, but I also asked what their findings were.

‘We are satisfied’, they said.

I thanked them, but immediately thought of other rebellious things, because I felt that they were not allowed or did not want to tell me the truth. I had to stay in bed for a few days, then I could move about freely. Those days passed and nothing special happened. The following day I was summoned to them. I understood by this that these tests had turned out in my favour. When I entered my parents asked me how I felt which greatly surprised me. My mother’s stern face showed some amiability and I thought she was in a milder mood.

I answered them how I felt, further there was not a word spoken and they left. I was left to myself again and wandered about the neighbourhood in order to build up new strength. My father had gone hunting, my mother passed her time with other things. How disgusted I was by both their lives.



## The break

What went on inside both these beings? Were they my parents? Did I have to lead the same life as they? Was I born to go hunting, to fight, to rob and to kill? Everyone begrudged another his possessions. It was always robbing and conquering other territories.

During all that time I had not noticed my feeling for art, but now it pervaded me again. Something was growing inside me to which I could offer no resistance. It became increasingly profound and I started to think about my future. What should I do here? I decided to talk to my parents about it and the next morning I decided the time had come. My father thought it was ridiculous and burst into a passionate, almost bestial laugh. I became red with anger when my mother heightened the already tense atmosphere with her jeering.

I told them that I could not be what they wished of me and that I was not born to be a ruler. At that moment I played with my life, but I had carefully considered what I had to do. I was driven inwardly towards it, which I clearly felt, and I put everything at stake. I was therefore aware of what I was doing and challenged the leadership of my parents. I was not permitted to say anything more.

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

Yet I also said that I was not suited to what they wanted of me and asked: ‘Let me go my own way.’

However, that was too much. He jumped at me like a wild animal and flung me across the room. Then he left and my mother also departed. He came back again and said: ‘I will give you one day to change your mind, no longer’, where upon he disappeared again.

I went into nature in order to find peace again. My steps unconsciously took me to my favourite spot in the wood where I used to spend time with Marianne so often and I sat down to have a think. An enormous power went through me and my decision was so firmly established as if it was engraved in the depth of my soul. I would and should leave here as soon as possible, or it would cost me my life. I felt clearly that I would have to control myself in everything, if I did not want to bring him to extremes. I gazed in front of me in thought, but nature had also changed. I was standing on ground which scorched me inside and which I hated. Then my early childhood passed before me.

Where was Marianne? What had become of her and her parents? Would I ever see her again? Those poor people had not done any wrong, had they?

They were innocent. Here she had sung for me, I could still hear her sweet voice. How happy we both were. It now gave me strength to fight to the end. I was fighting for my happiness and feelings, I was fighting for myself, at least I thought so, because why would I experience all this otherwise? One memory after another came back to me, they were full of the joys of life. On this spot we were joined in matrimony by my nurse. How sharp my thoughts already were then. Here I understood that I had not changed in any way, I had been like that since a child. When I thought about my birthdays, an anger towards that other being arose in me. I would never wish them this happiness, I would not be tied, I wanted to be my own lord and master. I smashed all those laws and rules to pieces, because I now had to take action and understood what awaited me. What could perhaps happen meant that my life hung on a silver thread. They could do what they wanted with me. Their parental control was unlimited and I already saw myself in the torture chamber to force me. They had the right to do so. I looked at my poor body and already felt the torments it would undergo. A stabbing pain cut through my chest when I thought about it.

Until now I had prayed little and yet I sent up thoughts for help. My opponents were too powerful for me, I would have to taste defeat. I remained in thought for a long time, asking for help and a tremendous peace came to me.

A soft wind blew through the bushes which made me shiver involuntarily. It left to me like betrayal because I did not trust anything anymore. Something was brewing and that silence frightened me. My peace from a moment ago dissolved in it and I became a plaything for various feelings. Everything around me was now in deep peace as if it was awaiting the storm approaching. It was so frightening that I thought I felt the storm. I saw flashes of lightening and heard the peals of thunder. The roaring became more powerful and stronger and uprooted the greatest giants of the wood. They had withstood the elements for centuries, now all this beauty was razed to the ground and destroyed. I got a fright from myself when I felt this, so that I carefully felt myself and did not know whether I was awake or dreaming. Yet I was awake, but a strange scene raced through me. I came back to this scene and had to accept that I had sensed it exactly. Everything around me had been destroyed, there was nothing more to be seen of my parental home. The stronghold of my ancestors had once stood there, now it was a mass of rubble. Now I heard calling for help and hurried in the direction where it came from. My steps took me to my parental home and I saw that everything was in good condition. With a shock I came back to myself again. How could this be? Where did those feelings come from? I had heard the storm, after all, I saw the giants of the wood fall and heard the calling for help very clearly. Had I dreamt it then, was I not myself? Was I no longer completely aware

of life around me? I am surely suffering from nervous exhaustion, I thought, and I had to try to calm down. Yet I thought it was amazing, because I had really seen that happen.

It was now calm around me and I went back to the place where I had come from. It was also peaceful here and quiet, very quiet even. The birds sung their beautiful song, which did me good and brought me back to myself. Oh, how tired I was. But why was I not like other children? Why those strange things of a moment ago? Yet I had felt it and it clearly went through me, it was very clear. There, I suddenly saw some traces of my sun, my light, on that tree. Now I suddenly knew why I had made them. I longed for happiness, light and warmth, but they were not given to me. My light was destroyed by the elements. If I had done as my parents wished, would everything have been different? No, I had tried, after all. This incident upset me so much that I could not think about it. Now I saw danger and destruction in everything. My God had also fallen apart. He, whom people called God and worshipped. I could not pray and yet I thought about him a lot, since childhood. How had I spoken to Him? Then my thoughts returned to my light. It happened as a result of a shower, slowly but exasperatingly my happiness and light flowed away. Was this my life? Was this a symbol of myself? What made me think like that, from whom were these thoughts? I thought I was too sentimental, jumped up from where I was sitting and went for a brisk walk. I felt feverish, but I no longer felt the dullness from a few days ago.

What had those academics done to me? Examined my brain? But how, they couldn't look into my head, could they? These thoughts occurred to me and I thought I could solve the mystery. They had put me to sleep and perhaps forced me to tell my true feelings involuntarily. But was that possible? Did their wisdom reach so far? One of them had given me a piercing look, which I now understood for the first time. But I discarded all these thoughts, I was indifferent to everything. However, during my walk I went back to the time when I walked here hand in hand with Marianne. That was a wonderful time. We had played 'burial' and I had made her statue. Where was it? Of course, in my museum. I had almost forgotten my little figures. I was soon at the spot and recognised the place where my miniatures were hidden. If Marianne was still alive and had some shape and had not dissolved like my sun, how happy that would make me. I carefully removed the earth and the first statue that I took out was still alive. Before me lay Marianne, wrapped in cloths like a mummy, I took her out of her grave. She was still alive and the statue had gone hard, it was protected against decay. My Marianne, my dear little friend, I only love you. I could trust you.

But where are you now? I embraced her and gave her a kiss on her forehead. The likeness was exact, little lights came from her little eyes with which

she looked at me. It was as if she was speaking to me, but however much I listened, I could not understand her. I also had the feeling that I had already known her for a very long time. This feeling went further than my childhood years, it could be as much as hundreds of years. I could not express this in words, because it was so strange, but I thought that I knew her better than myself. Then the scene of us getting married passed before me and I also felt something remarkable about this. I felt elevated, removed from the earth in feeling, as if this union was made in heaven. Yet I had to laugh about it, because my imagination was surely playing tricks on me. How precious this statue was to me now. However, I hated and despised the ground from which it was made because it belonged to my parents. Yet I wanted to keep the statue, it was a great treasure to me, one of the many beautiful memories from my early childhood.

I was lost in thought for some time. Where should I leave my Marianne? Take her to my room? Danger threatened for her there. I did not need to think for long, I put her back in the same place where she had gone hard. I set off home in a happy mood.

The day passed, tomorrow I would have to reply to my father's question. I was prepared for the worst and prepared myself for the things that would come, however horrific they might be. The next morning I discussed it first with my mother, who asked me various questions and became very angry when I told her my plan.

'Why do you get those things in your head? You are a curse to our family and deserve to be tortured. You do not need to count on me, you father will deal with it. It is not too late yet, you can still choose our side if you change your mind. Artist!' she added and burst out in roaring laughter. Her eyes pierced me, but I remained calm, because I could not say anything to this and so I waited for my father to come. When he entered he immediately asked me what I had decided to do. That awesome peace came to me again, which was not mine. Considering every word and thinking deeply, I told him of my plans. While I was talking he became bright red from anger, but I tried to make it clear to him that I was not suited to be a ruler and wanted to follow my own feelings. Then he forgot himself and came towards me.

'You scoundrel, you ungrateful being! You curse us and also curse yourself!' Because I was calm he became more and more upset and before I knew it I had received a blow from his muscular hands and I tumbled to the ground. I remained lying in a corner of the room, the blow had been terrible. My mother watched all of this without doing anything about it. Viper, I thought, you will never reach me like this. My father ran back and forth through the room and I felt that my life was at stake. I remained lying where I was, I was too dazed to be able to get up.

Were these my parents? Should I love them? 'She' who sat watching this terrible game had carried me under her heart. Now I got to know them as I had never know them before. At that moment I became aware that I knew better than before what I should do. I had chosen and would stand by it at the cost of my life. I did not wish to remain here any longer, because I would no longer be able to carry on living. I saw them as animal-like beings, but an animal had its freedom, a person, on the other hand, was forced to do what another person wanted. Whether it was wrong or not, people just had to obey. However, I did not wish to obey, never! I defied his power, had no longer any feelings for him and my mother, because I saw that she was enjoying herself now that my life was at stake. I thought that my father would nearly have a stroke, he was struggling to breathe. How would this end?

Suddenly he remained standing before me and looked at me for some time. His eyes were bloodshot, his temper had reached its limit. I looked in front of me, but he called to me: 'Look at me, wretch!'

I looked at him and got a fright. How he had changed! He was no longer a human being, he was an animal. However, I felt like a newly born baby, I could think, nothing stopped me. It was as if none of this concerned me. It was the same feeling that I had already had a few times when I was modelling clay, I felt this very clearly.

'Stand up', he called, 'stand up, or I will strangle you.'

I tried to stand up, but it was impossible for me. I was too dazed, my knees trembled and I fell back. He thought that I did not want to stand up and he shouted at me again: 'Stand up.' But I could not and remained lying down. Then he got hold of me, lifted me above his head and threw me a few meters away from him. I remained lying there, not a sigh passed my lips. Blood flowed from my mouth, but it was still not enough. Again he stood before me and roared at me: 'Speak, come on, speak, what do you wish to do?'

I could not speak because I had nothing more to say. I was lifted up for the second time and my body flew through the room, then I fell down with a thud. Again he asked me to tell him where I got these ideas. Who had infused me with these devilish things? Who had infected me and poisoned me? I felt a sharp pain in my chest; it was like I was broken. My mother let me carry on, she did not say a word, she agreed to the chastisement which he gave me.

Suddenly he ran out of the room. My mother remained, but she did not say a word. How miserable I felt! He came back after a few minutes and flung some documents at my feet. 'Here, wretch, out of my house! Your body will poison this earth if I cannot make you change your mind.'

I understood him immediately. My life had been saved, because he was afraid of my body. A great happiness flowed through me. Both of them then

left the room and I was alone. After a short while I tried to move. Oh, how everything hurt! I made every effort because I could not remain lying here. Suddenly I was overcome by a fear, would anything be broken? No, I could move and after much effort I managed to get to my room. I lay down on the bed and after resting a while, I took my clothes off and bathed my chest and other parts of my body which were wounded with cold water. It did me good and it immediately refreshed me. Now I started to think because I had to leave here as quickly as possible. I was still alive and he could change his plans. Then the torture chamber would await me and it would mean my end. Within him lay fear, shock and superstition, but I did not have any of those things. I had unconsciously got hold of the documents and taken them with me. I knew for certain that I had not put any willpower into it. What kind of documents were they? I looked at them one by one. He had destroyed my birth certificate and certificate of origin. However, there was one valuable one and I could cash it in. This was now the only thing I possessed of the many millions which he had. A pittance, but I was satisfied, I could not wish for more. I had another rest and then I would be ready to leave.

Suddenly I heard some noise near me and heard a soft whispering calling: 'Lantos'. I called back to come in and my father's old servant entered.

'What do you want?' I asked him.

'Can I help you?' he said to me.

'How do you dare to come to me?'

'I just wanted to tell you that your parents have gone for a few days.' The old servant looked at me and continued: 'If God could tell you Himself He would advise you to go.'

'Where did you get those words from and why are you telling me this?'

'You know that I have known you as a child. Already at a young age, when you were still in the cradle, all of this was predicted to me. However, I have never spoken about it.'

'Who predicted it?' I asked with interest.

'A woman, but you know that she will be hanged if your parents know. She said: 'This house will go under. May God give you the strength to remain silent, or your life will be in danger' and I am telling it for the first time.'

'Come to me, worthy friend.' I took hold of his hands and kissed them.

'Lantos, my Lantos! The world is open to you. May God guide you; may His blessing rest upon you.' I thanked him for these profound words because I knew that he was very religious.

'Are we alone in the house?'

'We are alone, but I have to go.'

'Farewell then, my friend, farewell.' The door closed behind him. A friend had gone. Yet the sun shone in this dark place as a result of the love and faith

of one person. What he had told me was remarkable. It referred to what I had observed a few days ago. However, I had to think of myself now and act. Thank God, they had gone. I understood why they had left and felt grateful.

In the evening I already felt much better, but here at home I could not reach such deep thoughts and so I prepared to go on another walk. I felt quite good, nothing was broken. But where should I go? During my walk my plan ripened and I felt where I should go. I would try my luck in another country. I wanted to become an artist, a sculptor. My feelings for art came back. I felt again as I did as a child. It became more and more aware, sharper and more clearly outlined. I came to the place where I had hidden Marianne and stood still in thought. I wanted to take her with me. She, my dear little friend, would inspire me. I got out her statue and it was still completely intact. When I thought about that time I felt a flow going through me which I experienced as happiness. I looked at her statue for a long time. They had been the most beautiful hours of my life which I had experienced. They would probably come back!

I remained in nature until late at night, which eased my wounds and strengthened my spirit. I came to myself here.

Was I cursed? Did a curse rest upon me? I thought about this for a long time. Who would curse me? Yet it was strange that I had detested our possessions since my childhood. Why were those feelings in me? Did all of this have a meaning? Why did I not want that wealth? Was that life not much easier? What awaited me now? I knew that what awaited me would be more difficult. Earthly happiness lay here at my feet. I could command, live it up without a care, be served and carried on hands. Yet I felt the deep chasm between me and my parents, their family and possessions. However, it all seemed a mystery to me and it would remain a problem. Was this love between parents and a child? I was disgusted by everything. Who possessed love? If there was a God, was He then a Father of Love? Could He approve of all of this? Was this God's intention? It was remarkable that I now started to think about God just when a new life awaited me! Did a curse lay upon their lives and mine? That curse would not leave me alone; it kept coming back to my thoughts. Would I come back here again? Would I meet them both again? Where and when would that be? I did not want to see them again, they could not be reached. I did not want their life, nothing, none of any of the things which were a part of their possessions. I felt at this moment that it would be a long, very long separation. Was it for this life? Was there a living on? A life after death? If that was the case, did the possibility exist that I would see them again? Would we understand each other then? Was I the one who did not understand them? I had already asked myself this several times and answered myself, and yet I kept on and on asking about it. However, in

the end I became indifferent; I would go and as soon as possible.



## I became an artist

Marianne lay like a child leaning against my chest. I supported her and it was as if she was sleeping. I had walked round like this for hours. Anyone who met would have thought I was mad. A person whom I loved lay in my arms. Yet it was a piece of earth, but various feelings were connected to this earth which I loved. Was this human love? Were these pure human thoughts? Or were they also false, mean and bad, or imagination? Was it only because I did not possess anyone that I clung to her, sought support from her? Was I worthy of having this feeling? I accepted it in any case and it made me happy.

When I came up I wrapped her in a silk cloth and put her away. 'Sleep gently, Marianne, know that I love you! I will never forget our childhood, I will always think of you, that will perhaps support me.' Then I got my things together and stumbled outside. My vehicle was ready and waiting. I rode off quickly as if the devil was at my heels. I rode on all night until the following afternoon when the horses had to be changed. I continued again. I wanted to leave this country as quickly as possible, I would not be calm until then. I was afraid I would have to lose my life after all and I wanted to live, because I was too young to die. I had not yet reached the age of consent, but I thought about everything; as young as I was, I experienced the most daring things. As a child I already thought like an adult.

Where did that strong development come from? From my parents? Had I inherited all of this? Why was I so very different to them? Did God create different people? Was one person not like another? Did He know what He had created? But why all those contradictions in characters? Why did one person clash with another? Why did they accept their possessions and why was it a curse to me and why did I despise everything? Why and what purpose did it serve? Did it have a meaning? Did God sow conflict between people? He, the Omniscient? I thought that people had more from animals than from someone with intellectual capacities.

The nature around me was beautiful. It was so perfect that there was no doubt about it. Only people were no good. I was going to a strange country and I was alone in this cursed world. The large cities attracted me, that was the place where there was life. I wanted to see life and become richer through life. What lay behind me had died in my eyes. Everything was dead, only Marianne still lived within me. That night I had a rest and I continued the following day. I was already away from home for a week and it went on and on. All these thoughts became obscured. I felt new, completely different powers coming into me. I finally arrived in the south, where I remained. I

cashied in my papers, I had to manage with that for a few months.

I had soon put myself under the capable leadership of a great master, who gave me my first education. I was a grateful pupil. My love for art grew and I understood what my master meant, so that I made quick progress. My heart sang in jubilation and everything went according to my wishes. He was extremely pleased with me. I learnt almost day and night, absorbed everything which had to do with art and mastered everything. The most difficult lessons were just child's play to me. My soul absorbed it, I was an artist in heart and soul. How happy I felt. In this way the years passed with no cares.

I stayed here for more than three years. I had not heard anything from my parents. I lived in the big wild world, I could go where I wanted, because I was my own lord and master. A lot had changed within me. My character was developing, there were many qualities to it, but the greatest and most beautiful quality which I felt myself that I possessed was my great enthusiasm for my beautiful art. This feeling grew out above myself, I lost myself in it and it inspired me to other great things. My teacher predicted a wonderful future for me. My art had its own style which people did not understand. It was a mystery to me where those feelings in me came from. If I was to continue in this way I would have to change master. He advised one of his friends to me who had reached an awe-inspiring height and where I would complete my studies.

After a year I decided to leave. He had been a father to me and I had loved him with heart and soul and wept when I had to leave.

'You have to, my Lantos', he said, 'you have to, you cannot learn anything more from me. You have to develop your talent as far as possible and you need other masters for this.'

I left unwillingly. I could now move more freely, but I strove after one goal, one point: to reach the highest. That gift lay within me, I was, as my master said, a born artist. Thank God, I thought, so I am not born to rule. I did not think of the past for a second longer, only when he said those words to me. I settled down in a town where art blossomed and accepted a religion, because it was necessary.

I will not describe life at that time, only what is necessary. I follow my inner path and will tell you further who I met on my path and what I experienced.

Something in all those centuries remained the same, at least it changed little, very little. That is the inner life of the human being, which still cannot deny its animal-like attunement. The human being has not changed in anyway, on the contrary, it is as if he is going downhill, but that is not the case in reality. These are only temporary situations. It is ups and downs. If you gauge and feel one human being, you therefore gauge and feel a nation,

you feel world continents. What the individual human being experiences is experienced by a nation. If he falls, then a nation falls, world continents fall. This is laid down in the cosmic psychology; they are laws, it is the cycle of the soul. That soul follows its path in order to reach the Divine Spheres. The earth is millions of years old, also the human being, and yet that intellectual being has barely grown above the animal. You still see pre-animal-like beings wandering around on earth in human forms. Watch out. Go out of their way, because they cannot be reached in hundreds of years.

I set to work with new courage. People admire my capability and I made many friends. My personality changed and my name received a special reputation. People saw a future master in me. Years passed. I learned a great deal and was satisfied with myself. I now completely understood my feelings for art from my childhood years. The only thing that remained a mystery to me was from whom I had received this gift. Many people asked me whether I had inherited this gift from my ancestors. I could give them an answer but was silent about my actual origins.

I thought about this a lot, because, as I already said, I did not understand from whom these powers came into me. From God? From a higher power? It was not clear to me. I continued to search for it and ask about it and that problem increased in severity. I was a born analyst, I wanted to know where I came from, what the purpose of all of this was. I wanted to get to know all those problems of life. I could not deal with the harshness of humanity. My feelings matured as I got older and I descended into life in order to understand that truth better. I was continually in thought and I was already called a dreamer. In the first place I felt extremely flattered by this and I was proud that people saw me like this. I felt older than the age I had reached. As a result of this I attracted the older artists and they invited me to visit them.

People started to talk about me. I wanted to complete my studies with a great piece of art. As the subject for this I chose a mother and child and sculpted it in full length. The feeling I put into it was that I had wanted my mother to love me. The statue lived and became a great success. I put all my love, my pure joy of my soul into it, as I had felt and possessed as a child. The work was awarded a prize. The smile on the mother's face made cold hearts melt. The child, with both hands raised, looked at the mother and begged for love. This great and sacred feeling lay in both beings. Two souls were joined, one feeling, one thought, one love. I had felt mother love like this as a child, but it was not given to me, whereafter it sunk away deep within me to not resurface again for her, my mother. This great power lay around and in my work. The struggle of my childhood, which was behind me, had matured my feeling for art and made it grow. I swiftly went to meet my happiness. I was only interested in the human body and its beauty. I was able to conquer

depths, and as a result of this I made many friends but also many enemies. One person did not wish another happiness, people killed for fame and honour. A human life had no value, people were killed for a triviality. All of this shocked me and I suffered because of it, but this suffering only lasted a short time.

I felt that I lived too seriously and I therefore threw myself into the whirlpool of the bubbling life. The years which followed passed in a haze of fame and honour. It was time that I stood on my own two feet, something unknown drove me to it. I released myself, set up on my own and took on a servant who was recommended to me by one of my best friends. However, I did not trust this man who did everything for me. There was something bothering me. I tried to find it but could not. I could not fathom out his character. I asked my best friend, Roni, again whether I could trust him with everything.

‘What makes you think that, my dear Lantos’, he said, ‘I am your friend, amn’t I?’

I was already sorry for mistrusting him, but I could not get rid of the feeling, however I repressed it with violence and did not wish to think about it any longer. I had agreed with my servant that not a single person was allowed to be shown to my studio without my knowledge. Because no one was allowed to know what I was working on. I continually produced new work with which I surprised the world and crushed my fellow artists. I would also reach the great artists who were still above me. I would soon be a master. I sent myself there, my art took me there. I did not remain spared from hatred and envy. People made this clear to me at one of my meetings. My best friend was one of them, which caused me a great deal of suffering. He tried to hide this behind his beautiful face but I still felt it. When I tried to fathom out his character, this was impossible for me. His figure was that of an Adonis. I spent hours on him, but I did not get to know his true inner being. Then he was as nice as could be again and my best friend; then suddenly I got to know him from another side which was very unpleasant for me. I tried to release myself from him, but that also appeared impossible. It was as if an invisible power kept us connected. I thought that I had met him before, but could not remember it. However, his figure would not leave me alone. I kept thinking about him again and again, but he was and remained impenetrable to me. My feelings were the same as those I felt as a child and which inspired me to release myself from my family. That power had triumphed; I had left and become what I wanted to be.

Were they invisible powers? Was I under an influence and did I act accordingly without wanting to myself, or knowing? I now felt those powers from my childhood more sharply and more awarely, it was as if I was awakening. I

isolated myself in order to think about this problem and went for long walks, as I used to do. Much became clear to me in nature. For I felt that both powers were one: one will, one feeling controlled all of this. Was it God? An omniscient power, which created heaven and earth, human beings and animals? Who controlled and managed everything? Was this leadership, or was I busy suggesting this to myself? What was it? I felt true friendship for my friend and yet, I had to honestly admit, I hated him. Why actually, why hate him? Had he done anything to me?

He was jealous, did not want me to have my place, the height which I had reached. That was human, very normal, and I should not let it bother me. Yet it would not leave me alone, but I did not work it out, however much I thought about and analysed all his character traits. My feelings differed from his and yet we were friends, even good friends. His actions were spontaneous, but not sensitive, very much to the disadvantage of his art. His spontaneity and ambition smothered the deeper vibrations of his soul, the strength to be able to feel his work. He was too fast at everything, too thoughtless. He did not feel the silence of life. He was not conscious in any way, he acted on the spur of the moment and gave himself completely without thinking. It stormed day and night on his life's ocean, he was thrown from left to right and he satisfied himself by experiencing life as it came to him.

I let myself be led by him for a time and we wandered together through a bustling life. However, I gradually sought a safe haven. This life was too tiring for me, I longed for peace, silence, to come to myself. I thought and reflected upon everything which I came into contact with. I was a dreamer, a thinker, as people called me. But he would not reach my height or he would have to see that he mastered these qualities; only then would his art start to live. I had and felt one aim, but he had many. He had reached a great height in the art of painting as it was at that time, but he would not equal me in sculptures.

I now had fame and honour, all earthly possessions lay at my feet. Yet a sad mood sometimes overcame me and I did not feel satisfied. But when I was in such a mood, I saw my art growing and coming to life. Then I saw people and animals differently and I could reach them more easily. I loved, but did not get to know true love. The love offered to me gave me nothing. It was too easy to obtain, that love was too transparent. When people opened their hearts, they were taken over completely. People were continually tempted by the great longing of the soul. However, I learned how to defend myself, I did not want to become a plaything for these feelings and this brought me to thinking. I got to know and understand their nature. Yet I sought true love, but did not find it.

Did this love exist on earth? Did such love lay in other beings? Did the

power lay in them which makes life on earth happy? Did they not know what love meant and did they not have the realisation, the feeling of having to honour another? Did they not understand any of the true and real happiness, such as the Omnipotent meant? Yet as an artist I loved such a being. Her eyes, which laughed, begged and cherished, were dear to me. Her whole body was to me a temple of beauty, deliciousness and happiness. I would give my life for this being, but then she would have to really and truly love me.

I already had those feeling in my early childhood, but now they were conscious and developed. I wanted to possess this awe-inspiring and great happiness. How my soul longed for understanding, how I ached for that one being, that sweet and beautiful one who would take me to the highest and would spiritualise my art. Those I had met up until now did not possess those elevated powers of feeling. They did not possess more than animal-like longings, coarse egoism and lust, which disgusted me. The rhythmic sound which had to bring the deepest powers of the soul to consciousness was not within them just now. They lived it up, wandered from one person to another. Was God, the Creator of all those great things, wrong? Did He know His own creation? Why did He create sorts and so many incomprehensible feelings? Why did He give that being that unprecedented power? Why was the female not connected to the male, not given one and the same attunement, so that they would understand each other and feel one love and live according to His will? This was God's intention, was it not? The scriptures and the clergy too told about that.

No, I could not work it out, could not grasp this mysterious problem. Yet I kept busy and did I ask 'why' and 'for what purpose'? Where would I find this enviable being, gifted with radiant beauty and with this power which brings happiness, so that life becomes a paradise? Where was she? My soul required that being, I longed to be able to admire it. I would give my life for a smile, a kiss on my hand. I felt it, those powers had reached consciousness within me. In this sad and desirous mood, I longed for a being which felt like I did, for an ear that could listen and for a face which expressed all those feelings. I sought and sought, fathomed out hundreds of these beings, but did not find what I wanted to possess. They were not on earth, God must have been mistaken. The human being was not perfect, I did not see and feel any love as He possessed and which we were supposed to have within us. I had loved Him as a child, I had my own God, He had been very close to me, now He was so far away from me and out of reach. I wanted to ask Him questions, thousands of questions, to which He, the Omnipotent, could give me an answer. During my childhood years my God fell apart; now I searched until there was nothing left of His creation. These feelings also came from the same eternal source. However, then I was not conscious and wanted to

own God; now that I had reached this age and got to know life and could feel the human being, I wanted to unveil that power. My body had grown, my spirit had developed, and yet I had not changed. What I felt as a child I now also possessed, and the other way round. I was just more aware, yet in the depth of my soul I had fallen asleep, because I did not understand any of this. However, in one area I was awake and very conscious, that was in love. I wanted to possess that love and warm myself from it, only then would I be able to reach the highest. I saw the highest inspiration in her, that being would push me upwards to unlimited possibilities.

A remarkable thought, something sweet, which I had once possessed, came into me from the past: my Marianne! During all those years I had not thought about her for a moment. Was she still alive? Would she already possess all these qualities? That thought was hidden in me as if in a closed-off area.

Marianne belonged to the past, she was the only part of it that I had loved. I would have wiped her from my thoughts if our childhood had not been so beautiful. I loved her, I held her dear, she had been my life and sun and would remain so until my death. Oh, if I could see her in this life, she would possess my heart and my deepest soul feelings. She understood me, sensed me; we were no strangers to each other, we would be sister and brother to each other in the true meaning of the word. This was clear to me, I felt it, my feelings for her had not changed in any way. Strange that I had not thought of her before. However, my life had been filled, my work had taken up too much of my time.

‘Marianne, where are you?’ When I had reached my highest point I would look for her. I wanted to see her one more time before I died. She had comforted me and spoiled me without knowing it. I made up my mind to find her if she was still alive. I hurried home. This walk had given me back my childhood memories; in a full life they would not have occurred to me. I was soon home and took out her statue. I removed the cloths and was curious whether she would still be alive. I completed this task very carefully, and yes, she had not been damaged, on the contrary, she had become more solid and more radiant. I now thought that I saw a noble woman in her.

‘Marianne, are you alive? Tell me where you are. Come to me, let us be friend or lovers. Are you still free? Come then, dear little girl, sing for me, your voice will inspire me and just give me that soft but pure love, which is the highest.’

The silk cloth in which the statue had lain all that time was completely faded. But the earth, ‘what’ made it retain its power? I put my nails into it but the material was as hard as marble. It was remarkable. I sat down and spoke to her for some time. ‘Are you my dear child? Come to me, Marianne,

not a hair on your head will be hurt. My childhood happiness, are you satisfied in this life? Laugh, be cheerful, let me hear your voice and come.'

Did the statue move? I thought so, but immediately discarded these feelings; I did not want to become sentimental. I put it on a pedestal and looked at it for some time. A plan ripened within me. I became afraid that it could still fall apart and then I would have lost everything from that time. I would make a life-size Marianne of the statue, as I now felt, saw and loved her. But how sharply I had portrayed her in my childhood years! How accurate I had calculated everything. From whom did I have this gift? Where did I get that feeling for art? I had been born with it! However, in this life people had to master everything, continually learn in order to understand and possess one day. Did this mystery remain irresolvable? The statue possessed a sensitivity for which I would now have to exert myself if I wished to be able to equal this. Where did that keen sense for art come from? I would try to reveal it but first I had to create this work of art with which I would achieve fame and even more honour. I was sunk in a deep reflection for hours. I let myself go and imagined myself in her personality and felt her as never before. How beautiful and sweet she would be now, if my senses appeared to be right. However, I also discovered frivolous qualities in her, which made me suffer. Yet her face radiated an openness such as I had never seen before. Also love and it was the strongest feeling. Oh, if I could call her mine, how would I encompass her with my love.

All kinds of thoughts came to me and faded away again. Before me stood a huge piece of marble, I would soon be able to begin work, everything lay ready. I felt the correct mood coming to me in order to accomplish something beautiful. My heart beat more strongly than usual, but devout peace lay in my soul, which surprised me because I was not like that in reality. I never prayed, I would not know how. I had learned a few prayers but I had forgotten them. I did not feel any urge to pray because I was continually in rebellion against God.

I gathered all my tools and started to work. In a fast tempo, with the continual knowledge of Marianne's whole being inside me, I modelled the snow-white marble. With every blow my friendship and love for her grew. I did not know how long I had been occupied, but a terrible blow awoke me with a fright. I had worked in a kind of dream state, because I became completely involved in this work.

What had happened? An old statue had fallen from its pedestal. The shattered pieces lay spread around me. Was this an omen, or was it coincidence? I swept up the pieces so that I could continue working again.

What a pity, that interruption, I had been so completely engrossed in my work. It was frightening; a cold shiver ran through me. My inspiration had



been broken and I had to wait a time before I could return to this enviable state. I felt intensely happy, because I was connected to the happiest time of my life. After a few hours of intense labour I felt tired and tried to have a sleep.

I awoke in the morning and set to work again, which I kept up until the afternoon. Why that rush? A driving force lay within me to complete this statue as soon as possible. I was urged to a great hurry, as I had never experienced before and I felt in a remarkable mood. It was an unprecedented power which inspired me more strongly than I had ever felt. After having a bite to eat, I went for a long walk. Nature would give me new strength and strengthen my spirit. After my walk I met Roni.

‘Dear Lantos’, he said, ‘where have you been for such a long time? I have not seen you for some time. Are you busy with a new task?’

His face was radiant and he was very enthusiastic and open; at least I thought I felt that. ‘I have had something dear for some months now’, he started to say; after all, this was the only thing that interested him. I did not answer him and let him finish.

‘Very dear, Lantos, and she sings so beautifully, like a nightingale.’

His eyes sparkled and radiated light. Where had I met a person like that before, I knew him.

He continued: ‘She loves me, however!’

I understood what he meant by this. He would soon discard her like a rag and then her honour, if she still had any, would be sullied. His old way of loving. You are a bastard, I thought, and felt hate entering me, which I suppressed however. I replied: ‘Why are you continually telling me your secrets of the heart?’

‘But you are my friend, my best friend, Lantos.’

That was true, but his life made me shiver. I had also lead a life like that, but I was already largely cured of it.

‘Are you busy?’ he asked with interest.

‘Yes’, I replied, ‘and I will not be available to talk for some months.’

‘May I admire the new work?’

‘No’, I said strictly, without meaning to, ‘not yet.’

‘Oh’, he said, ‘how abrupt you are!’

I could sense his jealousy, his beautiful face became contorted and a cruel twist came over his lips. I thought I could see behind his mask for a moment, but he recovered and was geniality itself. Then I said goodbye to him. I thought about our meeting for a long time, but could not fathom out Roni. Where did he really come from? Some soul or other longing for love would become caught in his spider’s web and then she would be lost. Anyone who dared that would also have to experience everything, suffering and sorrow

awaited her. A demonic power lay hidden within him; he stood above all those beings who kissed his feet. The Adonis played with female souls and tore hearts apart. A demonic game! He smashed them up, he sucked them empty, because they appeared to want that themselves. It was nothing more than lust. Innocent women were amongst them and I sympathised with them. I had already spoken to him about this, about sparing those innocent women, but he wouldn't listen to reason. He did what he wanted himself. He was a seducer of the worst kind and he was proud of it.

The past few months I had felt a strong revulsion growing towards him and I therefore had to try and free myself from his influence. However, this was apparently impossible and I started to think of invisible powers, but I discarded that thought, because I was too sensible for it. I thought it was ridiculous to imagine such a thing. His world had been mine, but I could not have led his life. I had another mentality, because I appeared to sensitive to such behaviour. He was my opposite as it were; but we both loved life. I sought one type of woman, he did not seek, but took anyone at all, rich or poor. Only one longing lived within him, to possess the human being, to possess them completely, but only materially.

My thoughts called me back to work and I hurried home. I immediately got into the right mood and started work. I felt drugged, it was a delicious sensation. Only then is an artist happy and does he sense his own creation.

How intimately I now got to know Marianne! She lived within me and I in her, were one. I would die for her; I now felt it clearly. If only I had her with me, then I could make her happy. I imagined myself deep in her being and portrayed all her qualities in marble, I established them. The statue grew. The work went really fast and I admired myself. My capacities now seemed unlimited to me, now I could achieve the highest.

A few weeks passed in a flash and I had made great progress. A sweet smile lay around her endearing mouth, her whole being radiated love. She would look like this at this moment if she was still alive. I sculpted her in the way I sensed her. Her golden blond curls hung on her shoulders in a satiny glow and she began to live. Weeks were like days to me, no, hours, and I felt the happiest person in the world. Was it my love for her which took me to this height? It could not be any other way, because this product of creation was of the highest kind. I sat watching her from some distance. It was silent in and around the statue, which brought me peace.

She stood there like a queen. Her appearance was in accordance with her inner being, both well portrayed and I felt satisfied.

'Where are you, Marianne? Just tell me where you are living just now.' I felt her smile again.

Now I changed to polishing. A sunbeam lay over the whole statue. Her

being shone like the sun, she possessed what I had sought in her; it could not be any other way. I was soon finished. I kissed both her cheeks, thanked her inwardly for this beautiful inspiration and burst into tears. However much I resisted it, the tears rolled down my cheeks. I felt like a fool, but something had come into me which could not be denied. I was sad, in a very sad mood, but why, really? I had been the happiest person on earth all this time. Nothing bothered me, everything happened of its own accord, I lived, felt her love, her personality and that brought me great happiness. Why did I have to weep now? Why? I kept asking myself this, but I could not work it out. I became bad-tempered, because I was ungrateful, which I did not want to be under any circumstances. My love was real, I dared to admit that. I thought for a long time, then I suddenly knew it. It was my longing for this love. A moment ago it flowed deep into my soul and that made me weep.

Oh, how beautiful this life on earth could be, but it became a torture if you really cherished pure love. 'Oh', I kept calling: 'Where are you, Marianne, where are you living?' If I had dared to pray to God I would have begged him to show me the place where she lived, but I did not believe in miracles.

The statue was finished, many people would envy me. I would likely wound my friend Roni with it until he bled. What he achieved in love, I achieved in art. This was dearer to me than his cursed life. Cursed?

Had I not been cursed in my childhood as well? Was there a curse upon my life? My parents had cursed me and I them. I could still hear their words clearly, they still cut my soul. I should not think about that anymore, that was over. I now stood before my Marianne, my purest inspiration. I would show this work of art to everyone, but first I wanted to have a rest, because the work had had a tremendous impact on me. It had taken up all my life forces, but I did not mind at all. I would do anything for her. I felt really tired, but a bit of amusement would do me good and I headed for the place where artists met up.

On the way I suddenly remained still and was gasping for breath. Before me stood Roni, who noticed my attitude. Damn, I thought, I have to keep meeting him. Would this be of any significance?

'Did I give you a fright, Lantos?' he started the conversation. 'You look so pale. Have you worked too hard? Where have you been the past while? Have you just been working all the time?'

I looked at him, his face was like a grinning mask. We sounded each other out for a few seconds, he sensed me and I him, we both knew at that moment that we were enemies and I said, in order to hurt him: 'My new piece of work is finished.' Now it was my turn to ask: 'Are you not well? You are becoming so pale all of sudden, is there something the matter? Is your luck in love over?' I continued to look at him and clearly sensed him. He did not want me to

have my art. How I hated him. Scoundrel, I thought. However, he remained extremely friendly and was polite in every way.

‘Where are you going, Lantos?’

‘I am looking for some amusement’, I said honestly, ‘I am a little tired.’ I felt that I was coming to myself and as a result of his politeness my hate lessened. He was a remarkable person. We walked on together.

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

I said: ‘I have never achieved anything so beautiful.’

‘Well, well, you are making me curious. May I come and admire it?’

‘No, not yet’, I replied coolly. I looked at him as I spoke, but his tense face hid his inner feelings.

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

I got a fright, but was able to control myself, he would not share my most sacred feelings. I avoided his question by saying: ‘Soon, later.’

‘I have made progress, Lantos.’

‘Progress, you say?’

‘Yes, in my new love.’

‘Well, well’, I said, but had my own thoughts. Progress? What progress? In what? Progress in love? Was it not beyond him to destroy?

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

‘Winner, did you say?’

‘The girl I told you about, do you remember, is lying at my feet. Delightful, Lantos, a beauty, but a stupid being. Very stupid, to me she is like a former farmer’s daughter.’

‘Ridiculous!’

‘But she sings beautifully and is a beautiful person, but I can see her past.’

‘Past?’ I asked.

‘Well, yes, I have just about sounded her out. She will dream of her happiness. She is expecting me, come with me, you are looking for amusement, after all, aren’t you?’

‘No’, I said, ‘go ahead.’

We said goodbye, but I was very absent-minded. Why was I so shocked? My heart beat in my throat when I saw him. Why? It was clear to me again that I had met him before in my life. How did I know that scoundrel? Or was I just imagining things, he was polite, after all? I was probably a bit stressed out. What business were his love affairs to me? But was I any different? If I was to carry on like this, I would not have a single friend left. I was sullen, dissatisfied and rude and would have to behave differently towards him. What was I imagining anyway? I was already sorry that I had treated him so surly. I was already called an eccentric and I did not want to be that. I was like everyone else. Or was I different after all? I tried to get to know myself

better, this was really necessary. However, after some time I lost myself inside myself and had to laugh heartily about it. I had now reached the age of thirty-eight, had worked my way up to a great height and could be satisfied. Soon I would score triumphs with my latest creation, my Marianne.

My Marianne? Strange that I thought about this for the first time. I kept talking about my child, my Marianne. Would she love me as I loved her? I would just have to wait and see. In any case we were friends and that already made me happy. Now I would have a rest first, because although I wanted to go to my friends, without realising it, I had gone back home, after all. That was strange, but it was very likely because I was so absent-minded. This work had really worn me out and exhausted me. It could not be any other way, the statue was a work of art. The work had been emotional, if I just looked at it, those powers penetrated me. I insisted again to my servant to let no one, no matter who, into my sanctuary. I had hung a cloth over Marianne. I saw how every fold in this cloth had fallen into a pleat. I absorbed the whole picture because I still did not trust my servant completely. I thought I was a terrible master, but I was just not capable of changing anything about it. I felt flustered and agitated and could not concentrate my thoughts on one idea. I most definitely needed some rest. Yet I still went for a walk, but my thoughts returned to Roni. His fanaticism bothered me, I thought he was a braggart. Sooner or later my happiness would also come. I would wait for it, because it was madness to try and search for it. How long had I not already sought it? However, there was no one who bore real pure love, who could really love. Did Roni throw himself into this life in order to get inspiration? Many people got drunk first before they could achieve something. Yet their figures lived and people thought they were wonderful. It was a great world! Of the many inspirations which I had received, the last one was the most beautiful. What was inspiration for that matter? Was it conscious connection to something higher? I felt that I could not think. What an impression it had made on me. I felt feverish, my head was on fire. The silence of nature would do me good. Was I ill, or was I becoming ill? I sat down in a beautiful area, surrounded by flowers and cypresses. It was like a paradise here, only people spoil it. I felt that I also spoilt it. Birds sung their songs, their warbling did me good. I saw young life everywhere. All of this was God's creation, also we people. Why did we actually live on this earth? Why were we here? How I would have liked to know that and get to know the human being. How deep was the human being? Who knew him? Where did he come from? Was there an afterlife? A life after this life? Or did life come to an end with death? What was the point of being here then? One person tore another apart. I saw only suffering. Was there an eternal life? If that was the case, I had a lot to make up for. It was in the bible, the clergy spoke of it, but no one knew for certain. Yet it

occupied me continually. I kept having these thoughts. Why? I kept asking. Was I too aware? Did I experience life too deeply? Was I not satisfied? I was searching for something. Was it happiness in the home? A wife and children and a happy life? Had this not been laid away for me? God was a Father of Love, wasn't he? Why did He not give His children any happiness then? Yet it was remarkable, even now I did not feel satisfied, although I had fame and everything which I had longed for during my childhood. There was something which deprived me of the happiness I desired. I saw as it were in a deep pit and I would never find out the secret. Was it the same power which had already made me difficult to handle as a child? I could not be tamed, after all, something drove me away from home. Now I was searching and could feel it clearly, they were the same feelings. Was that power my fate then? Was I possessed by the devil? Or were they forces of nature, laws, which I could not avoid? If I accepted this, I would feel as if I had not lived, as if there was a power which controlled me and according to which I had to act.

Was that possible? Were there powers which made me difficult to handle? To what degree was the human being himself? Did he have an own free will? Or had we nothing to say? Did we live unconsciously, conscious of nothing? How far did the human conscious reach? Were we here in order to become conscious? Did all people experience these things? I never heard Roni and many others asking questions, they lived and were happy. Would I ever experience that? Or was it because I dreamed and was different to them? Were there people living on earth who were conscious? If that was not the case, how far are we away from it? Where is the beginning and where is the end? I could have gone on like this and could have asked thousands of questions, but not a single one was answered. A thick veil covered everything and my life as well. I was faced with a mystery. I thought I was a problem, because I could not fathom myself out. Would I ever get to know myself? I was not yet aware in any aspect, unaware in all aspects. There was always that mystery, the unknown power which directed my life. I would become mad if I went on any longer. Stop, Lantos, stop, you are asking too much. Live your life as Roni and the others and you will be happy!

I looked up. There above, behind the firm purple-blue cloth of the firmament, lay the secret. God lived there and His heaven was there. We would come there one day, one day, in order to be judged. I would receive a great deal of punishment, would burn and be doomed, because I had not lived like a saint; on the contrary, I lived as if there was no tomorrow. That was apparently not the point. People had to pray, pray a lot and in general I did not do that at all. I had not given anything to the poor either, I only lived for myself. They were all sins and for which I would have to pay when I lived on that side, at least if it was true, because I would have to wait and see. No one

knew. I was considered a heathen, a faithless person, and that was terrible. If I lived on, my body would have endure that eternal fire. For those few sins I had committed. It was awful.

People called Him a God of Love, but was that love to doom His children? I trembled from that God, whom the clergy knew and Whom the bible spoke of. Was I beginning to become religious? At least I was starting to think of religion. I did not dream anymore, but analysed. Something changed in me, every day, but I did not get to know for certain. Had I to become conscious by thinking in this way? I kept wondering about this. It lay there beyond, there, it lived there, there was God. What a vastness! Oh, that awe-inspiring universe; I felt myself becoming small. He, the Creator of all this life, of heaven and earth, had shrouded Himself in a haze. He remained invisible to everyone. And people wanted to get to know Him so much, I too. Everything up there appeared boundless to me, I did not see any end. Behind that the heart of God beat for all His children. However, I did not hear it beat, no matter how much effort I made to listen. Was my hearing no good for His mighty sound? Or was I not properly equipped? Would I have to equip myself in the way I experienced art? Many people like me asked: 'Why and for what purpose is this life? For what purpose that injustice, all these terrible things on earth?' People prayed to Him and did not get an answer. People called and shouted for help and did not get any reply. They lived in suffering, sorrow and misery, hunger and cold, and asked to be released from it, but it did not happen. Also those who went to church every day and prayed constantly; their prayers were not answered either and they also asked 'why' and 'for what purpose'. There was no end to their suffering. No God of Love intervened and called the rulers to a halt. He let them continue to destroy people's lives. Yet He was a God of Love. Incomprehensible, to recognise Him as a God of Love and justice. People did not receive a clear 'yes' or 'no' to a single question. Everything remained shrouded in that invisible haze and no one could penetrate it. Was this the unconscious life? Was God an unconscious thing? Did I see it wrong? Was I in rebellion? Did all people feel like I did? Did they not search for the real and true life? Or was I an exception? Would man have to find his way out of this chaos?

It was said that people should believe, then they would reach the truth. I stared and stared up for a long time, but I did not find God. It remained tense up there, secretive and insensitive. The depth of the universe grinned back at me, which could not be penetrated by a single person. It remained blue. Only at night the life of the stars could be seen. However, the scholars did not understand much about that either. Did the secret of the whole creation lie there? I should have become a scholar, because science interested me very much. People had been searching for thousands of years, people asked

‘why’ and ‘for what purpose’. How long would they still have to ask? When would the moment come that God said: ‘See, I am alive. Feel that I love all of you, that I lead and control everything, which you do not understand and cannot grasp.’ I would no longer experience it, my life was too short for that. I would probably be dead tomorrow and then all those questions and begging for the truth would be over. The human being had an awe-inspiring power and yet he was a creature of a moment. Those people met yesterday were no longer here today, because death had called them. They were in heaven or would burn eternally in hell.

Dead, yes, what was death actually? A word with a terrible sound. I did not understand death, nor the other problems. I had three problems: death, God and my own life. God was the greatest mystery to me. He created something mighty and let it die. When I had achieved something beautiful, I admired it for hours and could not get enough of it, I had to keep on admiring it. However, what was my creation in comparison to His? Nothing, for that matter. How astonishing His creation is, man, the animal and all other life. Yet the most beautiful of all creation is man. But he died and would perish to dust, to nothing. But why had He created man then? I could see, I could hear and feel and I could go where I wanted. Everything about man was perfect and yet he had to die one day. Even worse, then he would have to burn! He would also have to pay for the small sins which man committed. I suffered because of it and thought the judgement was too harsh. Could this life have a purpose then? To me all of this was a torture, something impenetrable. How could I accept God’s word now that I felt this within me? It appeared impossible for me to believe and to understand everything without question.

Roni was like an Adonis, his body was attractive; yet he would also die one day. I was sorry for him, yet I did not wish him his life. I saw and felt justice in his death. Another few years and then his beauty would be over. He envied me my art and success. How could God give him such a character? A perfect body and yet an animal. Because he was undeniably an animal. Every woman who came into contact with him was irrevocably lost. He sucked her empty and then discarded her. Was that God’s will? Why did He give that animal such power to destroy and to break? If he was not to die either, I would probably be capable of killing him. Then there would be no suffering and sorrow and no innocent hearts would be broken anymore. However, he would also die, that was certain.

See, for this reasons alone I could be grateful to God again. God was only perfect and just in that one aspect. No one, not a single person or animal could remain alive, hold onto life. Everything died and had to perish. God had not only given Roni his beauty but also beautiful gifts, which he wasted. Nothing became of his art, he lived it up and brought nothing but misery.



My friend Roni was like this and yet he was a blessed human child.

Is God not incomprehensible? Who would understand Him? Did such a thing not conflict with everything? People let such an animal-like human being as Roni go his way, he could make and break what he wanted. What a terrible injustice! Other people would achieve something beautiful if they had such a feeling for art. Many people longed for it and yet they received none of those wonderful qualities. This was also a mystery to me. In my childhood such thoughts already occurred to me and I wondered why one person received so much earthly happiness and another had to suffer hunger and misery. I felt even more questions entering me but it was just a hopeless task to ask questions for any longer.

I felt a bit calmer and not so agitated anymore. This thinking in the middle of nature had brought me peace. That philosophising was good for me, it put me in a better mood.

It was already late in the afternoon before I went home. I wanted to start a new statue and would soon exhibit Marianne. What would I now sculpt? Something which would take me to the highest inspiration. Thoughts came into me from my deepest inner self which made me shiver. Such a thing was unthinkable to me. How would I sculpt Him? I did not know Him, did not feel Him and did not understand anything about Him. And I had to feel Him, be able to sense Him completely, if I wanted to make something of it. However, within me also lay the thought of death, that terror, which cut a human being's life off, and I also wanted to portray that. Death, that thought occurred to me, would become a wonderful piece of art, a product of creation of the highest order. However, I felt another plan arising and that seemed to attract me even more. I would make an Adonis and let him die. This would represent Roni, life and death lay within him. How would I be able to connect these two? I thought about it for a long time in order to get a feel for the whole idea. How beautiful these thoughts were, I thought I was a genius in thinking. Death and Roni and God as Creator of this group. How deeply thought out the whole idea was. People would kneel in worship if I managed to achieve this work. I already felt the significance of this statue. To me it was a God, life and death. It could not be better, any deeper, or more perfect. I went back to the place where I had come from in order to carry on thinking.

Nature would have to help me, otherwise I would not make it. I had to sense it, feel it completely within me, only then could I experience it. When I had reached this stage, I would be ready and could start sculpting. Everyone would recognise him from this portrayal, my friend whom I hated. I would put all my hate into it. I would mock his life, show him that he was doomed to die. I was glad and felt happy that these thoughts had come into me. Would an artist ever have thought of them? Where did these thoughts come

from? Were they mine? They were fearfully deep, almost incomprehensible to man. Yet it must be possible to accomplish this. It was still an unconscious thought, but it would certainly become conscious. This also became clear to me now, because I now started to feel something of the unconscious and the conscious. When I thought through this statue I was aware that I could create it. Was this the correct concept, the true consciousness, or was it not the case? Now I started again. However, I would have to stick to that one thing, not think about other things, only allow this great thing to come into me, in order to bring it to consciousness. I felt happy, a new power had awakened in me. Did all my fellow artists experience their products of creation like I did?

I would ask a few people about it who still felt sympathy for me. They could probably give me new impressions. However, I would tell them nothing about my plan, that would remain my secret. I got up and hurried to them, perhaps I would still meet them. I would not have peace anyway, I would have to act soon. At the same time I would try to fathom out my friend Roni, because this was necessary because I would have to know him completely. I would go for long walks with him, let him into my studio after all, so that my friendship would appear closer. I would have to see more of him, meet him more often, or my creation would not be perfect. This would put the crown on my work.

My idea was wonderful, incredibly beautiful and profound. I wanted to see him, I wanted to look at him for a long time. If he felt this, I would say that I had started a new project and that it would show a similarity to him. He would think I was strange, but I was considered a dreamer, anyway, wasn't I? Now I liked that and made use of it. I hoped to meet many other people as well. I would fathom out the feelings of everyone, at least if it was possible. Only now did I start to show an interest in my friends and search for their inner self.

When I entered I saw that he was there. Would he be intoxicated? He walked towards me and gave me a hearty handshake and said: 'My Lantos, dear friend, finally together again. The days were too long for me!'

I was amazed, I had also met him in the morning. It was always the case with him, drinking and having fun, nothing became of work recently. What a contrast: his beautiful body and his horrible character. I started to fathom out his feelings and looked at him with a penetrating gaze.

'I am going to portray her, Lantos, make something beautiful of my loved one', he said.

I had to make an effort not to burst out laughing. He would make something beautiful, now, then he was in love and that had broken his power. We sat down together in a niche. Roni was very loud and I warned him to calm down.

‘As you wish, Lantos, I will control myself.’

He never forgot his politeness, even if the wine had dulled his feelings and made his head turn.

‘A beautiful afternoon, Lantos, what a pity that you did not come along.’ He appeared to remember our meeting and said: ‘May we come to see you together? You will see a beautiful couple and be surprised.’

It could not be better and I accepted eagerly.

‘You can come and see me tomorrow’, I said. ‘If you wish, take her with you, I would like to meet her.’

He grasped both my hands and squeezed them heartily.

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

I did not answer and he continued: ‘What time will you receive us?’

‘At one o’clock in the afternoon’, I said; I was indifferent to it. ‘I have to tell you something, Lantos.’

‘I am listening’, I said, curious what he would have to tell me. Of course, about his life again and his latest conquest.

‘I have gone too far, Lantos, something has to happen, which is very unpleasant for me.’

I immediately understood what he meant. Bastard, I thought, that on top of everything else. ‘Do you think you will marry her?’

He burst out laughing, it sounded like a devilish laugh in my ears. ‘What makes you think that, Lantos? My freedom, dear friend, is too precious to me. What do you advise me to do?’

‘I don’t know, I cannot answer that.’

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

‘Why will you not marry her then?’

‘As I already told you, my freedom is so precious to me. But tell me what I should do? I cannot release myself, wherever I am she will find me and ask what she should do. She is stronger than I am, she will not be trifled with, Lantos. I have now miscalculated, because I have not met such a being before. Believe me when I tell you that I wish to free myself, shake her off me, but it is impossible for me. I know her better than I know myself. Come one, tell me, give advice, what should I do?’

‘You want to make a statue of her?’ I asked.

‘Something like that, but I do not know if I will manage. I have to do something, but what? This is just a means, you see, in order to give myself time to think. But my freedom, my so precious freedom, Lantos!’

Vicious animal, I thought, how mean you are. All my good intentions were suffocated by his devilish thoughts.

Unexpectedly he said: ‘That is true, I have to go. Oh, that I didn’t think

of that. I have to go, Lantos. See you tomorrow, won't I?' He shook my hand and left. A strange person. Inebriated a moment ago, now he was suddenly sober. How could that be? Why that sudden change? Was his behaviour pretence, just a game? Was I allowing myself to be deceived? Was he playing a game with me? No, I was going too far, I had to believe him and have a bit more faith in him.

The hours passed and I was still sitting in the same place thinking. I finally got up and left. I had not fathomed out my fellow artists, had not been able to ask anything, those who were there first had to awaken. They did not have that feeling, they were empty and unaware. Was I aware then? That conscious and unconscious life always in everything. I was deeply affected by everything which he had told me. The poor human child which this suffering affected. First he called her a farmer's daughter, then a beauty and now this. If she was a different personality to him, I would be interested in meeting and getting to know this being. To me it was impossibility to see through Roni's mask, and would she be able to do this? But women were different to men, saw more keenly and felt more deeply, if it concerned everything and anything. I was very curious not only to see her but also to get to know her. That would probably help me with my new work. Perhaps she was a miracle, gifted with other powers than I knew and possessed. Was she his superior in everything? It was almost impossible. She would have to be a she-devil then. I also saw a devil in him in human form. A beautiful couple! To meet a devil and a she-devil would be entertaining, but it would also be horrific to get to know such a pair. I already longed for tomorrow. What a pity that I had not asked them for this evening or tonight, but this was no longer possible. I would therefore have to wait until tomorrow and not be impatient.

## I committed a murder

I came back to myself and would try to become inspired again. That was more useful than all his life stories. I would completely live it up in my new work. I would be even greater than Marianne. At this moment I felt deeper than when I was occupied with her statue.

My servant was expecting me. I gave him a piercing look. Something in him attracted me to him and rejected me. I would never be able to trust him and yet I did not send him away, I simply did not get round to it. I felt that he was watching me, which bothered me. His movements were like those of a predator. He would be standing before me silently and at the most unexpected moments. When I thought he was there and wanted to know this, the opposite proved to be true. I only knew half of him too because he wore a mask. Yet he did his work properly, I had nothing to say about it.

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

‘I, master? I thought that I could help you, be of some service, master.’

I was already sorry that I had spoken to him too strictly. ‘Go and rest’, I said, ‘I do not need you.’

When I was alone, I sat down on my settee. Marianne stood before me like a queen. Was I seeing properly? I felt something else from the statue, which disturbed me. The pleats of the cloth which covered her fell in a different way, I felt and saw a different pattern. I had not left it like this. Who had been here apart from myself? I wanted to call my servant, but I changed my mind. Was I just imagining things? I tried to imagine again how I had hung the cloth over the statue, but I could no longer remember clearly. I should have thought of something else, this was too simple. I should have closed her off completely, if necessary with a seal, this was insufficient. My servant would shake his head and not know what I meant. However, I wanted him to obey me, otherwise he would just have to leave. I did not like intrigue, I myself was honest and I also expected that from him. Would I have been mistaken, after all?

I lay down to sleep, but there was something around Marianne which made me anxious. I removed her cloth and went back to my settee in order to admire the statue from there. What was it which occupied me and made me anxious? I thought the statue was dull, I felt something mysterious and her shine and aura had changed into a thick dark haze. How did that happen and why did I now see her differently? When I was working on the statue I felt an enviable situation within me. But now I was myself. Was that the reason why I now saw her differently than then? Had she now gone to sleep?

Had I seen and felt her awake then? This difference was too great. Had the woman who stood before me gone to sleep, after all? It was strange, very strange. I gazed at my own art for a long time. It was quiet around me, fearfully quiet. In what situation was I actually, would I experience something special? For that matter, I did not believe in miracles. Yet this was a strange phenomenon. Now I thought that she woke up. Oh, Lantos, you are awakening her! You should just have let her sleep. I now felt her as before and I was very pleased about it. It would have been a deep disappointment to me and would probably have taken away my courage to achieve something else. To have no faith is to go under. However, I trusted my own feelings again, because I felt more deeply again, but only in art. No, my Marianne was a work of art of the highest order. I covered her again and went to sleep. However, I could not get to sleep, horrible, frightening dreams disrupted my rest. I forced myself to go to sleep, which I managed after a long period of concentration. I awoke that morning in a gloomy mood. The sun was already in the sky and sent its light and warmth over the earth and humanity. I tidied my studio myself, in order to receive my guests, 'a devil and a she-devil'. I involuntarily burst out laughing. The more time passed, the more uneasy I felt myself becoming. I did not understand myself. Why was I really so uneasy and agitated. Because of Roni? Finally it was afternoon and I called for my servant in order to give him some orders. Meanwhile I set to work in order to change one or two things for their arrival, because I wanted to show Roni 'Marianne' and observe him closely in order to be able to feel his inner thoughts. But where had my servant got to? I was not used to that from him. I called again, but did not get an answer. I went to see where he had got to, but he was not in the house.

What did all of this mean? That had never happened before. I thought it was strange. He had probably gone to fetch the necessary provisions, but he never left without telling me beforehand. Now I was obliged to open the door myself.

Roni entered exactly on time.

'Are you alone?' I asked.

'She will come, Lantos, you know, that is typical of women. She will come, she will definitely come.'

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

He looked at Marianne and asked: 'May I look at the statue?'

'Soon', I said, 'have some patience.'

I asked him where he got his inspiration and how he felt it.

'What a question, Lantos, how strange, the question of a dreamer.'

'A dreamer, did you say?'

'But it is simple', he said, 'that I cannot answer that question, Lantos?'

‘Not answer?’ I repeated. Was my question so unnatural then? Did he not know the truth of it? Our conversation took another direction when he said: ‘She will be here soon, tell me how you feel her to be, Lantos, you will do me a great pleasure with this.’

I fathomed him out and thought that I felt his true being more deeply than usual. I have done well, so I thought, letting him come to me and I would ask him to visit again. Meanwhile the time passed. Finally I heard the sign of a visitor arriving and I went to the entrance in order to let the visitor in, since my servant was still not back yet, which I found very unpleasant.

A beautiful being stood before me, but at the same time I thought that I would die, my heart refused, a cramp made my heart contract and I could not say a word. I thought I was seeing a miracle, and that miracle was ... Marianne.

Was I imagining things? Was I awake or was I dreaming? She also kept looking at me, suddenly pursed her lips and became deathly pale. I tried to recover myself using all my strength, which I managed after a short time.

Marianne, I thought, it is you, or are you her image? Was she supposed to be a she-devil? We approached Roni and I offered her a place next to me so that I could see her properly. The conversation still flowed, in spite of my various feelings. She had golden blond hair, my image in marble was like this living apparition, it had similarities. She was like my creation! All the conversations, the wrong things that Roni had told about her flew through my mind as quick as lightning. I no longer needed to doubt, it was she, my Marianne.

Bastard, devil in human form, scoundrel, I thought, how can you affect me in such a way. My thoughts stood still, my heart broke and I felt a stabbing pain in my head.

If Marianne was sitting there, then I was experiencing a miracle. Suddenly I had an idea, I would then know whether I was perhaps wrong after all. I asked her: ‘Would you do me a favour?’

She laughed and said: ‘Yes, of course’, she looked at Roni as she spoke, but controlled herself completely.

Now I saw Roni radiating a greenish light. I had seen this once in my life. But where? In heaven’s name, where? And I looked at her who was waiting for my question.

‘Will you sing for me? I heard that you can sing so beautifully, would you do that?’

‘I would be pleased to’, she said and got ready. Roni sat there like a mystery.

‘Come here, close to me’, I said to him, ‘let’s listen together, my dear Roni.’ He did what I asked him to do and sat down next to me. I waited and fathomed him out in order to know where I had met him before and where I

knew him from. Marianne's voice trembled within my soul. Now I knew that it was she, my dear little friend. How I wept inside that we should meet each other again in this way. The rogue sitting next to me kicked her and me. Marianne sang the song from her youth which she had sung for me so many times. I immediately understood this song and her intention. She wanted to make it clear to me that she recognised me and that she was my childhood sweetheart. She sung as beautifully as a nightingale. Suddenly I saw that tears were flowing down her cheeks, but she still carried on singing. I thought that I would go mad. When her song was finished, I took one leap towards her in order to thank her.

'How I must thank you!' I managed to say with difficulty and suddenly a horrible feeling overcame me. I looked at Roni, who pretended he did not see this scene, as if none of it concerned him. At the same moment something arose from the depth of my soul and I knew who he was.

My dream! My dream! How in the world was that possible? This being would therefore destroy my life? I leapt towards the statue, pulled down the cloth and shouted at him like a madman: 'Look there, Roni, you devil in human form, this is my statue, my Marianne sculpted from marble and there is the living Marianne!'

He trembled and prepared to jump me. However, I was quicker than him, grasped a lump of marble which lay within my reach and before he was ready for it, it came down on his head. It shattered his skull and he fell down with one blow, while blood flowed from the wound. A horrific scream brought me to my senses. Marianne collapsed and lay unconscious at my feet under her stone statue. I laid her on my settee. Dreadful, now what? Blood flowed from her mouth, would she also be dead? I laid my hand on her forehead and after a few minutes she opened her eyes and looked at me. Thank God, she was alive. I wanted to talk to her, but she sunk back and fell into a swoon again. What a drama! I looked at the man who had set up all of this. Now I understood all his actions. That scoundrel. He lay there, still alive, because a rattling noise rose from his chest.

Suddenly he sat up, looked at me and let out a demonic laugh which sounded terrible to my ears. Then he sunk down. He was dead and I was his murderer. I had rid this world of a monster. No being would ever have to suffer again because of him. I did not feel any remorse, I even felt calm. However, what should I do? Marianne was still unconscious. Now I saw through everything. My servant played this game with him. He wanted eliminate me, but he had had to pay for this with his own life. Scoundrel that you were, how deeply you must have hated me. I thought that I hated him, but compared to his hatred, I loved him. He had sullied her and did not wish me my happiness. It was therefore he who had been here, I had not been wrong



about anything. Oh, why did I not know this beforehand, I would have acted differently. He would probably still be alive then. I thought about it but could not reach any decision.

I was a murderer and this was predicted to me in my dream, but by who? By Satan? I sat down beside Marianne and waited until she gained conscience. She was breathing calmly. All the things that went through my head.

I started to think again. I could remember everything clearly and I was shocked when I realised what had happened. Who made me dream? Who, who, I shouted and thought I would go mad. No answer. I did not get an answer to anything, nor to that question. Would I flee with her, back to our own country? Start a new and happy life? I felt sick, really very sick.

‘Marianne’, I said, ‘waken up, come on, waken up, do not leave me alone so long. I have to speak to you, it has to be quick, I can feel it. Danger threatens us, waken up, Marianne.’ I wept. I had never wept like that before. Finally it stopped, it had calmed me down again. Then Marianne opened her eyes and looked at me.

‘Lantos’, she whispered to me, ‘Lantos.’

‘Say it again, Marianne, say it again.’

‘Lantos, how is our meeting.’

‘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 on her mouth and stopped her from continuing. ‘Will we flee, away from here and start a new life?’

‘I want to’, she said, ‘I really do, but I will make you sad.’

‘Do not talk like that.’

‘You do not know my life, you know nothing of my life, Lantos.’

‘I love you, my child, tell me that you also love me. I will give you my life.’

‘I love you, Lantos, but ...’ she did not get any further. A terrible screeching interrupted our conversation and I rushed to the entrance. Then I suddenly understood what this noise was. I had been betrayed. A few men came in and put me in handcuffs. I did not resist, but let them do it, I only asked: ‘Who betrayed me?’

‘Your servant’, was the cold answer.

‘Do you know everything?’ I asked.

‘Save yourself that trouble.’

Marianne appeared dead, but she was alive, because she suddenly rushed at me and held me tight. It was a heart-wrenching scene. ‘Lantos, Lantos’, she begged, ‘where are you going? Do not leave me alone.’

I asked her to listen to me. ‘Listen carefully, listen, Marianne. All of this is for you. It is not much, but I want you to accept this statue as a sacred memory. Will you? Let my parents know about this.’ However, I changed my

mind. 'No, don't do that.'

'We will do that for you', I heard someone next to me say, 'if it is possible.'

'Go back, Marianne, go back to your parents, come to yourself.' She looked at me and whispered to me that it was not possible to go back.

'You have to', I said, 'you have to.' Suddenly I thought of her situation. 'Is this all true?' She lowered her eyes and I understood.

'Farewell, Marianne, farewell, come and visit me, come to me, I have to speak to you. Before it is time, I must speak to you.'

'When it has to happen I will die, but I did not want this.'

'Marianne, you are my soul, you are myself, one day you will belong to me. If there is a hereafter, another life, we will meet each other there ... If there is an eternity', I called to her again and was taken away.

I still heard her weeping, my heart was broken. Was hers also?

## In my dungeon

I was taken away and locked in a dungeon. There I collapsed, broken in body and soul. After a while I awakened. Had I slept? A deep darkness reigned around me, I was troubled by a terrible thirst and I felt stabbing pains in my chest. Everything hurt, my limbs seemed paralysed because I could not move. Around me I felt the silence of the approaching death, which made me shiver. I felt like a wreck, my eyes burned in my head and my tongue stuck to my palate. I was shattered: would this mean my end? My fame was wiped out like a flash in the dungeon. I could not imagine it, it was not acceptable. It had stormed on my life's ocean, my trivial little ship had perished and I was thrown ashore like a pile of misery. Yet this was probably not enough, I would also lose my mind as well. Because I would not be able to cope with this, it would have to come to an end soon. I was terribly bothered by a thirst. Then I felt myself sinking away and I fell into a swoon.

When I gained consciousness for the second time, I felt a bit better. There was now light around me. Had the night made way for the day? I could now think a bit better as well and move my body a bit more. I felt that that sleep had done me good, but, oh, that thirst! If only I had a small drink to moisten my lips, that would already be enough. I had never experienced anything like it. I longed for it, that was my only wish.

Now I heard some life, were they people? People would now frighten me, I did not want to see anyone. Only drink, drink! I was in a cell, but where? It was not considered necessary to put me in chains, I could move freely. Next to me I saw those chains to which a great monster could be tied. It was not possible to break free, the links were too thick, too close. Again I heard life and wanted to call out for a drink, but I could not utter a noise, my throat was closed.

We were in the middle of the summer and around me I felt a horrible heat, in which I thought I would suffocate. I wanted to get up but that appeared impossible for me, it was as if I was paralysed. This drama had got to me and shocked my nerves. Yet I wanted to get up, I moved into all kinds of positions and reached the entrance in this way. At the entrance I collapsed again and was aware of nothing else. I do not know how long I lay there, but a loud screeching suddenly wakened me and I felt that I was being pressed against the wall of my cell. The man who entered apparently got a fright from me. Had I changed so much? I looked up to him and understood what he had come to do. He handed me a pitcher which I grasped greedily and emptied to the last drop. Delicious, now I could breathe a bit easier. That was a mercy

for which I was very grateful to him. Without saying a word to me he left, closing the door behind him. This was fine with me, I preferred to be alone, because I wanted to think, think, because many thoughts arose within me. I felt my strength gradually returning and I wanted to try to return to the place I had been, in the corner. How was it possible to suddenly lose all your strength like that? It was not easy to stand up, but I made it to where I wanted to be, however poorly I managed it. I had not yet lost my willpower.

Now I tried to get a clear picture of my situation and started to think about everything. That scoundrel, that bastard, had put me in this situation. Where was Marianne? Was she also broken? Poor child, how was our life, our meeting up again? If this the fate of both of us? I am a murderer, a murderer. I repeated this word a few times in order to be able to listen to the sound of it. It had a strange sound and something awful, it meant death. Death? Yes, Ron was dead and I was still alive. He probably now knew more than I did. I did not feel remorse, only that I was a person without hope.

My servant played a false game with him! Oh, if only I had listened to my inner feelings, because I did not trust him, after all. Did this have to happen? Couldn't I have got out of this? Fate had followed me to the last moment. I had crushed his skull. I was not sorry, on the contrary, he had earned it.

Like me, Marianne had become an artist. All of this seemed a miracle to me. That she should come into contact with him precisely, my friend, a devil in human form, who sullied her, Marianne, whom I loved, knew from my childhood! No, everything was demonic. I did not understand any of this and almost did not dare to think about it. She had left home and followed me. All of this was secretive. I had wanted to look for her in the big wide world and she lived close, very close to me. I thought this was even more awful than my murder and all the other things I would experience. As children our ways parted, as adults we came together again, but in what a way! What an end! Where was she now? Would she be sick? I understood that her inner self had snapped like mine. It could not be any other way. What would she do now?

What had taken hold of Roni to be jealous of my art? Why? I thought it was wonderful that his beautiful body, which had caused so much suffering and sorrow, no longer belonged to the living. His dreadful jealousy and hate would no longer hurt other people. Now I also understood him, my frightening feelings and horrible dreams, my anxiety and agitation and my servant, now that it was too late. I had already felt it a few days beforehand. That was the reason for that continual fear within me of meeting him. Was all of this coincidence, cause or a law? An invisible power? I did not work it out and would never work it out, but it was awful. I could not release myself from him, however much I wanted to. And he? He could probably not either. We

still felt attracted to each other and yet he hated me and I him. I would have found it amazing if it was not so sad, so intensely tragic. In any case it had cost him his life and I was sitting here in a cell, waiting for my end.

Roni, Marianne and I, how great the influence was which connected the three of us. The three of us? Yes, because we were brought to each other, but by whom? By satan? Did the devil interfere in human affairs? It could not be God, God was Love. In any case they were invisible powers or it was fate or the power which first connected us and then destroyed us, which was demonic. I accepted this irrevocably, no other solution appeared possible to me and yet, what did the devil have to do with us trivial people? Did he not have any other work, did he have nothing better to do? But who was it then who destroyed our young lives? It was a mystery, I could not solve it. But I was still busy asking 'why' and 'for what purpose', as always. I had not lost this property either through all of this. If only Marianne came to visit me, if we would both be allowed this. Perhaps she knew more than I did. She had got to know him, I was blind, completely blind. How awful my thoughts about her had been. I would be happy to take all of them back, because she was not a she-devil. No, not that, that was the last thing, the saddest of all. I would probably see her again before my death. I would ask in any case, no, beg for it, because I had to and would speak to her before I died.

The door was shook and an eminent person entered. He asked various questions and I answered all of them. Then I asked: 'Could I receive someone? Has no one been here before?' 'No', was his short and cool answer.

'Would it be possible if someone came to me?' He waved his hand and I understood that it was not so very certain yet. A poor comfort. It was my only longing before I died. How harsh people were. A deep sadness overcame me and I felt dead tired. Someone else came once who brought me water again. How grateful I was to him for that. I drunk some of it, but wanted to keep some of it, perhaps they would keep me waiting longer, then I would at least have some more. My head hurt and I felt weakened, I could no longer think of anything else. I had already thought too much, it had tired me out, so that sleep overcame me. I let myself go, I did not have to think in that situation, I did not feel anything of all this misery. Now I would have wanted to sleep to death. Soon sleep had mercy upon me.

When I woke up again I felt deeply unhappy. It appeared to become day and by that I calculated how long I had slept. However, I was so dopey that I remained staring in front of me for a few hours in one and the same position. As a result of the intensity of my feelings deep within me I felt blank. What would my end be like? Hung, beheaded or tortured until I would die? It was all the same to me, as long as I could speak to Marianne. I would endure everything, give my life for her, but I had to know what I was doing it for.

I wanted to see and speak to her. Days passed. I scribbled some signs on the wall and counted the days which passed. I had already been locked up for almost two weeks and Marianne had still not come to see me. I became afraid that something had also happened to her. When I was given this great happiness one afternoon, I burst into tears. The bolts of my cell were undone and Marianne entered. She threw her arms around me, wept against my chest and we were both broken. I started to think as fast as lightning.

‘Come on’, I said, ‘do not lose a second, come on, speak.’ I felt that we were one on soul and spirit. ‘How I have loved you, Marianne, since my childhood. Come on, darling, tell me all you know about Roni, because I must die. It will then be easier for me to go.’

She was deeply moved, but could not utter a word. I asked her questions and gradually I heard from her that she also knew precious little about Roni. She also felt attracted to him, a bond, a dreadful power drew her to him. I still knew nothing because I had experienced a similar situation. A few years after me she had changed to art. She did not know anything else to say, she did not understand any of this incomprehensible problem either. I drew her closer to my chest because I really loved her. She could have given me the highest, but it was no longer necessary, my life had been destroyed and also hers. Then she began to talk.

‘My art was my ruin, Lantos. Do not ask about my life, you will send me away.’

‘Do you love me, Marianne? She looked at me with tearful eyes and I understood her completely. We were one, one in feeling, one thought, one life and this would soon be torn apart. For how long? My heart bled and I had to make every effort to remain standing. I wanted to experience these moments, experience them completely. I saw a path before me, endless, endlessly long, so that I saw no end. What did this mean? I came back to reality and pulled her even more firmly against my chest.

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

‘We will live, Lantos, you will live, it is God’s will.’

‘Is there no death then? Do you know more about it than I do?’

‘No, but we will be taught about it, won’t we?’

‘Oh, you learn and accept? So be it. Let us trust that we will meet again. Wherever it is, I will continue to love you, through the ages, until eternity. Do you feel something similar, Marianne?’

‘I can feel it, Lantos, I now know what it means to love in a real and pure way. I had not loved, I could not love, now, however, I feel it in a different way. Do not ask about my life, but I love you, I love you deeply, very deeply.’

She kissed me and I felt her collapsing, but I held onto her and said: 'Marianne, remain conscious, save those seconds, give me that precious time, do not lose yourself, stay awake, stay awake!'

She opened her eyes again and looked at me. Thank God, I did not want to miss a second of it.

'Long for me when I am no longer here, won't you?' She embraced me even more deeply and wept. I could no longer think and yet I had so many questions, but I felt empty.

'Long, long', that one thought occurred to me, 'long, just continue to long until you no longer can. If there is a God, if You truly love Your children, then connect us after death. Long for me, for love! Marianne, will you long, continue to long for me? Wait, keep on waiting until He, who calls Himself God, gives us it? If there is a Father in Heaven, then I beg you, do not destroy this beautiful thing, not this love, let us keep this one thing, this sacred thing.' I continued to speak, I kept on begging not to destroy our love. I, who did not believe in Him, still begged. I was not conscious of His ability, but I asked and begged, could not behave any differently at this moment. An unprecedented peace lay within me. Then I felt empty again, could no longer think and I was overcome with dizziness. I strongly resisted it but it was impossible for me. Not Marianne but I collapsed. I still felt her near me, her lips pressed upon mine, on my eyes and cheeks, but I sunk far, far away, into an internal depth.

I awoke during the night. I was surrounded by darkness, but I loved this darkness, even more than the day, than the light, because I could think in it. I remembered everything and thought it was awful that I could no longer experience this. I was not allowed this either. How I longed for death. To die just as quickly as possible, then all of this would stop, also this misery. Gone from this life, from the earth, from people and animals. Only then would I be delivered from this cursed life. I now longed for the silence of the grave. For death, that dreadful monster for which I longed.

It became day and night. The days and nights followed each other and it was heading straight for my end. But why did it take so long? I had to die anyway, so why not as quickly as possible? Finally the time came when I would be sentenced. Would I also meet Marianne? One morning I was collected and brought before the judge. I looked around me, but Marianne was not there. She was sick, I heard. I was not sentenced to death, but would be locked up in a dungeon for life. I asked for the death sentence but they did not go into it, my sentence had been passed.

Locked up in a dungeon for life, it was terrible, I could not bare thinking about it. How I would have liked to lay my head on the scaffold. Everything was dear to me, but this was terrible. I was taken to another place. I was

taken there blindfolded and I felt that I was locked up on an island. I did not hear anything more from my parents or from Marianne. I was the living dead.



## Reflections

Now I had the time to reflect. My cell was a few meters square. A weak light which came in through a small window was my only lighting. When the sun went down it also meant darkness to me. There was no other light in my possession. When I first arrived here I sought for the possibility of escaping. However, I soon relinquished this thought, it seemed impossible. I did not know whether I lived above or below the ground. It had to be above the ground, otherwise I would not have had any light. However, when I came in I had counted the steps which we descended and there were thirty-two. The walls of my cell were a few metres thick. What could I do about this? Nothing, for that matter. So I soon surrendered and gave into fate. I now lay on my back for hours on end gazing upwards. The first days passed in this way.

I had time for everything, did not need to rush with anything. My whole earthly life passed before me. I thought of my youth, how carefree it had been. How much my parents loved me, but they were false and mean. How I had got to know them! However, the wonderful hours with Marianne were the best in my life, the most sacred moments. Then in that other environment, with different teachers who had taught me nothing. Yet I had become a great artist. There was a strength within me which served for something and was useful. Now I no longer asked where I got my feeling for art from, I did not get an answer to it anyway. If I had stayed at home this would not have happened. However, I had to. A power unknown to me drove me from this boiling hot soil and I left, with this as the end. I felt revenge during my whole life, revenge, nothing but revenge.

Was there a God of revenge? Would my parents know about this end? I had still nourished the hope that they would free me. But no. Would they still be able to sleep another peaceful hour if they knew this? Would Marianne tell them? That would not happen either, because I had forbidden her to do so, after all. Was Marianne still alive? Had she not succumbed as a result of all these gripping events? If my parents were to find out then it would sour their happiness even more and darken their light. Their God was now a God of revenge, that was a fact to me. However, I should not think of all these things anymore. The first few days I had been miserable about my failed life, but I gradually got over it, I could not change anything about it anyway. It had happened and now I had to pay the punishment with my life. Yet I felt happy that I had destroyed my family line with myself. There would be no more heirs, I, the only one, was locked in a dungeon. I waited for my end here in this hovel. I would not even want to have children, but I

did not know why. Yet it did me good that the sun had not risen for them. They now also sat in the darkness, I had destroyed their hope, their light, their task. I now felt how wrong their thoughts were. During y childhood I had already thought about it, but did not understand it properly, only now did I feel it. Their God now thought differently about them. Would they still be able to love Him, after so much disaster? This was the only trump card which I had been able to play in order to destroy their happiness. And it was destroyed. I had escaped their torture, but now I was also tortured. I would have preferred my father to have shaken me to death. Yet, on the other hand, I did not, because I did not wish him that happiness. Was he capable of that? Oh, certainly, I knew him only too well for that. Those beings were in our family and destruction and violence lay within them. A long time ago, very far in the past, other things had happened. As a child I had already heard about them, yet I did not get to the truth. I asked my mother whether this contained any truth, but I was still too young, she said, and I would not understand it. I was very interested in history, but our history was kept hidden from me. At least, I thought so. I saw and felt so much violence that could not be justified. Everything which had happened in the past had nothing to do with the living. I should not delve too much in what was past, my mother said. When I talked to my father about it, he shrugged his shoulders, so that I was none the wiser. My train of thought was now interrupted, since I had to think of Marianne, because I was eaten away by love, so that a great sadness entered me. Still I did not want to be sad, for nothing could really be done about it. It was remarkable, when Marianne came to visit me in my cell, I felt that it was not me who spoke in this way. I could not have spoken in such a way. It came forth from my deepest inner self which I myself did not know or understand. However, it was strange. Now I no longer had any longings, I was just waiting for death, because I would not get out of here again anyway. I therefore tried to keep all those thoughts away from me, but they kept coming back and I started to have longings. My love was deep, I apparently loved too much. Did Marianne think of me? If that was the case, then I could clearly feel her and it warmed my inner self.

One day followed another. I no longer kept a note of the days or weeks, because it just upset me and I wanted to be as calm as possible. I also felt that the winter was approaching, because it was getting colder and colder. When the wind howled through the gaps in the only hatch above me, I became afraid. It was a tormenting feeling when the elements were in rebellion. How could people still believe in a God of Love? There were hundreds here with me who cursed him. All those men had the most miserable time, but I did not ever see them, because I did not get out of my cell. I lived here, this was my world and their world. If I was to call to them very loudly, they would

not even hear me. Why did God allow this? Was I one of them who were destroyed? God was Father to all of us, He would be able to free me and all those other people. However, it did not happen.

The food was poor and insufficient, as well as the water which I was given to drink. My poor body winced and yet I drank it because I would not get any other water. I had to drink because I had such a terrible thirst. However, with every gulp I felt stabbing pains in my stomach.

Were they busy here torturing me to death in this way? Why not immediately, why such a torment? Only people could do that, an animal did not do such a thing, its feeling was not so far advanced, that was not animal-like enough. However, a human being possessed intellectual gifts and could therefore invent better torments. However, did God give him these gifts for that purpose? Were people therefore divine as the bible said. I was a murderer, had to pay, but I was not capable of such a thing. It seemed dreadful to me to do such a thing, even more cruel than my crime, it was even worse and meaner. I had acted in anger, but here they tormented me and all those other wretches in a slow excruciating way. We had to die but how long would it take? I chose the scaffold above this slow decline. In addition there was my inner sadness, that being locked up and that thinking, always that thinking, which was indescribable. All that suffering made me long for death, the sooner the better it would be for me. If only I had not been born. Would I have come to earth for this purpose? I cursed the moment that I was born. Or was it my own fault that I was locked up here? Who could give me an answer to this? How I hated my parents, now even more than before. After each suffering that I felt, my hate grew. How long would this still have to last? Perhaps ten, twenty or thirty years. I would go crazy because of it. I lay for hours with both hands under my head, staring in front of me. I was like the living dead. Yet my heart beat like every other person and I felt longings within me for a bit of sun, a small amount of love and humanity. I yearned for it and a person who possessed freedom did not realise that he was still so well-off. It lived in me and gnawed at my poor heart. But when I sensed all of this, my thoughts still went to that incomprehensible God and I begged Him to put an end to this misery. He, the Almighty, could do this. However, I did this silently, no person or animal should hear it. I did not dare to ask or pray aloud, if that was praying. The animals around me would have sympathise with me if they were conscious of it. They represented the only life which I saw and felt here. Their presence did me good, I was not the only one here then who was locked up. It was amazing, but as a result of them I bore my suffering more easily, because I followed all their movements during the day and so the time flew past, the days passed and my end was approaching. Every day which passed meant old age for people who were free, to me it meant weakness and loss

of strength. As a result of this food I would and should die, my poor body had to go downhill, it could not be any other way. Therefore I kept on sitting having a think, also about God. However, the days and weeks flew past and I was still alive. God did not hear me. Did I have to call for help loudly, really loudly? This was still not possible for me and I doubted whether God would hear me. In churches people sung so that it could be heard in the street and no prayers were answered there either. In this way I became thinner before my eyes, my poor body suffered from rheumatism, cold and poverty and my face became angular. However, I found the nights the worst of all, they lasted a year to me. Within me I started to have longings again. My heart asked for all those earthly things which make life on earth pleasant. I yearned for the sun, food and drink, for some space and many other things. My heart asked and my soul begged. Both were sad, were dying. If everyone on this earth could experience this, they would appreciate their possessions more. They did not realise what it is, to possess freedom, food and drink and all the other things. The most unhappy people on earth are rich, compared to me and all the others. The warbling of the birds, the barking of a dog, to be able to talk to a person, oh, how happy that would make me. I yearned for all these things, as I already said, for all that earthly happiness. During my life I had always appreciated it, but now I did not have any of it. To be able to see the firmament, the night and day on earth, to be able to live it up in my art, oh, I had nothing, nothing more. When I was in my other cell I did not want to meet anybody, now I longed for it. A beaker of water, a piece of fruit, I would give my life for those small trivial things. My body asked for all these things because I lived. However, it was cold here, horribly cold and I sat huddled up and fought with myself.

People, appreciate what you have. How ungrateful many people are. You grumble and complain, you are dissatisfied and yet you have everything. You do not appreciate the sunlight which shines on you. Lock yourself up and you will learn to appreciate. I was also ungrateful, but did not understand it. Yet I lived with nature, it gave me peace and joy. Now I was sitting here in deep darkness and gazing, gazing, so that my eyes burned and hurt until I was tired of all that staring, that thinking and longing and I collapsed and wished that I would never waken again. Yet I kept waking again and then started to long again and ask: why, what is the purpose of all of this? I have sinned, I am a murderer, but what would you have done? Would you have been in control of everything? I had already asked myself this many times, but could not find an answer to it. I will pay, will bear everything, but I felt that there would be few people amongst you who would have acted differently. Those powers are not in you when you love, truly love. My love for Marianne made me do it, only through love. Did I have to watch Roni completely

fulfilling his satanic game? Watch him sullying her? All these thoughts and thereby that terrible silence almost made me crazy. Yet I got used to it, but I felt that something was starting to change within me.

In this way I kept following all my feelings and the days, weeks, months and years passed.

## In contact with the invisible world

It kept changing within me and this kept me busy, it let me think and feel and also cope with it. I learned as a result of it and got to know the many qualities in me and to suppress all those longings, so that I also learned to accept. The silence was frightening, it was as if death awaited me. It would soon take hold of my body, but there would not be much left of it then. I felt it, it waited for me and sooner or later it would come to me. Then I would give in to it, because it was dear to me, very dear. My love for it had grown. It sounds strange, but yet I am telling the truth. When the darkness was around me I then became anxious. The night before I did not think that I was alone anymore. I thought I saw shadows which floated around me and went upwards and downwards. I looked at them, then I closed my eyes, but could still see them. When I opened my eyes after a long time, they were no longer there and my fear disappeared. When evening fell and it became night, I was shivering. All those things would make me crazy and that seemed a terrible thing to me, I did not want to become like that. I wanted to remain conscious until the final hour. The following night I saw them again.

They even looked like people! However, I did not accept this, because I was here alone and did not want to suggest things to myself. Yet it could no longer be denied, I kept seeing them more sharply defined and did not know how to resist it or shut myself off from it, so that I yearned for the day. The nights were now a terrible torture to me, because I had never experienced anything like it before. It would have to undermine my physical powers because I was not resistant to it, I now felt that very well. When I perceived that it was as if my soul wept. I sat still there, very still and did not move, I would not have dared to. They came back every night, what could I do? I made all kinds of movements, closed my eyes, thought of other things and yet they forced themselves upon me and soured my rest which I needed so badly. When it was day, I kept thinking that I had imagined things, but at night the opposite was proved. A night now lasted an eternity for me. There was no end to it and I did not know which way to turn. They were just like people, they had bodies like you and I and yet they looked like animals, because an indescribable cruelty, fear and destruction lay around them. I was not imagining anything, I could not do that, I had been too sensible and too much of a searcher in my life for that, but they were there. I did not yet know what this meant, but they would not bring me much good. They could go where they liked, I saw them disappear and come back through those thick walls. They at least enjoyed freedom. They were everywhere, because I saw

them more and more, above, below and next to me, they even went through me. I had never heard of this before. What kind of beings were they, at least if they were beings? They became increasingly clear to me, I even saw their hands, which looked like claws. Were they people or animals, did they live in this world or another world? I wondered what the meaning of all of this was. One night I saw their eyes which radiated like fire and then I started to think they were people. But where they came from I did not know. During the day I begged for help because I would go mad because of it. Was there no God then? Did I have to experience all of this? During the day I saw nothing because I was sleeping then. But I did not want to sleep, I had to stay awake and sleep at night so that I would no longer see them. Yet I did not manage to stay awake and so day had become night to me and the night had become day. A strange situation, one torture was worse than the other, and now I had many. I called for mercy, but I did not see any change. All my calls for help did not help, God was deaf to me, if there was a God. Now I started to doubt even more, there was nothing else in me which still believed in anything. A God could not approve of this, because I could not stand it. Sometimes I screamed, not softly, but loudly, but nothing, nothing, no help. Finally I gave up. There was no God, people just imagined that. Meanwhile these beings continued to make my life a hell, they were not disturbed by anything, nor by my imploring.

As soon as it became twilight there was darkness around me. Then I sat hunched up, waiting. My suffering was unbearable since it was so dark that I could not see a hand before my eyes. I sat trembling and shaking, my nerves were so in control of me. How tough a human body is and yet people could endure so little.

My thoughts when I entered here were that I would not bear this for long, but the time passed and the release of death did not come, although I was only a skeleton. Yet a human being can endure a great deal, because in my last cell I collapsed when I had not yet experienced anything.

It was quiet and terrifying around me. I felt that they would come and already saw movement. Sometimes hours passed without me noticing anything and then I tried to sleep, but could not get to sleep. I did not want to be so afraid anymore and resist it, it would probably be different then. Now I saw a few beings beside me and an ice-cold stream of light went through me. What was this now? Yet they left and I became a bit calmer. However, I must have fallen asleep, because when I wakened it was day. Thank God, this night had given me some peace. How fortunate I was, how grateful I felt that I had slept and had not seen these beings. I did not feel like eating and no longer felt thirsty, that was also remarkable. It became colder and colder and I had to try to overcome that. I would endure anything if these mysterious

animal-people or whatever they were just stayed away. My fear of the night became stronger and stronger. If only I knew where the end was.

Suddenly I thought of Marianne again, I had not thought about her for a long time. My time was greatly taken up, because so many countless things happened here which my spirit had to deal with. However, the past few nights I had not seen any more shadows, so that I could naturally think about other things. I already thought that I had been mistaken, that the darkness was playing tricks on me.

Poor Marianne! How would she be getting on? When I thought of her motherhood, I became angry. Why did I have to see her again in this way? Well, she knew nothing about my life, not even that I was alive. Would she have to make good for her actions? I was already busy paying and soon I would go to hell. It was still not enough, if I thought about that and my approaching end, I winced. All these horrors and then still damned? It made my soul tremble.

I forgave Marianne for everything and would continue to love her. I could not think of her life, she had asked me and yet I did so gladly, it would kill the time. I felt my love for her awakening again and this was because I yearned for warmth. The more I suffered the more my love for her grew. To me this was an ointment, it caressed my inner self. Yet I only felt love for her, not for any God or other human being. Sometimes I thought that I could hear Marianne praying. Was that possible? Yet I discarded these thoughts because I did not want to kid myself about anything.

He, the Creator of Heaven and Earth could save me. How can it be, I thought, that I keep coming back to God? I did not believe in Him, but there was something inside me that kept making me think of Him. I found it very strange, as everything and all my life had been. It came up from my deepest inner self. Did I have to do with God after all? Did a part of Him live in me? Why those continual questions and why should I think of it, again and again? It was as if I was a part of Him, I could not free myself from it, my thoughts kept returning to Him.

When I thought of Marianne and felt her love, I then thought about God again. Why that teasing, was my suffering not enough yet? Did God force His Love upon me? How I would like to love You, you God of Love, but look at everything that clashes, which is unjust. I violently suppressed all these feelings for God and Marianne. Yet my longing for love kept coming back, I yearned for that warmth, no, I begged for it. I did not even feel that other misery anymore, only this. However, it disturbed the peace of my soul, it tortured me so terribly that it was as if I was lying on the spiritual rack. Was this love? Or was I just imagining things? Oh, to be able to receive a smile from her, to see her before me, she who was mine alone, how great



my happiness would be then, could not be grasped and I could not express it in any words. I went from one thought to the next. My brains became confused, I felt it from my thoughts. God, Marianne, love, food and drink, those beings and my whole life, drove me mad. Yet, however strange it was, I started to long for those shadows, because I was afraid that I would go crazy. At least that gave me some diversion, the time flew past and I kept myself busy then. I felt that I had become a plaything for my own thoughts, I was flung back and forth everywhere, left and right, but I would rather smash my head against the wall than go crazy. That seemed completely unbearable to me. The thoughts of love which were inside me hurt but they also warmed me. When I was free I had not felt the warmth of love in such a way, now, however, it was as if that love had become greater, more spacious and truer. How I could love now. I longed for nothing more than to be able to give love, to take care of my love, smile at her and protect her, then I would feel as if I was in a paradise.

I did not want to love as people think they love, no, not that, but I wanted to feel be at one in feeling, understanding and thought. Then I would see God in her, be able to feel God in her. As an artist I could not yet do that and this is why I now understood that the suffering and sorrow which I now received and experienced, mature, had to mature the love of the people, because I started to appreciate what I once had and now missed. You see, I thought about that, I felt it within me, it burned inside my soul and I let it burn, because it did me good in this cold. My heart and my whole being shouted and wept for it. So the days and nights passed.

I had not seen any more of the shadows for some time. I started to long for them, because also these thoughts were no longer bearable. It no longer mattered to me whether it was night or day now. It was all the same to me, because I had no thoughts anymore. I no longer had longings or yearnings for something dear. I only felt empty and tired, because I thought everything was unjust and merciless.

I had received some good against the cold and I was very happy with it. Now I could stand up to that long winter, if it was necessary and death did not come to get me before then. I was sitting in my corner again, because walking round in my cell, just continually going in circles, made me dizzy and so I waited for the things that would come.

# I ended my life and entered the spiritual world

Everything which I experienced here was emotional, but now I started to long intensely for death. All my longings had made place for this one thought of 'death'. Roni was luckier than I was; if only he had broken my skull instead of me breaking his, because this suffering was terrible.

The day had gone and night was approaching. I wanted to try and get some sleep. The wind howled again through the hatch but that no longer frightened me, I was now used to it. I only longed to be able to die, no more than that. I felt a bit calmer inside, but I could still not get to sleep, so that I involuntarily started to look around me again. Yes, I saw some movement there, so they were approaching. I had not see anything of them for a long time. I had therefore not imagined anything. I still did not know whether they were humans or animals. I followed all their movements and thought it was amazing that I was no longer so afraid as before. They became clearer and clearer, but remained shrouded in a haze. I followed them in everything. Really, I now thought, they are people. But where do these people come from? Now I heard a whispering noise and I tried to catch the meaning of it. But it was so soft. Then I suddenly asked: 'Are there people here? Are you living beings?'

I waited, but did not hear anything, but the life became closer and closer around me. Unexpectedly I felt something incomprehensible entering me. It was as if I was being spoken to. I asked again if they were people. Again I heard talking, but I did not understand it and asked: 'Are you really a human being?'

Suddenly I heard it said very clearly: 'Like you.'

Like me? But that was impossible, wasn't it? I was locked up here and was alone. I asked: 'What powers are it then which you possess?'

'Yours', I heard it said.

'Mine?' I repeated.

'Yours', I heard again.

'Are you human or animal?' I asked.

'Human, like you.'

'And where do you live?'

'Here, close to you, around and inside you.'

I did not understand any of this. Inside me? Was I connected to the invisible world, to the Hereafter? Was there a life after death after all? I asked again: 'Have you died?'

'No', I heard, 'we are alive, aren't we?'

Now I still did not know anything. I now saw various beings next to me. I could make out their bodies and saw that they were human. So they were telling the truth. They looked at me and smiled at me. I repeated my question, but did not get an answer. Now I asked: 'Are you from the earth?'

'Yes', I heard it said, 'but in another world. Between life and the Hereafter.'

I did not understand any of this either. I thought that they were making a fool of me or was I suggesting that myself? But at the same moment I heard it said: 'I am telling the truth, you can see us, can't you?'

'Yes, I can see you.'

'Well, come to us then', I heard it said, which made me shiver involuntarily.

'To you?' I asked.

'Here you will be freed of all your torments. Here is life and you can amuse yourself.'

That upset me, because they knew what I yearned for. Then they had to be people, because they thought like I did. But why no straight answer to my question whether they had died on earth? 'Did you die?' I asked. Then I thought I heard satanic laughter. Were they devils? 'Tell me who you are.' I asked again.

'It is not possible', I heard.

'Why not?' I asked and heard: 'Do you tell everyone who you are?'

This answer was clear, only humans could think and talk like that. Then I asked: 'Can you think like I can?'

'Like you.'

I did not hear anything else for some time, but I saw them clearly. First I wanted to deal with this, because I did not yet understand any of it. Yet I asked a few more questions, but I did not get any more answers. The night wore on and the day approached, but I had still not got to the truth. I thought about everything the whole day and longed for the darkness, because I was experiencing things which I had not heard of in my life. One thing was clear to me: those beings were appalling. They were figures, human beings, but more like devils. During the day when it was light, I did not see or hear anything from him. Apparently they could not bear the day light. Yet I longed for the night, because it took away my other feelings, my suffering, hunger and thirst and yearnings. Now the day lasted a year for me. I did not know how long I had already been here. But from the season, when the heat made way for the cold, I knew that another year had passed. I still did not understand how my poor body could bear that. I almost froze from the cold and suffocated in the summer. Yet neither of the two happened, I remained alive, however poorly I was. I could distinguish all those different feelings which had gone through me. I had suffered the most because of those different feel-

ings of fear as well as my longings. Now a new occupation was approaching and I could amuse myself with it, I yearned for it, so that the day now lasted an eternity for me. I would now probably get to the truth, many mysteries would be solved. Everything inside me would change if I only knew all about their lives first. I did not need to change in appearance anymore. If I was to appear before my friends as I now was, they would no longer recognise me. I had a long beard, my hair hung to my shoulders and it was snow-white. I looked like an academic, like a respectful person and yet I was a murderer. A great change had taken place inside and outside of me.

I sat down in my corner as usual and waited for the night. As it grew darker I also saw them approaching. They were still shrouded in a haze and I already knew when I could start to speak and they would answer me. Around them I now saw a reddish light, but through it green flashes of light and I involuntarily had to think of an approaching disaster which came to me along with them. But when they came closer by, I only thought of myself and the questions which I would be able to ask. Did I see clearly? Really, I saw a woman. Where did she come from? 'Are there women here?' I asked. No answer. I had clearly perceived the females outlines, this is why I was an artist. An artist's eye saw more sharply than that of an ordinary person. I saw women again, it was not one but there were dozens of them. I saw their bodies move, going up and down, as they played a game, as thousands of flies can do. They floated elegantly upwards in order to pass close by me. They were tangible, but I did not dare to move. Was I dreaming or awake? I touched myself, hit my fist against the wall, pinched my sunken cheeks and established that I was awake. Yes, they were women, I now saw them clearly. I listened whether I could hear them speak and saw them embracing each other. It was strange, but I was very calm and watched them.

Suddenly I heard a voice which I immediately recognised and I was also convinced that I heard it within me.

'Do you want to ask questions?' I heard it said.

'Oh', I said, 'please, yes, please.' And I asked: 'Am I seeing properly, are they women?'

'You are seeing properly', I heard and I was happy.

'Tell me, where do these women come from?'

'From the earth', said the voice. This is a clear answer, I thought.

Then I heard it said: 'Can you see me?'

'No', I said, 'I can still not see you', but I noticed something condensing near me. 'Yes', I called, really pleased, 'now I can see you.' I looked into two eyes which radiated green and looked at me with a penetrating gaze.

Then I heard it said: 'Are you a human being?'

'Yes, you are like I, a human being, I thank you.' Then it withdrew and I

asked: 'Is there amusement?'

'There is everything here. We live as we want to ourselves.'

'Wonderful.', I said. The conversation now moved on quickly, it went of its own accord. 'What should I do in order to come to you?'

I then heard very clearly: 'Put an end to your life, do not remain in this dungeon, come to us.'

'Do you mean that?' I asked.

'Yes, of course, I mean it.'

'Tell me first, have you died?'

The being appeared to have to reflect and after some time I heard: 'We have all died.'

'So', I said and added: 'So there is a hereafter?'

'Something similar.'

'So there is no death?'

'No', I heard it said, but it sounded sharp to my ears.

'Great', I said, 'so you live on the other side of the grave?'

'Yes', I heard, but it had taken a while before I got this answer.

'Is something disturbing us?'

'Yes', said the voice.

'I thought so', I said. 'But do you live in a hell?'

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

Then I heard a laugh, but did not understand why they had to laugh at my question; I had meant it seriously, after all.

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

'Fun?' I repeated. And I was bored to death. There they had fun, were together and I was always alone. Now I heard it said according to my thoughts: 'Then come to us?'

'I will have a serious think about it', I said. Then I asked what occupied me the most. 'Tell me, dear friend, is there a God?' I now heard a horrible laugh and I felt that my question was put in a stupid way. Their laughter sounded satanic to my ears. However, I asked: 'Are you laughing at me?'

'No', he said.

'Do you know a God then?'

'Not me and none of us do', I heard him say.

That was another clear answer, they did not know God either. 'Tell me, dear friend, but give me a clear answer, are you damned?'

I listened carefully and heard him say: 'None of us know anything about it.'

'So there is no damnation where you are?'

'Not here.'

If that was the case, I wanted to go to that world. 'One more question,

which you must answer clearly.'

'Ask as much as you like', I heard.

'I thank you, I am very grateful to you. Does a fire burn where you are?'

'Fire, you say?'

'Yes, fire? Fire burns in hell, doesn't it?'

'There is no fire here.'

Not that either? Are the clergy on earth crazy or am I, I thought.

'They are crazy', I heard him say and he repeated, 'there is no fire burning here.'

'How happy you make me, dear friend, how happy I am.' A deep sigh escaped from my chest. If that was the case, I could feel love for God again. I thought for a long time and he did not speak to me either, as if he apparently knew that I had to think. After a long time I asked: 'Have all those clergy - and there are many of them - been wrongly informed?'

'Yes', I heard, 'that must be the case.'

'And the Holy Father?'

'He also.'

'That is terrible', I said. Then millions of people were being cheated. If they did not know, then who did know? They were representatives of God, weren't they? Oh, that incomprehensible God. All those academics who knew God were there on the wrong track, they knew nothing about God, like me. I was very grateful to my friend, but this problem became increasingly complicated, now I could no longer understand any of it. What a mystery!

'Come to us', I heard him say, 'and your suffering and sorrow will be over. Everything will stop, come, come soon, time is pressing.'

'Will I be with you?'

'Of course.'

'Is there night and day where you are?' I asked. 'Did you not hear me?' I asked again, since it took so long before I got an answer.

'Yes', he said after a time, 'but I cannot explain this to you.'

'Is my question so difficult?'

'Not that, but do not forget that we are in another world.'

That was true, I had not thought about that. Yet I found it strange. My question was not deep, but human. The smallest of children knew about day and night. Is that world so incomprehensible? It had to be, because all people on earth knew nothing about it, not even the highest clergy, as they said.

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

'We have everything your heart desires.'

'How happy you are there, I have nothing at all.'

'Come then and do not wait any longer.'

Now I asked again: 'So you died?'

‘Yes’, he said.

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

‘On earth’, I heard.

‘Can you tell me some more?’

‘Only what you ask me.’

I had a think and could not think of any questions. Yet there were thousands of them inside me. After a while I asked again: ‘Do you know that I am waiting for my death here?’

‘Yes’, I heard, ‘you already told me that.’

I will still go mad, I thought, because I confused everything. ‘So you are dead and you are alive?’ I asked and was pleased with my sharp question.

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

Now I knew enough. There was therefore no death. They lived in another world and I would enter it. Then death was something wonderful and I did not need to be afraid. I asked: ‘Did you also put an end to your earthly life?’

‘Not me, but many people here.’

‘Great’, I said, ‘I will come soon, I have to have a good think about it first.’ It seemed a big step to me, but then I would be freed from all misery.

‘What do you think you will do?’ I now heard again.

‘I will have a think first and then I will tell you tomorrow evening.’

Then I heard something like a growling, but thought that it was not intended for me and that some being or other did that, which I had picked up. Then I heard: ‘I advise you to decide soon, time is pressing.’

I was told this for the second time and I replied: ‘I will hurry up.’

‘Good’, I heard, ‘very good, because you still have the power to do it. Soon your starved body will no longer be capable of doing it.’

‘That is clear’, I said, ‘I did not think of that.’ He was right, soon I would no longer have that strength. I thanked him, but quickly asked, since it had already begun to grow light: ‘Are you helping other prisoners here?’

‘Yes, one more.’

‘And the others?’ I asked.

‘They cannot hear or see us.’

‘So I am privileged?’

‘You are’, he said. ‘You are gifted’, he added.

That was true, how clear this answer was. ‘Do you know’, I also asked, ‘that I am an artist?’

‘I know.’

‘From who?’

‘I can see and feel it.’

‘Wonderful’, I said, ‘you are a good judge of character. Is that other person whom you are helping also gifted?’

‘No’, I heard it said. ‘You are more sensitive than he is.’ I also understood that and was pleased about it. I still heard: ‘Now I will leave and have a good think, see you tonight.’

‘See you tonight’, I said, ‘and thank you very, very much.’

The beings dissolved before me, because the night made way for the day. Now I had a great deal of problems to think about. Would I decide to do it? I found everything remarkable. It was very interesting. I was the most pleased that the clergy of the earth did not know anything about these problems. How they bragged about their wisdom! How learned all these people were! They were the chosen ones and yet they knew nothing, nothing of this life. I felt very happy and had forgotten all my misery. I thought about it all day. God did not damn, there was no fire, two great problems were therefore already answered. They had food and drink there, they lived there and they could go where they wanted themselves. It could not be better. I would put an end to my life, for sure. But how would I do this? On those bars? That was the only place which could be considered. Hitting my head against the wall was not so certain. I did not want to stay here any longer, because I longed for the people, parties and food and drink, for love and happiness. Men and women were there together, it could not be any more wonderful and I was satisfied with everything. I had nothing here and it could be a long time before I would die. I did not want to experience those dreadful nights which I had experienced in the beginning, then I would go mad. Now I still had the strength, but not any more after a time, because I was becoming continually weaker. Would I have to lie here as a sick man? No, I was determined to put an end to my life and already longed for the night to come, in order to tell him. I did not relish being eaten up by all that vermin.

Was Roni also in this world? Then I had not killed, but only taken away his earthly life. A feeling of relief came into me. Roni was therefore alive and now knew more than I did; I would even see him again. Also Marianne! Then we would go hand in hand further and be able to love each other. Oh, what happiness awaited me there. If she was already there, I would probably see her immediately. However, if she was still alive, then I would wait. In any case, I was alive, she was alive, there was no fire and they did not know about any damnation there. Many beautiful things awaited me. My body could soon be buried. I would like to see their faces. If I could write here, I would leave a wonderful note and thank them for everything which I had enjoyed all that time. The sun set, soon it would be night. I thought of all the questions which I still had to ask and wanted to be prepared. I had to try and think clearly. The night before was almost fateful for me. My brains became confused, but still I had remembered the main questions. They were the questions which my whole soul yearned for.



I sat down in my usual place and waited. To my left I already saw movement. I immediately asked a question but did not get any answer. I would still have to wait. However, wherever I looked I now saw life everywhere. They came up from the depths, which was really amusing. I suddenly heard it said: 'Good evening, my friend.'

'Good evening', I said, 'I am pleased that you have come so early. Do you know that it is evening?' I asked.

'I heard you say so', he said.

'Do you not know that yourself?' I listened, but did not hear anything. Then, a few minutes later, he said: 'What nonsense.'

'What nonsense?' I repeated what he had said. Yes, I said to myself, it is nonsense. I have other questions to ask. 'My dear friend, can you hear me?'

'I can hear you and I am listening.'

'Thank you, but listen carefully, I have something to tell you. I will put an end to my life.'

'Very good, but do it quickly.'

'Will you help me?'

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

'Will you make me happy?' I got a terrible fright, because a satanic laugh resounded. Are they devils? I thought. Amidst all that laughter I thought I heard a terrible screaming. Where had I heard that before? Oh, yes, when Roni died. Now I did not know anymore what I should ask.

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

'Why are you laughing at my question?'

'What makes you think that, I am not laughing.'

'Am I suspicious?'

'Yes', he said, 'this is none of your business.'

'Then why are they laughing?'

'They are enjoying themselves.'

'Oh, that is different.' I now saw many beings together and they were having fun. There was something which repulsed me, which disgusted me, but I rejected it. They meant well for me and I should not be ungrateful. Yet that disgust came back to me and it made me afraid. I therefore asked him: 'What is it which makes me afraid, do you know?'

His answer was sharp and I heard: 'Your conscience.'

'My conscience?' However, I had to admit, the man was telling the truth. I was a murderer, I had killed.

'Have you anything else to ask?'

I thought about it but did not know what else to ask.

'I have little time', I heard.

'Well, that is a pity.' 'I will help you.'

‘That is fine’, I said, ‘that is wonderful.’

‘So tomorrow?’

‘Tomorrow’, I said. Yes, I would do it tomorrow. Now I became dazed, their world became invisible to me and I fell asleep. It was already light when I awoke and I felt wonderfully rested. They gave me that, I thought. I felt strong and soon I would prepare myself to leave here. I left the food which I was usually brought. Now I no longer needed food, I would get other food, when I would be with them. I would not burden my starved body, it had suffered enough. I spoke to my poor body and said that it would get other food and many other things besides, but suddenly my train of thought became stuck. If this body was dead, then it would not need any more food, would it? What kind of problem had now come to me? My thoughts were remarkable.

That I had not thought of that before. Where did those thoughts suddenly come from? I felt myself becoming dizzy. The light in my eyes grew weaker. Would I go blind? I jumped up and walked back and forth. I slowly started to see better again. I became weak, very weak, it was high time that I put an end to my life. I would soon prepare everything. I would make a long stick from the straw and fasten a rope behind the bars. However, I did not have a rope. Then I would have to rip up my blanket. I sat working calmly on my straw stick, but my thoughts were concerned with that problem, with dying and food, because I did not understand properly what that meant. Oh, that I had not thought about that further. The spirit, of course, did not need food anymore. However, I did not know anything about that either, I had never heard of it, but it must be the case. The spirit, I repeated again, the spirit!

‘The spirit’, I suddenly heard it said within me.

Who spoke to me? There was talking inside of me. ‘The spirit, it lives, the spirit continues to live.’ I became afraid, that upset me, I was no longer myself. I cursed my own thoughts. Nonsense, nothing but nonsense! I had to hurry up, he had warned me beforehand. Hurry up, Lantos, hurry up, you are going mad, blind and much more. Soon I would die, then I would no longer need to think.

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

‘Is it you?’ I asked. ‘Can you reach me during the day? That is wonderful. I will be ready soon’, I said. I now tied all those narrow strips together, attached them from above to my straw stick and tried to get them behind the bars. While I was trying to do this, at the same time my heart started to beat so intensely that I thought I would collapse and death would have mercy on me of its own accord. What did this mean? I felt a power go through me which was not my own. I had to look for support in order not to fall. My vision also weakened and so I had to give up my plan for a moment, in order to catch my breath. I am also going blind, I thought. It is high time, I

am taking too long. Yet I had thought that this would be easier. It was as if I was being worked against in my actions. When I was sitting there resting, I suddenly heard knocking on the cell door. That had not happened before. Were the gaolers polite? I heard it again. Well, well, you will go completely mad, if you do not see that you get there, I thought. However, first I had to get my breath back. My vision became weaker as time passed, because I saw my surroundings shrouded in a haze. Yet I saw movement coming into that haze. Were they my friends? The haze became thicker and thicker and now I saw an apparition, which built itself up just like they had always done. Only now I saw light, a strong light surrounded this being. I could clearly see its outlines. This apparition had a beautiful face. What would I now experience? I heard it speak to me.

‘Listen, my friend, my brother, listen.’ His voice had a different timbre, as I had never heard before. ‘Do not put an end to your life. The suffering which you have experienced cannot be compared with the suffering which you will then receive.’

‘Who are you?’ I asked.

‘I am a spirit of the light.’

‘Why do you not come closer?’

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

‘Me?’

‘You. You will have to suffer terribly and you will be lonely, so do not put an end to your life. You cannot destroy your life because the spirit lives on in eternity.’

‘Do you know about an eternity?’

‘I live in eternity, dear friend.’

‘I already know’, I said, ‘your brothers told me so.’

‘They are my brothers, but demons of hell, who will destroy you.’

‘What did you say, destroy?’ I looked at the being and asked: ‘Have you come to spoil my last hours?’

‘No, to help you. I already spoke to you before, but you rejected me. I am the spirit who just spoke to you and I want to prevent you from killing yourself.’

‘You did that? You do not even wish me my death? You wish me to be in torment for even longer?’

‘Quiet, brother’, he continued to speak, ‘be quiet, keep calm.’

He looked at me, a powerful current brought me peace. ‘What do you want?’ I asked.

‘Remember, dear brother, that God gave you life. Our Father Who is in heaven, your Father and my Father, gave you life and you may not destroy this life. It is God’s will not to do this. God is love, my child, never forget

this. When you have completed your punishment, you will begin another life.'

God is love, I thought, God? 'You say God is love?' I could not control myself and burst out laughing. God is love? 'Do you know', I said, 'how I have suffered and begged? Do you know why I am here? Do you know, dear friend, how I was treated? Do you know that I am being eaten up here by the vermin which gnaw at me and that that loneliness drives me crazy? You speak of loneliness, have I not been alone here long enough? I ask you, do you not wish me my death, my happiness? I will possess happiness there, food and drink await me there. Amusement and friends await me there, women and men. I am going under here, physically and mentally. Clear off, spirit of light. Go back where you came from, I no longer wish to hear your smarmy voice. Go, I tell you, go soon. Leave me alone, do not interrupt my work, let me do what I want, I do not need your advice, not now or ever, go, go!' How angry that person made me. 'You are of the devil! A clergyman of the earth. Have you perhaps come from your master?' I thought I would suffocate laughing when these thoughts came to me. My friends had told me about that and I understood. One of those beings was standing before me. 'Go back', I said. He still stood there and continued to look at me. 'If I had tools and stone, I would sculpt you', I said. Yet he did not go away and I felt an awe-inspiring peace coming into me. He was a remarkable person. 'Will you not leave?' I asked. 'This as well, my friend', he said. 'You cannot be reached now, but one day you will need help. If the loneliness overcomes you, the silence makes you sad, then you will probably need help. If it is possible for me to come to you, I will help you. Call me, my name is Emschor. You hear, Emschor. We will see each other again, one day, one day. You think that I am talking nonsense, but you will experience all of this. You will be tortured by thirst and hunger. You curse God, but you curse your own life. You will go further and further, because there is no end. You will enter another life that is the life of the spirit, there, where I live. I will go back, but before I go, dear friend, I want to tell you this: I have come to help you, but you do not wish to be helped, you do not want any help. I also put an end to my earthly life once, many centuries ago. I thought I would destroy myself, but I lived on and had to pay for this on the other side of the grave. I therefore tell you, this misery cannot be compared with what awaits you. Know that I am your brother and that I speak the truth. Farewell, my son, know what you do. God be with you.'

The spirit disappeared before my eyes. The haze in which he had come dissolved and I was alone again. This was a remarkable event. I held the straw stick in my hands and was speechless. Where was he? I called his name, waited a long time, but did not hear anything. I called again, no answer. Was

I busy going mad? Was I almost at the stage of losing my mind? 'Where are you', I called really loudly, 'if you want to help me, then come to me, then say something to me.' No, not a sound reached me, nothing, nothing. I knocked on the door, felt all around me, hit my fist against the wall, walked up and down my cell a few times, spoke to myself and went back to the place where I was sitting. I was still normal, because I knew and understood what I was doing. But then what? My eyes? Was I going blind? I was just imagining things, because why did I not see him now. I was just holding myself back. I would put an end to my life quickly, because I was going blind, I could no longer see properly and it was therefore high time. I did not want back to loneliness, I wanted to see people and life around me. I was becoming ill here. I still had the strength for it, soon, when I was blind, it would be too late. I jumped up and pushed the stick upwards. Yes, now I managed it. I pulled the cord down and made a noose to put my head through. I looked around me, but there was no being in my presence. First I tested whether it was strong enough to bear my weight. Yes, fortunately it held, but I trembled with each action. I now felt myself becoming feverish, my heart beat in my throat and my knees shook. What would I now experience? I had the feeling as if the blood flowed from my body. Was it so difficult to die? Now I gathered all my strength, put my head through the noose and let myself fall. The cord cut into my flesh, a rattling sound rose from my chest and I felt that I was suffocating. My head was bursting from the effort, my eyes bulged from their sockets and my chest swelled up.

Suddenly I thought of Marianne. Then in a flash my earthly life passed before my spirit and I felt a terrible thing happening. I felt that I was being torn apart, as if I was being pulled to pieces. Then something pulled me upwards and I heard a satanic laughter around me which trembled in my soul. It sounded false and mean. Where was I? Was I alive? Now I heard talking, but far, very far 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! Finally my time has come, revenge is sweet, Lantos Dumonché. Revenge is sweet, do you hear? Our ways will now part. Know that you once tortured me, stole from me and ruined me. May your life be cursed! Cursed, you and your family. Farewell, you have paid your debt. Revenge! Revenge! May the devil take you!'

How terrible, what a monster! 'The worms will find a home in your soul. You will not meet me again. Revenge, revenge', I heard from very far away and silence came. But I was alive! Was I with the dead? What possessed that being? It was the voice which had always spoken to me. Had I wronged him in some way? Had I succumbed? Did I still live on earth? Where did I live? I could see and hear and yet there was darkness around me. Where were all

those beings now? What a shock, how awful that was. Had I died? I could barely breathe. There was a crushing belt around my throat, my head was tense. I looked around me, what was that? Next to me hung my material body and I recognised myself. My material body hung there on the bars and I hung next to it. I tried to move away, but something held onto me and pulled me back to the earthly body. However, I wanted away from that body, but a power was stronger than me and I was flung back into my material body with a thump. It was awful. I lived in the spirit and could not go where I wanted. Was I dreaming or was I crazy? Now I felt an intense cold. But where were they? Why did they leave me alone now? Was I in eternity and had that shining form spoken the truth? Were those others demons? Had I not suffered enough? I had been cheated and burst into tears. This was my first disappointment, but a terrible one! They had plunged me into a new misery. A misery which I had to get to know and which I felt would be even worse than what I had already experienced. Hate, nothing but hate awaited me on this side.

Revenge, the being called to me, revenge is sweet. Had I wronged him in some way? I did not even know him, did not know anything about it. Had I destroyed, deceived and tortured him? I wept for a long time, because I was shocked and deeply moved. All of this was frightening and I trembled from their hatred. Now I wanted to know what held me, but first I had to be calm, very calm. I saw that a cord came from me which connected me to my material body. This cord worked as an elastic. It lay around all of my earthly body and it was impossible for me to break it. My God, I called in desperation, what have I done? How could You approve of this? If only I had listened to that shining spirit, who spoke the truth. I felt even worse than in my cell. How false, how mean they were to wish this upon me. Was I in hell? I did not see any fire, so they had told the truth about that. I tried to tear myself free again, but my strength gave way and I had to stop. My throat closed when I resisted being tied. When I remained calm, I had already felt, it was bearable and I could breathe. However, at the slightest resistance everything came back to me with a fierceness and I suffered terribly. Did a curse lay upon me? I did not understand this. However, one thing I did know, there was no death and I now lived in eternity. I now remained as calm as possible, because I wanted to think. Finally I knew that there was no death, but I was alone, completely 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 that was also impossible. I felt an intense process within me and that process kept me awake. What have I done, I thought, how stupid you have been. I felt, heard and thought like on earth, I had not changed in any way. I felt my heart beating,

I was hungry and thirsty, but I had nothing, no food, no drink and I yearned so for them. I still wanted to try again to free myself from my material body. I wrenched myself completely into my earthly garment and wanted to move. No, that was impossible, I went through it. It was dead, my corpse hung there, I had lived in that, that garment had borne me and served me until the moment that I had put an end to it. I here was Lantos Dumonché and that there was only an additional thing, a work of art from the powers of creation, but it had no value in this life. Soon this garment would be buried and I would live on, probably until infinity. It was remarkable, when I thought of other things, I did not feel my misery so intensely. I soon understood that if I switched completely to these thoughts, that other part would not torment so much. Did these powers belong to this life? I would observe everything properly and try to master this, perhaps it would ease my suffering and also what I would still have to experience. This life, I clearly felt, was so very different to the earthly life. In this life I thought and immediately experienced those thoughts. On earth you had to think first and then act. Here it had already happened, which I had clearly noticed. I now got to know a terrible problem. I already knew death and eternal life, even if I still knew little about it. Would I also get to know God? How I longed for it and yet I trembled when I thought about Him. But I would wait, absorb and deal with everything properly. I had the feeling as if I was floating between heaven and earth, because as I already said, this world was empty, I was living in an empty space and could not feel any ground under my feet.

Can you imagine such a thing? I started to feel even more and I knew now that I had closed off, had wanted to destroy my earthly life, which was not possible anyway. The spirit Emschor had spoken the sacred truth and I would not forget his name, I would probably need him sometime.

Light lay around him and I recognized the truth from that light. When I had recognized that I had still been in my earthly body. Yet all that suffering and those problems, all that misery and that lonely sitting down had brought me here. How I had forgotten myself. But I did not know any better.

But there was also loneliness, cold and deep darkness here. The silence which I felt here was frightening. Again I followed the cord, because I still could not accept it. Yet when I felt my condition, a deep sorrow entered me, because I thought I understood this horrendousness. No, that was not possible anyway, I could not deal with that, because it would destroy me completely. I understood now that my material body would first have to be decayed before I could leave. I had to experience the decaying process myself.

My soul sunk when I felt this. Now I understood their saying that the worms would find a dwelling in my soul. Oh, how dreadful this truth was. By means of this I felt that working in me, all that incomprehensible life.

This could not be doubted, I had to accept that truth, because I saw and felt it in myself. This upset me completely, it was a devastating truth. No torture, no misery on earth however cruel could be compared to this horror. If only my father had flogged me to death, how gladly I would have surrendered myself to him. I was revolted by what I felt and perceived, because the process had already started. How long would this last? An inhuman thing started to take place and I had to experience that. A horrible smell entered me, and I understood that too. I had even kept my nasal organs in this life. My earthly pains and all those sorrows in my dungeon were trifles compared to this new and spiritual suffering. If there is a God after all, a God of Love, if there is justice and mercy, if sympathy exists which people and animals feel, if there is an Almighty Father in heaven who watches over all His children, then I ask myself, how could You approve of this? I would have to be in hell. However I did not see fire, but this was much worse. Oh, my God, this too on top of so much suffering. People on earth knew nothing about this. How deep these problems are, how dreadful spiritual suffering is.

Oh human being, do not put an end to your earthly life. Do not close off the daylight, accept, accept everything, otherwise on this side you will stand before your failed life.

How I would want to call that out to those on earth, loudly, very loudly! Whatever happens, whatever you experience, however terrible your suffering on earth is, do not do this, endure it, because everything comes to an end. You have light, you see people, you can go where you want, you have your own will, you have everything.

But I was stuck here, had to experience that my body decayed and felt it, because all of this was taking place inside me. What is broken love, what is the loss of your loved one, your possession, money or goods and thousands of other things, when you know that there is a continuation? As a result of sorrow or various other things, many people put an end to their earthly life, but then they will have to experience this, this dreadful thing, the decaying process of their own garment. Here I reached reflection, in the silence of my own grave I got to know these problems. Oh, if only I could tell this to mankind one day, if only this would be possible one day and I would be allowed! If those laws and powers existed, then I would lay down my soul powers in there and describe all my misery, in order to preserve the people on earth from this dreadful process. Perhaps that would be possible. There were so many laws and problems which I had already got to know, perhaps this would be possible too.

I felt that I should start to attune myself to peace, otherwise my suffering would be incalculable and unbearable. I already felt that when I kept calm my throat did not hurt so severely and I could breathe. But I could not sit



down quietly anyway. I wanted to move continuously, had to be moving, because then I did not feel the working which my body was undergoing. I could not rebel either, had to be calm and think, then I got to know all these states. I now started to feel the life which lived in my material garment more and more clearly. When I tried to get away from here, everything came back into me intensely and yet I kept on trying it, because I thought I could do it anyway. But it didn't work, I was stuck inexorably. I experienced the law of cause and effect. Small causes have large effects and I thought that this was the largest and last effect. I could not have ensured myself any greater misery. I felt that this was the deepest sorrow. I had violated a law which cannot be broken. Now I understood what the spirit of the light meant.

I felt and saw that law, no, I experienced that law with heart and soul. If this had happened, would I then be able to go where I wanted and would suffering and sorrow come to me again? How long had I already been on this side? Now I thought I felt movement. Next to me I felt shadows and those shadows where like those who had lured me here. I felt that I was carried from this place and I understood that too. People started to bury my body. I could not see the people, could not hear them speak and yet I knew where I was going, what was happening to me. I strained to listen, but no, I could not hear anything, no murmuring reached me. I was closed off to that world and I had done that myself. I now felt that I descended and reached peace, but I did not see the coffin in which I would have to lie anyway. What belonged to the material was invisible to me. Everything was invisible, only not my body, because I lived in that, I was attached to that. My body and I were one by means of that cursed cord. If it had been my time, would that cord be broken then? I already started to ask questions again. When a person dies, would these bodies then separate and did one go into the earth and the other live on? It had to be the case, because I experienced it here. I was spirit and the spirit lived on until infinity. The spirit of light who had warned me said this to me. What a long way I would have to go.

Where was God? Here? This could not be His Heaven, because this was pitiful. The shadows which I had just noticed disappeared. My earthly garment now lay in the grave, but I myself lived next to it and had to experience all of this. I had to come to myself in this dreadful silence and in this way I thought of my whole life on earth. Everything which I had done, down to the last detail, all my thoughts and deeds passed before me again. Then I came to Roni, I had killed him. Roni, my friend, where are you? Do you live in this world, or do you have a different one to me? Are you also so sad and have you also received so much suffering as I? Oh, Roni, can you forgive me? I thought about him for a long time and could not get rid of these thoughts. I kept on thinking about my murder and about him, my friend, whose life I

had destroyed. How dreadful a murder is, to take away a person's happiness, his light and everything it may be. I did not have the right to do that. How my deed cursed and went against all laws. How wrong I had been. Oh, I begged him furiously for forgiveness. Now that I experienced all of this myself and the yearning for life came back to me, now that I felt how wonderful it was to be able to live on earth, to be able to do anything in whatever form, I now realised what I had done wrong. Roni, my friend, I called, I will beg you for forgiveness. Where are you? Come to me, I beg you, take this away from me, forgive me and I will make up for it, will pay for everything. I will give my life, if you will forgive me.

I thought about him for hours, no, weeks on end, according to earthly time. I could just not rid myself of him, he alone occupied me. Why, I wondered, why must I think of him so intensely? Sometimes my thoughts weakened, but then everything was forced upon me again and I compared these problems to his life, which I had destroyed.

Now I thought I saw more light, or was I imagining things? It was calm again inside me, but I continued to think of my friend, these thoughts and feelings remained inside me.

Was I hearing properly? I listened carefully, it was as if I heard something. A voice? A soft noise? I listened again and yes, I heard a soft voice, a whispering resounded in my ears. It came to me as if from afar and I thought I knew that voice. Now it became clearer and I heard it said inside and around me: 'Are you wakening me up?'

'Oh, is it you?' I did not dare to say his name, but I had to and I asked: 'Is it you, Roni?'

'Yes, it is me, you wakened me.'

'Me?' I asked.

'You, Lantos, only you. However, they are other powers which give you the strength to waken me. Oh, how great my sleep is, how deep, how deep I went to sleep.'

'Where are you, Roni?'

'I do not know.'

'Can you forgive me, Roni?'

'No', I heard him say.

'No?' I repeated. 'How can you be so harsh? I beg you, Roni, I beg you, will you forgive me? I have suffered so much.'

'I also, because my life was cut off and you did that, Lantos.'

'Forgive me, Roni, will you forgive me?'

'I would like to, Lantos, but that is not possible.'

'Not possible, did you say?'

'Not possible. The deed, your deed remains.'

‘Where did you get that knowledge from?’

‘I know this, it lies inside me, you hear, deep inside me. It is a power which is stronger than I myself. This power says so, it forces me. I have to listen to it, because it pushes me into this situation.’

‘How awful, how harsh you are.’

‘I am not harsh, Lantos, I want to forgive you, but it is impossible. Only then, when all of this has dissolved and those laws have come to harmony. We disrupted those laws, you and I. Both of us, Lantos, will have to make up for this, only then can I forgive you. But why did you waken me?’

‘Me?’

‘Yes, you.’

‘I am not conscious of it. Where did you get this wisdom from, Roni?’

‘It lies within me, I can feel it. It is as if I am dreaming and am speaking to you from my dream. Who gives me the power to speak to you? Do you know that? Can you answer me? Come on, Lantos, give me an answer!’

‘I do not know, I cannot answer. Everything has to dissolve first, did you say?’

‘I feel that it will be so.’

‘What are you doing now, Roni?’

‘I have to sleep, but I will live.’

‘Do you know anything about Marianne?’

‘No, but I will see her, I will meet her.’

‘You?’

‘Me, Lantos, because I have to, since I sense it.’

‘Are you still provoking me in this life? Do you still dare to hate me, you bastard? You are a scoundrel! You with Marianne and me here? How dare you say this to me! How cruel, how demonic you are, you hear, demonic. Your hatred is demonic. You ... ‘I felt myself collapsing; but after a moment I returned to my former condition. ‘Roni’, I called to him again, ‘do you mean that?’ I listened but did not hear anything.

Then, after a short moment, I heard him say: ‘Why are you calling me back? You are depriving me of my rest, let me sleep.’

‘Tell me, Roni, whether you mean all of this.’

‘It lies within me that I will live and see Marianne again. But why do you evoke this in me? Who gives you the right to do that?’

‘I am not calling you back, Roni’, I said, and asked: ‘Can you see me, Roni?’

‘No’, I heard him say, ‘but I can sense you, I can only sense you. You are here with me.’

‘That is not true’, I said, ‘I am here.’

‘Whatever the case’, he said, ‘I can feel you and can hear you talking to

me.'

'I can also hear and feel you', I said to him.

'I have gone to sleep, but when I awaken I will feel that I will live.'

'Do you think, Roni, that it is other powers as a result of which we experience this?'

'I must be, because I hate you, you hear, I hate you.'

'How harsh you are.'

'Who placed those loving thoughts for you inside me? I repeat, I hate you, Lantos, I hate you.'

The voice came from afar to me, I felt that he, Roni, had gone back to his world. Where did he actually live? Yet another problem. He would see Marianne and I would not? Why him? What did this mean? Oh, that scoundrel! He hated me beyond the grave. Had I wakened him? Was he sleeping then and did he have to sleep? It was very strange again. Who would help him and me? I had felt something, saw more light, but now it was deep darkness again. Could it have been that figure of light? Emschor? Was it he? It must be the case. Roni was awakened, he spoke to me like in a dream and I felt that there was something which had achieved this. I thought Roni was harsh, because he still hated me. However, I had asked him for forgiveness and I now felt relieved. He would just have to decide for himself what he did. I was sorry that I had got angry again, but he had been like a devil and had not changed in any way. I wanted to make up for all my sins, but not he, he wanted to live; he hated and continued to hate. He wanted to live again? Or did he have? Was this a law? He and Marianne? However, I could not sense her. Why could he and not I? Did he have a right to her? As a result of what? Oh, that devil, he provoked me, he thought he could also torment me here. However, I forced myself to think of other things and tried to come to myself.

As a result of all that thinking I became tired and I wanted to try and see if I could sleep. However, I had to give this up, the process of decay kept me awake. I now knew nothing more about time, because I had stopped noting the days in my cell and I could not do that here. In my feelings months had passed, but it could also be years. I continued to think and think and I kept trying to free myself. Yet I could already move a bit further away from my earthly body, as a result of which I understood that the end would come one day, although it could still be a while. Within myself I felt many other feelings, which came to me straight from my material body. I could not stop those pains and that feeling, that life went on, had to go on, otherwise I would remain here for eternity. The quicker this process was completed, the better it was for me.

As I already said, my thinking brought some relief, because I then went

into the feelings which I thought about. As a result of this I understood that, if I could tune into other things, I did not feel so intensely my pains and all the torments which I now experienced. Everything here was concentration and I learned to master all those attunements of feeling. Suddenly I felt an intense shock going through me. I wondered what this would mean. It came from my earthly body. I concentrated and understood the meaning of this event, I felt and saw it clearly. My earthly garment had entered the second phase of disintegration, I had already felt such a shock before. Since I felt and perceived this, I understood this great and mighty problem, however terrible it was. I would experience this misery more and more deeply, until my earthly body had decayed. I had to get through this, deal with everything until the very last. It was a dreadful process. Inhuman! However, once I was free, I could go where I wanted and I would get good food and drink and I could enjoy myself. Or were they also lies and deception?

The process of decay kept interrupting my thoughts and the phase in which my body found itself reminded me that I could still not go any further. This took me to other thoughts. As a result of this I got to know myself. As a result of this I understood that I myself was in charge of everything in my earthly life, that I controlled my body and had let it act. If I myself had not wanted it, my hand would not have lifted that piece of marble, Roni would still be alive and I would have been spared all this misery and what I had already experienced. I was Lantos Dumonché, the artist, my garment was my vehicle, but the spirit also had the feeling body, which lived on after death. I myself was an unnatural and incomprehensible being, I had not understood myself on earth. How impenetrable I was. However, what was the end of me, of my body? Would this, what I now was, go continually further? Further and further to more incomprehensible situations and strange places? Would I never go back to the earth again? What was the aim of the Creator, because I understood and really wanted to accept that there must have been someone who had created this and knew beforehand what the beginning and the end would be. Otherwise none of that whole creation would be right and if I had to continue to live here, it would be a pathetic situation. Then it would not be a creator, but a destroyer. Whatever the case, I understood really well that, if I had controlled myself on earth, everything would have been different. How perfect these bodies fitted together, how naturally they worked in the material life, how simple both bodies were, but how deeply mysterious for the people on earth who could not see through them. If this was possible for them, then the person on earth would be faced with unlimited possibilities. Then his capabilities would be unlimited, the clergy of the earth would know that no one could be damned, as a result of which they could remove the fears of the people. Then no one would take their earthly life, because they

would know that it was not possible and otherwise new misery, even more animal-like and inhuman would await them. I was pleased that I understood all of this and it relieved my suffering. I tried to move away again and I noticed that I could now go a few metres further. I also thought that I could perceive something new. It was very peculiar, when I looked at my material body I saw into the darkness, but above me it was a bit lighter. Was the universe there above? I crawled around on my hands and knees but did not feel anything. I only saw that darkness and that light, it was not possible to touch anything. However, I wanted to know about it and reflected upon it. Unexpectedly I felt what it meant. Suddenly that thought entered me. That darkness there, where my body lay, that was the earth and here above me was the universe. Therefore when I felt clearly, I was on the edge of my own grave. The cord stretched, since my body decayed. The material world was in the darkness and the universe was separated, which I could clearly see. Yet it was so rare that I still kept going through the material.

Would this one day condense, so that I could move as on earth? How slowly this process was completed, but the end would have to come, anyway. I waited in silent resignation and when I could no longer control myself, I started to think again. I kept having to try something else, or I would not be able to keep going. I felt and saw my life on earth passing before me again. I had already followed everything a few times, but then I started to think from the beginning again. I did not want to forget any thoughts. I followed my mistakes and every deed again and again, however trivial and small, I was able to remember everything. Only from my childhood I did not understand this, there was a power within me which had driven me from home, had urged me to break away from my parents. Had I also been myself in this, or were it other powers unknown to me which had worked upon me? Was it they who had enticed me to this world? He who was waiting for me and whom I would have destroyed? You see, I did not understand that and yet I felt that this was also of significance. Then there was something else which I did not understand, but had to be that one and same power. For I wanted to be released from Roni, but however much I wanted it, it was impossible for me. I was riveted to him and I was forced to leave my parents. Who drove me from home? Why could I not release myself from Roni? Were they laws, laws of nature? I had already asked myself this on earth and I had still not found out. Now I just gave up, because it made me dizzy. I suddenly felt an intense shock again and I understood that this had to do with my body. My poor garment had still not perished. Oh, if I had taken care of it, how long would it have lasted? Now I felt happy that this had not been the case. The sleepiness which I had felt had now disappeared and I descended into the darkness in order to see whether the end of this process would soon approach. In the

beginning it was a thick haze which lay shrouded around my whole earthly body and tied me like a cord to my body, but now it was transparent. I was really delighted about this, because this meant that I would soon get my freedom.

I got to know yet other laws and powers. When I wanted to go upwards, away from my grave, I had to will it and only then could I move. Everything is here, I thought, which you want yourself, otherwise nothing happens and you remain where you are. As a result of this I learned to tune myself in and that attunement meant transferring to something else. I could go further again and that made me happy. I could already move away a dozen metres. Now I felt that sleepiness coming back again, but I did not yet know the meaning of it. However I sought and tried to feel this, I did not work it out, but the silence became deeper and my sleepiness more pronounced. I felt these symptoms for the first time after the last shock. I was now a bit used to that silence and began to think of thousands of other things which I would soon do. If only I was free, then I would see what I would do, then my suffering would be over and I could go where I liked. Now I could not lose courage, I had to be strong and brave and bear everything. I felt that the end was approaching, because the sleepiness grew deeper and that silence penetrated me. Both those feelings continued to torment me, but I controlled myself because the end would soon come. Nature had almost completed its work and my earthly body would have decayed and I would be freed.

How this garment was taken care of on earth, how this garment was loved. However, I now understood how little that garment meant in this life. Here only the spiritual body had meaning. Here the spiritual garment was the essential one, that lives and had to live. People thought so little about that garment and yet this was the most beautiful and most powerful, which was as a feeling, thinking and working life to people. On earth my material body had worth and meaning, here it was reduced to nothing. The earthly body was shrouded in silk and velvet on earth, but underneath it lived deep sadness, because the spiritual body was shrouded in rags. The human being was poor, because he did not know himself. How differently I now felt and saw earthly life. If I could live on earth again one day, I would be religious, because now I knew more. I experienced dreadful things, but I learned and mastered a wisdom, which was not known on earth and would never be able to be learned or experienced, because that wisdom belonged to the spiritual life. All that wisdom gave me the courage and the strength to not give up, but to deal with everything, however depressing it was.

I returned to my earthly body again and wanted to know how far it already was. I was disgusted by the dreadful smell, but the haze was no longer visible to me. Yet I still saw my garment, but in another phase, the bones were

visible. I was pleased when I felt that the cord had started to lose power and I could move away further and further. However, I also felt the silence and the sleepiness entering me more intensely. I stumbled onwards, I removed myself increasingly further from my material body, but sleepiness forced me to have a rest. Now I felt myself sinking away, deeper and deeper and I fell down in order to sleep. I was still with my earthly garment in feeling, but the sleepiness and the silence dominated and I knew nothing more about it.



## To the astral world

When I awoke, I wondered where I was. After thinking for a while, I remembered what I had experienced. I was free, could go where I wanted and would now finally see people. I jumped up from the place where I had gone to sleep and started my journey. I would soon meet them. Oh, how happy I felt. I wanted to go to the inhabited world, where they lived, the ones who had helped me to get here. However, I did not want to have anything to do with them, but I only wanted to know who had plunged me into my misery and how demonic they were. I had already felt and experienced their powers, now I would also get to know them. I walked onwards, continually onwards, but there seemed to be no end. How far had I wandered off from the inhabited world? The world in which I now found myself was still that empty world. No animal, plant or human being, nothing else but the silence of death. But it would come, for sure. I therefore walked on and in feeling it seemed that I had not walked for hours but weeks. Would there be no end to it? What would I have to experience now? Yet I continued, further and further. Soon I would see people and have fun. I longed for it. How long had I been alone? First in my cell and then in this horror. However, now I could go further, nothing kept me back anymore. Further, continually further, it would come soon.

However, I felt myself becoming depressed that it was taking so long and it was so far away. But I gathered my every strength and stepped on to the land with many inhabitants and with its amusement. Yet no change seemed willing to come. Was I still not free yet? Did a new horror await me? Had I still not suffered enough then? Was there no end? Had they also deceived me about that? I lived, I could move and yet I could not obtain what I wanted to possess. Again I asked myself thousands of questions and got angry. No, it was not that, I had to go even further, I was still not at the end. After having rest I set off again, saw all around me, above and below me, but there was no change. I remained alone with that awful deathly silence, which I had felt at my grave. I was still in this empty world, but I had to and wanted to get out of it. Away as soon as possible, to people and where there was movement. I would still go crazy if this did not come to an end. After having walked for a long time, I sat down again in order to rest. Oh, oh, how terrible this life is, how incomprehensible, how inhuman, all of this shocked me deeply. How could God approve of this? I had already felt respect for Him, but now my good intentions were smothered again. I started to hate and to curse again. Is there no mercy? God does not damn, but is this not damnation? Am I busy

being damned? I said this to myself and immediately commanded myself to be calm. I had to wait, be calm and carry on. However, I had very probably already walked for weeks and there was still no end. I had already rest three, four times and I still found myself in this empty world. I set off with the last strength which I had within me. Now I quickened my pace and ran towards the unknown, but there was still no change and I collapsed exhausted and fell asleep for the umpteenth time. I did not know how long I had slept, but I still remembered my situation. I set off again, because I now felt rested. However, there appeared to be no end. I sought for ways to escape from this dreadful situation, but how? I could not find anything and I screamed and cursed like madman. I suddenly felt exhausted. My throat closed, I was tormented by hunger and thirst and many other things. Suppressed by this terrible suffering, I still set off again, but after a few steps I collapsed again and fell into a swoon.

I awakened again and went on my way. After having walked for a while, I started to have doubts again. Now I tried to find my earthly body again, because I thought that had to look for the fault within myself. I should most certainly not have passed over. However, no matter how I searched, felt and touched, my earthly garment appeared impossible to find. Then I would just have to carry on and now I would try to remain quiet and calm. I had been travelling for an eternity and there was still no change. Then I put my hands together and wanted to see if I could strangle myself, I would go mad like this. However, that was not even possible, because when I thought of myself, my hands refused and rebounded from me. I could not reach myself. In this way I discovered that I could not destroy myself. I passed over into what I thought, but I could not do anything to myself. I was life and that life could not be destroyed. The only thing I felt was a slight dizziness. This was because I brought myself into disharmony. What should I do now? Was I dreaming? Did I live in eternity? Where was I? Would I have to remain in this empty space? Where was the end, who could help me? Here there were neither people nor animals, only me and I did not get an answer to anything. Yet after thinking for a long time I resumed my journey. In my feeling it seemed as if years had already passed. After having walked for a while I lay down again for a rest. I must have slept again, because then I felt refreshed and enthusiastic. It was peculiar that I always felt so fresh after that sleep. I set off again and after walking for a while I thought that I felt a light wind, or was I imagining this? Yet I felt it. yes, finally it seemed to be changing, so I carried on, but no longer hurried, because I wanted to concentrate on everything. That light wind became a whispering and now I felt it clearly. I thought that I now saw life around me. It was above and under me, wherever I looked and I became jubilant inside that I would now finally see life.

I did not understand why it had taken so long, but I would ask this to the first person that I met. I wanted to know the meaning of all the things I had experienced. Now I felt that I was on the right path and I continued. I saw shadows before, next to and above me, but it became darker and darker under me. The light wind which I had felt became stronger and now became a storm, the whispering had become a strong howling. The life around me now changed with every step. How naturally this happened. Underneath me it became more condense and I felt like I did on earth. Was this earth? Was I in the inhabited world? Those shadows now took shape, everything condensed and it was as if I entered another world. I felt my heart in my throat and I felt myself becoming afraid. I had been alone for too long. Now I saw life and would soon see people. It became clearer and more condense before me and I felt that I had gone back to earth

Was I then here in reality, in the spiritual life? I dashed towards life, I could not be stopped. I now heard the violence of a hurricane and it seemed as if heaven and earth perished. Was this hell? Yet I carried on, because it laughed at me, I yearned for it. I now no longer felt my fear and nervousness. The more violent it became, the more I liked it. However, it was not so easy to carry on, because I was heading for a whirlwind, which tired me greatly. Yet the further I went, I passed into this new life and now that I had come so far, I did not feel it so intensely anymore. Then I thought that something held me back and I resisted that power, because I wanted to see people as soon as possible. However, that opposing power tired me so intensely that I decided to have a rest. I was certainly not yet resistant or hardened against this and I had to get used to it first.

Before me I saw a city, people would therefore live there, but it was darkness around me. Yet I could perceive things. While I sat here thinking, I thought I heard a voice. I looked around me, but did not see anyone. Again I heard talking and asked: 'Is there anybody here?'

'Yes', I heard.

'Where are you?'

'Here, with you, but invisible to you.'

'Invisible?' I repeated. 'Why do you not come to me then?'

'Listen, my friend, I have something to tell you.'

'You have something to tell me?'

'Yes, when you want to listen.'

'Can you tell me where I came from?'

'I will clarify that for you.'

I listened attentively and already understood who was speaking to me. I heard him say: 'You wandered on, continually further and there was no end to it. Yet this end has come. After your release you had to experience the

time which you would have experienced on earth in a normal situation. Is this clear to you?’

I thought about it and said: ‘No, I do not understand this.’

‘Then listen. You put an end to your earthly life. Do you know that?’

‘Yes, I know that.’

‘Well, you would have carried on living on earth and you could only live out that time when you had been freed from your earthly body.’

I now understood what the voice meant.

‘What do you think you will do?’

‘I want to see people.’

‘Listen to me. Before you lies the astral world, what you hear is passion and violence. Yet look there, another way. This one will take you to the silence, yet another silence that the one you felt. It is the way to the spheres of light, to the higher life. You are not yet conscious and other powers can destroy you. Yet when you continue to seek the higher, I will assist your efforts and support you in everything.’

‘Am I unconscious?’

‘Unconscious’, was the reply I got.

‘Is that the earth, there before me?’

‘The earth, my son.’

‘And where is hell?’

‘This is your hell.’

‘My hell?’

‘Your hell’, I heard it clearly said. ‘Hell is the image of your inner life.’

‘Is there no fire burning?’

‘No, but the fire of passion.’ I reflected for a long time and then I heard it said to me again: ‘What do you wish to do?’

‘I want to see and meet life. What do you advise me?’

‘Act according to your own feelings and follow the voice of your heart. If you need me and there are problems which require clarification, if you feel that you want to get to know life, our life, and start to feel the seriousness of your life, start to understand the suffering on earth and you want to follow that other path, then call me and I will come to you.’

‘Are you Emschor?’

‘I am Emschor, your spiritual guide.’

‘Were the feelings I felt in the silence yours?’

‘Mine, my son. I follow all your movements and will continue to follow you.’

‘Did you awaken my friend Roni?’

‘Yes, it was me.’

‘Why? And where does he live?’

‘Later. One day you will know why, one day we will meet each other again. Follow your path and seek the higher. Farewell, Lantos Dumonché, farewell, God bless your paths. Know that He is a Father of Love.’

The voice disappeared, the last words spoken reached me from afar. However, I wanted to see people and life, nothing else but life. Before me lay the astral world, people lived there and I continued, towards the unknown.

End of part one



## Part 2: The spiritual life





## Foreword for the second part

*Dear Reader,*

In the first part of this book I told you about my earthly and material life, about my suffering and struggling, my questions 'why' and 'for what purpose' and about my departure from the material world. Now I will tell you about my life on this side and how I got to know and accept this life, how all my questions were answered and I became convinced of a God of Love. However incomprehensible all of this is for you, it is the sacred truth, it is my cycle and your cycle of the earth. If it should open the eyes of one of you and make you accept eternal life, then this work and my suffering will not have been in vain.

Lantos



## The astral world

Before me lay the astral world. Yet I could not go there. I had already sat here a long time thinking. An invisible observer, a human being had followed me, because I had clearly heard his voice, since he had spoken to me. Before me lay a city and to my left I saw a road which led upward to the unknown. If I took this road the silence awaited me, but a different silence than I had already known. However, I longed for people, I wanted to see life. However stormy it would be, everything was dear to me, because I had been alone for too long. I still felt that frightening silence within me. No, I did not want to go there. I would follow this path, however flighty. It was clear to me that the opposing power which I had felt was his. That power prevented me from moving forward. How mighty the powers of the human being were who had died on earth in order to be able to call a halt to another being. I thought it was really amazing and I was pleased that I had been able to experience this, although I did not understand any of it. I remembered every word which he had spoken to me. I thought that this silence would never come to an end and yet I was now in another world. How amazing this life was. Now I understood that the years which I would have lived on earth had to be lived in this empty world, and when that time was over, I slowly passed into this world.

This was now my hell. However, there was no fire burning. How naturally everything dissolved. An awe-inspiring justice had shut me out of the inhabitable world. I had wanted to break a law which could not be broken and I had experienced its consequences. I felt the law of cause and effect in it. I myself had been the cause and I had paid for the consequences of it. There in that silence I had experienced all of this and the rotting process was a part of it, which was the worst part of this event. I had got to know this law, because as a result of my suffering I had come into harmony again with those laws of nature. It had to be like that, because I felt it. I found that condensing of the earth and the life around me remarkable. Man was probably born in this way and all that other life which God had created. It condensed under my feet, it grew up to the left and the right of me, until this world became visible to me. The soft rustling rose to a tremendous hurricane and that was, as that spirit said, passion and violence. It was a hell and people lived there who were passionate and probably demonic. How awful I found it. A person who still lived on earth could not understand this, it had to be experienced. Yet I would still like to experience that once more, but now as an observer. I would then understand this life better and get to know all those powers

which I really wanted to master.

I lived on earth again and yet I was dead. However, the earth there before me was the astral world. Human beings and spiritual beings lived there together, and I was one of those who had discarded the material body. I was now the astral being and I was in the world where the spirit lived. How I had longed for that on earth and how gladly I had wanted to get to know that. Now I was in the Hereafter and had already experienced a great deal. Yet I still knew nothing about this life and I was very curious what awaited me. Now I would see and meet people and I wanted that. So I set off and descended, towards the unknown. The wind howled, as if heaven and earth perished. Yet I was not afraid, because I had already got used to that wild howling. The more life and noise I heard, the better it was for me.

I already made a new discovery, because when I thought about other things, I heard almost nothing of that violence. I then felt that I completely passed over into what I thought about, so that the previous dissolved and I accepted the other one. It was exactly as when I was attached to my material body. By thinking of other things, I passed completely into it and the pains lessened and everything to do with this situation. As a result of this I could relieve that terrible suffering for myself. I also experienced that same thing now and this violence dissolved in it. This transfer was remarkable. I carried on step by step, I had the time, because I lived in eternity. However, after every footstep which I took, I felt this new life coming to me and into me and I heaved deep sighs because it took away my breath. That was the violence to which I went back. Yet I felt myself becoming calm. I tried this transfer a few times and in this way I learned to tune and connect myself spiritually. I thought it was great and I was happy that I had mastered this. I had not changed in any way, on the contrary, I felt more lively. This was because I lived in another world and had learned something about it. This was wisdom, spiritual possession, which I knew nothing about nor had understood on earth. I had asked thousands of questions there and not one of them was answered. Now I understood that all my questions would dissolve inside me if I paid attention to all those powers and kept my eyes open properly. I had always been inquisitive and I would remain so. I now felt a remarkable silence coming into me and yet I was in a hell. Was it not so dark within me then? I felt myself changing. I became different inside, because before I entered here I hated. However, now I did not feel any hate. In that silence I had been in rebellion and now peace lay within me. Amazing, I thought, what a strange being you are.

I felt as if I still lived on earth, before the terrible thing happened. Had I gone back to that same attunement of feeling? I was the same personality, only I had lost my earthly body. I did not dare to say discarded, because I had

destroyed it. I did not feel hate for anything, nor for my parents. This feeling was strange and I did not understand how it was possible. I hated Roni and he hated me, and yet, now that I had paid and experienced everything, it was as if I had not known him. He was far removed from me. I could not release myself from him in the earthly life and now that I wanted to go to him I felt that it was not possible. An invisible power had torn us apart. I felt it like this, but I did not know for certain whether this was the purport. I had felt as I now was when I was with my first teacher. I was very happy then, just like now and yet I lived in the darkness. It was a bit lighter here than there in that silence, but it did not make much difference. All those torments which I had felt in that silence had also lessened, such as that band around my throat, only I was thirsty and hungry, but also only when I thought about it. I therefore did not find my hell so bad after all, I could cope with this, because this was not so inhuman, although I did not have the light which Emschor had told me about.

However, what had I actually done wrong? I had not cheated the people, not tortured, would not even have been able to do this, and yet I lived in hell. I had killed and paid my punishment. My punishment on earth had been terrible and even worse on this side. I had not been punished once but twice. Was this still not enough? Couldn't God forgive me all those little sins? Did I still have to pay for something else? I thought I could feel this problem. I had ended up in a hell which was attuned to my inner life, because hell, so the spirit said, is your inner life. Then I had not made anything very beautiful of my life on earth. If I had not killed, not taken my own life, then I would still enter here. It was the case, it could not be any different. I understood this completely and accepted it. My conversation with Roni was remarkable. I was supposed to have wakened him? This had only happened because I thought about him. He could not forgive me, however much he wanted, but then he said to me that he hated me. This was also strange. I had the feeling that another power had quietened his angry feelings towards me, only so that I could experience this. He lived and was somewhere, but had fallen asleep because he had the need to sleep. I had also fallen asleep and it seemed a century to me, at least I had felt like that when I wakened. They were all still mysteries and I would not work them out for the time being. The spirit had connected me to Roni and yet I did not understand any of it. However, I did not feel like starting again to ask 'why' and for 'what purpose'. That just upset me and I wanted to be calm. However, my hell was a special hell, because soon I would meet people and I could amuse myself. Or were they lies as well? I could not trust those demons, so I would just wait and see.

I was continually amazed that I felt so very differently than before. Was it because I had suffered so much? Had my inner life changed as a result of

it? Or was it because I now stayed in this life and had discarded my earthly body? I felt so lovely and calm. Questions again, always just questions. I had to think a bit more carefully and avoid these problems as much as possible. Yonder in the distance I thought I saw the silhouette of a city. I could still see far ahead in this darkness, which was also a miracle in itself. I experienced nothing but miracles and problems here. It seemed almost impossible to me and yet I saw a city with many towers and buildings. Wherever you went and however dark it was, you could still perceive things on this side. When it was dark on earth then you could hardly see a hand in front of your eyes. However, everything was different in this life, I too. Yet, on the other hand I was not different, because I thought as on earth and I felt exactly as there. I had arms and legs, could hear and see and feel everything clearly. However, I was favoured in something, it was sharper than on earth, more lively, and that was my feeling. Here you had to feel everything and when I felt it, then I knew it and understood it completely. Even in the darkness of my own grave I had clearly felt the process of my material body and also seen it. That process came back to my spiritual body. I had to deal with that myself and that dealing with it was feeling. Feeling things intensely was experiencing in this life. If I thought of something, then I started to feel it and completely passed over into what I was thinking about. On earth I had never lived like that, only when I came under intense inspiration, not otherwise. I did everything unconsciously in most things. Was this wrong? Here I had to be myself completely, otherwise I would come into disharmony and all those material tortures would come back to me. Here you could only think of one thing at a time, I had already noticed that.

I would carry on in this way, because I thought I understood it. Oh, if I had known all of this on earth! How much simpler my life there would have been then, I would not have made it so difficult for myself. However, what did people there know of a heaven and a hell? Nothing, for that matter. Where was heaven actually and where was God? I had thought that I would have to appear before God's throne, but that was also a lie. No God had come to me to ask questions and yet we were taught this. On earth I had not listened to the clergy and yet I had not been asked any questions yet. I had not seen any spirit, any human being, any God. Now I lived in hell, but even the devil was not even there. What nonsense those clergy on earth preached. They knew nothing about it and yet they behaved as if they had a hold on wisdom. The Christians who did not accept their faith were burned, tortured and killed. They did that for all those lies! How stupid, how terribly stupid the human being is. I gained insight into this here in this life. Numerous people were killed for their nonsense. It was pitiful. However, I had to accept this truth, because I did not see God, spirit or the devil. There was no fire ei-

ther or damnation. Nothing but lies and nonsense which they preached. Yet it was remarkable that those demons had spoken the truth on precisely this matter. Perhaps they also thought that was terrible. It was a fact to me that they were real devils, because they had trapped me and that had caused me much suffering and sorrow. That one devil seemed to be very interested in my downfall, because when it had happened he left and called out nothing else but revenge is sweet, which I did not understand. He also knew me, because he called me by name.

I was pleased that there was no damnation and no fire and for this reason alone I could already love God. This was a very different God than the one they knew on earth. This one was softer, possessed more love and He was Love, as the spirit Emschor had told me. However, Sergius (footnote in first edition: Sergius was head of the church at that time) preached damnation, eternal burning and general destruction. Oh, you fools, you parrots, you know nothing. You make people afraid. You think that you are doing good, but you are doing wrong. That is not the way. You are blind, spiritually blind and your hearts are cold and insensitive. I had already learned this in the short time that I had been here. Where would these people live if they also once died on earth? In heaven? With God? Because they had spoken untruths all their lives? It would be a good one and a great injustice. God would and could not tolerate that. God is just, people said, and this was unjust. Then God was false and not honest towards all people. If all these false preachers of the faith entered heaven, I should also be there and I was not, because I was in hell. If people did not believe they were thrown in a dungeon and tortured. You see, to me that was the greatest injustice which existed. On earth I had had to accept a faith, or I would also have been killed, although I wanted to work quietly on my art there.

Otherwise, I would very definitely not have done it, because I already felt that contradiction there. It was a real pity that my life had ended so early. I had no longer been able to finish my latest work of art. When I started to compare my situation to all those people, then I felt that I was not good, but not bad either. I found myself between good and evil. This was the reason why my hell was not so inhuman. If everyone bore his heaven and hell inside him, then there would be millions of hells and heavens. Because where were all those people who had died on earth? Surely here? Yet I was alone, completely alone. Was I not awake, not conscious? Did I still live in the unconscious? Were Roni and Marianne worse than I was? Or was it precisely the other way round? Where would have Marianne gone? I kept thinking of these two. And my parents, were they still alive? Had Marianne taken my statue home? Had she also already died? Was she also dead like I was? I truly loved her and would God then destroy my love?

Would God not have wanted me to love her? Would she receive a different heaven or hell than me? I thought that I would meet her and that had not happened. How 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 started to ask again and I did not even know whether she was already dead. Yet this feeling arose within me and I felt that the most intense. If I should have to weigh these feelings of life and death, then death would weigh the heaviest. Because I felt that the most clearly. How incomprehensible this life is, I thought. I no longer dared to think as before and yet I found God strange, very strange. I knew Him now even less than on earth, because here everything was different. Yet I had respect, only because things had already happened which contained that truth. Because that spirit, which had warned me beforehand not to put an end to my life, because I would then have suffered too much, had spoken the truth. He therefore knew more about this life than I did and I therefore also had to accept that God was Love. That same spirit, who was somewhere and had followed me, whose voice I had heard, that spirit preached the truth and encouraged me to think more carefully about God. I did not yet feel like plunging myself consciously into unhappiness. This God was in any case another one than the God of my parents. Their God was a ruler, a God who only loved them and their family. And such a God meant nothing to me, I did not feel any respect for that. When I compared my own inner self with their God, I was higher than their God and I possessed a different mentality. All of that now occupied me, now that I had entered this world. The greatest problem had solved for me and that was God. I did not know Him, but what I experienced gave me the strength to think differently. The God of my parents was a terrible one. He tortured and wanted to make me a ruler. As a child I was already disgusted by it and I was very grateful that I had been protected against that.

A moment ago I learned something new again and it was really amazing to me. When I thought of God, I involuntarily looked up, very deeply towards heaven, because God would live there. While I thought about that and longed to be able to see through that, I suddenly felt myself elevated and I floated a few metres above the earth. It was a remarkable event. Gravity had stopped for me. Amazing, I said to myself, what will I experience this time? Then I tried it a few times and I came higher and higher, but it remained dark. I also got to know other powers, because when I thought fast and wanted to go upwards fast, then I concentrated on it and I then went upwards at a fast speed. Were these powers of the spirit, I wondered, or were they of the devil? I already shivered at the thought that I was starting to master those demonic skills, because I did not want that. I wanted to go forward, come higher spiritually, but not descend deeper. Then I would rather continue to



walk, than plunge myself into unhappiness with those skills. Yet I did it again, because I found it amusing. I could not go so high that this darkness would dissolve, so darkness still remained around me. This was one of the many other strange things which I would get to know.

I now walked further and would soon reach the inhabited world. I now went faster than a moment ago, because I noticed that I could also utilise these powers to move forwards. I floated more than I walked. I could no longer feel the earth. That was also remarkable. I could not have done that on earth. There the horse served us and that noble animal did what the human being wanted.

I also repeated this moving forwards a few times and I went faster and faster. I went from one amazement to the other.

At some distance from me I saw a person who was going in the same direction as I was. I was very curious whether it was a human being of the earth, or the astral being. When I had come a bit closer, I saw that it was a woman. Had she died or was she still living on earth? I had come close to her and I gave a cough, but she did not hear me. She did not bother about anything and carried on walking, on and on. But spirit or material being, she was a human being. Yet I wanted her to notice me, I could probably ask her a few questions. When I was walking next to her, I spoke to her, but she remained deaf and was apparently also blind, because she did not hear or see me. She walked on in thought and behaved as if I was not there. A strange apparition, I thought. Now I tried to meet her from the other side, then she would have to see me and she could not ignore me. When I was a few steps ahead, I turned back, but she did not see me now either.

Did she still live on earth? Then I understood that she could not perceive me, because the spirits were not visible to the human being who lived in the material body. A few people had seen spirits on earth, but I was not one of them. She was also blind like all those other people. I continued to walk close to her, I as a person who had died, while she was still in possession of her material body. I found it very interesting to see a person of the earth and only now did I understand how deep the spiritual life lay hidden behind that veil. The haze, which hid this world, was impenetrable to them. How I had search for all those problems. From early morning until late at night and yet I had not worked them out. It was therefore very normal that she did not see me. I had now entered that incomprehensible live. Sooner or later they would all come here and they would find it just as amazing as I did.

However, this human went continually further and I continued to walk with her, because I was curiously where she was going. She wore a beautiful garment, just like my mother had worn. As a result of this I understood that she belonged to the first circles, because this attire was very expensive. Was

it day or night on earth? I established from her actions that it was day. She would not be able to walk like that in the evening or at night. The gates of the city were closed on time and anyone who was not indoors in time had to stay outside, or be provided with the necessary papers. Was she a stranger? I found her very peculiar! I gained new experiences again. We walked further and further. Soon we would enter the gates of the city. Yet I tried to speak to her again and asked: 'Are you from the earth?' But she remained deaf and blind. It took quite a while before she had reached her goal. We walked on next to each other for a while, but there appeared to be no end to this walk. However, this walking on was beginning to annoy me. Where was she going? We had already been travelling for hours. Did this mean something? The further we came the closer the city became to me. Yet was this image another one than I had first perceived. What did this mean? I wanted to see the inhabitable world and I just continued onwards, so that there was no end to the walking. Or for her either. I felt that I was faced with a new problem.

Well, something occurred to me, I was not thinking purely. I thought for everything and everyone, but not of the earth, not what I should be thinking about. In this way I would never make it, because my thoughts disintegrated. I was on my way and not on my way. But she then? Was she not a human being of the earth, not a material being? I looked at her again and got a fright. Her face showed deep sadness. Her eyes were empty and yet they saw, because she walked onwards, continually further, but she walked with her head bent towards the earth and had sunk into deep reflection. Could those eyes see or was she a sleepwalker? I found myself in a strange situation. It seemed to me as if she was looking through the earth. Was I in connection with the earth? I started to doubt myself. Who was she and what kind of human being was she? A spirit, a problem? I suddenly thought that I sensed this problem. I tried to follow her train of thought and really, I felt it clearly. She had died on earth, because death entered me. Now I understood this miracle. She had committed suicide and lived in the silence. I had met a woman who had committed suicide. Since I had not tuned myself in enough, I had experienced it wrongly. Now I tuned myself into the earth and immediately this world condensed, so that I saw the earth before me. When I tuned into her again, but still remained in connection with the earth, I saw that she was shrouded in a haze. She was now a shadow for me, as I had perceived the demons in my dungeon. This event was amazing. A human being who had ended her life, a woman! Oh, you cannot be helped; because I now understood her whole situation. She could continue for years and still there would be no end. I just hoped that she would not have become a hundred years old on earth, otherwise her suffering would be incalculable. I had also walked on in this way, so I knew her suffering. She had to experience it, because she was

living out her earthly life in it. No, she could not hear or see me. Yet one day this world, where I now was, would be visible. However sad it was for me, I still found this world amazing. The human being who put an end to it, closed himself off to everything that lived in the universe. She now lived in an empty space, like I did. There was nothing, nothing, only she and her thoughts. She thought and just carried on walking, year in and year out again. Yet an end would come! In her I saw my own suffering and all my misery passing before me again. Now that I perceived this, I clearly understood my own life for the first time. It was wonderful! Everything which I had experienced up to now was wonderful and mighty.

She had chosen poison and I the noose. When I thought about it, I felt the stabbing pain entering me again. By thinking about it those pains came back to me and when I thought about other things, it went away again. That sensing was remarkable, but I would continue in this way. I had learned from this situation how to connect myself in different ways. I felt what interested me. The most amazing things entered me. Her life entered me, as soon as I wanted to think about her. I considered everything clearly, because I would have to learn through all of this. What I experienced was sad, but nothing could be done about it.

Suffering and deep misery walked there, a human wreck! She was dead and yet she was alive. However, she was also unconscious in her life of everything around her. She was blind and deaf, alone and abandoned, she was nothing. I sat down and continued to look at her. She went further and further. A human problem was walking there which I alone knew and that was nothing but misery. I could not express in words how I saw her. She walked in the silence of her own grave, she could not be stopped by anything. She also knew what the process of decay meant. She had experienced that her maternal and divine body had decayed.

Oh, woman, how did you come to that? As a result of love? Was your heart broken? Did life on earth destroy you? It could be so beautiful there, but one human being destroyed the life of another. I had killed, but I had been forced to. The dearest thing to me had been sullied. Who would have been able to control themselves? And yet, I now knew, I had to do this. I should not have let myself go. Roni was dead and I entered all that misery. But it was better not to think about it any longer, it was over and I had fought my battle. That poor woman was also busy paying for her sins. But afterwards, where would she enter? Would she go still deeper into that darkness? I also understood that now. It was only when she had discarded all of that, that she would go to her direct attunement. She would enter a hell or a heaven. Then this life would only begin for her, then she would pass into this, the real life. It was surprisingly well put together. Those laws were God's laws, nothing could be

changed about them.

Watch her walking there, that poor thing! I continued to see her, but when I thought of other things, she was invisible to me. Yet she was there, she carried on, further and further, although then that hell was invisible to me. In this way there were probably countless invisible hells and I wanted to get to know them later. It was worthwhile knowing everything about this life, how all of this was arranged and what the people were like who lived there, and what they had done to enter there. I understood that they were all sinners. Highly attuned beings lived in heaven. That was far away from me. Were there just as many heavens as hells? I would get to know all of this one day. How great it was, almost incredible, and yet, now that I saw all of this I had to accept it. She wore her earthly clothes, but how was that possible? She lived in eternity, didn't she? Another new problem!

Now I looked at myself. That I had not noticed this before. I also wore my garment as on earth. It had not changed at all. How was this possible? What a miracle! I was dead and yet I wore my earthly garment. That belonged to the earthly life. I had not thought about it for a moment. However, that was also clear to me, because I would only experience what I thought about. This did not take away the fact that it belonged to the earth. I was not naked, wore clothes, felt as on earth and yet I was spirit. All of this was amazing, I thought, how wonderful God is, to provide the human being with everything, and I started to feel more respect for that Almighty. Was this also a law?

A remarkable feeling flowed through me, now that I knew all of this and had come to this conclusion. They were miracles which could only be experienced in this life. It was concentration, nothing else but thinking and feeling. I had to watch out for thousands of things. Who would think of that, because if I had not met her, I would never have thought of that. Yet it was so natural, and precisely because it was so natural, you did not think about it and did not notice it. How amazing it was: when you awakened here, you wore your earthly garment. However, I did not yet understand how this was possible. I sat admiring myself and considered myself a problem. How many miracles and problems had I experienced and yet I had been here such a short time. With every step which I took, I experienced another miracle, so that I could not stop thinking. Now I concentrated on that woman again and immediately saw her. She was far away from me and yet I could see her clearly before me. I had also worn this garment in that silence. Yet I had not watched out for it and I had not noticed it. Here I had to think carefully in future, because I would experience what I thought about; what I wished to see, to meet, to hear, happened. I felt happy, because I was now prepared for the things I would experience. From here I saw her grim face

and her progress was terrible. Now that I concentrated even more I even felt her thoughts. By sensing her, because it happened like that, I understood her whole being. First I sensed her and then I dealt with the feelings which entered me in thoughts. Those thoughts were hers, it was her life and so I passed into another life. On earth people did not do that. There people only looked at a human being as he was, so in appearance, but people could not descend inside the human being. Here, I felt this very clearly, there were no more secrets and the human being could not hide. I saw and felt in her life and the seeing and feeling was already a miracle in itself. I also understood that the human being on earth did not know himself. How many secrets were there not in the human being! People should already be grateful to God for that. The human being possessed many qualities, but the qualities which I now experienced are not known on earth. In life on earth the human being was a great problem, here also, but in this life people passed over into these problems, no, people experienced them. The human being was a miracle and a problem!

## The human being on earth seen from this life

I concentrated on earth again and immediately the material world became visible to me. I no longer wanted to follow that poor woman, I would only disturb her. 'Farewell', I said to her, 'farewell, you wretch! Perhaps we would meet each other again one day.' However, eternity is a vast expansion, so seeing her again would mean a miracle.

Before me lay a town and now I saw people, earthly people everywhere. Wherever I looked there was life to be seen. Finally I was back in the inhabited world and soon caught up in the bustle. How differently I saw the earth than when I still lived in my earthly body. Everything was shrouded in a haze, but I clearly saw the people and the buildings and what belonged to the earth. I wandered through the streets, but it was not possible for me to concentrate on one point, that transition was too intense. I saw too much and had to let this life go through me first. Now that I had entered here I understood that that woman would not have to remain much longer in that loneliness. She was already passing over to this life and this life would soon be visible to her. She would also be nothing else but surprised. I thought that I knew this town, because I saw things which I used to know. However, much had changed and yet I recognised everything. When I had tuned in properly, then I was in the city where I had lived. My thoughts had taken me back here. I saw people who still lived on earth and also astral people. I passed through one person, but bumped into another when I thought about him. All those astral beings were clothed in earthly garments, I had therefore solved this mystery. This was the truth and I had not imagined anything. I could clearly distinguish the earthly being from the astral being. The earthly being was denser and the astral more hazy. Yet they were as if they still lived on earth. I did not understand that people knew so little about this life, because you could see them clearly. The earthly being walked through me and he did not see or feel any of it. I stood inside him and yet he did not feel me. Neither was he conscious of the life of the other being. A thick haze lay around the earthly being, which held the human being prisoner like a spiritual wall. I did not yet understand what this meant, but I recognised the material being from it. Then I saw the earthly people again like shadows and yet others very coarse. I could see these the clearest and they were also the easiest to reach. I felt that I could pass into their lives, when I thought about them. Yet I had to tune into them purely, otherwise nothing happened.

It was a great miracle that I had gone back to the place where I had lived. I wanted to know all about this life and to try to master it. I therefore decided

to remain alone and not to bother with anyone else. It was also remarkable to see how everyone followed his own path. The earthly and the astral people lived together and that was death and eternal life. Death and life were two problems for the earthly being, but now I saw and felt that it all meant life. There was no death!

The earthly being was spied upon and followed by the being who had died. I did not know whether they did good or evil. Yet in complete silence, which I clearly felt and perceived, the astral being worked out a plan and he experienced that plan together with the human being on earth. I felt this because I saw them carrying on together.

It was really amazing to see this from this side. When I tuned in deeper, I heard that howling noise which meant passion and violence. If I concentrated on the human being again, then it was as if I felt the betrayal and it entered me. Danger threatened here, it was a case of being careful here. The life which I perceived worked anxiously and oppressively upon me. I now understood that the earth was a hell.

The earthly being lived without knowing it in a spiritual hell. This was very clear to me, that hell lay in and around him, because inside darkness reigned in him. Now that I had seen the shadows I understood that those who lived there were in another hell than the more coarse human being. From those who could be seen so horribly clearly, anxiety and horror radiated towards me. Now I started to understand that anxiety, because I had to watch out for those beings. I had already seen astral people who looked more like an animal than a human being. It was frightening to see them going on like this. They were no longer people. That name did not belong to them, they had discarded the human part. Had these people passed over to the animal part? It must be the case, because they were horrible. I thought I saw demons in them, since a green flashing light lay around them. It came from their inner being, which I saw clearly. That greenish light was exactly as that of those who had enticed me here. I would anxiously watch them and be careful of them. I did not want to have anything to do with those people. When I followed them, I felt lies, lust and deception. Yet the most amazing thing of all was that I was invisible to those people. They could not feel me and it was impossible for them to see me. When I experienced this I did dare to approach them closer. But, oh, how animal-like these people were, I could not describe them. They were like pre-animal monsters, their hands were like claws and such a beast man lived on earth. I did not continue to follow that animal, because I felt that I had to be very careful on earth. I had to watch out for various things. I did not know what danger threatened me, but what I felt did not mean anything good.

I therefore followed my own path. A time would come when I would mas-

ter that, that I wanted to get to know those people, but now other thoughts were inside me. I felt my own life and I wanted to know all about it and calmly pass into this life. I would not yet be able to deal with many emotional situations. It was remarkable that my own thoughts and feelings drove me in that direction. There was something which sent me there, so I could follow the voice of my heart. There was something in and around me that I felt very deeply, but which was invisible to me.

Was I being sent in one direction? I would just wait and see and watch out for everything.

At that moment I already felt all my questions which I had asked in my life on earth coming back to me. I had felt that properly and clearly a moment ago, after all. That drove me forwards and I gave into it completely. I would try and solve all those earthly questions with myself and through myself. I thought about all of this for a long time and felt something very special.

Now that I had come back here, I felt as I did at that time when I still lived on earth. These feelings therefore remained connected to all my questions. I also lived isolated at that time and that urge also came back to me now. I was the same, completely the same in everything. This life is amazing, I kept saying again and again. The more I thought about all of this, the more all my former qualities came back to me. I also now understood that this, where I lived, was my hell. It was not dark and I saw more light than when I entered this world. I had not lost anything, but also not received anything, I was as I was when I lived on earth at that time. I did not feel the need then either to meet people and I was really amazed about this. Before I entered here, I longed to see people and to meet them and I wanted to have fun, but those longings had suddenly died away. When I was in my cell, I had a burning desire to see life. Now I saw life, lived in it, there were people around me, and yet it did not matter to me. I understood how natural this life was, because I felt and experienced it. Here people could not be any different to what they were and felt within. At that time I was in an unnatural situation and now I was natural again. I had brought myself into disharmony and those feelings of disharmony had dissolved, I had experienced them, so that I went back to my own life. Amazing, this life is amazing. I kept repeating this, because they were miracles. It was wonderful, since my own life brought me back to harmony. However, I was still in disharmony with the whole, with the mighty, with God, because I lived in a hell and that meant disharmony. I felt a deep respect for the Creator of all of this. He, Who could keep harmony in all these hells, was wonderful to me. Here everything took care of itself. Since I was life and meant life, it could reveal itself within me and I underwent all of this, all those miracles and problems went through me and dissolved inside me. I began to feel grateful to Him, that incomprehensible



God.

The houses, buildings and temples were shrouded in a haze, yet I could see them clearly. I walked through the walls, nothing could stop me, I went in and out, because nothing here was any longer closed to me. That was also a miracle in itself and I repeated that going in and out several times, which I found amusing. I found myself in and with people, yet they could not see me nor hear me. I heard them talking to other people and I understood every word. However, I gained another new experience. With some people it was as if they were very far away from me and yet they were close to me. I could not follow these people clearly and I thought I understood what this meant. Their form was invisible to me, others were shadows, yet others were very coarse and I could hear them the clearest. This was also clear to me in the street. I saw those shadows before me and they carried out a conversation and that conversation of one person with another was peculiar. I had to connect myself with that one, most clearly perceivable person if I wanted to be able to follow their conversation. I felt it had the following meaning: some people had a better mentality than I did, they were above me. The others were worse or had no possessions. Whatever the case, I felt that the meaning of this event lay in this.

I already said that I went in one house and out of another, but I stopped that, because I wanted to follow my own life. When I had reached the street - because I felt the earth as when I lived there - I heard a terrible noise and screaming in between. When I concentrated I felt what was going on. On the corner of a street many people were running away. These people were being attacked. I saw that they were carrying crosses and holy statues and I understood what all of this meant. They had been dispersed by the heathens. The blood of the Christians flowed over the street and they had started that frightening screaming which I heard. As always, I thought, the human being had not changed in any way. Now I started to understand my own life and eternal life became clear to me, I thought this event was even more horrible than when I lived there. This was not necessary! Cavalrymen stormed at the Christians and chased them away. The Christians defended themselves, so that corpses lay all around me.

Before me I saw a wonderful scene. I did not understand where these astral people had come from so quickly, but I saw that spirits took away the released people, who had entered here with a shock. This was a remarkable event for me. When I realised properly what had happened, the silence had come back. Christians and heathens had gone their own way. It was a short and intense battle, resulting in a few deaths and injuries. All of that happened for religion. The astral people dissolved before my eyes. The only thing that remained of them was the street stained with Christian blood, because peo-

ple had been destroyed. People killed for religion, that was why these people were struck down. Heathens against Christians and both were not conscious of what they did.

Why that hatred, for that matter? Why did the head of the church approve of this? The heathens were provoked and now they were all aflame. However, I did not think about this for long and just carried on.

When I connected myself to other people, I heard them discussing this event. Their thoughts were different. One person was for it, another was against. However, when I continued to follow their conversation, I established that great things had happened since the time that I had died. I heard them say: 'He is following Sergius.' Sergius, I thought, he was the head of the church in my time. Was there now another? I waited and listened to what else they had to say. However, their conversation took a different direction and I went away. However, I wanted to connect to other people, because I wanted to know what this meant. When I came to another street, I met a procession again. However, cavalrymen stormed at the people again and crushed them underfoot. Their groaning pierced me in this world and it probably went higher and higher until it reached God. I did not know what God would think of this, but I thought it was terrible.

'Death to Honorius', I heard it called from all sides. 'Death to Honorius and a curse on his God.' 'A curse on him', I heard again. I connected myself to the earthly people and I felt in what time they lived. How was this possible? Did I feel it clearly? Would a century have passed? It was almost impossible and yet I felt it clearly.

When I was a child, people talked about Benedictus, Johannes and Leo, now about Honorius. I tried again to connect myself with them deeply. It could not be any other way, a century had passed. But how was it possible? What had happened to me? I had been locked up in a dungeon, had taken my own life, experienced the process of decay and had then gone to sleep. After I had awakened I had lived in the silence for a long time. Had that lasted a century? Did a century lie between me and the past? I could not accept this, and yet, when I connected again and passed over completely into their lives, I had to accept it. However, I did not understand it and I decided to wait. I had experienced something strange again, but I could not be amazed by it. One day I would work it out; here, I felt it, everything remained dark to me. I had to try and find it in my own life. It was connected to me and the mystery could be solved on this side. This was part of the spiritual life, but that event with the earthly life. I thought it was sad that the human being destroyed himself, and all for religion, for God. Would that be God's intention? It appeared incredible to me.

I continued on my way and would try to find my own house again, I want-

ed to know what had remained of my house. However, when I had to accept everything which I had just observed, then Marianne lived on this side, then she was also dead and those initial feelings were clear and good. But where was she then? I became really curious and wanted to know everything, from my childhood onwards, if this was at least possible. Everywhere I came there was fighting, I had never taken part in that, because on earth I only lived for my art. Yet I had had to accept a religion, or they would have locked me up sooner or later. In ancient times there was already fighting and the human being had still not changed.

I followed the voice of my heart and continued to go in the direction where I used to live. Really, I recognised many things which also used to be there. I lived close to the wall of Rome, one of the most beautiful parts of the city. My own thoughts took me back to that place. I saw much that had changed, but I could still find my way about sufficiently. The closer I came to my house, the more intensely I could feel my heart beating. It was as if something strange awaited me. Finally I had arrived at the place where I had lived. Here I had killed Roni and met my Marianne.

But what was that? Everything had been razed to the ground, nothing more could be seen of my house. That was a great disappointment to me, because I had not thought about that. Was I perhaps wrong? I concentrated on my former possessions, but no, it was correct, I had lived here. However, I did not understand any of it and sat down to think about all of it. It was as if this whole area had been turned upside down, even nature had changed. As a result of this disappointment I felt a stabbing pain in my heart and I was very sad now that I had to accept all of this.

Where was Marianne? She lived on this side and yet she had not come to me. 'Marianne, my child, are you dead? Do you live in another hell or are you one of the fortunate ones? Have you entered a heaven?' Would she possess a heaven? Was she so far away from me? It seemed incredible to me, too unnatural. Yet she was dead, because she would not have lived to such an age.

'Why did you not come to me, you do not love me? Can you not find the way to me?' All those questions came to me. No, I had not counted on this, 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 clarify this mystery for me? This was a great problem, which I could not solve, which was incomprehensible to me, because I felt that I came into a collision with laws which I did not know and did not understand either. Yet I wanted to remain myself, however sad I felt, I would not lose my head. However, no matter where Marianne was, even if she was in the deepest hell, I would visit her and stay with her, not leave her alone anymore. That love lived within me and I was prepared to go to her, because I loved her, truly

loved her. I could not love any other being.

When I was sitting thinking like that, I felt another power entering me. It was more powerful than myself, it passed into my feelings, because I immediately felt changes which revealed themselves within me. I felt myself getting tired and sleepy, something happened to me. What was that? The earth disappeared before my eyes and I felt that I was connected to another world. There was movement under me, something started to take shape. Was I seeing properly? Was that my studio? Was I seeing into the past? There was nothing more to be seen of my house and everything which I could call mine on earth. However, now I started to perceive the past. I saw myself and also that I had started to work on the statue of Marianne. It was at the time when that old statue had shattered to pieces and had interrupted my inspiration. I still knew all of this very well and I was now connected to it. The past revealed itself to me. However, what did all of this mean? Was I awake or dreaming? I felt myself, but no, I was wide awake, but something amazing was happening here which I did not yet understand. I saw the moment before me when I picked up the shattered pieces in order to be able to work again and to be able to move sufficiently. What I now perceived was amazing. I now also felt that tremendous shock and the statue was shattered by that shock. However, I saw even more!

Out of those shattered pieces a flashing green light shone towards me, which I had seen in my life on earth when I crushed Roni. Was I surrounded by dark forces at that time and was I influenced by them? I now had to make every effort if I wished to control myself. Now I calmed down a bit. I was also helped in this, because what I started to perceive was tremendous. The power which showed me all of this also stopped me from collapsing. That power, I felt this clearly, guided all of this and me also.

Through whom did I experience this? Who possessed the power to connect me to the past? Was it Emschor? I now felt that those terrible influences had destroyed my own thoughts a moment ago and if that other power had not helped me I would have succumbed.

Who was it again who had brought me that statue and given me the order? Oh yes, it was a slim young man, an Egyptian. When I thought about this the vision changed and I received another one. I experienced the moment again when that stranger brought me this statue, I recognised him immediately. That vision also passed me by. I thought that I recognised that power from my dungeon in that green flashing light. The demons had shown themselves to me in that light and I now understood that completely. As a result of this I felt that my paths had been followed and that all of this would happen. Part of it was the death of my friend and many other things and events which were not yet clear to me. The anxiety and fever which I had felt then were

also a part of it. New problems piled up, but I experienced many of them again. Everything would probably be made clear to me. That demon had destroyed me, I was already connected to him then. I had now established that and I had to accept it. The influences of those terrible beings were still attached to the shattered pieces. This light, which was demonic, and the one from my dungeon were one and the same influence. However, I now had to remain calm, otherwise I would not make it. How false those powers were, how mean, that they could make such a thing happen. Or did this have another meaning? But I felt that all of this had to do with those demons.

The statue was of one of his family members, who had died long ago. It had the Egyptian and Hellenic style. I kept feeling more and more, one feeling followed another. Yet what now came to me was almost incredible. For I felt that I had something to do with that statue, because I saw myself passing into that statue. I felt myself in that old style. My first masters had had to teach me not to use that style and did not understand where I had got it from. However, if this was true, perhaps the mystery would be solved for me, where my feeling for art came from which I already had during my childhood. I was faced with a great human problem which I did not understand, but which had occupied me during all of my previous life. Oh, if that mystery would be resolved for me one day, it would make me very happy. It was also a mystery to me how that Egyptian had brought it here to me. Where did he get that ancient piece of art from? My feeling for art, that ancient style and this statue, in which I saw and felt myself, were one. Something, an incomprehensible force, power, or whatever it was, brought this together, but which one? Was it really Emschor? Could he show me all of this? Did he possess this power? I now felt that I went back to myself and a thick haze kept all of this hidden. It was a pity, because I had made such great progress in unveiling all those secrets. Yet I was powerless.

I had experienced amazing things a moment ago. Was I not yet allowed to know the whole truth? Then I would just wait and see, I thought, and I felt that I had to continue. But where to?

I would continue to follow this path and go to my dungeon. It was there that Marianne had come to visit me, perhaps I would also be able to perceive something there. I followed the voice of my heart which had shown me all of this, and my feelings and thoughts took me to the place where I had been locked up.

## To my dungeon

Before me I saw a building and I knew that building from my previous time. So, I thought, my first cell was here? I had been locked up in a former arena. I entered through the gate, but as I entered I heard a terrible screaming and the moaning of people. I had already observed the same scene in the street and I immediately understood what was happening here. I saw dead and wounded, they lay spread out all around me, and I heard the cursing of earthly people.

The Christians were ill-treated in this way. Yet at that moment I was not interested in any of this. I was now too tuned into my own life, so that I did not want to interfere in that. It was none of my business, because I lived in eternity. Those on earth would have to just fight it out. However, it was not a Christian scene, because there was violent swearing and whipping. I had soon reached my cell. I had been locked up in this cell, had awaited my sentence. Others had now taken my place. I counted seven of them, although there was just room for one. I could see three of these earthly people clearly, but the others were shadows to me. The walls of my cell were now transparent to me and so I saw that those other cells were likewise occupied. The human being on earth was in rebellion. The religious people had been destroyed. Many of them would have to die, because if they were locked up they were sentenced to death. I had served my time here. Then I had been taken to another place and there I had died. Here I had spoken to Marianne. I was sorry that I had lost consciousness then. Yet I now did not see or feel any of the 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 looked at the people here around me. I saw a spirit around one of the prisoners, who could be his mother. When I tuned in, I felt that it was true. Did she feel and know that something terrible would happen to her child? How did she know this? Where did she get this knowledge? These were new mysteries to me. However, I did not go into it too deeply, but remained with my own life. I did not become any the wiser here and I decided to go to my other dungeon. I concentrated very strongly on the past and I saw and felt that I left the city.

I now floated over the earth and felt that I came to an area where I had never been in my life on earth. Was this a place for prisoners? Before me lay a great stretch of water and there was an island in it. The water was surrounded by hills. I would never had found the opportunity of escaping from here. It looked more like an underground cave to me, or the catacombs which I knew

about. I felt very clearly that I was in the place where I had been locked up and had died. I floated over the water and stepped onto the island. I found that floating forward amazing.

I had died there in that terrible building, I had been connected to devils there. I stepped inside and saw where I was and that I had to go downstairs. The steps were carved in the rocks and I remembered that I had counted them. I also did that now. Indeed, it was thirty-two. Then I came to a square, but before me I saw a path, which winded upwards and took me to the highest situated cells. No, I could not have escaped from here. I wanted to go to my own cell first, then I would visit the others. This had to be the death island which I had heard about.

I now entered my cell. Another person had taken my place in this square hovel. What a wretched hovel it was. How terrible the fate of this human being was, because he was waiting for his end. He was a young thin person and he lay in the same place where I had lain and had come into contact with the demons. He was resting there and thought as I did: when will my end come. Was he also connected? He was already completely exhausted and it could not last much longer. Then death would take him, the death which was not death, but meant life. I myself was death and I stood before him, and he knew nothing about it. Poor man!

I sat down close to him, but he did not feel me. Then I went through him, but he did not feel that either. The invisible human being could come very close to the earthly being, influence him, do everything he wanted and yet the earthly being did not feel or know any of it. People would have to be very sensitive in order to be able to see, hear and feel this. How simple it had been for these devils to come to me. In this life people could go where they wanted themselves and do what they felt like. I had to try to master this connection. I wanted to know exactly how the human being on earth could be reached, then I would keep him from his own passing over, if he wanted to put an end to his earthly life.

Above me I saw a shadow and that shadow possessed more light than I did. It was the astral being. The earthly being possessed a very different light, I could see from this light that it was an astral being. Was this being watching over him? The light that I perceived was only very weak and yet I knew that this human being was higher than I was. Was this being here to influence him? I felt that it perceived me. It was a female shape, I saw that from the outlines of her figure. I felt even more, since it clearly entered me, for what purpose she had come to him. This was a spirit guide, a human being who watched out for the well-being of a family member, he was probably her child. However, I did not know this for certain, but in any case she had come here with good intentions. She would protect him from demons and then my

help would be unnecessary. She also knew more about this life than I did and would reach him in a different way, which I still knew nothing about. It was now clear to me how I could feel and understand all of this so quickly, because I felt that other influence again. It was as if it was laid within me. Then I felt and understood my spirit guide and I understood that other truths would perhaps be made clear to me. Had he followed me here? Was it Em-schor? However, I did not get an answer to my thoughts and so I just waited. However, I understood that people in this life learned through others. This life was sensing, connecting and protecting. I felt respect for the woman there above me and also for the feelings which had come to me. She was still there and I felt that she was looking down on me. I got to know other powers again than I had already experienced. But what had I come here to do? Here I had come into connection with the demons. Where were they now? Could they not reach him? Had that apparition come here for me, because I felt that she was looking at me. If it was possible to see into another life and to be able to feel that life, then she would know that I was here in order to get to know my own life. I was completely open to her. I saw into the life of another, and she, who was higher than I was anyway, would definitely be able to.

Now I thought of the time that I had been here. How long had I been locked up? I had been almost thirty-eight years old when I was locked up. I concentrated on that time and I felt that I had been here four and a half years before I had taken my life. How had I been able to stand it all that time?

In my thoughts I went back to the man who had taken my place, I wanted to know why he was here. When I connected with him, I felt an intense influence going through me and I understood that power. Was I being helped with this? He had also killed. I sent him the message not to kill himself, because he would only receive more suffering and sorrow than he had already experienced. All of this was still bearable, but that other part was much worse. When I thought about this the apparition above me left. Where did this spirit go? Did she feel danger? I was not conscious of any danger, because I was here alone with him. I tuned into him again. I now passed over completely into him. I squeezed myself into his body as I had tried to do with my own material garment when I was hanging next to it. I wanted to see and experience whether he could feel me. He would have been able to be reached, this was why he was a human being. I forced him to stand up, which he did, but then I no longer had him in my power and he walked to a corner of his cell, where he had noted the days, weeks, months and years. In my thoughts I followed him and worked out all those figures. Seven years had already passed. How inhuman his suffering was. Seven years alone, completely alone in this horror! I found it really amazing that I could take over all of this from him. Now I sent to him what I already knew about this life, but that



also appeared unnecessary, he knew about an eternal life, because he was a religious person. I understood that he could not be reached to put an end to his life himself. He was a Christian and stoically bore his cross. A great faith lay within him and I admired him. He suddenly did something which I had not counted upon. He knelt down and started to pray.

How ashamed I felt when I experienced this. I had never prayed in my life or here either. However, I remained one with him and as a result of this a great happiness flowed through me. Could a person be so happy through praying? What a beautiful feeling it was which now entered me. Was it the power of his prayer? Then I was a poor person. How happy he was and yet he lived here in this hell. It was the most terrible thing that a person on earth could receive. This devout person had killed? How could he kill, because if a person believed he did not kill. Now I saw why he had killed. He had wanted to protect his own sister. A heathen had wanted to sully her body and he prevented that by slaying him.

Who gave me this vision? He had thought of all of this and asked his God for forgiveness. I will pay gladly, he prayed, my God, but protect my sister. She is not strong, she is so weak and cannot protect herself against this power. Support her, my God, and I will pay gladly.

Now I understood everything. Poor person, you have sacrificed yourself. You are now locked up and will have to die here. But what a powerful belief you have for someone so young.

Protect her, I heard him say, now that mother is no longer alive either. The apparition was therefore his mother and I had felt it correctly. Was his father already on this side? However, he was not here. How different we both were. I sought connection with life, with demons, let myself be lied to and cheated and he sought it with his God. He was far above me in his inner self.

I had got to know yet another kind of human being. However, what did I have to do here any longer? I wanted to leave, but I felt that I was being restrained. I had felt that same power when entering this world when I passed over from the silence into the astral world. I also felt this power now and I therefore concentrated again on the prisoner. Did he stop me? No, and yet I had clearly felt that influence, I could not have been mistaken. Should I also pray? I felt respect for this unfortunate man, but I could not yet pray as he could. I would not be able to pray in this way, because my inner self refused. Yet I would gladly have wanted to, because I felt respect for everything which I had experienced up until now, also for God. But to pray like he did, no, that was not possible, I had suffered too much for that. I felt respect and that was already a great deal for me. Should I start to believe in God? Did this invisible power want me to kneel down? Would that being that had spoken to me want that? I would not be able to do that yet, although I felt that I had

to master this. By experiencing this life I would elevate myself, I would start to love. Did I not love then? How I had loved Marianne, was that not loving? I wanted to leave again and for the second time I was stopped.

The prisoner had gone back to his corner. But what did they want from me? Again I looked at the man who was sitting in front of me and I felt that he had sunk into deep prayer. He sat there with his eyes closed. I saw him as a saint.

I felt myself becoming anxious and this was because of his praying. I found myself coarse and insensitive. As a result of his praying he took me to another world, into the world of faith, love and surrender. I did not yet know this world. Here in my cell I had got to know another life. A life of happiness, of sacrifice and of pure love. He was here as a result of sacrificing himself for his sister.

I could also have done this. I would have given my life for anyone, if I only knew whether I would achieve anything by it. There was no death, after all, people continued into eternity.

I looked at him for a long time and because I had experienced all of this, my thoughts changed. If this was the intention, then something had been achieved and I would think of this and continue to think of this. I would try to become a Christian as he was. In the depths of his struggle, his suffering and sorrow and many other miseries, he wanted to pay, he still asked God strength for others. As a result of this I got to know myself. I had cursed and sworn. I had made God out to be an unjust being. Here I learned how to live and I also got to know other hells and heavens. The woman who had just left lived in her heaven, and the heaven she possessed was great in trust and faith. My heaven was the darkness in which I lived. I lived in between both situations and I wanted to master my own heaven. I was very pleased that I had been able to experience this. I wanted to leave again, because I had nothing more to do here. Now I wanted to go to the other cells, but I was held back for the third time. However, I did not see any being, none of that power which prevented me from leaving. The prisoner was now sitting staring in front of him and had stopped praying. He sat there as if he was dead, he did not seem to be breathing. However, when he did so, his chest wheezed, so that I could hear it in my world.

He suddenly jumped up, walked around in his cell a few times and went back to his place. I had also done so, because I thought that I would go mad. I now connected with him and wanted to calm him, but he did what he wanted himself and I felt that I could not reach him. When he leapt up when I had concentrated for the first time, he had wanted that himself. As a result of this I learned that the human being on earth closed himself off to and protected himself against other, strange influences unknown to him. God

gave the human being an own free will and according to attunement, feeling and personality the mortal human being could be influenced. Yet I started to feel that God still guided the human being, outside of himself.

Now I thought of Emschor. If it was he who let me experience this, then I would thank him from the bottom of my soul. If he guided me, I wanted to ask him to have patience with me, because I would do my best to master all of this. To me this event was wisdom. As a result of this I got to know the life where I now lived and to accept my own life.

I sat down next to the prisoner again, another power forced me to do so. I had barely sat down when I thought I saw a shining haze before me. It was the same experience as when I had been locked up here. Now I saw movement in that haze and it took on shapes. I saw clearly that something was being built up inside it that became all the more clear and dense, so that I recognised it as a human being. However, the man next to me did not see any of it.

Was this all for me? Indeed, I had seen it properly. Emschor, I said in thought, it is Emschor. The spirit who had spoken to me a century ago had come back to me again. A radiant face looked at me and an elevated power flowed into me.

‘Lantos’, I heard him say, ‘Lantos Dumonché.’

‘Do you know me?’ I asked.

‘You can hear that I know you, but listen. I have come to bring you some messages and I am very grateful to you for the beautiful thoughts which you just sent me.’

‘Do you know that?’ I asked. ‘You can hear that I know.’ Remarkable, I thought, what powers this human being possesses.

‘I stopped you a moment ago from leaving and connected you to the man sitting next to you and with many other situations which you still do not understand. Listen to me: from here you will be connected with life. Many years ago I spoke to you and advised you not to put an end to your earthly life. Now I have come to you in order to convince you of our life. I am following you, Lantos, in everything and I am connected to even higher beings who guide you and me. I may connect you to the past, but this is not my will, but the will of those who live in the higher spheres and call themselves cosmically awakened. I therefore follow you on all your paths, because we both form two links of a mighty chain, which connects us with this life, the past and the universe. You will follow your path step by step and I will help you with it. As a result of this you will experience miracles and all your questions ‘why’ and ‘for what purpose’ will be answered. As a result of this you will enter this life and accept it as your possession. You will bridge depths and you will master the powers which you need for that.

You will have noticed that everyone follows his path, both on earth and on this side. Well, everyone is on a path to help humanity and to make up for the things they have to make up for. All of them serve a higher power and are prepared to deal with the heaviest things they meet on their path. They serve life, work on their inner attunement and pass into this life. Their path is yours, mine and of those who have already reached the highest attunement. One day you will be with me in the spheres of light. Work awaits you there. Therefore accept everything, how amazing it is. Since you experience these miracles, you will soon also accept even greater miracles, because it has to do with your life on earth and your previous lives.

All of this is part of the cycle of the earth. It is the cycle of the soul, which follows its path to the highest. You will end your cycle, therefore follow the voice of your own heart. It will take you to the place where these miracles and problems will be solved for you. Every thought and event makes you connect with the true reality. I will therefore support you in everything and you will only later be able to understand properly why this happens. I was ordered to this, it is your task and mine.

I have strange things to tell you, listen further, Lantos. We both belonged to the same family. I once bore your name, the name you now bear. I will make this clear to you at the place where you were born. However, many centuries have passed since I lived on earth. I waited many centuries for this moment of connection. I told you a century ago that I also took my own life. You did it because you could not wait for your end, because that loneliness made you crazy. Your curiosity to get to know this life brought you to this situation. However, I did it out of remorse, because I stole other people's possessions. I had to make up for that in another life. I paid for this with my own life. Yet I was able to free myself from the darkness because I sought the good, wanted to follow the good, because people convinced me of my own life. This path also lies open to you. I advise you to search the higher, because there is a life after death and beautiful areas await you there. There you will possess light and happiness. I already told you that higher beings support me in order to make the deepest problems clear to you and that we will work for them. All of this serves to convince the human being on earth of our life. I serve you, you serve me, we all serve. Now you can ask me questions.'

I immediately asked: 'Are you from my family?'

'I belong to your family, this is why I know you and I bore your name.'

'Can you tell me more about that?'

'No, it is not yet time, later, at the place where you were born.'

'Was that influence in my studio from you?'

'From me.'

'What did the green flashing light mean which I perceived?'

‘What you perceived was your connection with the demons.’

‘Did I feel it properly, after all?’

‘Yes, but they were my thoughts, I let you feel it.’

‘Thank you’, I said and asked: ‘Why did he send me here?’

‘You had to make something up to him, he followed you. He had helped you to take your life.’

‘And I did not know him.’

‘That is not necessary either, but later I can make all of this clear to you. This is part of the law of cause and effect.’

I found all of this remarkable and asked: ‘That statue which shattered, did the demons do that?’

‘Their powers are in reality so intense that they can do this.’

‘Have I anything to do with that statue?’

‘I will also clarify that to you, but in another place, there, where you once lived. It belongs to the past.’

I thought again about him who had sent me here and asked: ‘Do you know that demon?’

‘Yes, Lantos, he is a member of your family.’

‘Of my family? I do not know him, I have no family members and I was the only one of our family. How is that possible?’

‘Yet this is the case and you will get to know him.’

All of this is amazing, I thought, and asked further: ‘Do you know where my love is?’

‘Yes, she lives on this side.’

‘Can I go to her?’

‘No, she lives in the world of the unconscious. I will also tell you about it, when it is time.’

‘Can she not come to me?’

‘No, that is not possible.’

‘What a pity’, I said, ‘but I am very grateful to you.’

‘You’re welcome, I am prepared to help you in everything.’

‘Is Marianne not conscious?’

‘I will soon make this clear to you, follow your path.’

‘Another question: Why do you remain in your situation, in your heaven?’

‘Because you have to live your own life.’

‘Oh, now I understand you.’

‘I am leaving, Lantos, but I will continue to follow you. Farewell, search for the good. Your Emschor.’

The spirit dissolved before me and I was alone again with thousands of thoughts. However, I could not think, because this had taken me by surprise. The man next to me had gone to sleep. I also lay down next to him,

because I did not have the strength to leave. I knew more than before and yet everything was darkness. He would continue to watch over me! Marianne was in this life and yet invisible to me. I felt much and understood him, but I did not feel any of all these problems and miracles. Yet I had to carry on, I could not stay here. By carrying on all these miracles would reveal themselves and I would get to know this life. I wanted to work on myself and the secret of my life and that of Marianne and get to know more about so many other things. I gathered all my strength together and leapt up from the place where I had been sitting. Away from here, far away from this misery. 'Farewell', I also said to him, 'may God grant you a swift end. Poor, poor man!' Then I left.

Now I went from one cell to the other. They were locked up above and below me. I saw young and old people. This was a place of death, death and life lived here. The human being discarded his earthly garment and received another one in its place. That life lay within him, but he did not know or feel that life. It was the life in which I lived and where they would also enter.

I had already visited many cells and seen dreadful scenes. Many people destroyed their earthly and their spiritual body and went completely under. Thank God, I thought, that these thoughts had never entered me. Did I have a different mentality to them? Was I freed from that? It had to be the case, because I would not assault myself. This was even worse than killing a man. They were spiritually crazy and tortured the earthly body. I could not deal with this and left.

## The world of the unconscious

These people were no longer themselves. Everything I perceived was sad, deeply sad. One person sought himself, another life, yet another God and thousands of others did not know where to start. Yet everyone is searching, will continue to search just as long as it takes to know. I was also a searcher, because I wanted to get to know life, my life on earth and the life which Emschor spoke about. Oh, I had so much to ask and yet had forgotten so much. He could have clarified to me how I had got my feeling for art. However, I would ask Emschor when he came back to me. I experienced here in this dreadful place that people on earth descend deeper and deeper and that there is no question of progress. Now I wanted to go further, but where would I go? I felt that I had to go back and followed that inner yearning, so that I went back to my own cell. My research would begin here and I felt that that was the intention.

Above me were the bars, I had hung there. I now felt that I had sunk into another world. I let myself go and saw that the earth and everything disappeared, but I remained conscious of everything. What was that? Was I seeing clearly? My garment hung there on the bars and I myself next to it. I had been connected to the past and now I suddenly understood what he meant with going further and following that path. The peace and silence from that world descended into me and I saw that my body was taken away. Now I also saw the people who had buried me. It was amazing what I perceived. The past lay open to me, became reality again. All of this had happened once. I followed my own corpse outside. We went down the small corridor and climbed the steps. When we had come outside I saw even more people, who went before us. There before me I saw my grave in which I was laid. My grave seen from the spirit was amazing. The people who had carried me left and two others closed it and Lantos Dumonché was forgotten.

I sat down on the edge of my own grave and I thanked that invisible power for this scene from a century ago. The powers of the human being who has entered the higher spheres of which he spoke are wonderful, I thought. I bowed my head, because I felt very insignificant. I wanted to master these powers, I had to possess them. I saw into my own life, but through him who possessed this power. He was connected to yet other beings. I understood that here great and even much greater powers were necessary than he and I possessed. This was a miracle and a problem. Yet now I knew how it happened, I accepted it and very gladly. I had gone back to the silence of my grave again. I sat here thinking again and feeling again. Everything I have

been able to perceive is wonderful, dear guide, I said very loudly. I thank you, I thank you very deeply. People would have to experience this to be able to accept it, because this had happened long ago. Long, very long and yet, now it was so close by. I could not stop thinking about it. I would have liked to stay here, in order to keep on and on thinking about it, I found this happening so amazing. There was nothing to be destroyed, the things that had happened could be called back and awakened. I had suffered a terrible battle here. Here I had felt fear and horror as people on earth do not know. Here I was torn apart and unravelled. I had brought myself here since I had done something to others, which I did not even know. How deep everything was. Here I had spoken to Roni, which was also so strange for me. Would I be able to speak to him again? Where did he come from? Did he come from that depth, from this silence? He had been awakened, but how? I looked at my garment again. My skeleton lay there, this had once belonged to me. How trivial that earthly garment was and how mighty the spiritual. I myself was a great miracle. This miracle looked down on that insignificant one there. I did not understand or know myself. Yet that had perished, there was nothing left of it anymore. How great God is, Who knew all of this beforehand. Here was something, I felt it clearly, that put to sleep the human being who would live here. If I would descend deeper the sleep would overcome me. I also felt that it would not happen and yet that sleep already lay within me. I only had to take one step and I would sleep. This feeling was strange! The life on this side was an amazing life. Here were many secrets and one secret was deeper than the other. I now understood that only Emschor could make that clear to me, but I would wait and see.

It became continually quieter within me. Did I feel properly? I thought I felt the voice of my master. It was still far away, but the sound of his voice became closer and closer to me. This coming closer by was also amazing, but I understood it completely. It was the tuning in of the master. I now became connected to him and then new things would become clear to me. When the voice was very clear, I heard it say: 'On the edge of your own grave I will come to you, Lantos. You now live in the world of the unconscious. Even deeper and you will fall asleep. Anyone who passes over into that, will and must go back to the earth. Now listen carefully, I will make this clear to you. You have entered here and experienced the process of decay of your earthly body. More than a century had passed since then. When you had experienced that process, you fell asleep. That sleep came since you had put an end to your life. However, everyone who enters into our life from the earth, will sleep. For one person that sleep lasts a long time, for another person a short time, that depends on your inner life. Those who have lived a spiritual life will sleep for a short time, because they have awakened inside and bear love.



However, others who know nothing about this life, fall asleep until they go back to themselves and they will keep on falling asleep in order to enter the spiritual spheres one day. Because you had no faith and neither loved a God your sleep was therefore so deep. You had to learn all of this. I am making this clear to you because you must not think that others have laid this upon you. Your sleep was therefore a spiritual sleep and means spiritual poverty. You possessed nothing that could waken you and you had to experience that. That is why you were alone, no one could help you. The woman whom you met on your journey, you already felt and experienced that, that woman who had committed suicide, could not be helped. I let you experience that, connected you to her, as a result of which you felt how this life is, and in this way accepted your own suffering and all your struggles. You took up your cross because you knew that you had to carry it. I already told you that everyone who enters here falls asleep. Yet those who have taken their own lives want to break a natural law, which, however, cannot be broken, because that law means life and life cannot be destroyed, because life is God. Those vibrations of disharmony create this sleep. Those who die in a normal way will also sleep. No being escapes it, is so strongly aware of this life, that it is awake at the same moment of his death on earth and will stay awake. However, the spiritual body has to cope with this and you are it yourself. That is the human being, that is life. Now I will tell you about the world of the unconscious. Try to follow me.

Just a moment ago you felt that sleep overcame you. I descended deeper with you, because I wanted you to feel that. Your friend Roni lives there in that world. The masters awakened him and in this way you could speak to him. This wakening has a meaning, because we will come back to this one day. Then you will experience other miracles. You were able to perceive your own life a moment ago and you saw that people carried you to this place. That is the past and the conversation with your friend likewise belongs to the past. Yet that lies more deeply hidden in this life and only the masters can connect with this situation. This sphere, this world now, finds attunement to the earth. It is the world of connection in which the human being, the soul, lives who will return to the earth. From here the soul therefore goes back into the material body and is the life which brings the material to vivification. That is being born on earth. The soul which has now entered here will wait for centuries in order to be drawn back to earth. That is God's will and God's sacred laws, which cannot be changed or influenced by human being or spirit. Millions of beings have entered here, but all those beings, who are souls and therefore people, were born and died on earth. After their death they entered here and will and have to go back until they have completed their cycle of the earth. All of them came back to the earth with a fixed purpose.

It will therefore be clear to you that the life which the material body brings to vivification comes from the universe and from this sphere. This is why this is the world of the unconscious. The soul which comes back to earth is not conscious of its previous life. I could also call this sphere the world of the embryo, because from here the embryo is vivified. You will experience all of this one day, when we come back here and you have reached the spheres of light. Wherever people on earth are, they can only be fathomed out by those who have reached the highest spheres of light. Most people can tune into that life, as you already experienced with your friend. You will also experience that awakening. The human being who returns to earth follows the law of cause and effect. Therefore causes and effects, being born on earth and returning to this world. When the soul has completed its cycle of the earth it will continue in this world and try to reach the highest spheres. Yet all of this is for later, when you possess the powers for it, only then can I make all of this clear to you. Now you can ask me questions.'

I had listened carefully and asked: 'Do I have to go back to the earth?'

'You will experience the material process.'

'What is the purpose of all of this?'

'In order to convince the people of the earth of our life and to make all of this known.'

'But then I will be born, won't I?'

'No, before that you will go back.'

Amazing, I thought, after which I heard: 'You will get to know those miracles, because this is a part of our work. It is my task and your task, which will later become clear to you. Great happiness also awaits you.'

'Will my friend Roni go back?'

'He has to go back to the earth and will live there.'

'For what?'

'You will also know that.'

'He told me that he will see Marianne, do you know about it?'

'I know that and it will happen. That is a law.'

He and not I, I thought.

'Both of them', I heard him saying, 'have to make it up, let this be enough.'

'So Marianne already lives in this world?'

'She has entered here.'

'Have I lost her then?'

'No, on the contrary, she is and will remain yours.'

'Are you so sure of that?'

'I know, Lantos, accept it. You are one and will remain one, but I can only explain the cause of this event later.'

'Am I privileged that I may experience all of this?'

‘No, everyone who enters here will be convinced of his life and cycle. I have work to carry out here and I already told you that I want to convince you of this life. I will help you and support you, but in return you will give me your trust and your submission to everything. It is therefore part of my work.’

‘Does everyone have a guardian angel?’

‘Everyone finds him, or her, in this life, who supports the human being, so that the person who has passed over gets to know his life on this side. It is otherwise not possible to free you from your earthly life. I was also helped in such a way and will always remain grateful for it. Know that we know each other, that our souls are connected and will remain connected. We are one, others are one, and we therefore work together for one goal and that is, to release you from your earthly thought life. You follow your path, I follow you and I do great work by helping you, but you help me, because you will be able to pass this on to the earth one day.

‘Is that possible?’ I asked.

‘You will experience it.’

‘How great that is.’

‘It is God’s will, Lantos, that this will happen.’

‘Did my parents enter here?’

‘Yes, and they will also go back.’

My God, I thought, who will know You? To which Emschor said: ‘One day you will get to know God as a Father of Love. You still do not feel that, but it will come. The life which you will sense, there lies the power and you will pass over to there. Only then when you have entered the spheres of light and His holy love makes you happy you will be grateful and feel sacred respect for Him, Who is the Father of all of us.’

‘What do you advise me to do now?’

‘Continue, I will follow you.’

‘Do you think’, I asked again, ‘that I will get to know God?’

‘That will happen, because you search for the good. However, you will first have to understand the depth of your own life, in order to then awaken for an even higher love. You will go continually further to kneel down again and to say thanks. Now I will leave you. Keep on searching for the higher.’

‘May I see you again?’

‘No, only in the spheres of light. I will now remain invisible to you, but you know that I will be close to you and follow you in everything. Farewell, may God be with you.’

I was alone again, I had become wiser and yet I had only covered a small part of my path. Marianne and Roni would go back, as would my parents.

People, people, know yourself. These words entered me. The human being

was deep, incomprehensibly deep. How could people be able to know the human being on earth? He did not even know there that he lived eternally and even less that he could go back. The clergy of the earth thought that they knew God, but all those academics knew nothing about eternal life or God. On earth there were no people who knew God. On earth only people lived who were not even a human being. A human being should know himself, only then would he be a person. However, who could say that of himself on earth? Not I and millions of others. How I trembled from all that wisdom. The world of the embryo, of the soul, of the human being, they were miracles! How grateful I could already be to the Creator of all this life, and I felt respect, deep respect for God.

Did I awaken? Was something starting to change within me? It had to be the case, it could not be any different. How overwhelming the Creator of heaven and earth was. And I was, like all people, divine? It was difficult to understand, to feel. Roni had been awakened so that I could experience this. I would not have been able to accept it if it had not happened. I had heard and recognised his voice and therefore I had to believe it. However, Marianne was my soul and would remain mine. Was this the great and wonderful happiness that awaited me? It would make me so happy, I knew that for certain. One day we would see each other again, we would then be one for eternity. This great and wonderful happiness lay within me, my love for her, my twin soul. God was just and would know for what purpose she had to go back to earth. I would probably also be allowed to know this one day. However, I would continue to think of her, even if it would take centuries.

By being allowed to experience all of this, I got to know myself. I would do my best and master these powers.

## The past

My parents went back to the earth and I understood that. I already heard them calling there: 'Why and for what purpose can God approve of this?' It was now clear to me. I would let all those other questions and events rest in my deep inner self for so long. They dissolved one by one. I would carry on just as long until I was empty and there were no more questions in me. Then I would decide what to do. I could carry on thinking for centuries, but I had to continue, further and further.

I concentrated on my own life. Where to, Lantos? You have come as far as here, now further! I concentrated on the astral world and after a short time I entered there. I followed the voice of my heart, and that voice took me to the place where I was born. I wanted to know everything about my childhood. I had already learned to orientate myself in different ways, so that it was as if it happened of its own accord. I floated over the earth and felt that I left this country. I did not feel a hindrance in any way, I went through everything. I knew that I would come to the place where I had spent my youth. These powers were infallible. I was curious what everything would be like there. My parents lived on this side and their property had, of course, been passed onto other hands. But to what hands? What was their end on earth like, did they die in a normal way? And Marianne? I wanted to know that as well, in short, everything which had been a part of her life and my life, at least if this was possible. No matter where I looked, there was life everywhere. When I moved forwards at a fast pace, I did not see or feel any of all of this. However, at a slow pace I saw the astral being, who moved forwards as I did, when we had the same attunement. Otherwise it was not possible. Everyone followed his own path. One person in order to help, another in order to destroy life. Yet others in order to become conscious, like I did. Because I was not conscious, I was still the living dead. Becoming conscious, well, that was what I wanted to master. I now felt that the end was approaching and I entered my parent's property. I had fixed my thoughts on this and I had made it in this way.

I immediately went to my parent's house, there the past would be unveiled to me. Emschor had promised me this and he would keep his word, I did not doubt that. I was walking on my own property again, on the ground which had burned under my feet and which I had once left behind. However, now everything was different.

Where my parent's house had once stood was now a ruin. Was that possible, was I right? The former castle was a pile of rubble. Yet I felt that this

was my parent's home where I had once lived. What had happened here? I wanted to leave, but felt the familiar power enter me. Stay, I heard, I will soon come to you.

Truly, I had once seen this already and I thought about the time when I had experienced this vision. That was when I had left and now I saw that my vision had been the truth. However, how had our house been destroyed? By the elements? I had once seen it, had then gone home, but had noticed that nothing had happened. Now there were only the foundations left of what was once a proud castle. I now felt the power of my master entering me and said in my thoughts to him: 'Welcome, master, I am very grateful to you.' Then I heard him say: 'It is me, Lantos, Emschor.'

I asked: 'Am I wrong, master?'

'No', was his answer, 'you are right. You lived here, from here you went into the wide world. The voice of your heart never deceives you on this side when you continue to follow it, you only have to listen.'

'May I ask you questions?'

'Ask as much as you like, I am ready.'

I felt where I had to begin, because I saw my whole life before me. My first question was: 'Why did I feel that sudden revulsion during my childhood for everything that was rich, for those children and those parties? Where did those feelings come from? Can you answer this?'

'I will answer you, listen and try to understand me. It was me, Lantos!'

'You? Why did you do that?'

'These feelings lay within you, but I awakened them. Those incomprehensible powers belong to the past. In this life you will pass over to another life, namely the life in which you lived and which you have already discarded. I therefore mean your last life on earth. I did nothing else but make those powers conscious. I worked on you, then you acted accordingly. The human being comes to earth for a fixed purpose, in order, as I already told you, to make up for it. That power now lay within you, it was therefore your will to accept another life. You entered that spiritual attunement, but in the life before it, not in the life in which you were freed from your material life. However, I will remain with your last life, soon you will be able to perceive all those other lives which I talked about a moment ago and I can consciously connect you to them. Ask me if what I just said is not clear to you, I will answer you.'

'If I have understood properly', I said, 'then I came to that life on earth in order to release myself from it and to escape our property?'

'It is true, you felt it very clearly.'

'Is this a law?'

'The law of cause and effect.'

'Thank you', I said. 'Did you help me in everything?'  
 'Yes, in everything.'  
 'Also in the art?'  
 'Also in that.'  
 'Then I have a lot of questions to ask you.'  
 'Continue, Lantos, I am at your service.'  
 'Tell me, master, was I an artist in a previous life?'  
 'Yes, in ancient Egypt.'  
 'What did you say?'  
 'In ancient Egypt.'  
 'What you say is so amazing and remarkable.'  
 'They are miracles to you, but all those miracles and problems are truths of life which the soul has experienced.'  
 'Do you know where I mastered my feelings for art?'  
 'You will also experience that.'  
 'Thank you', I said, 'can you already tell me something about that?'  
 'No, at the place where you lived, so soon.'  
 'Does that happen in the same way, as I already experienced?'  
 'Yes, I can connect you there with the past, this is difficult here.'  
 'Can you make it clear to me why I was like that in my childhood? I mean, what protected me and where did the contempt for my family come from?'  
 'This has to do with your first question. Within you lay the feeling to leave. You wanted to release yourself, but you were not able to sense this during your childhood. All of this was too deep, even now you cannot gauge the depth of these feelings.'  
 'No', I said, 'I cannot do that, but I feel what you mean. I thank you, master. So you awakened this in me also?'  
 'Yes, by making these feelings conscious, you felt what you had to do. The contempt for our family manifested itself since you wanted to seek the higher. Is this clear to you?'  
 'Yes, I understand you. But if I did not have had these feelings, then what?'  
 'Then many centuries would have passed. Yet you would have reached this condition of spiritual power. That is unavoidable. You therefore mastered those feelings in other lives. Everyone will sooner or later reach one and the same attunement of feeling. He will experience it in a different way, but everything comes down to this, that he himself wants it within himself, namely unconsciously. This is why the human being is deep and these are problems to him. Yet all these problems, as I already said, have meaning, namely: it is the transition to a higher attunement which the human being has mastered in other lives. This is part of the cycle of the earth. What the human being has stolen from another in one life, he will have to compensate

for in another situation.'

'Did I steal this property which I did not want from others?'

'Not you, but I.'

'But what do I have to do with all of this?'

'You were my son.'

'What did you say, was I your son, your child?'

'My child, Lantos. You are my son, but from centuries ago.'

'You are going deeper and deeper. You tell me miracles, nothing but miracles and problems. I am your child?'

'My son, my child, Lantos.'

Problems, I thought, which I could never have dreamed of.

'Is the human being not a miracle then? No problem? I will soon make it clear to you. Carry on, then you will understand all of this better.'

'You say that all people experience this. Are they also guided?'

'Everyone, because the human being is connected to thousands of other people and all these people have to do with this. But from this side the human being, therefore the soul, is influenced on earth. However, if this is possible. They have therefore reached this heightened attunement, otherwise it is not possible.'

'Sometimes there were thoughts within me which were quicker than I was. Can you explain this to me?'

'It was my strong concentration which spoke through you.'

'I thank you, master, I understand you completely. You were able to reach me.'

'Precisely as now, since this influence is the same. You know now how people on this side connect to the human being on earth.'

'So my feeling for art therefore became conscious?'

'Very well felt, only because of that.'

'Everything is remarkable, great and deep.'

'You experience miracles and you can only experience them since I connect myself to you. A higher attunement can connect himself to those who live under his own attunement of life. This will now be clear to you. Passing over and connecting, as a result of this you become conscious. You will get to know those powers. Only then will you enter another and higher life, where great happiness awaits you. Never forget this.'

I could still see myself. It was amazing what I now experienced. Then I heard: 'You see through my will and powers.'

I asked: 'You always know what I am thinking, is that so simple?'

'Did you not do it with other people?'

'Yes, I already experienced this, but to keep on experiencing it, that is precisely the amazing thing and I cannot stop thinking about it.'



‘You see, Lantos, how beautiful these powers are.’

‘I want to master them, master.’

‘Continue like that and seek the good, then it will change within you. By changing you will start to sense the life, you will bow your head to Him, Who controls all of this.’

‘It is like a dream, this experience. Did I feel this correctly?’

‘You see the life, therefore your youth, before you in a visionary situation. You are clear-headed, but through my powers. You will not be able to do this with your own powers. Only by wanting the good, you will master them. I keep coming back to this, because it is the only possibility of being able to go higher.’

‘You do not have anything to do with anyone ungrateful, master. I want to, I am convinced of it. You are Love, master, and you love more than I do.’

‘Would I not support my own child in love? Would you act differently? If parents know and if they know all of these miracles and problems, will they act any differently to I do? Is love not the power which connects us, which moves mountains and makes us and all life live? Which connects us to the highest there is, with our Father Who is in heaven? Our path leads there.’

‘I am poor in love, master, I am still poor,’ to which I heard: ‘But you are busy conquering this love. You want to be helped, that is already a great possession. That says that you are ready to carry your cross and by carrying this you bow to higher powers. That is the way, the only way, my boy.’

‘Am I therefore still unconscious?’

‘Unfortunately, you are the living dead.’

‘It is harsh’, I said, ‘to have to hear that.’

‘You will discard that harshness. By experiencing life you will change. Keep doing good, otherwise this will be impossible.’

‘So the people on earth are not conscious?’

‘No, none of them. Of all these millions of beings who now live on earth there is not one spiritually aware. Only then, when man enters the first spiritual attunement on this side, will he get consciousness. That consciousness is the love which they possess; by doing good and living for others, they made it so far.’

‘I have not yet done anything for others’, I said.

‘That time is also approaching. Soon you will start to do something for others, only have patience. Here you can only do what is within you, what you feel, what lives in you, and that power is love. Feeling love for all life awakens you.’

‘During my childhood I made my God, why did I do that? Can you explain this to me?’

‘During your childhood the longing for happiness and the higher already

lay within you. Therefore longings which manifested themselves in this way. You wanted to get to know life, therefore also God. But you did not understand these feelings, but they have this meaning.'

'Did you also help me with that?'

'Yes, I inspired you to search for the higher life and each thought that you cherished for that awakened you and forced you to continue to follow this path.'

'I thank you, master, I understand that, I am not any different now either.'

'That is the way it is. You are now conscious, but at that time you behaved unconsciously.'

'You say that I am now conscious and just a moment ago that I was the living dead, what must I make of that?'

'Can you not see into your youth?'

'Yes, all of this takes place in front of me, I can see and feel it.'

'Well, you are now conscious of it, but through my powers. You see, hear and feel, but that seeing, hearing and feeling is not a spiritual consciousness. You still have no possession. If that were the case, you would be in a different sphere, namely the Sphere of Light. However, there is still darkness around you and you are therefore not spiritually conscious. This consciousness therefore comes because I am connecting you. We therefore know that the human being on earth is not conscious. They are only materially conscious there, love materially, and that is therefore another consciousness. When I speak of spiritual consciousness, then this is your eternal attunement. You still feel earthly, therefore material. We know the material life, therefore material consciousness, spiritual consciousness and cosmic consciousness. You still live in your material life and will now discard that life. You are trying to master another consciousness. Is this clear to you?'

'Yes, I feel what you mean, thank you. When I was myself in my childhood, because I remember those feelings, did you withdraw then?'

'Yes, then you were yourself. Do not forget that the human being has his own will and that the higher spirit cannot and will not influence your life, because he knows this. You will have to act yourself, we can only protect and guide you. So nothing can be changed by us of your inner self. Not a single spirit can carry the burdens of the human being. Each human being carries his own cross. Yet we can help you by leading you in that direction. It does therefore not lie in my power to let you live completely as I would wish myself. That is impossible and you therefore felt two conflicting feelings, which still had to do with each other. When I felt and saw that you would take the wrong path, I helped you by inspiring you to take that other road. I worked on you in silence, which you clearly felt.'

'I made sun and clouds, why did I do that?'

'You were searching, you longed for spiritual happiness.'

'Has this to do with my actions in many other things?'

'With you whole childhood, that longing lay in all your feelings.'

'I gazed at the sky for hours, was that also a part of it?'

'Yes, the longing to know, to get to know God, to possess spiritual happiness, brought you into this situation.'

'When my sun was spoilt by the rain I felt that this had to do with my life; although I was young, I still felt it. Was this the truth?'

'You already experienced it, you know that your life was destroyed. Yet I let you feel it in your childhood.'

'You already knew long beforehand?'

'Yes, I saw into your life.'

'This is remarkable, you saw far ahead.'

'I already made it clear to you that the human being can be gauged, yet only then when he possesses those powers himself. As you now perceive, I saw into your life.'

'So you could not intervene? I mean, could you not have changed my life? Did this have to happen?'

'Yes, everything is determined, this is a divine law. In your previous situation, in the world of the unconscious, I made this clear to you. You therefore came back to the earth with a fixed purpose and nothing can be changed about it. Nor by a spirit or a human being, no matter how high they have come.'

'If I sense this right, my passing over, when I took my own life, has no meaning and falls outside this law?'

'No, you would have died in your time.'

'I therefore acted myself, not under cosmic influence?'

'You felt that very clearly, that is the way it is.'

'So all that suffering was for nothing?'

'No, not that, you were shaken awake.'

'Yes, I learned, however awful it was. But where did he know me from, the person who inspired me to this?'

'From another life.'

'Was he conscious of it?'

'Yes. Listen carefully, I will explain this to you. Were you conscious of your feeling for art?'

'Yes, I was.'

'Well, why not he? Hatred lay within him, a hatred for some person or other. You were that person. He hated you, could hate you, because you hurt him, tortured him once, long ago. Those powers and feelings only dissolve, cease to exist when everything had been made good. You were to meet him

in your earthly life and that happened. Therefore everything, my Lantos, causes and effects. You experienced the effect of one cause. He knew what awaited you and for this reason, for this reason alone you were connected to him. You once tortured him - you will soon see this - and this is why you had to make up for something.'

'But if I had not put an end to my earthly life, then what?'

'Then you would have experienced that the demons awaited you on this side. You would have been attacked and they would have dragged you along, tortured and beaten you. Yet you would also have felt the cause of this event in that case. Then he left, something had changed in him and in you. The past dissolved in it, also the law of cause and effect, also the human being, the soul who would experience this and who had to make up for this. He was unconsciously drawn to you, but later everything became conscious for him and this feeling passed into consciousness. Because did you not become an artist? Were they not your longings? Did this not happen? Therefore feelings, but causes and effects, nothing, but nothing else.'

'Will I know why and how that happened in the past?'

'Soon, when I can connect you to the past. You will be pleased then that this has already been completed, that you have made up for it.'

'My death and passing over would have come a few years later then?'

'Very good, you felt it well, that is the case.'

'It is now very clear to me, master, and I thank you. Did you also work on my parents?'

'No, they experienced their own life. They could not be reached and will pass into other lives in order to reach that stage of feeling, of love. They will still have a lot to learn. Where they now enter means that they will have to work hard for their existence. They and thousands of others need this, which is only possible on earth.'

'But why did I have to experience all of this and not they? They are from our family, after all?'

'You belong to me, which will soon be clear to you. You are and were the last of our family.'

'Oh, now I am starting to understand. When I feel this, then you are the cause and I am the effect.'

'We are both one, Lantos, we are connected, as the law of cause and effect has one and the same meaning. One cause will be made up for and this has now happened. You have experienced it.'

'Therefore, no matter how much my parents wanted it, I could not have given our family any heirs?'

'You have also felt this very well. No, you cycle on earth, do you hear, came to an end. I was the one who laid down all of this. You were my child

and both of will therefore make up for it. You parents lived from our estate, which I once took away from another. But centuries ago. However, in your last earthly life this past would reveal itself and this applies to everyone. Everyone will have experiences, come back and make up for it, no one escapes it. All of that is struggle, suffering and sorrow. You have experienced that. That struggle lay within you, but I supported you in everything to go and to accept, to do what you felt inside. I ask you, would you want to have the estate of others when you know that it was stolen from them?’

‘No’, I said, ‘I would not want that.’

‘Well, you would leave and leave all this behind, because you came so far inside. Otherwise you would have become a ruler. Is it clear to you?’

‘Yes, master.’

‘Your parents lived all that time from stolen goods, from the estate of others, but one day it will be taken from them and everything will dissolve.’

‘So there is a curse on our estate?’

‘Yes, the curse of the past.’

‘Then this is also clear to me, I felt it. Now that I know this, I understand my departure. I wanted to leave, something drove me from home, and that meant that I started to free myself from the past. How wonderful everything is, master, how amazing and natural.’

‘These are laws, my son, laws of nature, it is God’s holy guidance.’

‘Others come back and give their goods away to others, is that the same situation as mine?’

‘Sometimes, not always, but it is usually one and the same power, there is no other meaning.’

‘But then is that not doing good, then that is making it up.’

‘That is the case, but man is not conscious of it, he thinks he is doing good, but he is paying his debts.’

Deep, very deep, I thought. It was not good and not bad, he only complied with a law and made up for what he had once done wrong. It was wonderful what was made clear to me and I thanked the master very profoundly. ‘Do others force them to do such a thing?’ I asked.

Yes, others inspire them to do that and are of course involved with them.’

‘How everything fits together, Emschor.’

‘That is life. One is connected to another, passes over into the previous. These are laws, God’s sacred laws, situations, connections, and attunement in the spirit, therefore causes and effects. You feel, everything is God’s will, God knows all His children and knows what they will do in life on earth. Whatever it is, in which situation they are born into there, poor or rich, everything is laid down and will happen. That it happens is God’s sacred will, which controls and guides everything. God knows what the soul will

experience on earth, because man goes back there in order to receive, either good or bad, happiness or poverty, struggle or misery. They brought themselves to this in a previous situation. I experienced it, also you and thousands of others will still have to experience it. Yet others are on earth and serve and give themselves completely to others. Later this will be clear to you, you will see and experience it. You see, experience it again and again, until you have mastered spiritual love and enter the spheres of light.'

'Do you know Marianne?'

'Yes, I know her. You played with her here, I followed you in everything.'

'Do you know how she passed over? Can you tell me about it?'

'Yes, but later, when we are at that stage, so have some patience.'

'Why, if I may ask you this question, did she behave so strangely? I mean, during my childhood.'

'The same feelings lay within her as in you, it was the connection with you, but she was not aware of it either. Not when she will be born again either. However, one day it will be so far, then she will know that she is yours. You already know that now, but she will pass into this feeling. Both of you still have to make good, she on earth, you on this side. That is why she also acted according to an inner urge. However, she will have to experience her own life, just like you. It will therefore be clear to you that that belongs to the past which man does not understand in his earthly life and yet feels it. However, one day it will become conscious and namely on this side. This is not possible there, therefore on earth. You do not see behind the veil, do not feel the depth of your own life, cannot see through all those centuries. I already told you, only those who possess the powers for it, and who are the cosmically awakened, can do this, the masters who have reached the highest spheres, who help me and you to convince humanity on earth of its eternal life and of the cycle of the soul. Also, that they are there to make good and to learn to love, what is God's life. That is the path they have walked and you and I and millions will walk. Marianne therefore acted according to her inner feeling which lay hidden deep within her. Both of you are twin souls, are one in everything, in feeling, in understanding and in love. However, you will only receive this connection on this side. Only later, my Lantos, because you are busy earning this, you hear, earning. You cannot love another anymore now. That unity of feeling will pass into both of you. You will feel yourself in it, you will know yourself, you will feel God's sacred Love in it. This Love is wonderful and because it is wonderful you have to earn this great power, which means happiness and bliss. You on this side, Marianne on earth. She will now have to make good what she did wrong once to your friend Roni. I will also show you that, but later.'

'Did I feel it properly when I walked round here and carried her statue in

my arms?’

‘Yes, but they were my feelings. I placed this truth in you, which you felt, but did not understand. Now everything is clear to you and I advise you to accept this.’

‘Did I already meet her on earth?’

‘Yes, you knew her and she already knew you many centuries ago, but both of you destroyed your happiness. Man will destroy what he does not know and yet it is part of him, part of his inner life. But you were not yet at that stage. This is why all people are not yet conscious, not yet far enough to receive this great and sacred love. They think that they possess that love, but they are their own thoughts and longings, which do not possess any spiritual truth. They have no understanding of spiritual love, nor of spiritual unity and understanding. What they feel is part of the material life and are earthly, therefore material feelings. This feeling lies far removed from spiritual happiness. Everyone, no matter who, will have to develop themselves. However, that means a struggle, suffering and sorrow; but only as a result of this can people acquire this great and wonderful happiness. In this, in the life of the spirit, all people will be connected.’

‘Therefore no one on earth receives this love?’

‘Yes, certainly. On earth people live together who are already so far, but all those beings are among the blessed, because they are one in everything. However, if there is just one thought which one person sends to the other and is not understood, that connection has no spiritual meaning and it is an earthly connection. Only then will this connection be spiritual, when people, therefore man and woman, possess this love and carry it inwardly. However, then they will be part of our world and they will be children in spirit; you hear: children. Twin love, which you are waiting for and which you are busy earning, is the most sacred connection which we know on this side, it is the highest happiness which God can give His children. This love gives, it serves; she passes over into him, and he into her, they live through their feelings, in prayer and in faith, and work for one purpose, in order to make man and all the other life that God created happy.’

‘Then you do not need to tell me anymore. Then I am not yet so far.’

‘Thank you, it is wonderful that you are starting to understand me. Carry on like that, I can then explain many miracles to you.’

‘By meeting her again and again, I have therefore become conscious in her love?’

‘Yes, that is the way it is.’

‘We therefore had to separate?’

‘This was necessary and on the other hand it wasn’t. You had to be able to conquer this by struggle, by accepting a life as a hell, as a result of which you

start to learn to love. Who wants that on earth? Yet this is the way. Therefore the being, the soul, will meet that being which is a cosmic part of him. Again God's will and a law, which no one can change anything about. Yet man does not accept it, he goes and searches and searches for so long until he thinks that he has reached the intended goal and sees his love in it. This is why man, the soul will come back to earth, people will meet each other, keep on meeting each other, because they are one, experience one life, which means their cycle of the earth in the soul life. As a result of this, my Lantos, the earth is the planet to which we belong. The earth and our life serve as the purification spheres. Once they have been discarded, the soul starts to prepare itself in order to enter the fourth degree of universal attunement. There are seven degrees and you can feel that thousands of years will pass before we are that far.'

'Did you already receive this great one?'

'Yes, Lantos, I was given this great one.'

'And you are alone?'

'No, I will never be able to be alone again, because this possession lies within me. Can you feel the deep meaning of it?'

'Yes, I can feel it, because you passed over into this possession.'

'That is the way it is. A separation is no longer possible, because I live in that attunement. It is my possession.'

'Also hers?'

'We are one, Lantos, will remain one, also at a distance. There is no longer any distance in our lives when souls are one, feel one love. What I experience and feel, she experiences. Do you understand how deep, but how sacred this connection is?'

'It still lies far removed from me.'

'No, when you continue to search for the good, you will receive this wonderful thing in a few centuries.'

'Centuries, did you say?'

'Centuries, Lantos. But what does it matter, you live in eternity, after all? What is a century? What is an earthly age? Nothing, for that matter. You will make yourself worthy in order to receive those spiritual treasures. One day you will pray to God in order to be able to wait a bit longer. You will call to Him that you are not yet so far and are afraid that you will not be able to understand this love again. Do you feel how wonderful that possession, the power and the happiness is to feel this love? To be able to feel the same love in another being, as you are and possess? I repeat, what are centuries? I can explain to you that it is necessary and takes so long with a little story. Listen:

A child is born on earth and reaches maturity. Then it becomes itself. It passes consciously - at least for the earth - into that life. Now follow that life



and see, it does not go upwards, but it descends, it sinks away deeper and deeper and then dies. Seventy en more years passed. This person did not master anything. Did you hear? Seventy years, almost a century. Is it clear to you what a century means on this side? How many centuries will be needed in order to reach the most sacred?’

‘I accept, master, I cannot do any differently. I will wait, I promise you. I dreamed in my youth that I would become an artist, were they also your feelings?’

‘They were mine, Lantos. I placed that dream within you and let you dream things which would happen one day. I therefore saw ahead, but it lay within you.’

‘Also that dream that I would kill?’

‘Also that, because you would forget yourself. You learned as a result of it and you learned to control yourself in future.’

‘Was it not possible to resist this?’

‘I repeat, you have to experience your own life and not through me and therefore not through others either.’

‘And the evil then? They brought me here. They were not allowed to do that, but is that power not the same?’

‘I ask you, Lantos, is it good to do evil?’

‘No’, I said, ‘not that.’

‘Well, they did it and will have to make up for it. You paid, however, he continued to destroy others. However, one day that will also come to an end and he will search for the good. If you meet him one day and he asks to help you, what will you do?’

‘To help!’

‘It has to be this way, Lantos. He will also possess those powers one day and only then will you be brothers in spirit. But he will have to make good, until his last deed, what he did to others. However, you are at the beginning of your eternal life, but you will have to develop yourself spiritually.’

I continued to ask: ‘The peace which came to me when my parents, especially my father, spoke so brutally was that peace yours?’

‘Yes, it was mine. It was my will.’

‘He beat and kicked me, will he have to make up for that?’

‘He will have to make up for that, he cannot avoid that and one day he will do it gladly.’

‘The happiness which I felt was your happiness, wasn’t it?’

‘Yes, Lantos, I was happy that you continued on this path at all costs.’

‘Could I not have controlled myself?’

‘No, the consequences would have been incalculable then.’

‘I thank you, master, I understand this completely. Has this estate now

passed into other hands?’

‘Yes. The lawful owners have got this back, because it was their estate. I stole it from them many centuries ago. Yet you see, one day the lawful owner will get his estate back. You experienced all of this in your previous earthly life, others only realise it many centuries later. Know that God knows no rulers and that God alone is Love. The thoughts of your parents were therefore wrong. However, they knew nothing about it and will only accept this in another situation, when they get to know themselves and life. They therefore follow your way and they also have to develop spiritually. Let us hope that they will reach that stage in the next life on earth. You were the last, as I already said, and would leave. But everything would reveal itself in this life to you and everyone experiences this.’

It is wonderful, I thought, people cannot change anything about it and they do not know anything about it either. I continued to ask questions and said: ‘Who destroyed this building?’

‘The elements.’

Then I felt it well, I thought, but heard: ‘I let you perceive it through my will and powers.’

‘Where were my parents then?’

‘In the house, they were crushed. Two people lie here, your father and your mother.’

‘Are they buried in this place?’

‘No, in a place in the woods, that was their wish.’

‘Was this God’s will that it fell apart?’

‘No, not that, it has nothing to do with God’s will, even if it is a part of this effect. Their passing over was certain.’

‘So it was a coincidence?’

‘No, effect, so a happening, but only their end, not this collapse. You will get to know these laws later, it is not possible now for me to explain them.’

‘You let me experience all of this and see it beforehand, for what purpose?’

‘In order to now convince you of the cycle of the soul. Otherwise you would not accept it. But you see, all those events are connected and fit together.’

‘You are wonderful, master Emschor.’

‘Do not say that again, since I am only a child in the spirit. Only God is wonderful. You will now also accept that there are no miracles and problems and that those miracles and problems dissolve as soon as we get to know them. A spiritual law therefore got a connection with an earthly event - in this case, the elements, which destroyed their estate - and this meant their passing over. That says that material and spirit are one. Do you sense what I mean?’

I thought for a long time and said: 'When I have an accident, then it does not have to be meant to happen.'

'Precisely, that is what I mean. When an accident happens through carelessness, it is not a cosmic event. Yet this also has a spiritual meaning, but I told you, it is too deep to talk about already.'

'What was your earthly life like and what was my life like when I belonged to you?'

'I will show you that.'

The earth sunk away before me and all life disappeared before my eyes. However, I remained in the place where I had been. The old fortress before me took on shapes, everything changed and appeared to live again. I saw this clearly before me. Then I saw another scene. In one of the rooms of this beautiful fortress I saw a being and I immediately recognised that being. Emschor, I said in thoughts, because it was him. He wore a strange garment, but I recognised those clothes, because my father and I had also worn something similar.

'What you are now going to see belongs to a time before I could call this estate my property.'

Then this scene faded and another scene became visible to me. I saw Emschor on horseback, but he was a hireling. He wore a garment like people wore at that time. A battle was fought and he along with many others surrounded the estate of another, which they had conquered. He was therefore victorious, but cheated his master. Many people were killed, including his lord. I saw all of this clearly. This scene also faded again and I saw him in one of the rooms of this fortress again, where he was lying in bed. In a corner of the room a being emerged and I recognised myself in that being. I stood there large and slim. I felt that there was something wrong and was connected to myself in feeling, so that I understood the meaning of this scene. My father was sick and he wanted me to leave and bequeath his estate to others. It was a demonic plan. I understood it completely, because Emschor had shown me all of this beforehand. However, I did not meet his request and continued to refuse. I did not let myself be chased from my estate. He spoke to me and urged me to comply with his request. I continued to refuse and thought he was spiritually ill. I understood every word clearly which was spoken at that time. Then I had a conversation with him and still managed to persuade him.

After this scene I saw another one. Before me I saw a few creatures, I was also there. I had sat down at the same table where my father sat. I saw him get up whilst looking at me and heard him pronounce these words: 'I want he who bears the name of Lantos Dumonché to take over this estate and to take care of that person ... and that person ... Do you agree to this?' This

question was directed at me. An amount was established and the names were signed. My answer was positive and then documents were drawn up and stamped. That scene also faded again and I saw another one which made me tremble. Before me I saw my father, he had taken his own life. I knew why and understood all of this. I saw another scene again. Before me I saw other beings and I was amongst them. Another document was drawn up and the first one torn up. It said: 'I want he who bears the name of Lantos Dumonché to take over the estate when he comes of age and to apply himself as ruler.' The real document was falsified. Then I saw myself with a few children and my spouse. She gave me two boys and a girl.

Another scene followed this one and I saw myself on horseback. I was ready to leave into battle and had command over hundreds who followed me. In the distance I saw the aim of my journey. We raced forwards as fast as the wind and conquered the estate of another, but many people were killed. However, I knew my opponent. It was the man from my dungeon, that demon. Then I saw another scene which shocked me. We were in our torture chamber and forced him to surrender his estate. His face was like that of the devil and he cursed me. It was now clear to me what I had done to him. However, he was also a robber and a murderer. His estate was also stolen property. The scene faded again and I experienced my end, but in a natural way. My child followed me and then one generation after another. My parents were a part of it. All of this was connected in an amazing way and I had to accept it. The past is wonderful, I thought.

'You see, Lantos, struggle, robbery and violence. Yet the violence has been destroyed. Those whose property I stole have it back. Your parents were the last who lived here. You left and ended your life by your own hands. I could carry on like this and explain and show more circumstances and events, but that will take us too far. I only want to make do with this and you will accept it. You have made up for a lot of things, so have I. You see that when the father has stolen his estate, the children will surrender all of this. You have your own life to experience, I have mine and we have both suffered.'

'Where is my mother, your spouse?'

'She is on this side, but possesses a higher attunement than I do.'

'Is she your happiness?'

'No, not she, she belongs to another.'

'Where are my wife and children?'

'Some are now on earth and some already live in the spheres of light. One generation followed the next, Lantos. You therefore came back here and left. That is why I went back to earth. As a result of this alone we are connected and we will both make good. You also feel that it is not possible for me to make good at that time, because you were my child. You forced me to leave

it, but I could not agree and took my own life. You did not do what I asked, you falsified documents and had new ones drawn up. Yet my deed remained, it could not be destroyed, everything rested on me. My passing over was still not enough. However, you continued with destruction. But I thank God that all of this is over. My sins have been forgiven. I have paid for this with my life and on this side, also on earth, therefore in other lives, I made up for it.'

'How many lives have been discarded?' I asked.

'Many', I heard him say, 'but we were together in this life. You and I passed over in other lives, to come back to this estate, after all. Do you now feel how deep man, the soul, life is, which feeds and guides the material? All of this is difficult to gauge, my boy, so let this be sufficient. You also see that love bonds cannot be broken. For good or for evil, one day we will stand opposite each other and make good or receive. All of us curse, all of us have shattered hearts and robbed and tortured. Those who have reached the spheres of light know all of this. No one on earth knows himself. No one has the right to curse another. Those who live on earth will have to discard that earthly. Also those who live in the darkness have to make good, because all of us follow one path, the path of spiritual development. One day we will all be together. One day we will look back on the past and will be brothers and sisters in spirit and will go further and further. Therefore those on earth who are in possession of much material happiness, will lose it again if their ancestors have stolen it. Everything on earth is subject to decline. Everything must and will change, no one can stop this. No one on earth possesses the power to oversee this. They are laws, nothing but laws, Lantos. Can you be grateful that you left in your youth? Can you say this from the depth of your heart? Do you feel the need to be grateful to God? Do you know that it is a mercy to observe all of this?

I was allowed to show you all of this, but you will now feel and understand the meaning of the past. We will make all of this known to humanity. I will wait for you, until you have entered the spheres of light. I could go on showing you scenes from my youth and many others, but I already told you, all of this is going too far. I am only concerned with explaining to you that everything will have to be made good. When the father robs and the children live from the stolen goods, the father will still come back to the earth one day in order to tune into them, to help and support them, but in this way as I am now doing. However, father and mother and children have to experience their own lives and what they make of it is their own will.

My sins have been forgiven, at this moment my past and your past dissolve and we pass into this life. The higher spheres are open to me; but I will remain with you and I will support you in everything. You will go further in

order to work on yourself and I will follow you in everything.'

Then I felt a powerful stream going through me and a hand pressed on my shoulder in a loving way. I knew from whom that power and that hand were. Tears filled my eyes. For the first time I wept and I felt the warmth of the man who had loved me. I became quiet and I reflected for a long time. Everything was incredibly deep; but I accepted it, because I had seen it. I could not have accepted it if it had not been explained to me. I could now forgive the man who had destroyed me and be grateful to him.

How I had changed at this moment, in such a short time! Truths changed people in a single second. These were truths which I felt within me. It had been shown to me here and I bowed my head. I thank you, my father. Yet I will continue to call you master. My father of centuries ago was my leader and master. How could it be, how deep, how incredible.

Yet you must accept, just keep on accepting, Lantos, I said to myself. You cannot do any differently and cannot avoid it either. Everything which I had experienced up until now was wonderful. I now understood that God did not create types of people, but that man made a strange type of himself. How animal-like man was in his lives of centuries ago. I was still not happy and was not a part of those who lived in those luminous spheres.

I thanked my father again and asked: 'Did my parents know that they lived from stolen money?'

'Yes, they knew about it and you would also have found out.'

'Will they have to starve on earth?'

'No, that is going too far, but they will have to work hard for their living.'

'But tell me, master, how is it that the past lies hidden in the human soul and people know nothing about it?'

'Because the material body cannot deal with it. Yet man will consciously feel what he has to experience. For example, your art.'

'Yes, I feel and understand you.'

'All other life experiences dissolve in that earthly life, because people cannot and will not accept the meaning in that life. Many people do not even believe that there is a life after death, others do, but there are just a few who can accept the past. Yet it lies within people, it lies hidden deep within the being. Do you still have questions to ask?'

'Maybe, but now I don't know what else I can ask.'

'Well, my boy, then we will carry on, I have even more to show you. I will now connect you to your second last life. You will go back to the place where you lived. From there we will carry on again.'

I came back to myself and the earth was visible to me again. I looked at all of this one more time and left. 'Back to your studio', I heard him say, 'our research begins there.' I had soon arrived at the place and immediately felt

the familiar influence. At the same moment my studio became visible and I saw those shattered pieces of that old statue again. However, now I felt that I was connected to its radiation. Then I was elevated and it was onwards, towards the unknown. I floated over the earth again and learned to connect at high speed.

It went faster and faster, until I felt that the powers which drove me onwards lessened, and I heard my leader say: 'We are where I want to be. Here, Lantos, you mastered your feeling for art. We are now in ancient Egypt. The town where we are is called Memphis. Art flourished here centuries ago. You were one of those masters. You took it to great heights and you lived life to the full in fine art. Your art has still remained preserved. People keep your statues in palaces and temples. Marianne also lived here. You got to know her in this place and she was your loved one. However, you brought suffering and sorrow and stole another person's happiness. You have now paid and made up for it. Soon I will connect you with your art, which what collapsed in your own house is also a part of. You wondered how this statue was brought to you. Well, all of that is my work, I wanted that and I connected myself to another life. When we carry out work for higher powers, we are also helped in everything. What I did was simple. I placed my will in the man who would go to Rome, that he would take along one of your statues. I awakened him to this ancient art, which I managed completely. Then I inspired him to bring it to you. You know what else happened. You would make another statue, but the old one collapsed. I knew that this would happen. Yet my intention was only to connect you to this work of art which you had achieved in the past. Later you will get to know all of these powers and accept how simply this happens and can be achieved. To you these are miracles and yet it is just concentration. However, I will tell you about another miracle. Do not be shocked when I tell you that the man who brought this statue to you was your own child. Therefore your child from this time, from this life, in which you lived.'

'What did you say?'

'Your own child, you heard me clearly.'

'With Marianne?' I asked quickly.

'No, not her. You left the mother of your child.'

'And Marianne?'

'Also her.'

'Why, if I may ask?'

'Because you were a seducer and she was frivolous. She did not give you a child. She did not possess the feeling to receive that pure and wonderful. Neither of you loved. What you thought you possessed as love, was nothing but passion. You also left her, but later you came back. You continued to

search until your last life on earth. But now you know that she is yours.'

'And then?'

'Then you forced yourself into her life and destroyed her happiness and that of another.'

'Whose happiness?'

'Roni's.'

My God, I thought, what miracles I have to experience. 'How do you know all of this?' I asked.

'I have already followed you for many centuries.'

'Did you live here?'

'Yes, but I had to follow you from this side and I 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 will also happen and many others.'

'What is the meaning of all these lives?'

'By experiencing all of these lives, you will get to know true love. What you have to learn is sister- and brother love. All of those we know and have known are our sisters and brothers in spirit. For that matter, it cannot be any different.'

'Will my child go back?'

'No, he will carry on just like all the others who have already reached there.'

'My master and father, whoever you are, I accept everything, but how will people on earth be able to accept this?'

'They have to feel it, feel it intensely, otherwise it is not possible. Yet we will achieve many, very many. It is God's will that this happens.'

'I will surrender to you, because I understand and accept everything and see that it is the truth. I am very, very deeply grateful and I promise you solemnly that I will give myself completely.'

'I thank you, Lantos. Know that I am showing and explaining the sacred truth to you. If you could not accept all of this, I would have to stop and wait until you had come so far, until you were prepared to follow me again and to listen to me.'

'No', I said, 'I will not do that, stay with me, I am ready.'

'Great, then we will continue and we will reach our goal.'

'When Marianne is on earth, can we visit her then?'

'You will see her again, but later, when the time has come. Do you still have questions to ask?'



‘No.’

‘Well, then we will connect ourselves.’

I now felt that I passed over completely and was walking in the streets of Memphis. It was amazing, because I felt as if I had never been away from here and still lived here. My past life came back to me, I passed over into it consciously. How great spiritual powers were! I entered a beautiful palace. Before me I saw fine art, and could I call that art mine? I had to accept it, because I was connected to it and felt myself in those stone statues. Nothing could show me more clearly that I was dealing with the truth here. How deep everything was! My art was amazingly beautiful. In Rome I could not have reached that height. Now I knew this for the first time since I felt it and perceived it. In that life - I understood - I had lived a full life. Then I knelt down and thanked God for everything which I had received up until now. I sent my first prayer to God in childlike simplicity. I continued to thank God for a long time. I had lived here and mastered my art. Man was deep, very deep. I descended deeper and deeper into my own life and I could still not perceive the deepest secrets of the soul, because then there would be no end. I also understood now that this was enough to be able to accept. I asked the master: ‘Who was my teacher, do you know that?’

‘You had many of them.’

‘Where did Marianne live?’

‘Do you want to go there?’

‘Please’, I said, ‘if that is possible.’

‘That is also possible, follow me.’

I continued to perceive Emschor shrouded in a haze, but I knew that it was he who was guiding me. Suddenly he stopped me and said: ‘Do you see that water there in front of you?’

‘Yes’, I said.

‘That is the Nile. However, we are going a bit further, come on, follow me.’

We walked on for some time. He stood still again and said: ‘Do you see that building in front of you?’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘clearly.’

‘You see what I see, you feel what I feel, but everything was once experienced, therefore reality. This building is many centuries old.’

Now I saw a beautiful building in front of me. Rare statues decorated all of it and I saw the sphinx everywhere. At the same moment a being entered through the gate and walked towards the entrance to this building. I recognised that walk and that whole apparition. Was I seeing properly? Was I feeling clearly? Was the woman whom I perceived and felt Marianne? Then I heard my master say to me: ‘It is she, Marianne.’

My God, how wonderful this scene was. To see her in another body! Yet

I now felt her whole personality entering me. It was amazing. I had felt her in this way in my dungeon. Yes, it was she. My feeling did not deceive me. I would give my life for this. Tears welled up in me, but I controlled myself. My love for her was deep, because my feeling was now conscious. To love consciously, oh, what a great treasure, what happiness. She was a completely different personality in this life and yet something made me feel that it was she. Her love - that feeling could not be denied - I recognised her by it. How beautiful her figure was!

I followed her inside. A few servants were waiting for her. Now she entered a large room and was received by another being. I now felt myself sinking away more deeply and I understood that feeling, because the master started to connect me even more deeply. I immediately recognised the being who was waiting for her. It was Roni, my friend. What a problem! I saw many possessions around him. Now I felt the connection with her and him and I understood that I stood between both of them. But how was this possible? I fathomed it out again and felt the purity of my observation. Now I heard them speak. He feels and knows that he is being cheated, I thought. Then I saw an event from the past. It was amazing. Then the scene faded and I heard the master say: 'He was married to her and you were her lover. Come, follow me.'

We went back to the banks of the Nile. What belonged to the earth became hazy. I descended, until I felt that I was connected to my own life. Before me I saw two beings, two lovers and I recognised them immediately. They were Marianne and I. I was slim and beautiful, she was like a tigress and could not be fathomed. We were both and false and mean. Here I saw truth and awe-inspiring problems became clear to me. I followed those two and I felt my own inner situation, but also of Marianne. We possessed nothing. We were spiritually poor, but we loved, loved deeply, but that love was passion, nothing but passion. She was not honest, but neither was I. 'Both of you were frivolous', I heard the master say and I accepted it. I felt and saw that he spoke the truth in this. This was not loving, but crude egoism. 'Amazing', I said to the master, 'very amazing.'

'For that matter, I told you that you would experience miracles? You can only accept these miracles because you perceive them. You have to accept, or everything will be pointless, then you will continue to search. May this be enough for you.'

'I accept it', I said, 'I cannot do any differently. I thank God and you as well. I will do my best, tell me what you wish.'

'Do you feel this mercy, Lantos, which God gives you and me? Waken up, I have no more to say to you.'

I became quiet as a result of everything. I knelt down at the place where I

had walked with Marianne centuries ago and prayed fervently and my prayer received more and more power. I prayed like a child to my Father and at this place I asked God not to break my love. I felt that I truly loved and I wanted to keep this inner strength. One day this great and sacred love would be given to me and I would do my best for it. I now felt very excited. My master had gone back to his own life, but I felt him close to me and I knew that he would continue to watch over me and follow me.

‘Come’, I heard him say, ‘my Lantos, we will continue, I have more to show you.’

## The demonic sphere

‘Are we going to Marianne?’

‘No, it is not yet time. Yet you will know what her end on earth was like, but only later. We will now visit the man who sent you to this world.’

‘But will I recognise her in her new life?’

‘Yes, of course, because you will feel her, feel her completely, Lantos.’

‘Thank you’, I said.

Then I felt myself going back and I entered my own sphere. Yet I now thought I perceived more light than before. Inside I felt different, I was happy, because I surrendered everything and let myself be led. I followed, was willing and bowed my head. Yet I descended again into the life. Deep darkness now lay around me, but then I felt myself elevated and went onwards to another world part. I recognised the sphere in which I had passed over as the demonic sphere, in which the people lived who had shortened my life. I saw people like animals. They were dreadful beings and it was frightening to see them. Was he one of them, did he live in this situation? In this hell? Were these people? How far he was removed from me. I asked the master if I had felt it properly and he confirmed this. I continually remained connected to my master. Many of these beings passed through me. I could see them but my concentration was divided, was not sharply tuned, but with the help of my leader my concentration became stronger. I learned this while travelling. The people whom I saw were like devils. I clearly knew that greenish radiance, I had also seen that in my dungeon. I got to know different hells, but I could not yet see the heavens. I went from one spiritual world to another. Finally I saw the earth again. Everything was situated as I had perceived it in my own attunement, around me was deep darkness, but I saw life in that darkness, the astral being who lived around the earthly being. I saw clearly that they followed the earthly being and wherever the earthly being was, the astral being was also to be found.

‘Is the earthly being conscious of that?’ I asked the master.

‘No, they are not conscious of that, but they tune themselves into those who live on this side and in this way the earthly being passes over into this life and vice versa. Both want to experience one life.’

I got to know powers, which I had not dreamed of on earth. I lived in reality and got to know a terrible truth. These powers meant hell, damnation, destruction and lust. I saw shadows which still lived on earth and I now understood how all of this was possible and what it meant. I suddenly saw where we were. We had come back to my cell.

‘Why’, I asked, ‘are we going back here?’

‘You will connect here to demons. Listen, Lantos, think of the man whom you wish to see. Keep your thoughts concentrated on him and you will receive a connection with him. I want you to learn this. You have already been connected many times, but through my powers and will. Now you live in the spheres of darkness.’

‘I am following you.’

I did what my master wanted and we floated over the earth again. Yet I asked my leader again whether my concentration was clearly tuned in.

‘It is going well, Lantos, I will let you go, carry on. Soon I will leave and then you can orientate yourself.’

‘Will you leave me alone then?’

‘I have to leave you alone, because you have to experience your own life and follow your own way. But only then when you know everything about your earthly life and the past has dissolved.’

I thought and continued to think. Suddenly we entered an earthly building and I saw many people leaving and entering. What was there to do here? We walked through the halls and I saw what the earthly being did. A party was being held here and there was much drinking. The wine flowed over the ground. Many people here were drunk, but all of them wore rich garments and belonged to the highest circles. When they would die, they would also wear their garments on this side, as well as I. Those who lived here possessed riches. Earthly possessions meant happiness, at least if people understood that happiness. Yet the rich people could also be influenced, the astral being lived around and in him. I saw a few people gathered in a corner of the hall and I felt that I was drawn to them. I saw something which shocked me intensely. At the same moment that I saw that, I wanted to go back, but I heard the master say: ‘Stay, Lantos, he cannot see you, you are invisible.’

This calmed me, so that I came closer to them. Before me I saw my enemy. How can it be, I thought, that I have found him in this eternity. I tuned into him and immediately knew what he was doing here. Two earthly beings were in his power, they were connected to a devil. I also saw that they were having fun and felt where and how far they went. There were many women with him whom I had also seen in my cell. They were monsters. These were people like pre-animal beings. The earthly being which he had in his power was a beautiful woman. But to me she was a terrible animal of prey. Now I understood how I had tuned into him in my cell, I had wanted this myself, since he would not have been able to reach me otherwise. But if I had come to this side in a normal way, then he would have waited for me and dragged me over the earth and thrashed me. Now I saw that this connection had been broken and I understood what the master had made clear to me. I had paid my debt.

He now lived his own life and so did I. He continued to destroy people, but the human being wanted that himself, otherwise he could not be reached. I saw many earthly women who were drunk. I saw his power and influence in and around this beautiful woman. Their souls were one. Their feelings were animal-like and I understood what he wanted. I heard the earthly people speaking and could clearly understand every word. She was a decoy bird, was used as such, but I felt the belief behind it. A gentleman dressed in a very beautiful garment was leading the conversation. She listened attentively, but he was influenced by my enemy. My enemy spoke through him and his power will was followed. These beings were irrevocably lost, but they were mean, really mean. They surrendered and lent themselves to unsavoury practices. The man who was sitting in front of me was an ambassador of the clergy. People needed gold and jewels. People built a faith on that! I saw through all of this, because I felt it. They were like an open book to me. I read into their lives and made myself one with them, so that I knew what they were thinking about. The demon influenced them from his world and experienced an earthly event, which was terrible. I now saw through the haze of spirituality and felt the demonic part of it. I did not know this, because I had never known that on earth. I could not have believed it, but I experienced it here.

The horrible laugh of all these people deeply annoyed me. During my life on earth I had not wanted anything to do with them, because I did not want their lives and the mean part of it repulsed me. However, now everything was different. I could not describe how low all of this was. An earthly being was bribed and that being served the faith. The riches which she received were for the good of her church. When she connected to a rich man, that gave her church gold, silver and precious stones. May your deeds be cursed, I thought, and I meant my enemy by this. I saw a master in evil in him. I also knew this type of woman. She was dangerous, because her beauty served for all possible foul acts. Now I understood this party. Their parties were just a side issue and all those people were dolls. Really, this was well thought out. Under all those earthly and astral beings only one human being lived and that was she, this beauty. She lived; all the others were the living dead. In her demonic plan she was alive, because she saw far, very far ahead.

All of them were demons, with not one exception. This life was disgusting! I had never taken part in that on earth, because I did not have any faith on earth. However, how fortunate I was, precisely because I did not know or possess any faith, because all of this was false, animal-like and dreadful. This game was led by those who live on this side. My enemy led all of this and lived it up. Wherever I looked, there were earthly and astral beings together. They lived in each other and the astral being lived it up completely, felt and experienced like the material human being. How simply this connection

could be achieved. Both of them were one in feeling. The astral being was in him and the human being on earth was not conscious of it. It was pitiful! Now I knew about their entertainment. No, I did not want this entertainment, it was too animal-like. They were all devils in human forms. Was this their life? They had spoken the truth, because on earth people could enjoy themselves and they could love as much as they wanted. But was that love? An animal possessed more feeling than these people. I saw men in women and women in men. They were one in feeling and those feelings were unlimited because both of them lived it up. It is really, really tragic, I thought, where is the end?

I asked my master, who had followed me in everything and had not spoken a word to me: 'Did you know this?'

'Yes, Lantos, I have already known it for a long time.'

'Did you follow his paths?'

'Yes, I already knew all of his paths, this is not even the worst. They can sink even deeper, even deeper, even meaner, even more animal-like. They can receive what they wish, in brief, everything. And do not think that they feel unhappy in this hell. On the contrary, they are very, very happy.'

'In this darkness?'

'They feel happy in this darkness.'

'When does the remorse come?'

'If they start to discard this life.'

'Will it come?'

'Yes, one day all of them will be so far and they will search for the good. However, thousands of years will pass. Imagine that, thousands of years, and yet it is only a split second in eternity.'

'Can I connect completely with them?'

'You can do that.'

'I want to feel, master, what their feelings are like, is that possible?'

'You can do it.'

I placed myself in an earthly being and urged this human being to drink. At the same moment he raised his beaker and emptied it in one gulp. I even felt the taste, which seemed really amazing to me. It was amazing to be able to experience this from my world. Then I connected with a woman. Her thoughts entered me. I let myself go and was disgusted by her. I quickly went back to myself. Not that, no, not that, her thoughts were terrible. Now I knew their love, their feelings passed over into me. This was connection. We were one in feeling. I understood their animal-like life. People, oh, people, who are you? But how simple that connection was. People came and left, went to sleep and to rest. Yet when they were rested they started out again and experienced again, just as long until they were worn out and wizened.

Then death came, to then be connected to those people again through whom they were lived. The astral being was waiting for them. They rolled into the darkness with all their earthly possessions and that was for centuries. There they then called out 'why' and 'for what purpose', called for their father and mother! How I had admired the beautiful lines of the female body! I could have given her my whole personality, but I now recoiled from sculpting her. How awful the human being was and yet he was a child of God. I now already understood those types of people.

'How false they are seen from this life', I said to my master.

'There are also many other situations, which are deeper and worse than this hell.'

'Where is the end?'

'You will experience all of that. Follow your path and connect, then you will pass into what you want to get to know.'

'How deep can I go?'

'Under this there are still three situations and those are hells in the true meaning of the word.'

How is that possible, I thought, even worse, even meaner, even more animal-like than they?

'Now we will set off for our last research and then I will leave you, but only for a short time.'

We left the spheres of demons.



## Marianne's end on earth

Again I found myself at the place where I had been born. My research would begin here. I immediately recognised this area. My childhood years had passed here. I found myself in the wood where I had played with Marianne. Before me I saw my parent's grave. I only saw two skeletons but I knew who they were. I would not shed a tear here, I could not have done it and did not feel the need for it either. These skeletons were strange to me just as they had been strange to me when they still lived in their happiness. What is man and how much disaster man can create! How powerful he is and how mean, but also how stupid! Here before me lay the earthly understanding. These skeletons belonged to those who had wanted to make me a ruler. They had ruled and how they ruled. 'Rest in peace, you people, I have forgiven you everything and do not bear any hate towards you, but love you because you do not know what you did. You behaved like little children would behave.' Now they were dead, but the life had left and I knew where it lived. God loved us but we did not love Him. Man cursed his God and they destroyed each other. Dead and yet alive, children of eternity! They would come back to earth again, but probably separated. How wonderful it was to see them again and how grateful I could be to God for it. I could not weep, but I sent my loving thoughts to them. After all, they did not know any better. They had been rich, but poor in feeling. What were earthly riches? My parents had never lived as they should have lived. I had even more parents and I now started to understand what being a father and mother meant. Farewell, children of eternity, God bless your paths!

I stayed in this place for a long time, but I felt that I had to carry on. At the place where Marianne had lived I felt that Emschor connected me. At the same moment I had perception and before me I saw Marianne. It was during the time when I had left. They also had to leave the very same day. They were chased away and I understood this scene. I saw clearly that they were preparing to leave. People thought that they had spoilt me. Fortunately they escaped the torture chamber. God had protected them, as me. Yet I felt another effect in it. Was I feeling this clearly? Oh, it could not be any different. 'Master', I said, because it was he who had protected them from it, 'how can I thank you, how wonderful you are.' Poor people! They were soon ready and left for another town or village. I followed them. I was connected to the past again. I had already borne my love which I now felt for Marianne within me as a child. She also felt as I did, we were both searching and longed for that one, that great and sacred love. Yet we were unconscious, because the

past lay hidden deep within us. My love grew with every step which removed them from my parental home. Her thoughts entered me which she had felt at that time. She loved me in child-like simplicity. How amazing this connection also was. Her parents were sad because they had to leave, yet happiness lay within them, because they had remained alive. They pitched up tents in another place, it was a small village, in order to start a new life.

One scene now followed another. I saw that Marianne grew up and the older she became the more her character and personality developed. Her parents were afraid, because frivolity lay within her. She was a beautiful apparition and she had a great and powerful feeling for art. She also had a beautiful voice. The older she became the more conscious these capacities became and I heard her beautiful singing, which trembled deep in my soul. I saw that she left her parental home at the age of twenty-one. She left in silence, into the wide world, she wanted to gain fame and honour. Intellect from previous lives lay within her being. All those powers and gifts were conscious, which she built upon and developed her voice. A powerful will lay within her to make something beautiful of her art. She strived for one goal, which I had also strived for: fame, happiness and love. Our paths were one, this was remarkable. From this place I followed her life, from city to city. She plunged from one frivolity into another. Yet she remained simple, her origin and birth could not be denied. That human power led her into the most unpleasant situations and as a result of her recklessness she got to know life. It brought her nothing but sorrow and suffering. Her beauty led her into temptation, it brought her earthly happiness and repose. The years flew past in this way. However, she also continued to search and could not find what she longed for so much. An unknown power drove her to one place, which she knew nothing about, felt or understood. How can it be, I thought. I felt that she was driven to me, driven on by the power of the past, a cosmic law, which the people on earth understood nothing of. Here before me I saw and understood this law. I saw that she settled near to the area where I lived. Oh, if only I had known that! It was now clear to me that man is driven on by invisible powers. However, those powers and forces had received a connection in the past, had passed over into each other and were torn apart again, to be connected again, after all. This outlook into the depth of the past which was granted to me was great. How different everything could have been if I had met her before. However, nothing more could be changed about that. It had to happen.

Now I understood why all those thoughts had come to me when I had started her statue. She had influenced me from a far distance, but she did that involuntarily and I was not conscious of it either. Yet we had been connected. I saw the inspiration in it at a far distance and understood that I was

being lived through her. These laws were deep, which an artist on earth was not conscious of. I sculpted the woman I loved and she lived close in my vicinity. It is almost incredible, I thought, but I had to accept it. How intense human thoughts were. I wanted to get to know all these powers and I would not forget this. I thought about her day and night at that time. I now understood everything. It was amazing.

I came back to her own life and saw that she was like all those other women whom I had got to know on earth. If I had met her in this situation, I would immediately have turned away from her and left. I thanked God that I was saved from that. It would have destroyed my love for her.

Was this Marianne? I now also understood her begging not to ask about her life, because she had sound reason for that. Yet I had loved her, because she was mine. One day we would be united. My cycle of the earth came to an end and hers would also end. Sooner or later it would be at that stage and we would be one for eternity. I could forgive her everything, now that I knew what my own life was like. Something kept me connected to her and that was the past. It was shown to me in ancient Egypt and now I was very grateful for it. How beautiful my Marianne was! Her golden blond hair, her healthy facial colour and shining eyes gave her this beauty. However, what is the human being who does not know himself and forgets himself? What is earthly beauty, if the inner feelings pass into the material life? She forgot herself, because she did not know herself. Only in another life would she get to know herself. Now I found it necessary that she would come back, because she would awaken in that life. However, how deep everything was now that I knew this and understood it completely. What is the human being if he sullies these laws of nature and violates his beautiful body? I felt it not only as a curse, but the human being provoked Him, his God, who had given him this beautiful body. How great this mercy already was to possess this, because many people were deformed and lacking. I hated my friend Roni because he sullied his beautiful body. He was like an Adonis, but inside like an animal. Marianne had surrendered to him, she was spoilt, but also provoked and scoffed at. Other people sullied her beauty which had been sacred to me. No, at that time we did not belong to each other, we would not have understood each other. She could not feel the greatness of my love, only God knew that it was not yet time and so what appeared necessary happened. I saw and felt for the first time now that Marianne could not have given me the highest inspiration and it would have been a shock to me if I had experienced that. Now I thanked God that I had not met her before. I could now forgive Roni, I no longer hated him and I loved Marianne, she was my twin soul and he had become my brother. I felt one with Marianne, one in soul, and we would stay that way forever. This was a cosmic law, God wanted it, this was deter-

mined in the universe. I could not yet sense the depth of this problem, but I accepted it, because this feeling of longing lay within me.

When she lived there so near in my vicinity, she also thought about her childhood and her love for me awakened. Then she thought that she had found that love in Roni, but this was not the case. Before me I now saw an awe-inspiring problem and I felt that the three of us were connected. The spiritual mystery closed in firmly and the connection became deeper. Three souls were on earth for a particular purpose and would meet each other there again. Whatever happened - because it was a law and we experienced that law - we could not avoid it. I felt myself shiver, because this was so amazing. We were sent to one point on this great earth in order to meet each other. It was the case, because Roni and Marianne and I had experienced it. Thousands of people experienced something similar, but only on this side did they get to know these laws. Here, in this life, miracles and problems dissolved, we passed over into them. It was wonderful to be able to follow all of this. I also understood that everyone had to experience his own life, but that one, which concerned the three of us, we were all involved in it. We were connected to many other beings, got to know life on earth through people, did good and evil, as a result of which our characters started to change. From animal to human being, from spirit to God, the human being had to travel that path. In the earthly body the soul lived it up completely, but yet earthly life served in order to master our spiritual possession, pure and spiritual love. One person learned from another, but all of these people were guided and controlled by one power and that was God, the Creator of man and animal and all other life. His attunement lay in the human being, a flame which burned eternally, but which the human being extinguished. The human being had - I saw and felt all of this - received the highest, but people had to master that sacred love. Roni and I, also Marianne, would be connected in this way. Roni would one day receive his love as every other person. I could not fathom out the power which had brought us together, but would not want to either, because I felt respect. People had to bow their heads to something wonderful.

I suddenly thought about her situation again; she was carrying life. A young being was inside her when I was taken to my dungeon. Had she carried this young being to the end? The scenes followed each other, one scene after another became hazy. Then I saw the scene before me when she came to visit me in my dungeon, then I saw the scene when I was sentenced and she was sick. At the same time as I saw this, I got the answer, which I had thought about a moment ago. No, the shock had been too great. The young life had gone back to where it had come to and in her. Thank God, I thought. Yet, if this had been necessary, I would now have given into everything. All

these truths for man were so powerful, it would strengthen the soul in this way if people knew why and for what purpose, that people distanced themselves from everything. Then I saw another scene and I understood that she was better. What would she do now? I continued to follow her and I saw that she went back to my studio and accepted what I had offered her. Her own statue and mine, which I had once made for myself, and many other statues were packed in and so she went on her journey. Where would she go? However, I soon understood where she was going. This was the best solution, since her life and mine were in pieces anyway. Broken in heart and soul she went back to her parents. She had gone back as a humble person and bowed her head. She had discarded her frivolity. She had taken all my possessions and many statues were given a place in her vicinity. Her parents were extremely happy and had received their child with open arms.

Marianne spent her life in loneliness and in silence. Her personality was crippled, but she gave me her love. She felt for me as I for her. She became conscious outside in nature. Life had broken her heart, but inside something awakened which came to me in my cell and had shook my feelings awake. I had longed for her, it had eaten away at me and those thoughts were also hers. I saw and felt a miracle of the power of thought again. Love knew no distance, because we were one, without knowing it. We only had still to awaken, so that our love would become stronger and more conscious and grow into something beautiful and exalted. Only then would it be spiritual, then our love would be pure and would reach even further than sister and brother love. See, I only saw and felt and learned that now that the past was revealed to me, the veil of an event was lifted. The silence which I had felt in my dungeon was her silence. Outside her love developed, her environment was the past, because her own statue and next to it mine were around her. She stayed in this place for hours and she spoke to me.

‘If only my soul was so white’, I heard her say, ‘as this snow-white marble, which he made me from. Lantos, my Lantos, oh, how you must suffer! Can you forgive me? If you know everything, can you still love me then? If God can hear me, then He will know that I love only you, have always loved you. Lantos, can you be mine? Oh, how I long for it! What is it that you have placed in me? I feel your silence, all your sorrow and suffering and yet I cannot and may not visit you. Yonder you are alone, you suffer and are broken. I can feel it, oh, I know it, because I can see you in my dream. Sometimes I can feel you really deeply, but then you shake me off you and do not want anything from me. Therefore, Lantos, I ask you: do you love me? Oh, how I can love you! I will await my death and then I can tell you everything. You will not remain alive for long. May God give you the strength to be able to endure this. I am your unhappiness, I am the person who showered this

unhappiness upon you, yet I ask God for forgiveness. Lantos, Lantos, forgive me!’

Then she collapsed. How I had loved her! Tears rolled down my cheeks. Love, my God, how beautiful, how sacred that pure feeling is. She felt my love for her in her statue and in my own statue. Her longing for this great happiness became deeper and deeper. She longed for what I had prayed for when she had come to visit me in my dungeon, and this longing dominated her life. Whatever she thought about, one power of feeling dominated everything and this was a burning feeling, the longing to be able to possess love. Yet she only longed for that love which carries, which feels that pure happiness. Did she feel herself awakening?

The years passed and she wasted away. Other images now followed each other and I saw that her parents passed over one by one. Marianne was now alone. Her material body became wrinkled and her physical powers lessened by the day, but her inner self grew. It became stronger and more beautiful, because her love did that. Yet she reached a good age and she was only a shadow of her former beauty. Her end was approaching in this way. In her will she asked to be buried with her statue and mine. She was convinced that she would appear before her God, because a strong faith now lay within her. Then I saw her deathbed. She passed away in silence. Her last thoughts were devoted to me and she also thought that she would see me again one day.

No, Marianne, I thought, it is not yet our time. We will see each other again, but only centuries later. She passed away, but the longing lay within her to be able to receive this great thing. Her earthly life was also over.

Our statues will be excavated one day. One day, because I see that they have not yet been found. Then people will be able to get a glimpse of the past. I could make a prediction at the moment, but I know that people will not accept that. No, people of the earth, people cannot yet accept that deep meaning, which you will expose from the depth of the earth. However, I ask you, love what you excavate and do not curse it, because you do not know how that person had to suffer at one time. Have respect for what you expose, then the being who lives somewhere cannot and will not be disturbed. I know how long it will still last, but people will find us, but then the past will not be explained to you. A thick veil will cover it and namely our love. One day, when we have received this great happiness, our statues will be found. However, then we will belong to the beings of light and will have entered the spheres of light. Then we will be natural and nature will give back this life. Then the past will be conscious, it will continue to live in reality and carry on to even higher areas, as my master told me. I can trust this, you and thousands of others can build on it, but know that they are not castles in the air, but a sacred truth, because it is your inner life. Only there will

souls be connected, there man will accept all of this and bow his head and all the questions of 'for what purpose' and 'why' will dissolve for him. He will experience them and then his problems and miracles will no longer be problems and miracles. It will be we ourselves then, it will be your inner and eternal life.

I remained long in thought at the edge of her grave. I felt a sacred bond within me and there was consciousness within me. This event gave me the strength to carry on. Now I would start to work on myself, I wanted to get to know life on earth and on this side.

I looked up into the beautiful face of my master and said: 'I thank you, my father of centuries ago, I love you.'

'Now I am leaving, Lantos.'

'Is it already time?' I asked.

'Yes, Lantos, we have to part. You will follow your own path, but know that I am watching over you and will continue to. Think of your love, because this love gives you the strength to carry your cross. Keep all of this deep within you and wait patiently until it is God's will that you receive this. Marianne passed over into this life and thought she would see you, but you know that she will go back and only then will you meet her. That time will come one day! Try to master that love. You are searching and you want the good. Continue to search for the good, then I will await you in the spheres of light, in order to continue our work. Then you will experience miracles again, greater and deeper than you have experienced up until now. I will prepare myself in the spheres of light in order to be able to receive you. Know, my boy, that there are many who will wait for you. When you are once at that stage, I will call you.'

Then I felt his hand on my shoulder and a great light shone about me. That light gradually moved up before my eyes, it went higher and higher, until I could no longer see it. Yet I could still hear a voice saying to me from the distance: 'Farewell, my Lantos, you see, we are going higher and higher. Farewell, may God bless your paths, your Emschor.'

I was deeply shocked and I collapsed. I had collapsed on Marianne's grave and tears flowed down my cheeks. My love for her was real and deeply human. As a result of the great love of the man who had just departed that love had grown. I prayed furiously and for a very long time to God for our love. My master had departed, now I was alone again, because I would have to miss him for a long time. My questions of 'why' and 'for what purpose' had dissolved. The past had become conscious within me and I had got to know a God of Love. I now made a decision. I wanted to get to know all the transitions in spirit, I wanted to know everything, absolutely everything, about this life.

# My walk on earth

Farewell, I said to Marianne, farewell, I will not come back here again. I was firmly determined not to sully our love and wanted to leave, but Marianne kept me prisoner. Yet it had to happen. Again I called farewell to her and departed, towards the unknown. I wept as I had once wept when we were torn apart. Yet it did me good, because as a result of it I felt warmth entering me.

Where would I go? The earth was great, but eternity even greater. There was no end here. The human will had great strength and its feeling could not be fathomed. Yet human will bowed itself, if people saw and experienced the truth of everything. I felt this within me, because I had experienced it.

While I floated over the earth I thought about everything. I had experienced a great deal and I had become wiser. Man did not want to bow his head. Yet he would have to bow to God. Only to God. God, the Creator of heaven and earth, forces life - man, the soul - to search for the good. Nature will force him to do this and then he will tremble from that wonderful life which enters him. I also bowed my head and asked for forgiveness. My personality was broken and my heart bled. However, within me there was happiness, because I knew that one day I would receive that great thing. I now floated onwards and I no longer had to think of the past. While floating forwards I felt a power entering me which urged me to get to work. A new life lay open to me. I wanted to follow man on earth and to enter one sphere after another. I would absorb everything, in order to compare it with my own life. This seemed the best way to me to get to know this life completely. I went on my way full of new courage.

I had already been in many hells, but there were even more hells and I also wanted to get to know them. I went forwards as fast as the thought and the stronger I tuned into man, the clearer he became visible to me. However, I did not feel like staying in one place. I wanted to become conscious, I did not want to remain one of the living dead, although I thought that I had never been that. Yet I was one of the living dead. How remarkable everything was which my master had told me. I was his son and my own child from many centuries ago brought me a statue and I had made that statue myself. However incredible it was, I still accepted everything.

God did not create people in order to let them die. I had experienced problems, nothing but miracles, and what awaited us was awe-inspiring. The earth was a school and man had to make something of himself in that school. Man would have to come into harmony with life, but man had to



want it, and if people did not want it, they did not learn anything. If I had felt more love, I would not have killed. By subjecting my will upon myself, this life would become different for me. Now I was starting to sense God and now I could bow my head to that Almighty. The will of people was hell and heaven on this side. My soul had already experienced many hells, now I was in my last hell and I had to try and free myself for that purpose. I had already been underway for centuries. I had been born and had died on earth and had come back in order to be born and to die again. Now I understood my cycle of the earth and that of all people. I could now no longer accept that the earth upon which people lived existed as the only planet in this great universe. Because when people looked at the universe on earth, they saw tens of thousands of them. One day people would come into connection with all those other planets.

I floated through buildings and saw the earthly being. Everything which was situated under my own attunement was visible to me. Yet I only looked at what I was interested in and which had to do with my own life. All those human things did not concern me, because I saw the same thing almost everywhere. One person could control himself, another person could not. I saw sinister situations, but I did not go into them and closed my inner eyes. Or I examined everything in order to understand that life as well. I saw that God had been able to separate earthly life from spiritual life. The material belonged to earth and I lived in spiritual life. The material life was visible to the spirit, but not the spiritual for the people on earth. Yet people who had this gift could see into our lives, but there were just a few. I had not had this gift and therefore my life had been one of searching. However, I saw that if people on earth set to work on themselves, they would not be blind upon entering. The earthly life was in order to master spiritual possession. Now I saw and felt the many types of people and could point out those who would have to go back. Those people were still animals and they would have to become human beings on earth, but that was impossible in that short life on earth. The rulers would have to discard their passion for ruling in the first place. God knew how that happened.

I went further and further and got to know the people of the earth. Wherever I came, I saw people and animal-like beings everywhere. Yet I saw most of those animals walking round in human form and they were dangerous. In the child I could already see, however awful it was, that animal-like being; and the bigger and older the child became, the more conscious that animal became. What I now experienced was wonderful. They were already animals at birth. That incomprehensible animal-man already lived in the child, who could not even say father and mother, in that tiny body. When it had reached maturity, that animal would begin to feel itself and it would become con-

scious. How natural it was. I learned as a result of this. I saw from this side how man cursed his own life. I had also cursed and sworn. No one on earth knew himself, otherwise he would not curse. Anyone who put himself on a pedestal cursed, and I saw many people standing on pedestals. I learned to understand that man, however sacred he felt, still cursed, because he rebelled against others and himself. One person cursed another, consciously and unconsciously, voluntarily or involuntarily, but everyone cursed. Yet man on earth will curse, because he does not know himself and all the life which lives there. Man is already thousands of years old and yet he carries on and curses life. I even saw mothers who cursed their children, because they did not wish to obey. Anyone who goes against man curses God, because God's life lies therein.

I learned to understand all of this on my walk on earth. I also saw that people were burned in red-hot iron and hot oil and many other torments. Man has a free will and as long as he does not determine that will by the power of his whole being he will continue to curse and people will have to go back to earth in order to learn to control themselves. I moved from one city to another and years passed in this way. Yet I continued to travel and got to know man and life, as no being on earth could. I learned that everything will have to be made good, not a thought is given to us. Not one person will escape it.

I descended into the deepest darkness and people also cursed there, but those people can be recognised. However, on earth I saw bearers with crosses and people who passed themselves off as sacred and a terrible thing lived within them, which made people tremble when they felt it in their deepest being.

I already told you that by perceiving everything I got to know myself well for the first time and I was grateful to be able to observe it. I determined to destroy my own ego completely. If I could not do that I would have to continue to travel and my situation would remain a hell. With each step I took, I bowed my head deeper and deeper, until I kissed the earth on which I walked. However, the love which I now felt and possessed, could not yet be compared with that of those who had reached the spheres of light and I wanted to go there. I went further and further. I spent hours with the people and observed them in their actions. I learned from this and in this way I also learned to distinguish day from night. During the night I saw the demons better than during the day, but they were always around and in people. I visited churches and palaces and got to know their religions, stayed at death-beds and saw how many were awaited here. The time passed in this way and I just continued walking, because I did not yet know enough. I also got to know the deepest hells, but what life is like there is indescribable. I saw hu-

man monsters, like prehistoric monsters, but one day they will also begin to work on themselves. As a result of these perceptions something within me started to thaw. I began to thank God more deeply, even for the suffering and sorrow which I had had, and I was grateful to God that I could now go higher and higher, towards the luminous spheres.

When I possessed light and riches on earth I was not satisfied and now that I only saw darkness I was grateful. Since I had got to know myself better I knew what awaited me and what I had to do. Here in the darkness I felt happy with everything. By seeing life and people, I lived. I felt that I had awakened.

Years passed, but it could also have been centuries. I continued to observe how people lived and a change came around and in me. The earth changed and one generation followed another. Since I was starting to sense the Creator of heaven and earth I felt myself and could be grateful for everything which I had experienced in those hells.

I was taken hold of in one of those hells and flung about the ground. How they thrashed me! I fell from one wrong deed into another, this is why I was attacked, but I still learned. I also connected again to them and in this way I got to know and understand all those hells. What I experienced there was awful. Finally my eyes opened and I started to feel different and I was able to protect myself. I started to thank God more and more deeply. I was alive and was not dead and I was happy about it. I started to realise all of this and I accepted my suffering and sorrow in a different way than before. I was happy that I was starting to live and could be happy with a little bit of love, which people on earth scorned.

How wrongly life on earth is understood. How people there tramp on love. Love! Do you know, reader, what this sacred power of feeling means? Now that I felt all of this I could thank God for all my struggle, which still awaited me. In this way I became a different person and I was happy about it. Oh, you do not realise what you possess on earth. If I could be born again on earth I would do everything differently. How beautiful my life would be then. Now I lived in a hell and yet I was happy. I felt that God loved me and took care of me. There, you hear, you people of the earth, I could bow my head and I could shout out my happiness in this darkness, so that you could hear it on earth. Now I have forgotten all my struggle. But what does it mean to be hungry and thirsty on earth in comparison to everything which I saw here? This is why people on earth curse, when they are not satisfied with what they possess. I prayed to God to no longer punish me, because I had learned to punish myself and to tune into myself with a razor-sharp concentration, so that I learned to tame my will. I could no longer be convinced of anything, because a great love for Marianne lay within me and I could not sully her

love.

Observing people and the earth from our world is a wonderful study. It is passing over into the human being, it is feeling and accepting, but what then enters you is like poison and I had to learn to arm myself against it. Here I learned to see that life is different and God did not intend it to be so. The human being lives it up, physically and mentally. That is not the way and it is wrong. It is destruction. That is pre-animal-like and the human being, as my master told me, is divine.

Wherever I came and stayed I saw people and astral beings. One connected to the other and in this way the earthly being became just an instrument in the hands of evil. I saw that people killed and yet did not do it themselves, that even children were born through the astral being! Is it not terrible to possess children who are infected by another feeling? I saw all of this and learned as a result of it. In this way the human being perished spiritually and yet I could not intervene. However, I feel that I will one day give all of myself in order to help and save these people. None of you will be able to see earthly life in this way and yet it is the truth. It is the human being who curses all that beautiful, including the most sacred feelings. I myself no longer want that and I will destroy my own self. If I achieve this, no demon will or can take possession of me anymore. For this purpose I will close off my inner self and only seek the higher. I will not give them the opportunity to have fun through me. They populate the earth and the young life that is born there is inspired by them. Do you know what this means? Do you feel the significance of this dreadful event? I saw that this sacred event, which had to be and could be sacred, was sullied by demons, but the human being is open to it. Then, when their children grow up and they despise the parental love, they ask 'why and for what purpose' do I have such bad children? How can God approve of this? However, they do not understand that it was they themselves who experienced this great and wonderful event on earth and in the most coarse material way. In this way all of this brought me to thinking and it awakened me, awakened me completely. How I trembled when I perceived the human being in his most intimate soul life. What I experienced was outrageous.

Now I could no longer kill, I had learned how I had to love. I started to feel respect for God, who loves all of His children after all. I resolved to love all of the life I would meet. I learned to master powers, which I could not have learned on earth because they were part of the life of the spirit. As a result of this my concentration grew sharper, I learned to tune myself, so that when I was attacked I could withdraw into my own hell. I was able to help many unhappy people who called for their father and mother. Yet I carried on, because I felt that it was not yet my time to be able to devote myself completely

to it. I compared all those hells, those animal-like circumstances, to my own life and I saw and felt how far removed the human being still was from the real truth.

People of the earth, I would like to call to you from this side: Work on yourself, control your will, come down from your pedestals. Do not permit yourself to perish through weakness. If you enter here, then hope that you will not be one of them who live in the deepest darkness, because then you will be deeply, deeply unhappy. Keep a check on yourself, do not surrender to weakness, so that you have not lived for nothing. On this side you are confronted with your own life. Every thought has to be made up. Everything, everything is determined. You must and therefore will experience that nothing, absolutely nothing can be hidden. You will pay for all your sins and you will make good what you did wrong. Bow your head, discard pride and thirst for power and love everything that lives. Hurry up, brothers and sisters, because your end is approaching. Know that there is a going higher, that upon entering this side your loved ones await you, but then you must also love and live as God wants all His children to live. Work and pray, but do not ask. Do not do as I did, you will destroy yourself then. Do not search, but believe. Accept, people of the earth, accept that death is not death, but means life. Accept that love is the highest thing given by God to the human being. Anyone who feels love is awake and God will lead you and strengthen you. Then you will appear as conquerors.

I knew when I had started my walk. However, when I tuned into the earth I got a shock. Centuries had passed. Centuries of experience and I still did not know anything, I only knew the human being on earth and I still lived in a hell. I had followed different generations on earth and yet I had not concentrated on the time. When I saw that, I understood for the first time how many centuries were necessary before the human being could enter the spheres of light. Then I started to realise for the first time how I could get out of here, because I wanted to go further and higher. I was still one of the living dead, and yet, how much had I not mastered? Yet I understood that I had learned a lot, but had spent my time on myself, as the human being on earth does. He is also learned and yet poor in love. I could have continued for thousands of years and yet my hell would not have changed. I had to serve and make myself useful, go and do something, otherwise I would not get out of here. I wanted to try and achieve this. I will tell you how I did that.

## I made my last work of art from this life

I visited those places where people kept art and also the earthly artists, because I was interested how they accomplished their work. I floated over the whole of the earth and finally came back to my last fatherland. I had resolved to help an earthly artist and I wanted to try and make my last work of art through the human being on earth. This seemed very simple to me, because I could now connect with the human being on earth. I now felt deeper, I had got to know God and learned to love life. My dearest wish was to achieve this. I searched for that instrument for a long time. Months and years passed and I thought I would already have to give up. However, finally I found what I was looking for, because I was also helped in this.

There were many masters around an earthly being, an eighteen-year-old boy who had many gifts and an enviable feeling for art, who inspired him. Through the intercession of my own master, I was allowed to connect with the masters from higher spheres. I asked them whether I could accomplish my last work of art, which I wanted to call 'life'. I was allowed to do this, but I still had to wait patiently for a few years. I left, but came back from time to time and saw that they had made great progress. This young boy was inspired in art and this took place through the masters. His feeling and his love for art were elevated to a great height. In this way I got to know true inspiration, now I understood my own life on earth and how the human being on earth received his inspiration. It was wonderful to be able to perceive all of this. From this side all his paths were guided and there were also separate beings for this, therefore spirits, who protected him on earth against ruin, until he became conscious in his own life. I followed all of this carefully and learned from it. He was only influenced from this side where it concerned art, but they let him be in his own life. He would have to live himself; they did not want to be lived. A few years passed. Finally the time came that I could work through him. I was ready, had thought carefully about everything and tuned into it with my whole inner self. The great moment came that I was connected with him. The higher masters accomplished this connection and I was also helped.

Do you feel the depth, this infinite depth in feeling and in art? Do you feel that inspiration from human being to human being, from spirit to spirit, from feeling to feeling goes higher and higher until the highest is reached and human powers and feelings cease to exist? The earthly being was inspired, I was assisted by even higher beings, and behind them, even higher, even further and further, even deeper, lies the perfect, the All-feeling power.

That is the highest love, the most sacred created by God. To be able to draw from this, brings an artist to the highest, which is given to him from the life of the spirit.

My work of art was a great success for him and an awe-inspiring achievement for me. It was approved by the masters, which I was very pleased about. How happy I was and how grateful to God for this event. I had never thought about that during my life on earth. The inspiration which the human being on earth receives is a great mercy for the artist and a great happiness for the spirit. Yet the spirit has to possess his feeling for art and carry it in his inner self, therefore have mastered it in one life or another.

When we were once connected, the earthly instrument advanced day and night and in a state of trance. The deeper the inspiration is, therefore our connection, the deeper the artist senses his creation and he cannot stop. He puts the powers of his soul and all his love into this work of art, but heightened by the masters of this side. I already said: I made through him what I had wanted to make during my life on earth and had no longer been able to. I felt no hatred in this situation, love lay within me.

How did I think on earth? During my life on earth I wanted to destroy another life through my art. I was in rebellion there, I did not know myself, God, or life or animal or human being. In that animal-like attunement I wanted to achieve the highest, the most sacred. How I bowed my head, how I asked for forgiveness. I was now very grateful that this mercy was granted to me.

The masters made various great works through him and this art will not die out, at least if the human being does not violate these statutes.

However, how did the person on earth feel? Did this human being appreciate what he received? Did he feel our influence, this spiritual help? Did he know and did he understand how he received this inspiration? I followed his actions and wanted to know whether he understood his own life. However, how disappointed I was. When I asked the master about it, he said to me: 'Listen, my brother Lantos. In his own life he is an ordinary human being like many others. However, he possesses a heightened feeling for art, which he has mastered in other lives. Yet the human being thinks that he can do this on his own. But you see what he is, when he would have to do this alone and under his own powers. He can be reached by us and that is our only concern. It is his own business what he does with his own life on earth. However, no one on earth would be capable of reaching this height in art, if he was not helped by us.

We have made it our task to help the human being on earth and to open his eyes to the higher. This artist came back to earth and we knew this beforehand. You see that all his paths are followed, but he will have to live as

he wants to and feels for himself. I can therefore answer your question with a definite 'no'. He places himself on a pedestal and that pedestal is only significant for the earth. However, he feels very clearly that he is being helped, but ignores this, since he places his personality in the foreground and feels himself as such. His vanity plays tricks on him. If he starts to enrich his inner self, starts to feel love and understands his God, bows to God's sacred guidance and is humble and will remain so, then this human being can enter the spheres of light after his earthly death. Do you feel what I mean?

However, if he thinks that he can do this himself and experiences his earthly life as the human being who is coarse-material, feels, he will decline spiritually precisely through his capabilities. He created miracles, but those miracles were given to him by us and achieved by us. He is only an instrument, not more than that.

We on this side have completely discarded ourselves, but he will have to learn that. There are only a few who have reached this height on earth and whose inner life is a compound of spiritual development, but that is therefore the most beautiful which the human being on earth can master. Only then will God's divine blessing rest upon everything. Then both circumstances are based on happiness, then the art grows and blossoms and it forces the human being to feel respect for everything which is given to him. Then everything is love and connection with us. Not one, but thousands have destroyed themselves. They could not bear the affluence, they forgot and lost themselves, only because they did not understand their lives on earth. The earthly master is idolised. People have to want that idolisation and the human being wants that, he is too weak for a higher life. From here, as you already experienced, the human being receives his inspirations. From here they are elevated to the highest. In this world everything is calculated, thought out and felt intensely. Yet the people on earth think that it is they and that they have these powers inside them. I repeat, brother Lantos, no one who lives on earth can achieve this. The spirit, the human being, the life which lives on this side, brings him his inspirations. Every artist feels and knows that, if he is no longer himself and it happens as if of its own accord, he has reached a state unknown to him. This is then the meaning of it.'

'But', I asked the master, 'what must we do then?'

'Nothing, brother Lantos, nothing, we cannot do anything. Were you perhaps different? Did you not live such a life on earth? Did you live spiritually? Think how you experienced your life. One person drinks in order to receive the necessary inspiration, another searches for it in life, in passion and brutalization. Yet in order to receive spiritual inspiration people have to search for the higher. A spirit of light knows all of this, but it saddens him when he has to see that the human being declines because of his own capa-



bilities. Yet we cannot intervene, because they have to experience their own lives and not be lived through us. We do not tie the hands and feet of our instruments, only make sure that they are themselves in the earthly life. We know for what purpose we come back to earth. We came there in order to serve humanity and to shake it awake. We bring them life and namely eternal life. We bring them happiness and carve our lives from stone, on which they can test their own lives. This art will radiate to our inner powers. That is the love which we possess. We ask people to open themselves. They will learn that more exists between heaven and earth than they could imagine up until now. The human being who receives all of this is a blessed human child. However, we have instruments which before they start a new work of art ask God for strength and then this sacred influence is granted to them. This art lives, because eternal life lies within it. We also have respect once this is born on earth and then all of us kneel down, with no exceptions, in order to thank our Father for everything. Because His will be done. In an elevated and religious state the creation is achieved. You must see them, these artists! Wherever they go they bring happiness and they understand their lives on earth, for which they serve and which they have to thank for all of this. They cannot sense the extent of their inspirations, but they still know and say that it is not they, but their Father Who is in heaven and that He granted it to them. See, then everything is love, then people will watch anxiously over this art and they will bow their heads, if they admire such a statue. They learn to sense that it is God's sacred powers, the angels of God who came back to earth for art.

This is why I would want to call to the human being: Bow your head to all products of the soul. Love, immaculate and pure love lies within it, the feelings of the heightened being. This was given to you from the highest Source. Learn to feel this. Know that everything means suffering and sorrow, suffering of the soul for those who once lived on earth. Feel deeper and deeper and go further until you feel eternal life in art. Then you will feel that you can go further and further and you thank God from the depth of your soul that you were able to receive and observe this on earth. I repeat, we are only concerned with reaching humanity through art. One person does this through music, another through writing, word and prayer, we do it through the art of painting and sculpture.

People of the earth, see eternity in all of this. Then the work of the human being on this side is rewarded and we know that no tears were shed for nothing. Only then can we carry on in order to become skilled in spirit. Feel and know that the highest has now been reached on earth. Feel through that stone statue, feel behind it and you will feel eternal life. If you go even further you will feel your God and you will know that He is a Father of Love.

You can do all of that through our art. If you feel the spiritual art, you will kneel down and pray and you will put your deepest feelings into your prayer. See into that stone face and pass into it. If you enter there gently, you will feel the love of the being who accomplished this. It will also make you sensitive and tears will come into your eyes. Then you will kneel down and thank your God for everything which you received on earth. The secret of your life lies in art, it is religion and faith, it is pure love.

Brother Lantos, in this way God gave you the grace to still carve your feelings in stone, while you are in the life of the spirit. Carry on, my brother, they await you in the spheres of light.'

'Do you know about it?' I asked the master.

'We are in connection with each other. We work for one goal, to convince humanity of an eternal life.'

'I thank you very deeply', I said, 'that you allowed me this grace and that I was able to experience this.' Then I said farewell to the masters.

I set off again. I had learned that this is possible, in order to enter into connection with the human being on earth in a different way. Then it would also be possible to tell about what I had experienced. However, I had to prepare myself for this and I would try to reach the spheres of light. There was just one possibility of being able to do this and I now wanted to surrender to it completely.

I followed people who had committed suicide for some time and I got to know all those different transitions. When I knew all of this, I felt a great longing enter me, in order to help those people. It became more and more intense within me and with each step I took it grew, so that I could no longer push it aside. I passed over completely into this new emotional state and I wanted to make myself useful for this purpose. I wanted to serve, help the human being who was in a state of suffering and sorrow. I was awaited in the spheres of light and when I would arrive there I would experience new miracles.

I therefore set off and I would help the first person I met, because an infinite amount of work lay before me. Everything is misery, suffering and sorrow, which the human being has brought upon himself. I will support those on this side and the human being on earth, in order to protect him from complete ruin.

End of part two

## Part 3: The cosmic life



## Serving love

I now completely understood life in my hell. I had got to know all those transitions and spheres. Now I could set to work on myself and this was only possible by being something to other people. My master had made this clear to me and the masters in art had also spoken to me in such a way.

I continued my path on earth and would soon carry out work to which I would give myself completely. However, I remained in the astral world. It was not possible for me to go higher. I wandered through the streets and concentrated on the human being. Those who were in a state of suffering and sorrow attracted me the most and I would follow them. I met a great deal of people, but not one felt happy. There was always something which obscured happiness and I knew why.

The earth was a planet where the human being had to learn, a school and people had to get to know themselves in that school. Oh, I understood and felt so intensely what God meant and for what purpose the human being lived on earth. Everything was now clear to me. There were no more depths in my own life, or problems and miracles, everything had been revealed to me and namely through him, my father of centuries ago.

How wonderful the human being is, how deep and incomprehensible spiritual laws were. If people on this side wanted the good, they got to know all those laws and they experienced miracles and problems. Only then did people become themselves, did they understand life and the meaning of being on earth. Yet in life on earth, in that school, there people had to get to know themselves and people were on earth for that purpose. However, the human being was in rebellion, he sought and asked 'why' and 'for what purpose' and could not accept. He wanted happiness, because a human being had a right to it. God loved all His children, was a Father of Love and yet there was so much misery. Everyone felt suffering, illness and many other inhuman things, so that there were no happy people. I saw them dashing about, not one was calm. Flashes of light went upwards from everyone, all around, and that was the radiance of their inner mind, of their realm of thoughts, that was the attunement of the being. I recognised their inner life from this. Each beam of light, which I could clearly see, meant something. I saw the greenish light which made me shiver and which I had got to know from so close-by. I would not easily forget that demonic sphere, because they had attacked me there and flung me across the ground. The beings by whom I detected that light were also a part of them. I did not need to search and to fathom, they were transparent to me, because I read into them and passed

into them completely. These beings were dangerous. If they had the control of power over various possessions on earth, they would certainly be capable of torturing and causing pain if the human being did not do what they wanted. On this side they were part of those whom I had met and could carry on again in order to destroy humanity. These people could not be reached. I met many of them, but let them go. They lived in all circles of society. I saw poor and rich who were like that, and if a poor person was given those means and power, he would also forget himself and be exactly like that. Their inner feelings corresponded. Yet I knew that the poor on earth had come into this situation in order to end their cycle in this situation.

With other people I saw from their inner light what they were thinking about and where they had passed to with their whole personality. I perceived sad auras and I thought it was wonderful to view this. I also understood that if I had not descended into all those hells, I would not have understood any of it. However, centuries had passed and I had learned a lot in that time, so that I now understood everyone who lived in and under my own hell. When I met people who were shadows to me I felt happy. They were further than I was and it inspired me to start thinking intensely, very intensely. In this way I followed the human being for some time and was prepared to help those who needed me the most.

Before me I saw an earthly human being and something lay in his aura which attracted me. The man walked on, bent forwards, completely withdrawn and was like the living dead. He wore a beautiful garment and I saw from it that he belonged to the highest circles. I continued to follow him and saw deep into his soul, so that I knew what he was thinking about. This person was broken inside. He was wasting away as a result of hatred, because he had been cheated. Love, it was always and always love, as a result of which he was so sad. He did not even know at the moment that he was alive. We walked into one street and out of another one again. However, I saw even more. He was being followed by two astral beings, it was a man and a woman. The thoughts which they sent to him were destructive.

What did those beings want from this earthly being? I withdrew into my own world, because I did not want them to see me. I only understood later how I had suddenly thought of that and I felt that I was also being followed. I now got to know powers which I had not experienced on my journey which had lasted centuries, after all. This human being was no longer himself, because two animal-like beings had connected with him. They now lived in him. He was shrouded in a haze of passion and destruction. If only he can be saved, I thought.

The man was sad and had no spiritual possession with which I could connect. Yet I continued to follow him, another power forced me to do so.

From him I saw flashes of light pass to another human being, which I could clearly see and the meaning of which I understood. I would soon follow those fiercely sent thoughts, but first I wanted to know where he lived. It was a long time before he had reached his destination, but finally he entered his house. I had felt well that he was rich. He had many earthly possessions and was still unhappy. Without asking, I followed him and along with me the two others. A human being on earth who was not conscious of anything, was being followed. I thought that I felt something ominous.

It was frightening to see this from my world. He sat down in one of his rooms. Now I followed the astral beings and was curious what they would do. The earthly being sat there bent forwards, leaning his head in both hands and sighed deeply. One of the demons approached him and wriggled himself into his aura, gauged his feelings and penetrated him with his will. I tuned into this being and sensed what he wanted. What monsters they are, I thought, what dreadful beings! They sent thoughts of murder and violence to him. The astral being lay within him. Next to it stood the female spirit and she observed how all of this went. I continually remained connected with them. This unity was amazing, but yet horrible, because they urged the human being on earth to terrible things. The demon increased his hatred and this was very simple. He strengthened his feeling with regard to the woman who had done all of this to him. Once he was so far, he would carry out this plan. The light which I now perceived was demonic. The human being on earth became furious. He jumped up from where he had been sitting and ran back and forth through the room! After a while he sat down again in order to think.

Oh, human being, you are in the hands of evil, I thought. If you decide to do what you are forced to do, a human being will die and you will also enter this life. They placed murder and destruction inside him. I could not reach him, there was nothing for me to do here, because the demons had him in their power and he was involved with them. Now I followed the feelings of the female spirit and I saw into her life. She had been destroyed on earth, people had put an end to her life. She had waged her war, but she hated. In this life she had also received help and namely from the man who had connected himself at this moment. Her hate was dreadful and all of this emanated from her. He, this earthly being, had killed her.

This life had purified me, but this life had strengthened her hatred. A human, but awful game was taking place here before me. I was a witness to an event which had first happened on earth and now continued on this side. My heart beat in my throat. What should I do? I felt clearly that I would not be able to reach him. From this side they wanted him to kill. In order to protect himself from it, he had to start a new life immediately and surrender

his longings. Yet I felt that this was not possible. Those powers were not within him.

I concentrated on him again and felt that his hatred had weakened somewhat. He was now sitting there thinking quietly. The demon released himself and said to the female being: 'I thought that I was already at that stage, but he will not reach a decision.'

I understood that the earthly being was still himself after all and by that protected himself against it.

'Urge him on', the female monster said, 'to drink, then his concentration will weaken.'

Again the astral being squeezed himself into this earthly being and urged him to drink.

I was shocked. Really, he acted according to that strong will and jumped up. He got his drink out of a niche and poured himself a beaker full, which he emptied in one gulp. Again he drank from this liquid, so that his feeling became dazed and he was no longer certain of his thoughts. His brain became confused as a result of it and he became more and more anxious. Now he was completely in their power. I followed this dreadful process with interest and remained where I was. I kept seeing thoughts going from him to that other personality. Now I would follow him, because I wanted to know who was causing all of this.

I followed his thoughts by tuning into them and those thoughts took me to the place where that person lived who took over all his thinking. It was very simple. I soon entered a building and before me I saw a beautiful woman. With her was another person and now I understood the whole situation. 'You have to help me', I heard her say, 'my life is in danger, because he is no longer himself.'

'Shall I stay here?' I heard him say.

'Do that', she replied. 'Let us wait and see. But I am not sure, I do not trust him in any way.'

The being to whom she spoke was a human being with a beautiful radiance. I could reach him and I wanted to try and make it clear to him what would happen. I connected with him and placed my feelings within him. I forced his train of thought to that other person and the conversation which I now heard gave me the certainty that he could sense me. I heard him say: 'I know him, he is capable of anything. You have to be very careful, because you are not the first. There are rumours that if he has set his mind on something and it does not happen in his favour he takes drastic measures. I sense this as a very serious situation. You are playing with your life. Why did you go so far?'

'What did you say, go too far? Should I let myself be cheated? Are you



trying to tell me that it is I? What makes you think that?’

‘But I mean it, you have gone too far. You are mistaken about his personality. Now you are faced with a situation that is very serious. Shall I visit him?’ he added.

‘Visit?’ she repeated his question. ‘What would you wish to do?’

‘I would talk to him, perhaps I will convince him.’

‘You? Your enemy?’

‘What does that matter?’

‘No’, she said, ‘never that.’

Now I withdrew. I found myself in a very remarkable situation. Only I knew what could happen. Now what? I connected with this young man again and I knew how far he would go. He would give his life for her. Yet was she not worth this and I tried to prevent it. I let him feel that she was not worth it and I held my concentration tuned into this. It did not take long before he started to think. His thoughts were now keenly concentrated on her. He now saw through her whole personality.

His feelings were refined and purely human. However, she played with hearts and I let him feel this clearly. He stood up and continued: ‘How long have you known him?’

‘Almost six months’, she said.

‘So, and you promised him nothing, absolutely nothing?’

‘What makes you think that?’ was her question.

‘It must be clear to you what makes me think that’, he said quietly. ‘I do not understand that he has the right to make these demands.’

‘You see, he thinks that he can.’

He fathomed her out and I him, and I felt that he did not know her by a long way. To him she was an unfathomable being, because the depth of her feeling could not be fathomed out by the human being on earth. Therefore I enhanced his feelings and through this he sensed her as never before. I wanted to make the best of a bad situation here. If this human being gave himself for her, he and she would perish. I now wanted him to release himself from her. I placed a feeling of doubt in him and I strengthened those feelings by letting him feel her character, which he now became conscious of. I followed his thoughts and his interest for her lessened. Suddenly he took a step towards her and said: ‘May I read this letter?’

She penetrated him with her look, shrugged her shoulders disdainfully and said: ‘What good is it to you? None. You would only lose your good health and humour.’

I immediately understood that I did not know everything. Was there a letter? Had he written to her and made demands? Where was this letter? I fathomed out her train of thought and in this way I knew where the letter

was. She carried this letter with her, but she said that she had put it away and could not get it now. This was a lie to me. Now I read what was written in the letter. It was amazing to be able to do this. I saw each written word clearly. Each word emanated light. This letter meant hatred. I did not even need to read it, I already knew everything. It was a clear demand. I read: 'Give me the chance to speak to you within twenty-four hours.' The greatest part of this period had already passed. She would have to decide before twelve o'clock this evening. She was faced with the final hours. The man who was with her would watch out and yet - I felt this clearly - he now withdrew his feelings from her, because he understood her whole personality. This being wanted to give his life for her but he had to know why. I was very happy, because these were my feelings.

Now I saw another miracle. Something amassed next to me and a spirit appeared before my eyes. I saw that she was one of the higher beings.

'I thank you', the being said to me, 'that you are protecting my child.'

'Your child?' I asked really amazed.

'He is my child', and she pointed to him. 'I am very grateful to you, because I have already been following him for some time. Did you view all of this scene? Do you know what is happening?'

'No', I answered, 'I do not know yet, I am busy following this.'

'Know then that you cannot prevent this. I already saw this danger a long time ago and am therefore following my child. But you have to prevent him approaching her. This is possible through concentration, then he will have to withdraw. I will help you, but not here. I will ask God for strength, because it is necessary that he lives.'

'But', I said when I suddenly saw my own life before me, 'is this possible? Can he be protected when he has to pass over, has to experience this?'

'No', the being said to me, 'not that, but if you do not awaken him, he will perish anyway. He will mourn for her and his life will be destroyed then. Do you feel what I mean?'

'Yes', I said, 'I understand you completely, I am already busy.'

'I know that, but you have to stay with him. He is the only one whom you can help.'

'And those others?'

'Both of them will pass over.'

'Have you already foreseen this?'

'I have received this', the beautiful being said to me.

My God, I thought, the things I still have to learn. 'I will stay with him, but can you also give me some advice?'

'You follow him and you must continue to follow him, you do not need to do any more than that. But if it is possible you have to pass your feelings

onto him, according to which he will act.'

Then the spirit withdrew from me again and I was alone again with both of them. A terrible drama would take place. They already knew about it in the spheres. To me it was another deep problem and also a miracle of human strength. They knew everything about the earthly being, if both were connected. From this side they tune into the earthly being, and what were miracles to the earth, which people would only get to know on this side, was nothing more than the love between mother and child. I would try to deprive him of his last feelings for her. I got to know laws which were new to me. One person lived through another and yet another person was destroyed by the invisible being. The man I thought I was protecting could no longer be saved, but the person I had not thought about and did not even know, he was precisely the one I had to help. I now waited to see what would happen. It was now quiet here.

The young man spoke to her, but she avoided his questions and did not realise the seriousness of her situation. She had influenced him by her beauty, her beauty attracted him. All of this was really human. Such circumstances were the order of the day. However, I only saw that it took place in this way in this life and I experienced it, because I passed over into it. Here I learned what I had not learned on my long journey. But I would not disappoint the apparition. He was still blinded, but I had to try and kill his feelings. But I felt that this was not so simple.

This woman had been in connection with the man who was influenced by the demons. She had broken this connection and he came back to it and did not accept it. Now I reviewed everything. It was very simple. He had cheated that other woman, that demon, and she had accepted help on this side from that horrible monster, so that he was urged on by them. Five people were connected with this and I would try and save that young man. Not an easy task, but I would do my best. A mother was watching over her child, her feelings were pure and it did me good to have experienced this. I saw pure love in them, a love which was higher and stronger than mine. Now I heard them speaking again, I had still been able to follow them in everything while thinking. He insisted to tell all about her life with him. Yet she was able to avoid his question in an extraordinary way and take the conversation in a different direction. Yet he kept coming back to it. I placed my feeling in him and urged him to continue. His questions were brief and strict, her answers snappy and hypocritical.

'If you do not tell me the truth, I will leave', he said.

'I have nothing to say', she snapped at him. 'What do you want? Go, if you do not like this, just go, I will be able to defend myself.'

He stood there as white as a ghost and was shocked by her. Now he started

to see through her completely, because I remained in connection with him. She walked up to him.

‘Come on’, she said, ‘leave all of this.’ She cuddled up against him and my power over him passed to her. It was not simple to have a human being completely in his power and to protect from this side. As a result of his love for her he pushed me away from him and since she cuddled up to him my power over him was already broken. His own longings played tricks on me. I had not counted on that either. Everything happened here unexpectedly. I would have to dominate that human will, otherwise I would achieve nothing. Yet I could not reach him at this moment. Now I thought about those others. I wanted to know what had happened there and removed myself, but I would come back directly. I was soon there and found him as I had left him. The time passed. I still saw both demons in and around him. Now he was an instrument in their hands. How would this drama resolve itself? I fathomed him out again and determined that he had already made a decision and that he was connected completely with body and soul. His hatred had reached the highest point. His soul was infected by the poison from this side. What I perceived was inhuman. He had reached the age of forty and that was too young to die. Yet he was lost, because he did not want it any differently. He stamped the ground in a fury and emptied his beaker, as a result of which his brain became dazed and his hatred strengthened.

Unexpectedly he appeared to come to a decision. I felt what he wanted to go and do and I also saw that he took a dagger with him. Then he prepared to leave. The demons followed him; their concentration on him was sharp and directed at him. I moved in a flash, back to the man I would help. I concentrated on that place and floated there. There was a beautiful garden around the house and a few trees blocked the view. I clearly saw this earthly scene. I quickly entered, because action had to be taken. I forced them both to leave but this appeared impossible for me. He had passed over into her completely again and had become entangled in her snares. His youthful blood did not belie its nature. I wriggled inside him and sharpened my concentration. I could have stopped a galloping horse. A tremendous fear overcame him.

‘What is the matter with you?’ she asked with interest.

‘I do not feel well’, he said.

Then I passed into her and I also placed my fear in her, which I knew of fate. Both felt me.

‘Something will happen’, she said, ‘I am becoming afraid.’ He was also afraid, but did not want to know it for her. ‘He will come’, she said, ‘what should I do?’

‘Leave’, she said again, ‘he will kill you.’

‘No’, he replied, ‘I will stay.’

‘Go’, she said again, ‘it will cost you your life.’

‘I will stay’, he said determined. He sat down and looked at her. She ran back and forth like a wild animal. Suddenly she emitted a dreadful scream, which penetrated my life. She saw towards the entrance and before her stood her former lover. He reviewed the situation and smiled. Then he came nearer and two pairs of eyes met each other. He looked from her to the man who had taken sat down before her.

‘Who are you?’ he asked my protégé. He said nothing, but kept looking at him.

‘Who are you?’ he asked again, ‘and what are you doing here in my house?’

He got a fright. ‘Your house?’

‘My house, what are you doing here?’

She stood as if nailed to the ground and was past desperation. She was before him in one leap. ‘Leave’, she said, ‘who gives you the right to talk like that?’

‘I come here when I choose to myself’, I heard him say. He grabbed his dagger as quick as lightning and at the same time two people were stabbed. My protégé moved away, deeply shocked inside.

I remained and saw how this would end. They were still alive, but both of them would die. At the same time that I perceived all of this, I heard a voice next to me say: ‘Follow him, you can come back here later.’

I concentrated on him and had soon reached him. As if in a dream he followed his path and was not conscious where he was going. I connected with him, his thoughts were intense. Yet I managed to get him to think, so that he started to question himself. He felt my thoughts, my power made him conscious. However, he suddenly began to weep violently and collapsed. I had not counted on that either. Now what? I wanted to waken him, but I did not manage. Hours passed. Finally I saw that he was brought to his own house. Then I went back to the place of doom. Both of them were still alive but a few minutes later she gave up the ghost.

When I perceived this I saw a few shadows in my vicinity which I thought I had already seen. Now they became visible to me and I saw that they made magnetising stroking movements over the earthly body. Then I heard a terrible scream and the spirit left the earthly body. She had died on earth and had been born on this side. He was still alive, however, it would not last much longer. The demons stood at a distance watching. Now they had left him, but waited on this side for his entry. I stood and waited to see what they would do. I had experienced a dreadful drama during these few hours. Now I heard a smothered cry and I understood: he also passed over.

However, again I experienced another event. Again I saw shadows and these shadows carried him away. But was that possible? Was he not also a

person who had killed himself? What did this mean? Yet at the same time I heard a voice within me say: It is his end! His end, I repeated, his end? My God, how incomprehensible Your laws are.

‘Follow those shadows’, I heard a voice say to me, ‘only later will all of this be made clear to you. This is his normal end.’

Whose voice was this? Someone who committed suicide had died in his normal state? And I? Too difficult to understand, I thought, still too deep for me. One day I will be given the meaning of it. I heard nothing more and followed the shadows.

Where would they go? Now I felt elevated and it went at full speed, away from this place. The demons also left and followed the shadows. I felt that I left the earth. I went higher and higher until I could no longer see the earth. I had not see or felt or experienced that either during my long journey. What kind of miracle was that? I continued to follow them.

Did the demons know where the shadows were going? However, I felt that I was starting to experience a new miracle, which I did not yet know anything about, although I thought I already knew a lot. It went further and further. I had also seen those shadows during the fighting in the street. Suddenly I thought about it. There they had also taken away the people who had died. I did not know where, but now I would find out. A city appeared before me, I entered another world. Around me I saw houses and buildings. Where was I? This could not be a heaven, because there was darkness around me. They went further and further and floated through all those buildings. Finally they descended. I felt myself on the ground, the surface was firm. The demons were also close to me, but they did not see me. I also followed their actions. They watched like animals of prey and I sensed their intention. That being there had their full attention.

They laid the dead person in a dark cave. Around me I saw even more caves and hovels. Now I could clearly see the shadows and one of them shone upon him. He made magnetising stroking movements over the body. This lasted some time. I continued to watch and thought it really amazing what I saw. The demons continued to watch at some distance. I noticed that the shadows sensed them, because one of them looked in their direction. I then heard them talking and was shocked by what I heard.

‘Our work is done’, one shadow said, ‘soon they can attack him.’ Now I immediately understood the whole situation. My master had told me about it. I would also have experienced such a situation if I had died in a normal way. Then the shadows now left, but they had not yet gone when the demons fell like lunatics upon the man who lay there in sleep and thrashed him. I heard him groaning and felt that he would become conscious. He was beaten and kicked and dragged out of that cave.

‘Leave me alone’, I heard him say, ‘leave me alone.’ Then the woman screamed some abuse at him and cursed him. I saw that not much would remain of him but I also felt that I could not do anything here. The demons had him in their power, there was no doubt about it. They were devils! They took hold of him and flung him a few metres from them in order to give him another thrashing. Where in heaven’s name had I ended up? I was in a hell and yet this hell was not familiar to me. How would I get to the bottom of this truth? The being emitted a horrific groan and it was still not enough, because they continued to attack him. These people were no longer themselves. They flung all the abuse and curses at him. He was to blame for her destruction. How animal-like these people were, they lived it up here. I felt a hatred which I had never felt on earth. How could a human being hate so intensely? Yet they still continued. The dead person was now no longer aware of anything. He no longer felt that he was being beaten, he was unconscious. The woman was like a wild pre-animal-like beast, she was dreadful. My God, I thought, what a beast, what has got into these people! Now they left him lying.

‘We will come back’, I heard them say, ‘we will awaken you again. We will let you sleep to gather some strength, but then we will come back.’ ‘I will come back’, I heard the female being say. ‘Where is that other one?’

The male spirit to whom this question was addressed, said: ‘She is not here.’

‘What a pity’, I heard her say. ‘Come on, we are leaving, going back to earth.’

To the earth, I thought, are we not on earth then? Where was I, in hell? But where? I stood stiff from shock and reflected. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder and I saw into the face of a human being.

‘Brother’, the being said to me, ‘do you watch while another human being is torn apart by demons?’

‘I cannot do anything anyway’, I said, ‘I am powerless here. 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 is part of the earth and they are astral areas, but this is the land of the spirit.’

‘Amazing’, I said and asked: ‘Are you a spirit of light?’

‘Yes, I am.’

‘What are you doing here?’

‘I am trying to help the misfortunate.’

‘Here in this darkness?’

‘Yes, in this hell and there are also many of them.’

‘What kind of land is this, I can see houses and buildings?’

‘This here is the Land of Hatred. You see in reality a city, but that city has been built through hatred.’

‘What are you doing here so alone?’

‘I am not alone, there are thousands of helpers here to help those who wish to be helped.’

‘Could I have helped him then?’

‘You could have given your life for the man they brought from the earth.’

‘Can I give my own life?’

‘Yes, that is possible, look there.’

I looked at the place he was pointing to and at the same time I was attacked and before I knew it I was dragged through the darkness. I had already been attacked before, so that I knew how I had to free myself from those claws. Then I heard a satanic laugh. Those bastards! What kind of hypocrites live here together? I felt that I had freed myself, but evil lay in wait here for the human being as on earth. I had not counted on this. They had attacked me unexpectedly, those devils! Which people lived here? I was in another world, but which one? There before me lay that hell. Yet I wanted to know what had happened to him and I went back. I concentrated strongly on the being that had been laid down there. I could be attacked again, but I still descended. That demon pretended to be a brother, how dangerous it was here.

It became dark around me and I felt that I was on the right path. I approached very carefully. The being lay there. To my left and right I saw other beings and these people were like the demons who had followed him. I also heard them talking. They were talking about me. Was I hearing properly? Yes, they were telling each other how they had attacked me. I now understood that I was in another hell. I was far removed from the earth. This here was a spiritual attunement. Did this area lie outside the sphere of the earth? Where was the earth then? I would watch out. Did I feel the significance? Was the astral world on earth? Was this reality? I had entered a sphere unknown to me. I also heard him say that those others had gone back to earth, but that they would come back here. One of them kept watch here. They waited until he would waken up again, then there would be more fighting. On earth a human being was beaten to death, but here he was beaten to unconsciousness. They had to awaken. I also thought that I sensed this problem and I thought it was terrible. I saw nothing but cruelty, lust and violence. All of them were demons, demons who pretended to be higher beings, in order to attack those who were not conscious of anything. I also felt how they had beaten me. How awful everything was which I had experienced up until now. I had been attacked in the astral world, but I found them even more mean here.

Many now left, but two remained. Did all of them belong to him, were



these people involved with him? The evil that he had done on earth, awaited him. There would probably be hundreds involved with him. After a short time others came. Also the first demons who had sent him here came back, including the woman who was the leader of all of them. I saw a dreadful conspiracy there in front of me. What a terrible gang of robbers and murderers were gathered together there. All of them belonged to each other. It was incredible. Here I got to know the connection of the devils, hundreds of them were connected with each other. Now they were talking about me, that I had followed them and that they had destroyed me. You would have liked that, I thought, but I was not equal to this superior strength. What did I still have to do here? I wanted to go back to the earth, to the man I had left behind alone. I would therefore follow the voice of my heart and I kept that voice and those longings concentrated on earth. I had seen a human of the earth enter the spirit world. It was a dreadful transition, because they awaited him here and continued to watch over him. If he was to waken, they would attack him again. How I trembled and shook from these demonic forces. Now I concentrated on the earth and wanted to go faster, because I felt fear entering me. This hell dissolved for me and by continually thinking of the earth I floated towards it. So I had sensed it well. Over there was the spirit world and I now went to the earth. The astral spheres were on earth, it had to be the case, I could not find another meaning for it. But then those demons had spoken the truth! There I already saw the earth. Now I kept my thoughts concentrated on the man I had wanted to protect. I could not have done a lot for him apart from just helping him to think and in this way he had discovered her true personality. The earth now became visible to me. It was as if I could now see more clearly. Was that because I was busy doing something for others? In any case it put me in a good mood because I was conscious of my good intentions. Now I entered a building on earth. I walked through the rooms and kept my thoughts concentrated on the man I had left. The man who had experienced this dream lay sleeping in one of the rooms. There were a few earthly people around him. I saw that he woke up and they wanted to ask him questions. In a flash I understood what I had to do. I connected with him and I gave an answer to each question. I said that I had nothing to do with all of this. He himself did not know which path he had to follow, which I felt clearly, but he had to follow this path, otherwise he would also be lost. I therefore remained inside him and forced him to continue to speak in this way. I had him completely in my power and he listened to me. Then an old man came in and I felt that this was his father. He listened and understood the situation his child was in. He was asked whether he knew both people.

‘No’, he said.

‘You were followed’, I heard a voice say.

‘Then those people did not see properly’, he continued. Suddenly I thought that all was lost, because he started to weep. This was wrong, because he could be suspected. They thought that he would now surrender completely. I strengthened my concentration and forced him to remain calm. I now also felt that I was being helped. As a result of the strength I placed in him he became himself again and he said: ‘I feel really upset, how can you ask me these questions?’

Now his father spoke and pleaded for his child. I understood that this was the only possibility of saving him from the scaffold.

‘I do not feel well’, he said, ‘I have nothing to do with that other thing. Now I wish to sleep, I am not well and feel sick. Search, but not here.’

The father resumed the conversation and tried to convince them of the innocence of his child.

‘Where were you at such and such a time?’ one of those gentlemen also asked him. ‘You were found far from your house.’

‘That is true, but I have nothing to do with that.’

‘Fine’, they said and left.

The first interrogation was over. I felt attracted to him, but did not know why. Did I perhaps have something to do with him? He soon lay in a deep sleep, but I continued to watch over him. Remarkable feelings entered me. I felt as before, when my parents were still alive, and yet I was now in a strange country. Did I know these beings? I gauged him and also his father. At this moment I felt the influence so familiar to me again. Was I connected with something? Something occurred to me from the past. Did these beings have to do with me from times long past? Again I gauged them, in order to be able to sense their whole being, their deepest inner self. However, I did not manage this and in this way their lives remained in a thick haze. However I did not doubt that this had a meaning, because everything in this life had meaning. Every thought which people felt and which was spoken consciously or unconsciously, had meaning for the person who received them. However, I only felt attracted to him, not to his father. Our feelings, or whatever it was, corresponded. A part of me lay in his condition and those feelings came back to me. This was what occupied me, what I found strange, but yet clearly felt. His father was far removed from me in feeling and I felt him more as the connection with this human being. These feelings came to me while he was sleeping. After a long sleep he awoke again. He jumped out of bed and visited his father. I followed him, because I wanted to know what he would discuss with him. Now I held back my concentration from him, otherwise he would interpret my feelings and I would not find out anything. I wanted to try and get to the bottom of the whole truth.

Now a conversation between father and son followed.

'I am not to blame', he said. 'No, none of it concerns me.'

'Were you there?' his father asked.

'Yes, he stabbed himself before my eyes and also the woman I had known for such a short time.'

'Are you telling the truth, Lantos?'

I got a fright. Did I hear correctly? Lantos? Did he bear my name? Was he a member of my family? Had I therefore sensed it correctly? My God, I thought, what is it this time.

He answered: 'I am telling the truth, father. If I was guilty, I would lay my head on the scaffold and I would do that immediately, but this does not concern me, believe me.'

'I believe you', his father said. 'I understand everything and I will help you, leave this to me. They have to accept it or your life will be at stake. However, you have taken the correct path. Continue or your head will roll.'

His father left and I knew what he was going to do.

Lantos, I thought, this young man bore my name? I suddenly thought that I sensed this problem. A being of our family was on earth. Now I looked round the room and recognised many things which we also had had. If I had felt it correctly they had been able to save some goods from our estate. Then they were the ones who had inherited our estate or had got it in some way or another. Everywhere I saw objects from my time. It was amazing. Had master Emschor now also connected me again? Was the influence that I had felt his? It could not be any other way. I sat down and thought about my former life. Suddenly I heard a soft voice say: 'I thank you, Lantos Dumonché, for your help.'

I got a fright, because my name had been spoken. 'Do you know me?' I asked.

'Yes', said the voice, 'I know you. All of this will end well, but my child will leave. He bears your name and yet he now belongs to another descent. He was your child in one of your lives. You see, your paths are being followed. The man who convinced you of the past sent me to you. Accept all of this, it is the truth.'

'Are you his mother?'

'Yes, it is my child.'

'How wonderful the powers of the masters are to be able to know all of this.'

'Their powers are unlimited. If it is God's will, everything will be revealed to us.'

'What should I do now?' I asked.

'Leave and follow your path.'

'Can I do anything else here?'

‘No, they no longer need your help here.’

‘Did master Emschor want me to experience this?’

‘Yes, and you see, it has already happened.’

‘Did they send me here?’

‘Yes, those who possess these powers can do that and you know those powers. Thank God for all of this.’

I had therefore sensed it correctly and Emschor had made it clear to me at the place of my birth.

‘Where is the woman’, I asked, ‘whom they killed?’

‘In another world. You can visit her later, but wait a while, because she is also sleeping and will have to sleep for a long time.’

‘I thank you’, I said to the being, ‘but why am I experiencing all of this?’

‘In order to convince you of your past and because it is necessary.’

‘Do you have connection with everything and everyone in the spheres of light?’

‘We are connected with millions of beings and you are also one of them.’

‘Good spirit, I thank you from the depth of my soul, now I know enough, I thank you.’ The spirit left.

Remarkable, I thought, I had protected my own child, how deep everything was. How tremendous the powers are of those who know all of this. The past again and again, I had apparently not experienced enough yet. I had not thought of this, but who would think of it? The higher people came, the deeper people saw into life and the lives which were already experienced. This life is great, I said to myself.

Where would I go now? First I visited the man I had protected. He had gone for a rest again and I now felt that no danger threatened him. It was not yet his time to leave. How many being were connected with this event? It could be thousands and yet it only concerned him. However, I had learned a lot from it, I now knew that I did not know nearly everything from my own hell. As a result of one situation I was connected with the whole universe. As a result of one person I learned what people on earth could not learn. All of this was spiritual wisdom, it belonged to this life. However, it was wonderful and deep, very deep. I now wanted to continue and would search for new work. Where? Would I go back to my cell? I would probably find work there, because there were many wretches there. Was I also sent there? This attracted me, because there were demons to destroy those wretches. What I met was continually violence. Here evil lived together. Yet I did not go to my cell, but first wanted to visit that other world again, because I wanted to know all about it. I therefore went back to that other being.

I was soon there and I saw that he was still being watched over. Poor thing, whatever you did wrong, this is dreadful. He would have to make good what

he had once done wrong. How many people had he sent here? Did he possess this power on earth? It appeared to be so according to everything I saw.

I wandered through the streets of that dark city again and could not believe my eyes. If I had not seen it myself, I could not have accepted it. The people of the earth lived here, but I soon felt that only evil was united here. I also saw shadows, but they belonged to the higher attuned people who went and helped the wretches. They carried fathers and mothers on their shoulders and took them away from this horror. Where were they going? They dissolved before me as it were, which I found really amazing. Yet I stood powerlessly watching and could not go with them, however much I wanted to. An invisible force called me to a halt. When I still tried this anyway, then it was as if I was suffocating and it cut off my breath. I therefore just gave up, because I understood the meaning of it. I was not yet at that stage, those powers were not within me. The spiritual law was unrelenting. Was this God? No, this was not God, it was I who had locked myself up and in this way I could not leave my hell. When I had mastered those powers, only then could I go further and higher. However, I was amazed at everything I saw. Here it was like on earth and yet this area was far away from the earth. This is why people called it the spiritual world here. I lived in a city, but that city was fickle. It was a real hell, but this hell was different to the astral areas. Here I was in the true hell of life after death. Each hell had its own meaning and I descended into all those hells. People lived there who moved like animals and were no longer human, which made me shiver. I saw beings who were covered with wounds and when I did not understand all these situations, I fathomed them and in this way I felt the meaning of them. I walked in the sphere of the people who had committed suicide, who had experienced the process of decay on earth. From the earth they had come here. In this way everyone followed his own path, or joined other people. I sympathised with all these people but I could not help them. Here I felt the deepest suffering which a human being could receive.

I stumbled onwards completely alone and in this way I got to know all those hells. I kept wandering further and further, I descended deeper and deeper and visited one hell after another. I entered a hell where the people were neither animals nor humans. They lay there sleeping and I felt that they had perhaps slept for hundreds of years after each other. Yet one day they would awaken and then their life on this side would begin. I had experienced all that misery, how could I have dealt with it! Now I was already at the stage of wanting to do something for other people. I did not know whether all these beings would go back to earth. It would be a mercy for them, because they had everything on earth. If they were to descend from their hell into the world of the unconscious in order to go back to earth, they would know

nothing about it, of course. What they had experienced lay deep, very deep in their souls, and yet, anyone who had the powers to descend into the depth of the soul life, saw and felt all these truths. However, only the masters could do this, the cosmically awakened, as Emschor said. When I tuned into these people, I felt that they had already completed their cycle of the earth and from here they would continue in order to seek the higher. I did not know how I suddenly understood this, but I was certainly being helped again. Their sleep was different than the sleep I had felt when I was connected with it at the edge of my grave. However, not only their sleep, but also this world, hell or sphere, or whatever it was called in which they lived, was different. In their world there was movement, even if they did not feel any of it themselves, but in that other world there was nothing, it was empty. Now I felt even more, namely: anyone who went back to the earth, immediately descended into the world of the unconscious, but only then when it was part of their cycle of the earth. Therefore others who had died on earth and had entered here, could go back for some task or other, but descended consciously into that world of connection. These were therefore two possibilities to return, but this one possibility was a spiritual law. I felt that these thoughts were not my own and I thanked that invisible help for these feelings.

I descended deeper and deeper and when I clearly concentrated and wanted to know where I was, I found myself close to the earth. Good grief, I thought, who are you? Why all this misery? I now felt that all these hells came together. Deeper or higher, yet they were one. The heavens must also be like this. I went back to the hell where I had left those demons. They were still with him and watched over him, because his sleep was deep. Yet he would waken up one day. I did not understand how all of this worked, but I trembled from all these horrors.

How harsh and mean these beings were, they just continued to wait. They could not forgive him what he had done to them. He had taken their lives and probably the lives of many and he had to make that good. I felt the depth of this problem. The human being was faced on this side with his own failed life, with all his sins and faults. Here people could not hide them.

However sad it was, he had wanted it himself and that was the most awful thing.

If the people of the earth knew that one day, and I was able to tell them one day how many people would be waiting for them for whom they had something to make good! I felt that I could never learn enough about this and that I could go on for a thousand years after each other, continually further. Because there was no end; after all, I lived in eternity. The people on earth had no concept of eternity. They would not be able to grasp that word 'eternity'. When they enter here an invisible power calls them to a halt and

they are faced with their own personality. One person receives happiness, another terrible misery. People have to experience all of this first before they can feel the depth of this life.

I stayed in all of these hells for years after each other. When people needed my help then I gave myself completely. After all these years I thought I saw more light, it began to become light in my hell. At first I did not wish to believe it, but I had to accept it. I had not yet done much for my fellow being, but I was prepared to give my whole inner self.

Now I felt that I did not want to stay here. I knew this hell and likewise the hells lying under it. There were seven of them. I had learned in all of these hells that it was not so simple to help people, but I wanted to try to conquer those difficulties. I therefore passed over completely into this life and this meant spiritual wisdom.

Now I would go back to my dungeon. It was as if I was being sent there. Was that effect? Would they therefore follow my paths from afar? It must be the case, since I felt it.

When I tuned into the earth, this world dissolved for me. This dissolving was really amazing. I repeated this a few times and now understood it completely. Then I sharpened my concentration and in this way I floated in the great universe towards the earth. I was conscious that millions of beings, stars and planets, suns and bodies were around me and yet I was alone, completely alone and abandoned, on the way to help other people. I continually held my concentration directed upon my dungeon. By continually thinking of it I had to get there. I had already mastered this floating and connecting with other situations. If it concerned my own life, I could see everything, but everything which lived above my own world remained invisible to me. I already said that there was more light in my hell and that was because it had changed inside me. One day the higher spheres would also be visible to me.

I was soon on earth. I entered the place where I had been locked up. However, my cell was empty. I then visited the other cells, because I wanted to know whether I was perhaps needed here. Those I had met on my previous visit were already on this side. Centuries had passed and this building was still serving as a prison. I entered a cell. Before me I saw an old man, he could have reached the age of sixty. He was also like a skeleton. Again I felt that soft sign from the higher spirits, as a result of which I now knew that I was still being followed in everything. It was as if I had been called and my joy was great when I felt all of this. How great were the powers of the spirit, there was no distance here. Yet I did not understand the working of these powers, although it was amazing to be able to experience this.

He was sitting in a corner of his cell gazing around him. I felt that he was in connection with this world. After I had tuned in, I immediately started

to perceive.

My God, I thought, what now? I saw different demons, and one of them, a female being, was in connection with him. She was a dreadful monster. I sat down close to him and followed him in everything. There was also a demon with me, a former enemy, however, here a female being. The man was wasting away from passion and as a result of his passion he would take his own life. He was even deeper in connection than I. This being clearly manifested itself before him. I gauged him and felt how long he still had to live. It was just a few weeks, then he would die. How could I free him from this connection and be able to protect him against his own passing over? He spoke to the astral beings, whom he clearly saw.

‘Oh, help me’, he said, ‘have pity. Who are you?’

I followed this terrible scene and now heard the spirit say, which sounded so satanic to my ears: ‘Take your own life and come here.’

‘Where?’ he asked.

‘Here in our world.’

I had to try and prevent this, I knew all too well what awaited him. It would cost me all my strength, but I felt that this man could be helped. I would try to suppress his passion. I thought for a long time how I could work on him.

‘Come into our world’, how demonic, how mean these beings were. I now became one with him and shone upon him, so that he fell asleep for a short time. The monster at this side felt that she had lost her power over him, even if it was temporary.

‘He is sleeping’, I heard her say, ‘how is that suddenly possible? Yet we will not leave him alone.’

I connected with her and I felt who she was and how she was involved with him. What she longed for she could find on this side and on earth, but this old man was involved in her life. The connection which I saw and felt had been reached on earth. She hated. She had descended deeper than he and therefore he could be reached by me. I would do everything to prevent this demon getting power over him. Shortly before his death they wanted to force that terrible process on this side upon him. She knew how awful this process was and knew the misery which awaited him. While he was asleep I placed beautiful thoughts within him, including those of his childhood. He awakened with these thoughts some time later. He sat staring in front of him and spoke a few words to himself, which I did not hear, but I felt them entering me and they were my own thoughts. He thought that he had dreamt it. Now his childhood lay within him and with those childhood memories he released himself from the claws of that being. In this way I achieved that she could not reach him. They had been connected on earth, but she bore a



deadly hatred for him. He had not managed to have a fine life, but he was a saint compared to her. My will now dominated his, so that he continued to think in this direction. The night passed in this way. Oh, how I understood his torments. No other could understand him better than I, because I had experienced a similar life. I knew all about this. I had experienced these laws and this terrible transition. During the day he could not perceive, but at night the astral being condensed, and I knew now how this was possible. By manifesting itself this unfortunate being would sooner decide to end his life. If this connection had been achieved intensely, his transition would also be unavoidable. Therefore they always tried to achieve this connection at night, or in deep darkness. However, I continued to watch over him. I placed my aura around him and waited.

He walked back and forth in his cage all day. When he was dead tired, he sat down and then he started to think again. I tried to make myself seen, as Emschor had done with me, but I had to give it up, it appeared impossible for me to do. I tried it many times, but I did not manage. I would have to possess more powers and I now understood that I would have to master all those dark spheres so he would perceive me, so I gave up. As a result of this I understood how powerful higher spirits were. In spite of this disappointment I felt happy that I had accepted this work. This would be my first great deed in this life.

The night approached again, but there was still no one to be seen on this side. I observed what he did and felt what he longed for. His longings were for her and when he concentrated strongly I felt that my aura started to weaken. Then his own will penetrated my help, which lay around him like a dense haze. However, I tried to prevent this and to keep him under my influence. Yet when he tuned in his own will the haze weakened and he passed into other powers, which he longed for.

The night approached even more and I still did not see any beings. I would soon perceive them when they came back to him. It was horrible and quiet here. The wind whistled through the bars, which made him shiver. It had also made me afraid and I had experienced thousands of other feelings in my time. They could not be distinguished from each other. He also experienced all those states. I tried to free him from it and prayed intensely to God to help me anyway. I prayed very intensely for hours on end and as a result of my praying he felt warmth entering him. He felt what I experienced, we were one. This is why I heard the howling of the wind, otherwise it would not be possible to hear that in my world.

It did him good, so I continued to pray. I knew this misery and I knew what I would have to ask my Father. My prayers were pure, very human. I did not ask for myself, but whether I would be allowed to help him and

protect him from this destruction. I prayed and continued to pray and in this way this night also passed and nothing special happened. Thank God, I thought, two nights of his time had already passed. I counted the time and saw that he had already been locked up here for many years. He had also written down the days and years. During the day I worked on him and tried to get him to pray too. If I was to manage this then he would not be easy to reach. However, this human being had not prayed much in his life either. Yet I persevered. I placed pious thoughts in him and the thought of dying. I let him feel that he would soon die. He took over those thoughts from me and thought about them in reality.

‘Oh, God’, he said to himself, ‘what will await me? Can you forgive a poor sinner?’ Then he interrupted his own thoughts again in order to think of other, inferior things. When the animal-like played tricks with his imagination, he broke off my connection and the haze that I had placed around him dissolved. Yet he fought against his own feelings. He knew, no, he felt very clearly that what he did was wrong. Yet he kept coming back to it. He fought against the evil in him and that battle was not so straightforward. I had also had to fight with myself during my long journey. I had released myself from all the earthly feelings and pleasures, but that release had been a terrible battle. My love for Marianne had protected me from this terrible life. I understood as a result of this that the human being had to possess something which he could cling to. My realm of thoughts had been a chain of events, such as that of Marianne on earth, and yet the thought of her alone had given me the strength for it, or I would also have stumbled again and again. However, I had got through it. He was also busy, but would he conquer himself? I would continue to help him, that poor man. It was a battle of life and death, a battle of evil against good and against his own will. That being, the woman who had come back to him, was the greatest danger to his self-preservation. If he was to come into connection with her then he could no longer be saved. He did not possess the powers to turn against that. This is why I continued to pray, because I felt that only a higher power could help me. If other and higher powers felt me, they would support me from afar and I knew that sending out a sincere prayer would help, because they could receive these feelings. I continued praying and I was determined resolutely not to stop praying.

I prayed for a human being, because this human being was in danger. I myself had also found that so dreadful. Days and nights passed and I felt that the demons would not be able to do anything if I continued to protect him in this way. I had entered him and remained in him. I was connected so intensely with him that he searched for an activity during the day in order to kill time. To me that meant that the evil in him had fallen asleep.

He doodled on every spot in his cell which was suitable for this purpose. It was really remarkable to me. I gauged him, to find out where these feelings suddenly came from and had entered him. He found it strange himself. Suddenly he did something for which I was not prepared and from which I felt that I did not have him completely in my power. He made a wound on his skin, so that blood appeared. However, he now drew naked figures on the wall with his own blood. To him this was a very pleasant amusement, but I thought about it and thought I understood it. These feelings came from deep within him. My aura lay around him like a wall of spiritual strength, but he wriggled through it, although I had already prevented that for some days now. He continued to draw figures. His feelings were awe-inspiringly sharp and I felt that I had to release him, even if it was just for a moment, because I would drive him mad otherwise. A strong will lay within him and that penetration of his personality put him in this unexpected and incomprehensible state. I was faced with a problem. His own inner being was searching for a way out and found this way, even if a dense wall of spiritual power lay around this being. Feelings united, but we could only become one completely if we cherished one thought, as my master had taught me. To me all of this was amazing and educational, since I got to know the depth of the soul here and learned to fathom a human being. Yet I remained connected to him. He stopped drawing for a moment and from this I felt that he was listening to me again, despite his own will. It was as if he was awakening. He sighed deeply and admired his own 'art'.

I was faced with a mystery again. He rubbed his eyes and did not know what he had achieved. He looked at his arm and hurled curses at himself.

'Where did I get this', he wondered, 'I am going mad after all.'

He looked around him and saw that he had drawn various figures. 'Amazing', he said, 'how is that suddenly possible?'

He was not conscious of anything, so I understood that his whole being had passed into me. Yet I had not felt any of it while he was drawing, but I understood the danger of all of this, since he had reached a strange emotional state through me. I had to admit honestly that I thought that he had taken over my feeling for art without my knowledge, because that art lay within me. Yet this was not the case, it went even deeper, because he knew nothing about his actions and recoiled from what he had done. I had not wanted this. My thoughts and concentration were not directed at this, there was nothing within me that had thought about that. Where did those feelings come from? Were they inside him, or had he descended into a former life? I followed his earthly life and saw that he had had nothing to do with art. He had never learned it. He had a very different profession. This was a problem which I did not understand. Yet I felt that I had to continue in this way, then

this mystery would be solved. I gauged him for a long time, concentrated on his inner life and felt very deeply into his human feeling that feelings for art lay hidden there. These feelings entered him from the depths of the past. He had also essentially been an artist. How deep the human being was that all these feelings had been preserved, because I knew for certain that they were not from me. When he started with it I was shocked.

I now had to try and take these feelings for art away from him and I felt that I had to leave him a bit freer if I did not want to drive him mad. It would upset him if he noticed something similar for a second time, which he himself knew nothing about. I had elevated him completely in this life as a result of my concentration and he had reached the deepest inspiration which an artist on earth could wish for. In this state, which was now clear to me, the greatest and most beautiful works of art were produced. However, I was only concerned with calming down those feelings for art again, which had suddenly awakened within him. I released him from my aura and thoughts and he felt that he was becoming himself again. Now I could start from the beginning again.

He had lain down to rest. Yet, before night approached, I would have to reach a connection with him. If these beings came back he would pass into them. When night approached I therefore achieved a very slight connection. However, I remained in my own world and observed what would happen, because I had a premonition that they would come back tonight. He sent his thoughts out to this world and longed again for a conversation with her.

‘Are you there?’ he asked unexpectedly. I did not see any being and replied: ‘Yes, I am here.’ He heard my words entering inside him. I now spoke as the demons had spoke to me. I was very pleased that this possibility occurred. I had not thought of this and had not counted on it either. This was a new way of connecting. Now I was inside him and around him and yet I could reach him. I found this connection better and stronger than that first one. I concentrated on him, silently placed a new wall of spiritual strength around him and continued to remain one with him.

I therefore replied that I was with him and he said to me: ‘I have asked you questions, but why have you stayed away from me for so long? You have still not answered my question whether there is death.’

Amazing, I thought, he is asking the same questions I asked. I replied again to this question: ‘There is no death.’

‘There is no death?’ ‘And you first said that there is death, and not now?’

‘No, there is no death.’ I concluded from this that they had not told him the true cause either. Anyone who came into contact with demons was lied to and cheated. ‘You did not understand me’, I continued.

‘Not understood?’

‘No’, I said. Then there was silence for a moment. The human being on earth accepted everything. He did not see through that veil and people had to see through it if they wanted to enter our world. He was told lies and deception and as a result of lies and deception I had put an end to my earthly life. Yet his connection was more intense than mine. This human being possessed more of those powers than I did when my end was approaching. I also understood that all these feelings had to do with his end. The soul was slowly preparing itself to leave the earthly body. Since his spiritual body entered into connection with this world, it would be more difficult for me to protect him against these beings. I felt and reviewed all of this.

He asked again: ‘Tell me the truth, is there death?’

‘No’, I said and put all my strength into it, so that his heart beat. He was shocked by my words, which he felt shaking inside him. The connection with him was very deep again. I was myself completely and yet he did and felt what I now wanted from him. This state had also come to him unconsciously. I tried to fathom this out and now gauged his spiritual state, but I did not see or feel the least resistance there. We were now one and I would try to maintain this unity of soul. Now I started to examine him physically. This was very easy for me since I felt it inside me.

His heart had weakened, which I saw clearly, I felt it beating. Every hour cost him a month of physical strength which he would have used in his normal life. He was a wreck. The weakness of his earthly body, the longing of his soul, his personal desires, therein lay this sensitivity. I understood this completely. However, I now felt those feelings for art coming back to him. Now what? If he passed into this, then he would go completely mad. I tried to influence him in such a way that he would consciously pass into his material life. I therefore thought of different earthly things. By concentrating I got him so far that he started to sing and whistle. Then I forced him to walk backwards and forwards in his cell. He went from one form of nonsense to the other. My idea was successful and he felt himself again as a result of all those things. The past receded within him, so one danger had passed. However, I would now have to make him a bit calmer and in this way I made him one with me, because by thinking of all those earthly things I had to release him completely. As a result of all that walking back and forth he felt tired. He lay down and tried to sleep. However, he could not sleep, he was too conscious. Now I also knew what I had been like. I had not been able to sleep either and this was the meaning of it. His inner self was in rebellion.

I had to watch out for thousands of things here, I had not thought it would be so difficult to help a human being from this side. However, I felt that I was doing good work, because I took away from this man much suffering and the most incredible torments which the human being on earth does not

know. For that purpose I gave myself, my whole inner self. I now felt that the past had gone back to the past. He was also deep. Everyone carried a deep past inside himself, because everyone had been cosmically connected. They were cosmic powers, they were part of a very different life. A life that I had not known, but which now revealed itself to me through him. He was drowsy, gasped for breath, because his body could not cope with all of this. Now something was approaching, I could feel it. That cursed being, that monster would influence him. This became an open battle, a battle between her and me. However, I was faced with two beings, because his will, his own personality, was also against me. That will longed and wanted to come into connection with her. That will, that awe-inspiring human will would play tricks on me if I did not use all my powers to prevent this.

‘Here I am’, I heard her say.

However, she could not see me. Yet she looked in the direction where I was. She saw me as a shadow, but shrouded in a haze. She knew these shadows just as well as I had perceived them around and inside me. She therefore knew that he was not alone. She tuned into him and asked: ‘Are you not alone?’

Fortunately, I thought, she thinks that on earth there is someone with him.

‘What did you say?’ he asked. He had therefore heard something, only he did not understand her clearly. I experienced amazing things here, but also terrible ones.

‘I am here’, she said after a short while, ‘can you not see me?’

He still sat staring in front of him in a dazed way and did not answer. Yet she had felt his inner urge to speak and answered: ‘Now, answer me, I am here!’ She spoke briefly and strictly, as a result of which he awoke with a fright and life entered him. To me there was just one possibility to free him from her claws. I tried to dominate his inner self and to come into contact with her, so that I could pick up her words. I said to the being: ‘Leave, leave me alone.’ A long silence followed. She had heard me clearly and picked up my words. Suddenly she left. Where would she go? Did she feel opposition? Had she gone for help and did she know where to get it? I knew that such a being could connect on this side with a similar type of individual, in order to make a person harmless together. However, I waited. The man next to me had come to himself. He looked around him and thought he could see in that darkness.

‘Oh’, he said, ‘I am so sick, so tired. If there is a Father in heaven, how can He approve of this?’ Strange, I thought everyone asks for Him, every being asks ‘why and for what purpose?’ How can God approve of this, I had also kept asking myself. However, I had got to know God as a Father of Love.

He would also get to know a God of Love, when he had died. Yet it caused me sorrow. Why did the human being on earth has to suffer so much? Why must the soul go through all these phases on earth before it had reached that height? Again and again that 'why'; it was and would remain a mystery. God is Love! How simple it was to accept and yet this was so difficult. Wherever I had been, in the sphere of the earth, the astral areas, in hell, everywhere suffering, misery and sorrow, but also passion and violence. The human being did not want to obey. His wondering 'why and for what purpose' was the reason for me to protect him and help him from his own destruction. He was willing, but if he was to rebel, his personality would work against me and I had to take this into account. He tried to sleep. He was too sick and too tired to tune himself in spiritually. A few hours passed like this until I suddenly saw movement in front of me. Two individuals had come back and one of them was the female being. She had therefore got help, she could not have managed this alone.

A flash of spiritual power was sent to him. The man trembled and shook as a result of that sudden influence and looked up. They had reached him. His longing to come into connection with them, their powers which they had tuned into him collectively, flowed into one.

I was desperate, four against one, it was impossible to fight it. What should I do? He stood up and said: 'Are you here?'

'Yes', I said quickly. However, I also heard them say: 'We have come to help you.'

'Wonderful', he said, 'give me advice.'

Now what, I thought. To my left and to my right the demons and in front of me that wretch. I gauged him, but his longing was intense. His interest, his lust, cut off my help. I was faced with different possibilities, but which should I apply to him? I wriggled inside him and penetrated his personality. I had to try and connect even deeper with him. Then it would have to be madness, madness was better than such a destruction. I felt him sinking away and coming back, but suddenly he started to scratch open his old wounds. His blood started to flow. Then he jumped up from his seat and ran around like a madman. Deep darkness surrounded him, but it did not stop him. It was dreadful. This lasted for some time, then he lay down again and sighed. It had tired him out, his brain could not deal with it. His brain worked feverishly and his heart beat fiercely. He grasped his head with both hands and called out: 'I am going mad.'

I felt in this situation how the spirit could make the human being on earth mad. His physical powers were not designed for this awe-inspiring influence. I myself influenced him and these demons also tried to elevate him into their lives, so that it made him dizzy. A human being with normal feelings already

has difficulty remaining in balance on earth, so that the earthly body is in harmony with the spiritual body, so it is understandable how this wretch felt. I had seen all of this during my walk on earth, but now I started to experience it. If the astral being becomes master of the human being on earth, then he experiences his own life. The demons use that earthly body for their pleasure, for lust, violence and destruction. Everything is animal-like, very, very pitiful, but they are dreadful truths. Once that earthly being has been reached, then dozens of beings live it up in that earthly body. Anyone who passes into the hands of evil is usually lost beyond redemption. From this side everything is done to preserve such a human being. It is dark and horrible, but the astral being wants to experience, they are one in feeling and thoughts. I can only give you one piece of advice: Search for the good, so that the high spirit can reach you and influence you. As you think yourself you attract and you pass into it. Do not be a plaything of your own thoughts.

This wretch experienced all of this. They wanted to destroy him, let him die spiritually, and I tried to prevent that. I worked upon in him in my way, but he wanted to connect with the demons and the demons sent their terrible feelings to him. An organic disruption would take place, because the strongest body could not deal with this. He jumped up again and ran round like a madman until he could not move a foot. He was already in a state of complete exhaustion. He collapsed in the middle of his cell and remained lying there. For me this was a great fortune, because the demons could not reach him now. Now he was too weak to take his own life. However, if that was to go on like that, the man would go mad. This had kept on worrying me, so that I had occupied myself with thousands of other things and had watched out for myself. I had involuntarily checked myself. Yet I would have been better to have gone mad than to experience this terrible destruction.

Now he lay there like a dead man. I gauged him and clearly felt that he was dazed. I could not feel anything more from his past. What he now experienced was connected to his physical condition and his powers lessened by the minute. This is why the demons could not reach him enough now. Yet they were in him and around him.

‘He is not alone’, I heard them say again. ‘There is a doctor with him. He is being nursed.’

‘No’, said the other, ‘he is lying on the ground.’

I understood from this conversation that they could not see or feel the real meaning. I knew all those transitions and knew that the prisoner had a higher attunement than they had. If I could suppress his longings, they would not be able to take possession of him. However, it was not yet the time for passing over, so that so many things could happen. If he tuned into them, they would clearly be able to see that there was no earthly doctor present.



When I thought of all these things, he asked: 'Why do you not help me? I am so alone here, there is no one helping me.'

In reply I heard the female demon say: 'He is alone, yet there is help, but that help comes from this side.'

I withdrew slightly, so that they would not see me as a shadow.

'I cannot see anything', the other one said.

'Then you cannot see properly, come on, hurry up, do not delay, he will take his life.'

All of them attacked him, so that the wretch moaned and groaned. This influence made him crazy and his brain became confused. He wanted to be helped, but that help would be fateful to him. It was now no longer possible for him to think normally. I was still one with him. The thoughts of those who wanted to destroy him were murderous. The wretch did not know with whom he had connected. I now exerted all my strength and prayed to God to help me. It had now become a dreadful struggle. To my left and to my right I thought I could see some light. Was I also getting help? I kept my strong will concentrated on one point. I killed his feelings, I could not do anymore just now. I could not concentrate on the demons and let them do what they wanted. I now just stopped him from listening to them and tried to concentrate his attention on other things. He could still be reached. I noticed that he followed me in my train of thought and in this way the night passed and the demons left, because their connection weakened in the morning.

He had lain there for hours. Now I urged him to get up. He tried to get up a few times, until he finally managed to reach his former place. He was exhausted, because he had lost much strength this night. I also saw the demons during the day, since they kept on coming back to him. However, the man kept on sinking away deeper and deeper. I now felt that I had been helped during the night, my intense prayer had been answered. If he was to be attacked tonight, I could probably count on that help again.

They came to visit him in the afternoon. There was really earthly help. He was given medicine and from this I noticed that centuries had passed. When I had been locked up here people did not bother so much about a prisoner, we were left to our fate. Yet he remained in his cell, although it could not last long anymore. I had already been here a few weeks in order to protect him and I still did not see the end. Yet there was something which made me sense the end. If I tuned into him it did not cost me so much effort. The spirit, which would soon enter this life, was already in connection with this life. He removed himself in feeling from the earth and passed into my life. This is why I could reach him more easily, but he was also a sensitive subject for the demons.

In this way the day and night passed and nothing in particular happened.

The following day he could almost no longer move. He lay there still and his thoughts were confused. He was in a state of madness, which was far removed from his earthly consciousness. I felt all of this clearly. His end was becoming nearer. Yet he engaged all his strength and crawled round on his hands like an animal. I wanted to stop him, but it was not possible for me. He was looking for something.

‘Where are you?’ he called. ‘Where are you? Come, do not leave me alone, I love you.’ They can feel and see it. ‘Come on, speak. You are dear to me.’ Completely mad, I thought, but he feels in the spirit. He was normal in my life. Once he had died, that spiritual disturbance would soon dissolve. How simple madness was. I did not understand anything about it during my life on earth. The power of thought of other beings had brought him into disharmony. One helped him, another tried to destroy him. I was still alone, they would probably come back soon. I waited and followed him in his thoughts. The closer death on earth approached, the more difficult it became for me. I knew very certainly that if he had been completely conscious he would already have ended his life long ago, but in this state it was not possible. He could no longer think of just one thing. He was full of thoughts. This was now the only possibility on which I had to concentrate. I remained connected to him inside. Darkness had already fallen long ago when the demons approached. He cursed, begged for help, cursed his God and lost himself. Now there were five of them, three was not enough. Those devils in human form knew that they were being opposed. With united powers they wanted to elevate him into their world and make him harmless. They forced a terrible end on him. He was now completely enclosed and they concentrated on the wretch. I could not withstand this. However, my prayer had helped, so I prayed again in silence to God in order to send help. It was now as if a hurricane of strength erupted upon him. I prayed intensely. ‘Help, help’, I called. ‘My God, help me’. Then I called for my master. ‘Help, Emschor, help me.’ Suddenly I felt another power enter me. I prayed again. ‘I am imprisoned here. Emschor, help me, the power which comes to me and in me is terrible. Oh, God, help me. Emschor! Emschor! My Almighty Father, I beg you, help me, hear my prayer. I will not make it, I cannot do it anymore.’ I continued to call for help, because I felt my powers weakening. An uncertain feeling now entered me. Yet I continued to persevere and prayed deeply for help. How powerful my prayer was. A slight dizziness overcame me. Yet I kept my concentration upon him and resisted the demons. Unexpectedly the prisoner got up, sighed and complained and expressed noises of fear. Now I saw blood flowing from his mouth. His head was thumping and I could hear his heart beat in this world. This unequal fight was terrible. Again I called for help. I kept on saying Emschor’s name. They had to help me, or I would have

to surrender. Now what? The prisoner prepared to smash himself against the wall of his cell. In his madness he no longer knew what he was doing. I had not counted on that. As fast as lightning and with the powers I still had within me, I wriggled inside him and forced him to think of other things. I managed it. He collapsed and I let him crawl around and made him dead tired in this way. The demons wanted him to smash himself to pieces. I had been able to prevent this. Finally he remained lying, exhausted. Thank God, he was still in my power. Yet he crawled back to his resting place and I waited to see what would happen. I saw a few luminous forms high above me. They looked down at me and smiled at me.

‘How can I thank you’, I sent towards them.

In reply I heard: ‘He will soon pass over, his battle has been fought. The demons can no longer reach him now. This night will pass in peace. Love is the highest, the good conquers. God be with you.’

I burst into tears. We had both been helped. Emschor had heard my prayer, had sent me his helpers. How I had fought for his passing over! I had been able to help a human being, how fortunate I felt. How grateful I was to God and how deeply I bowed my head. A great happiness flowed inside me, a happiness which meant love.

I gauged him again and felt the time when he would pass over. It was as if the poor man also felt it. There lay a human being who had fought his battle. How he had suffered, asked and searched! How deeply shocked this human being was. I thanked my Father that I had achieved this. The demons were still there, because I could hear them talking. Finally they left to never come back.

I now reflected upon everything and knew that this had given me much wisdom. I felt different than before I had started this and yet only a few weeks had passed. More light appeared to come around me. I was busy serving the human being and loved my God, whom I did not know entirely, but of Whose power I was now convinced. I had done something for this human being and I would be pleased to do it all again. Salvation had come at the last minute. When my concentration had weakened, I was lost and if that help had not come, they would have elevated him into their lives. Miracles appeared to only happen at the very last minute. I had already experienced this several times on this side. Prayers were answered at the very last minute.

The night had passed and I felt that his end was approaching, so that I started to tune in a different way. Now I brought him to peace and prayed for him. Then I spoke to him and he understood every word, so intensely was he already connected to our world. His day consciousness gradually came back. I saw and felt this process clearly, his head did not thump so terribly anymore either.

‘Who are you?’ I heard him ask.

‘A friend of yours’, I said, ‘just stay calm.’

He could clearly perceive me and asked: ‘A friend?’

‘Yes, a good friend.’

‘Where are the others?’

‘Did you see them?’

‘Yes, where are they?’

‘They have left’, I said.

‘She also?’

‘Yes.’

‘Thank goodness’, he said. He had been deeply connected to her. He felt relieved that she was no longer here. ‘I am going to die’, he said, ‘I can feel it. Will I then go to you?’

‘You will come to me and to others friends who want the best for you.’

‘If only God can forgive me. I have suffered so.’

‘God loves you’, I said.

‘Is that the truth?’

‘The sacred truth.’ Tears welled in his eyes. My words came from the depth of my soul. How I had changed. ‘Yes’, I thought, ‘God is Love.’

‘You talk differently to her. Have you always been with me?’

‘No’, I said to him, ‘I came to help you.’

‘I am grateful to you, another few hours and then I will die.’

I also wept, but only from happiness, because I had been able to help him; but I was also sad because the human being on earth had to suffer so much. ‘My God’, I prayed, ‘I have been witness to his suffering, he will search for the good and begin to work on himself. He will be like a child, be merciful to him, he has suffered so much.’

A peaceful force flowed into him. His physical powers lessened with every minute. He lay there like an animal. On earth he had been left alone, no one came to visit him. The food had been pushed through the opening as normal, but he no longer needed any food. The time passed and he gave in completely. His spirit was preparing itself, for the earth he had already lost his consciousness. Now I felt that I had to help him. I made magnetising stroking movements over his earthly body, which I had seen several times. His spiritual body now became free; the cord which also prevented me from leaving until the last second, had already dissolved. It became rarer and rarer and as it became rarer, the powers of his earthly body lessened. The dying man heaved deep sighs, he was still alive on earth. He called for his father and mother and thought about his childhood. Again he called very intensely for his parents. Were they still alive? It was almost impossible. He called out again and emitted a frightening cry. I trembled. This was a terrible death, but

could not be compared to my own death. Yet his death was dreadful. Completely alone and abandoned, he entered this life. No friends or acquaintances, no father or mother, he lay there alone in all his misery. This hovel was his death chamber.

Now he started to leave the earth, the cord tore apart and his spirit now became completely free. Life on earth was over.

Now I heard speak, looked up and saw into the face of two young spirits. One of them spoke: 'We have come to get him, brother, are you prepared to follow us?'

'What do you mean?' I asked.

'We will take him to the place to which he has attunement.'

'Oh', I said, 'now I understand you. How do you know that this human being is dying?'

'We know this for some time beforehand. We are sent here from the higher spheres.'

'Did you help me in this terrible battle?'

'Yes, we followed you in everything.'

It is wonderful, I thought.

'Does this human being have no father and mother on this side?'

'Yes, but both of them are wretches.'

I understood. Both the young spirits now took care of the spiritual body, and human being had died on earth, but entered the spiritual life. Dead on earth and born into the life of the spirit. The spiritual body lay shrouded in a haze. Nothing more was said. They left the earth at a fast speed. I followed them. Where would they take him? It went further and further. I felt where I was. We were not in the Land of Hatred. Were they taking him to the spiritual spheres? Everyone was collected from the earth, if this was possible. However, not me, I was attached to my body, I could not be collected. How they knew everything here. They knew that I was not free. I had now achieved this for him. If I had not remained with him, he would also have had to experience the process of decay. God was almighty, because God controlled all of this. His messengers knew this beforehand.

Finally they seemed to have reached the place of destination. I was in another land and saw many brothers and sisters together. Could I enter here? This was not my sphere. My hell was different. Did I now possess more light? The dead man was carried into a large building. I saw many of those brothers arriving here with the earthly being. Where am I, I thought, and stepped inside that building. Everywhere I saw beds and on them lay spiritual beings who had died on earth and had entered this life. Love, I saw nothing but love. How concerned they all were for these people.

A brother now approached me and said: 'Do you not wish to rest a bit?'

After carrying out such a great piece of work, you need some rest.'

'Does he know about it?' I thought.

'We know everything', he said.

I found it amazing, I had just thought this, had not spoken a word. Here they knew what another person thought. I said: 'I do not feel tired and I will go back to the earth.'

'Wonderful', said the master. I felt that he was a master. 'Carry on like that', he said, 'you will master much spiritual possession. Know that you are awaited in the spheres of light. Beautiful things await you there. What you see here is serving love. Everyone has his own task, but all of us serve the human being who enters here. I will explain to you where you are. Follow me.'

We went outside again and the master said: 'Brother Lantos.'

'Do you know me?'

'You can hear that I know you.'

'In this vastness?'

'I already knew for some time that you would come here. We await you and many others. A being awaits you in the spheres and that master is connected to me. This is how I know about your life and about everyone who enters here. Listen: you are now in the Land of Twilight. However, this is not your hell, you have already discarded your hell. You have therefore come higher. Since you search for the good your situation has changed. You can go even further, because your sphere is the next one, which lies higher. The sphere where we are now borders on the Land of Hatred and is an interim sphere. You have been in the Land of Hatred and you are familiar with life there. You have therefore freed yourself from the darkness by helping him and many others. The darkness, brother Lantos, now lies behind you. This is why I tell you: go further, search for it in this way, then the spheres of light will await you. You already have light in your actual sphere and yet you have not yet reached the first spiritual attunement.'

'Am I still one of the living dead?'

'Yes, you are still one of them, but this will not last long anymore. Then you will pass into the first spiritual sphere. Then the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sphere follow. Then there are the mental areas. These are the areas which can be compared with the world of the unconscious, and you have experienced them. Anyone who passes into that does not come back and passes into the fourth cosmic degree. That is another planet. But you will become convinced of that later. All of us, brother Lantos, give ourselves completely for those who enter here from the darkness and from the earth. We prevent them from relapsing and help them in everything. This is our work. Others descend into the darkness in order to help wretches.'

'What will happen to the man I was able to support?'

'He will sleep and will sleep for a long time, then his spiritual life will begin.'

'Is this his sphere?'

'Yes, this is his attunement.'

'Will he stay here long?'

'This can take years and depends completely on his own will.'

'He had to suffer so, will that be taken into account?'

'Were you given anything?'

'No, not that.'

'Well, he cannot be given anything either, he wanted it himself.'

I understood. 'Am I on the border of the actual hell in this life here?'

'That is true.'

'I can therefore go further?'

'You can do that.'

'What do you advise me to do?'

'It is up to you what you want to do. You can go back to the earth, descend into the darkness of hell, or go higher in order to take possession of your sphere. But I advise you to get back to work. There are thousands who need help. In a short time you can make great progress, because you have a strong will, you know all these hells and spheres, and know how to reach the people on earth. You learned all of that in the centuries which have passed.'

'I will descend', I said to the master.

'This is the path, my brother.'

'Did you follow me in everything?'

'I already told you that I am in connection with your master. From here you were helped in everything and your prayers were received by us.'

'Is that possible?'

'You see that we know. Pure prayers, which are sent up, immediately find connection. Your cry for help, thereby your great love in order to help a human being, reached us, no, goes higher and higher, until it penetrates the spheres of light. From there we get a message to help those who need help. These connections are therefore achieved by the masters.'

'If I have understood you correctly, I feel that the purer I can give myself and the greater the love is which I feel for others, the higher the help is which I will receive?'

'That is the way it is. By giving yourself in love, the higher spirits will support you and send their helpers to you.'

'Is this for everyone?'

Anyone who wants the good will receive this help.

Every soul follows its own path.

'Everyone had to follow his own path, but all of us only follow one path,

in order to be able to reach the highest spheres. That is by loving and serving life.'

'Are all these paths just as difficult?'

'No, not that. However, you experienced the deepest misery, walked the most difficult path which there is. Your death was a special entering. But not only this entering, but also how from there you have found your way and have already reached here completely alone. You have went through different stages and have been able to free yourself from those spheres. Others have to be helped and need help. However, you search for it in your life and also try to help and support others. They have respect on this side for the human being who can do this under his own strength.'

'Can you tell me where master Emschor lives?'

'Your leader and master lives in the fifth sphere.'

'What did you say, in the fifth sphere? How will I ever get there?'

'If you continue in this way, you will make fast progress. Have you anything else to ask me?'

'Yes, I still have a lot to ask, but I do not wish to stay here. I will go back to the earth and all those other hells, and I will try to master those spiritual powers. First I want to go back to my cell, I can probably help others there.'

'That is not necessary, brother Lantos.'

'Do you know that?'

'We know where the human being is who needs help.'

'Is this vastness?'

'In this world we are connected with millions. It is a powerful chain and the human being who connects with it, there are also the brothers and sisters from higher spheres. They immediately send up their thoughts and then we know whether urgent help is needed. And only those who have experienced the same life can help them. Everything, you experienced that, is concentration and it is love and namely serving love. You can go back to your prison if you wish, but they no longer need your help there.'

'So I was given that work?'

'Exactly, your paths were followed. You were worked upon in silence. You are never alone, even if you think that you are alone. So none of them, brother Lantos, who are now locked up in your dungeon are in connection with this world.'

'It is amazing', I said, 'wonderful and deep.'

'So go back to the earth, you will find other work there. And when you come back here, everything will be different and you will understand your eternal life better. Come, follow me, I will take you back to the man whom you helped.'

I saw hundreds of people, all of them were in a deep sleep. I understood



this sleep, Emschor had told me about it. How true everything was. I saw men and women together. Grown-up adults were taken care of like little children. This life was explained to them, for I felt that they were not capable of helping themselves. I did not want to be like that, I wanted to stand on my own two feet. Every second thousands of people arrived from the earth, who had died there. Those brothers immediately went back to the earth to fetch others. It was wonderful to be able to see this. Dying and being born, on and on, nothing else happened for thousands of years after each other. Young and old were together here, but I did not see any children. My friend lay there. I was amazed that he had already changed so much. The spiritual body gradually became conscious and he would and had to waken. This happened while he was asleep. I felt and understood all of this, because I had experienced it myself. Months would pass before the human being became himself again. Yet this process was completed.

His sleep was deep. Oh, how wonderful this life is, I thought. I looked around me and my decision remained. I did not want to stay here, because I was not someone to quietly sit down with my obtained possession. I wanted to set off again in order to work on myself. I thanked the master for all he had given me and said farewell to all of them. I was seen off by many. All of them called farewell to me. I would experience new problems and get to know the amazing part of them. I had set off again and the darkness became denser and denser around me. Gradually this sphere closed around me and I dissolved in it.

## Back to the earth

I tuned into the earth and floated through the universe again. I had experienced a lot. My sphere was now a different one than when I had first entered. I had done good work and I would continue to do good. I was soon on earth. It was night. But earthly life seen from this side was wonderful. The astral beings did not rest, they experienced. I knew all their enjoyment, their love and destruction. There were millions of these beings on earth. Everyone searched for his pleasures, which destroyed him.

Now I tuned into the people and felt their inner life. How clear they now were to me, how deeply I penetrated the life of their soul. In the aura of the human being lay their longings, their suffering, their hunger and lack. However, I was only interested in those who wanted to take their own lives. I felt those who were thinking about it the most deep, because it had to do with the life of my own soul. I was connected with them and I knew them as my own life.

There was a woman walking in front of me. In her lay suffering and sorrow. I felt this clearly entering me. She was still young and shrouded in rags. I would follow her. Where was she going? Was she alone in this world? She was also broken, heart and soul. I met nothing but misery. She wandered from the one street into the other. I noticed that I was in another part of the world, because the language which they spoke here was not mine. Yet I understood her. In feeling I passed into that language and the being and in this way I interpreted her own feelings. This was the spiritual connection. In this way I felt all the languages which people spoke on earth. I continued to follow this woman because thoughts of suicide were in her being. These feelings came to me when I had connected with her. She continually thought about it. If she was to end her life, she thought, her suffering would be over. Death was death to her.

However, I felt even more. In and around her I saw the means which she thought of, in order to end her earthly life. For her it was a jump in the water. However, even then she would be attached to her earthly body, and wherever it went, she would have to experience this dreadful process. Yet I felt that she could be helped. Anyone who could not be reached had to be left to their fate.

In her lay maternal suffering and I felt why she had reached this state. She had been abandoned and a young life lay within her. If she was to end her life, she would not be the only one to enter this world. It would be a double murder which she would have to make good. Now that I knew this, I would

do everything to prevent her. Who had put her in this state and left her alone? It was inhuman. There before me walked dreadful suffering, as I had not yet experienced. My God, I thought, how much suffering there is.

I no longer called out 'why can God approve of this?' I knew. I remained connected with her and supported her. I led her far from the place where she wanted to go. Not that, I thought. Do not search for the water, it is attracting you. She was also mentally ill, because the human being who thought of suicide was mad.

I guided her to the edge of a wood. I saw a house in the immediate vicinity. Did people live there? This young mother needed help. I forced her to have a rest and she obeyed. Tears flowed down her cheeks, tears of deep human suffering. Yet a great love lay within her, it was the sacred maternal love which she felt.

I thought about what awaited me. It was deep in the night. I forced her to be calm and left. I hastened quickly to that earthly house. However, it was empty, there was not a being to be seen. What would I have to do in order to be able to help her? Time was pressing. I went back to her and saw that she was ready to leave. Water, water, she called to herself. The water would be her end. She would not feel any pain there and she would be released from all her misery. I now let her go, but continued to follow her. Now I could not take possession of her, because I knew that I was only allowed to intervene at the last minute. By continually suppressing her feelings weakened her brain and a mental defect would occur. I was prepared for that. I had experienced this in my cell and I had to prevent this from happening to her. Yet this work was more difficult than I had thought, because I was faced with unexpected things. She sought the inhabited world again. Her spirit worked intensely and the peace which I had placed within her had disappeared. Yet she was alone, there were no astral beings. I thought this was very strange, because why did she not attract any demons to herself? I gauged her again in order to find out where that anxiety had suddenly entered her. I descended deep within her. I was faced with a problem again.

These thoughts and feelings came from the depth of her soul. Something within her became conscious, a feeling for dying lay within her. This feeling drove her on, endlessly further and yet she did not go as far as the deed to end her life. She sought out the water, but did not dare to jump. She could not manage it, because something kept her back, it prevented her from doing it. Was this her past? Was I allowed to look into her past? It was amazing what I perceived and clearly felt. However, it was a problem for me. I prayed intensely to be able to see this mystery, I could probably help her then. Now she approached the water. What would she do? I followed her and continued to ask for help. I descended deeper into the life of her soul.

However, she continued to follow the water. I now felt that I did not need to be afraid. What a mystery a human being was. I had still not experienced these phenomena. Suddenly she turned into a street and disappeared from this danger. How is all of this possible, I thought. Now I felt the influence so well-known to me. Her past now became visible to me, as I had perceived my own life. Did Emschor also come to my aid in this? In the depth of the life of her soul lay suicide and yet she could not manage to take her own life. In order to take that jump, she was already too far advanced on the spiritual path. This would only happen if a person had a lower attunement. In a past life she had committed suicide. How simple this spiritual problem was now that I was allowed to see into her past. As a result of poverty and misery she had become conscious of her past again, all those feelings passed into her day consciousness. Now I also understood why she was alone, that she was not influenced either. Her thoughts of ending her own life were not intense enough to be received by the demons.

In silence I thanked my master for this help. I now felt what I had to do. She sat down on a bench in a park in order to rest and soon fell into a deep sleep. I gauged her sleep and determined how long this could last. She would sleep for a few hours and I therefore had a few hours' time. I wanted to make good use of them. I went in search in order to be able to bring her into contact with other people who could help her. I moved away and concentrated on those people who could be reached by me. I searched the whole area, but without a result. I therefore wandered around the area and saw a large building in the distance. I went there.

When I entered I saw that it was a monastery and that monks lived there. The human being on earth had not yet started his daily task. I concentrated on the time and determined that it was four o'clock in the morning. Yet here were people who could help me. I went from one room to another. At each bed I gauged the person lying there. After I had gone in and out of a dozen rooms, I found what I was looking for. This monk could be reached. He was open to being able to receive the rays and thoughts from the spirit. His sleep was not deep, so that I wakened him. I urged him to get dressed. He obeyed my strong will, but he was amazed at his actions, but did what I wanted from him. When I had achieved this, I knelt down and prayed to my God and my leader to help me. What I wanted to achieve was not simple. After he had got dressed, he also knelt down and did his morning prayers. I was not allowed to disturb him in this and waited. A wonderful peace lay within me. When he was finished with that, I concentrated on him and wanted him to go for a walk. Yet I had to give this up for a moment. I felt what he wanted to go and do and I let him go. He went away and entered a chapel. There he prayed again to his Father in heaven and asked to have his day blessed. Now I deter-

mined how long he would continue to pray and when I knew this, I moved in a flash to my protégé. She was still in a deep sleep, so that I wakened her. It was very easy to waken her. I heightened her feeling, after which the spirit took over its task, by making the noble organs work. She shivered from the cold, that poor woman. Now I placed her in a happy feeling, that her worst suffering was over. Then I urged her to leave. She complied with my longings. When I had achieved this, I forced her to continue to follow one direction and moved with every step she took. One footstep of hers was ten of mine. In this way I pulled her in the direction of the monastery. Arrived at the monastery I saw that the monk had finished praying. I wanted him to go for a walk now. He felt anxious, so that I sharpened my concentration and my idea was successful. When he came outside he wanted to go back. He became conscious that something strange would happen to him. I forced him to continue. Go for a walk, I called to him, however early it is. His own feelings and thoughts worked against me. Yet he did what I wanted, but he started to pray again. I was now in connection with both earthly beings. I drew one of them to me from afar and I tried to take the other one in one and the same direction. Yet I was faced with another difficult case. Around the monastery lay a high wall and they were used to remaining within that enclosure. Yet he would and had to go outside. I drove him in the direction of the exit with force, but he refused. They were not allowed to do this. I begged for help and kept my concentration aimed upon the exit. Suddenly he did what I wanted. This happened very unexpectedly, as a result of which I understood that I was being helped. The monk was no longer himself, I had put him in a state of half-trance. When I came outside, I also saw her approaching in this direction. A few more seconds and they would meet each other. How happy I was. I put them into connection with each other on a lonely path. The monk looked at her being shrouded in rags, but walked past her. My God, I thought, has my work been for nothing? Because of my deep concentration he stood still and looked at her. I placed love, nothing but love in him. 'Help her', I said to him. 'Help, come on, help, she needs your help.' How difficult it was to achieve this. I understood his situation. This monk was not used to speaking to people, and what is more to women, but he had to. I got him so far as to go to her.

I called to him: 'She needs your help.' Suddenly he looked around and next to him. He had clearly received my words. Yet I was invisible to him. Now I forced her to stand still and to look at the monk. When I had also achieved this, I connected with him again and called to him: 'Help her. God is Love! God is Love. You must help her!'

Finally he overcame himself and said to her: 'Must I help you?' He spoke my words without knowing it.

She wept. 'My sister', he said, 'can I help you? Our Almighty Father sent me to you.'

When I heard him speak these words, I felt myself sinking away. A deep feeling of happiness flowed inside me. Thank God, I thought, she has been saved. Yet I remained standing and saw that she was taken inside. The doors closed behind her and my work was over. I knelt down where I had been standing in order to thank my Father that I had been able to help a human being. Then I visited the monk. He was in the chapel and was praying to God and thanked his Father, as I had done. He saw the Holy Spirit in me. The Holy Spirit had descended from heaven and had allowed him to accomplish this miracle. They felt it as a miracle and people thought they saw a saint in him, but I had been the saint. Yet I was still only at the beginning of my real path, but it did me good that they considered this as a miracle. Then I visited the young woman. She was lying on a spotless white bed and was weeping from happiness. She also thanked her Father. All of us had our own God, and yet, her young life had been saved. She was taken care of and her child would be born on earth.

So I had learned a lot again and done something for my fellow human being, I wanted to carry on like this. In this way we help the earthly people who need our help.

In their own chapel I asked my God to guide my paths and I prepared myself for other work.

I wandered like a vagabond over the earth again. I soon found other work and protected a human being from his destruction. I do not wish to describe all these situations and what I experienced. That is too much. Suffice it to say that years and years passed and that I was able to protect dozens of people from committing suicide. One generation after another was born on earth. Everything changed there, but so did I. It became light inside me and love entered me. I continued to help people. How I got to know my God and our Almighty Father. How deep I descended into the life, how clear all of this became to me. I was able to help young and old, men and women. I was able to change a great deal of suffering and intense misery into happiness. I gradually saw myself and the sphere in which I lived passing into the spheres of light. In one person I got to know the miracles of the universe, in another the deep darkness.

I experienced happy and sad events. One moment I was on earth, the next in the dark spheres of hell. My paths were followed and I was also helped in everything. I was continually in prayer, but yet it was the deed which changed me and my life. By just praying I would not have made it. My prayers were asking for help and there lay my love which I felt for the human being. It had to be deeds, it is the serving love which gives the human being

eternal light. I gave myself completely and had much to experience.

I already said that years and years had passed. When I tuned in and felt the time in which the human being lived, the seventeenth century was approaching. Seven centuries of struggle and intense experiences. I now saw that awe-inspiring chain in which I had been included. In all those centuries I had got to know life, to be able to bow my head and to learn to love life.

Then finally a feeling entered me that came to me from the spheres of light. It was as if they were calling to me. From afar thoughts were sent to me and those thoughts were a command that I should go to the spheres of light. Higher beings were calling me to them. It was an amazing feeling which entered me.

When I was on the point of beginning my great journey, I thought of the moment when master Emschor was leaving me and he said to me: 'When you have reached that point, I will call you.' Now that point had apparently arrived and I carried true possession within me. I had developed in and during my work. Yet I could not leave, because all that human suffering kept me prisoner. But that calling remained and became more and more intense. I resisted it fiercely, because I had got used to this life. Yet I had to say farewell to the millions of brothers and sisters of the spheres who carried out work on earth, however difficult it was for me.

They were calling me and I had to obey. I felt clearly that other work would await me.

I could have gone back in a flash, but I took months to do it. On the way I carried out work by meditating. I reflected and went over everything. The more I approached the spheres of light, the clearer my own life became to me and the meaning of being on earth. If only I could tell all of that to the earth one day! That was also possible, because my master had told me that.

I slowly climbed upwards and I felt that I underwent a purification. That purification took place by thinking. How could I now ask my Father in heaven for forgiveness for all my sins and faults? I entered the sphere where I had left that unfortunate prisoner.

The first person I met was the master of this sphere. Nothing had changed in that sphere. Smiling, he came towards me and said: 'Brother Lantos, God be with you. There are people who find one year a century, but it is exactly the other way round with you. Enter, my brother. You left one century ago and have now come back for the first time. Has the earth changed?'

'No', I said.

'Do not let it disappoint you, you see, nothing has changed here either. However, everything will be explained to you.'

'How is he?'

'Oh, he is doing good work. At the moment he is in the darkness and had

already carried out good work. He has become a strong personality. This life has shaken him awake. He has asked for you many times since his end on earth was shown to him.'

Oh, I thought, how sweet. Tears came to my eyes from gratitude to God that I had been able to save him. How good life is then. To be something to others, that makes a person happy.

'I will be worth', he said, 'of your help, I will not make him ashamed'

How happy I was to hear this. This life is moving, has to be moving and shake the human being awake.

'Brother Lantos', the master said to me, 'I have been asked to go with you, because we will not stay here. We will soon go on a journey and namely to your own sphere.'



## To the spheres of light

The master was soon ready. We walked on. It was a beautiful form which guided me on my path. I thought of nothing, only observed and was amazed at everything which I met. The further we came I saw that the nature changed. Where I had first lived it was deep darkness, then a twilight came and now a beautiful light shone on me. I already felt in a wonderful paradise here and we went even further and further.

‘Which sphere will you bring me to?’ I asked the master.

‘Your sphere is now the second spiritual attunement. Another master awaits you there, your path leads there.’

The second sphere, I thought, could I enter there? I felt a great happiness enter me. The further we went, the more beautiful it became. I asked the master many questions and I got an answer to all of them. How wonderful the life of the spirit is. I felt an awe-inspiring silence, love and spiritual happiness enter me. I could not say another word. Everything I perceived was sacred. I saw green, trees, flowers in the most beautiful colours, temples and buildings. I wept inside from emotion and at all these amazing things which God has laid aside for His children. Now I thought of Marianne for the first time.

Oh, to be here with her, to be able to walk round hand in hand, how would our happiness be then?

We had already entered the first sphere in the land of the spirit. Now I saw that everything changed again and the nature became even more beautiful. It was like a fairy tale. How had I earned all of this? I knelt down and prayed intensely and thanked the Creator of heaven, earth and other planets for all this beauty. How I had cursed all of this in my life on earth. Yet I could be happy and think about all this beauty, observe all of this with my head held high, because I had made good what I had done wrong to others. I felt released from all my sins. When I awakened from my prayer, I saw that the master was waiting for me at a distance. I went to him and he said: ‘All of us, brother Lantos, do not know how to thank God when we enter the spheres of light. All our happiness cannot be expressed in words.’

‘It is also magnificent’, I said, ‘who can imagine such a thing? Who will be able to accept this on earth? I have been able to experience miracles, but this is the greatest miracle of all.’

‘Do not say that, because you will experience even deeper and more wonderful miracles, you are not yet at the place where your real attunement is. You can see that the heaven is going to change.’

The heaven in the first sphere was cloudy like on earth, but the further we went, the more the heavens changed, the blue changed to purple.

‘Yonder lies your sphere’, the master said, after we had travelled for a long time.

I cannot express in words how I felt. All people who enter here and experience this will be quiet and feel the triviality of their own self. I also felt like this. I was nothing compared to this beauty. Yet I was still not in the second sphere, not in the third, the fourth, fifth, sixth or seventh heaven! Then behind there and further and further! I could not form any idea of it, it was all overwhelming. Here there was no day or night, here it remained light and that light could not be compared to sunlight. What I perceived here was a spiritual radiance. The sun, moon and stars were part of the material world. To the spirit the universe was not visible, or people had to tune into it. And yet I lived in the universe, all those millions of planets and solar systems were around me, but invisible to the spirit who had entered the spiritual world. All of this which I now perceived went far above the earthly life. My hell had changed to a heaven. All of it was still too wonderful for me; but still I went towards my heaven. I saw that we passed into another situation. I had already observed this from the heavens, but now I also saw it in the nature. The further we went, the younger I felt myself becoming. Now I experienced one miracle after the other. I saw the master next to me changing. He now had a young beautiful face and wore a beautiful garment. When I saw that and looked at it with amazement, he said to me: ‘You are amazed, brother Lantos? If I did not know any better, I would be amazed at you. Just look at yourself.’

I looked at myself and remained still. I also wore a spiritual garment and my hands were like a sculpture. ‘My God’, I said really loudly, ‘how can I thank You.’ While I looked at all of this I felt myself becoming even stiller. How I had changed. How beautiful, how amazing everything was and how my garment shone. I felt myself and did not understand any of it. In a divine happiness we continued walking and I tried to deal with these wonderful things. I had to absorb all of this in me, accept it, because it was my own possession. My God, I kept on saying to myself, how can I thank You. I saw beauty around me and everywhere, sphere happiness shone towards me. Men and women were together and everyone shone like suns. They were walking in nature and from afar I felt their happiness. They were human beings in the first place! People of the earth lived in a paradise, ‘The Hereafter’. I had entered the life of the spirit. It was amazing, because I lived in reality.

In the distance I thought I saw yet another light. That light remained and the heaven had accepted his real colour. If I was to go further the heavens would also change until I had reached the highest spheres, to then also con-

tinually change, until the divine spheres, to pass into the Divine All. Then the human being is divine. The thoughts which now entered me were sent directly to me and I knew from whom they came. The master was speaking to me in a spiritual language and I accepted everything which entered me and was given to me. The light which I had seen in the distance became closer and closer by. Suddenly the thought entered me: 'Can you see that light?'

'Yes', I said in my thoughts, 'I see it.'

'Prepare yourself', the master said.

I trembled, because I felt what was going to happen.

'We have entered', the master said, 'the second sphere.' I thought I saw an apparition in that light and thought I knew that form. I had seen that apparition once, no, twice. I quickly dashed ahead and went towards my own master and leader. When I had almost approached him, I knelt at his feet. 'Master Emschor, father, my father, here I am.' Then I could not remember anymore. I had fainted from happiness.

## I took possession of my own sphere; spiritual education

When I awoke I was lying on a bed. Around me were flowers and the nature was like a fairy tale. I was in a paradise and lay in a house which was open and decorated with the flowers of the spheres. I looked around me at all this beauty.

What is that, did I see properly? My God, how can it be. Before me stood Marianne, carved in show-white marble. With one leap I was beside the statue and felt it from all sides. It was real, it was purely from the earth, but this statue radiated light. I had still not come to from that first amazement, when my leader came in. 'Are you rested, my son?'

'Yes, father, I am so happy!'

'I am your brother, will you accept this?'

'Gladly', I said.

'Come, sit down, how much we have to tell each other. Did you sleep well?'

'Yes, master, very well.'

'Do you know how long you have slept?'

'No', I said.

'According to the earth you slept for ten days.'

'I can hardly believe it, but you told me about it in the darkness.'

'Now you are awake and conscious and we will go for long walks. I have a lot to explain to you and then other miracles await you. You can ask me as many questions as you like, everything will be clarified for you.'

Finally I had come that far. How wonderful it was to meet again in the spheres of light! Then I started to ask questions. I sat down close to my Marianne. She had been given a place in the middle of my spiritual house. What a great surprise this was. My first question was: 'Am I in my own house, master?'

'Yes, Lantos, this is your heavenly dwelling, your own possession. Your house is like your inner attunement, according to the love you bear and which you feel for all life, which is God's sacred life. On earth the human being builds himself a spiritual dwelling and the place where you now are is the chamber of love, if we wish to make an earthly comparison. A spiritual dwelling is therefore as the human being feels and the power of love he possesses. Everyone who enters here has and finds his possession, and this applies to all the spheres. In the first sphere we find dwellings where thousands of people are together, but as the human being develops, he builds his own house. You see, we have flowers and birds and nature here; the human being

and all other life changes, because we go continually further, higher and higher, until we have reached the Divine Spheres. What would our lives be like if we had to miss on this side our earthly friends, the animals, nature, flowers, water, trees and everything which God had created? It would not be perfect, would it? The people who enter the hereafter, those who have reached the spheres of light, feel happy. All our houses are open. Here we do not have or know any secrets. This, my brother, all this beautiful and pure, is your possession. In your house there are rooms where you can connect yourself. The room of prayer, faith, hope and trust, in short, all the characteristics which the human being possesses. There are parts which are also invisible to you, but you will go further in order to develop yourself. In another and higher sphere they will become visible to you and in this way you will get to know yourself. The higher you go, the more your inner life will change and everything which you enter. Your possession will continually change, and your inner self grow. This is therefore your heaven. The first, second and third sphere are already heavens, but yet still purification spheres, but when the human being enters the fourth sphere - which is Summerland - he feels released from his earthly life. That is the first happy sphere on this side. You now feel happy, you think you are in a paradise, you think everything is amazing, but we also know another and higher happiness.'

'Where did this statue come from, master, may I ask you this?'

'Of course, listen. I had the statue of Marianne made for you and this is done for everyone if it is possible. I want to show you by that, that she is the soul to which you are cosmically connected. Both of you are twin souls.'

'It is amazing, master, you have made me so happy. Can I continue my art here?'

'You can do that, Lantos. We have masters here in all the arts: music, which you will soon hear, painting, sculpting and everything which the human being can achieve through an inner urge. You can develop your feelings for art, but all of that will come later, now we have other and more useful work to carry out.'

'Where did they get that snow-white marble? It radiates, it gives off light.'

'It is not possible to explain it to you in an earthly way. You can touch this statue and you can feel that it is marble, but it radiates as the being possesses the power of love, as the sphere in which it lives. In everything lies God's sacred life, and because it is life, it will and shall send out its inner light. You saw temples and buildings on earth and in the darkness, but in the darkness everything is built up in an animal-like state. What the human being achieves there radiates a brownish red flashing light. Their lives and their auras are demonic. But the higher you now come, the more beautiful the art, the human being, nature, houses, buildings and temples will be.'

‘It is wonderful, master.’

‘Everything, you experienced this on earth, comes from this side. The masters whom you were able to assist on earth descended from the second and third sphere in order to give the human being there the highest. Your Marianne therefore shines because you are in this attunement. But not only you, but when she dies, she will also enter here. It would not be possible otherwise to give her statue a place in your house. All of us have our loved ones here around us. If they still live on earth and the man or woman, the sister or brother, or likewise the child, is already on this side, then we decorate their house and make it ready for those who will come. But when one of them awaits darkness, then you will feel that years will pass before this can be achieved. You are therefore one and will remain one for eternity.’

‘Do you already know if she is on earth?’

‘No, she is still in the world of the unconscious.’

‘Does the connection with the earth take so long, I mean, can it not be accomplished earlier?’

‘That depends on the inner life of the human being. Hundreds of years can pass before the return takes place.’

‘Will I see her there, master?’

‘You will see her. We will visit her when it is that far. All of that is part of my task and when you have accepted your sphere and have taken possession of it, we will start our great work. But first, as I already said, we will go for walks, because there is much which I have to explain to you.’

‘Do you live in the fifth sphere, master?’

‘Yes, Lantos.’

‘And you come to me?’

‘Our work begins from here. The man who accompanied you here told you about it.’

‘Will the master go back to that sphere?’

‘No, he has to accomplish a mission on earth and will therefore receive another task.’

‘Will he be born there?’

‘No, his cycle has finished.’

Birds flew to and fro and I looked at them. They sat down close to me and caressed me by sitting on my shoulders. ‘Your friends the animals are coming to visit you. They feel the love of the human being who lives here. Everyone who enters here from the earth or from the darkness is received and greeted by life.’

I could not find the words for this great event. How far removed the human being on earth is from this beauty, I thought. ‘Come, we will now go for a walk.’

I went outside along with my master. Wherever I looked, there were people everywhere. How wonderful this life was. I became still from happiness when I saw all those beautiful temples and buildings. Everywhere there was art, built in an incomparable style. We visited the Temple of Sculpting. I cannot describe how amazed I was to see such beautiful art in life after death. I would not have thought of it on earth and even less to accept it. I saw sculptures, as people on earth did not know. Still, deep in thought I stood watching the masters. Women and men were together. The man created wonders, inspired to it by the love of his soul. I also heard music and singing and saw beings clothed in beautiful garments. They were like angels. And yet I was only in the second sphere. People kept going further and higher. How I sensed all of this. People had to feel respect for this art. I knelt down and thanked my Father for everything given to me. I remained deep in prayer for a long time. Finally I could release myself. How wonderful what I saw was. The love of all these people appealed to me. The woman - I felt this clearly - was the inspiration. That inspiration was love. Oh, if only I could have possessed this on earth. But I also felt that this was not possible, because people had to have reached this spiritual attunement. On earth I was not yet at that stage and could not have sensed this art there. I saw wonderful groups of statues. As an artist, this greatly appealed to me. We stayed here for a long time and then went back into nature again. Wherever I looked, there was love and happiness everywhere. Everything I saw was divine. We walked on for hours on end, everything appealed to me and my inner self was open to all this purity. Through my master I experienced this great and wonderful event.

Then I started to ask questions again. 'Is there an end to each sphere, master?'

'Yes, brother Lantos, there is an end. Do you not wish to enter the third and fourth sphere?'

'Yes, I want that.'

'Well, when it is possible for you to enter there and you can call it your own possession, all the spheres which lie under the first spiritual happy attunement will one day dissolve. Only there will you feel spiritually happy.'

'Is it already possible now for me to enter the third sphere?'

'No, that is not possible and yet all the spheres flow together and are connected to each other.'

'I can therefore go further, further and further, and yet I will not come to a higher sphere?'

'That is the case. You have already experienced that in the darkness when you wanted to follow those shadows.'

'Do you know about that, master?'

'I followed you in everything, after all.'

Amazing, I thought, how great are the powers of these beings. 'Is it possible for me to float here too?'

'You can do that, but you still have to learn that in your own sphere. You can try it.'

I tuned in, but I could not move. I asked: 'Why is that?'

'That is clear. You cannot go higher than the powers which are inside you.'

'But I can still clearly feel another sphere.'

'That is possible, because you feel deeper and deeper, and it means that you have already entered into connection with a higher sphere. Yet you must master those last powers and only then can you move in your own sphere.'

'I can therefore go where I want, but not higher?'

'Yes, as in the darkness.'

I understood. 'If I sensed you clearly, I imagine each sphere as the universe, is this a good comparison?'

'Very precisely felt. A sphere is like the universe. Your house, the sphere in which you live and yourself have a cosmic attunement.'

'How many attunements are there in the universe?'

'Seven.'

'Which one does the earth belong to?'

'To the third cosmic degree.'

'Will we come out of the first degree?'

'Yes.'

'How many times were we there before we passed into the second degree?'

'That cannot be determined, but until we carry that sphere as a possession.'

'I can now feel the third degree in me, is that because I have ended my cycle?'

'Very clearly, Lantos, that is the case.'

'Is all of this cosmic?'

'All of this has a cosmic meaning. The human being on earth, you experienced that, has an earthly, a spiritual and a cosmic attunement. Yet that cosmic degree already lies deep within him on earth, that is, that he has attunement to God and can go back to his Father. If this attunement was not in him, then the human being would live there and in this life forever, but we would not be able to go further and higher.'

'But where is the fourth degree of cosmic life? Is that a planet?'

'Yes. The fourth degree of cosmic mentality is a planet which is hundreds of times greater than the earth. It also takes its place in the universe like many others.'

'Do people live there?'

'Yes, but they are further than we are, therefore more spiritual.'



'Do people no longer kill there?'

'No. Would you now be able to kill?'

'No, it is not possible for me, that does not happen anymore.'

'So you see that the human being goes continually further, at least life, in order to master the highest, and that is divine love.'

'When the human being dies there, where does the soul go?'

'The human being who dies on that planet goes to the land on the other side, therefore here.'

'Here, did you say?'

'Yes, Lantos, here, they are invisible to us.'

'And the highest likewise?'

'Precisely, also the divine being. You feel that the soul or the life, which is the human being, lives between the pre-animal-like and the divine sphere. In the universe there are seven degrees of mentality and we are now in the third degree. But all people who live on earth, all that life, and also we who have already discarded our earthly bodies, are in the third cosmic degree, up to the last and highest sphere, the seventh sphere.'

'Is that fourth cosmic degree also invisible to you?'

'No, it is not visible to me. But the masters who have come to the mental areas already have a connection with the fourth mentality. As you have a connection with the third sphere and feel that connection within you, to which you can already tune yourself, they can connect with that degree and they feel the life which lives there.'

'Almost incredible, master, but how deep everything is.'

'Look there in front of you.'

I looked in the direction which the master pointed out to me, but I did not know what he meant. I wanted to ask him, but to my horror he had disappeared. What did this mean? However, at the same moment I heard a voice say: 'Can you hear me, Lantos?'

'Yes, master', I said.

'Well, I am now invisible to you and so are the higher spheres which lie above my sphere invisible to me. In this way the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh cosmic mentality, the cosmic life, are invisible to all of us, and only then will all these problems and miracles dissolve, when we have reached that stage of development. I worked on you when you lived on earth. There I connected you with the past. It was therefore possible for me to show myself in your cell. In all those other situations I let you feel life and I also worked on you when you were connected to the monk and that unfortunate woman. I helped you with all your work and namely from my own sphere. I maintained my connection and put you into connection with your own child. Wherever you went and when you needed help and asked for it from

your Almighty Father, that help was given to you by the masters. You see, my Lantos, that the human being is always one and will remain so, if he wants that connection himself. You can see and also feel that all miracles will only dissolve when the human being has reached that stage of development. When you lived in your hell I could not convince you of a Father of Love, but now, since you perceive that there is a going higher, you can accept all of this and you bow your head. I withdrew in order to prepare you for even greater miracles, which you will soon experience. I can connect with you, speak to you, and yet I am invisible to you, yet it is reality. In this way those who call themselves the cosmically aware can and will see more of a going further than we see, and so it is possible for them to connect us with the highest miracle. That is the cycle of the soul, the reincarnation, the reincarnation on earth. You will experience this miracle and namely through the cosmic masters. I am speaking to you from the third sphere and will now come back to you again. Watch out, Lantos.'

Now I saw a light haze coming towards me and when it was a dozen steps away from me, it became dense as in my cell and I could see the master clearly. This process was gradually completed, until he had accepted his previous situation, in which I lived.

'It is amazing, master.'

'You can master these miracles. Many of these miracles are already in you, and yet, it is always a miracle again when people see this. You can already make yourself invisible to different spheres. It will therefore be clear to you that we cannot perceive the fourth cosmic mentality. However, all these beings live in and around us and will also urge us to follow them. God therefore not only created the earth, as you thought on earth. There are a great deal of planets on which people live and all that life is God. I was asked - I already told you this - to convince the human being on earth of our life and of his cycle. You are allowed to tell all of this to the earth and you will thereby be helped by another master. You will then go and tell all about your life through an earthly instrument, what you experienced of your birth and death on earth, but also what you will still experience. This is my task and your task, brother Lantos.'

'That is a great mercy, master. What did I do to deserve that?'

'You are a part of me, as I already said, but your life has different aspects. There lie all your questions of 'why and for what purpose' which you already experienced, then your special passing over and entering our world, but especially and namely for this reason, because it is cosmically possible. All of that is connected to the earth, because the human being is at a spiritual stage and the age of spiritual advancement is approaching. This cannot yet be traced on earth and yet this is a fact. The age of art is over, now life

on earth receives spiritual food and they will get to know their true God. Thousands along with us are on their way, in all corners of the earth we try to accomplish connections. Anyone on earth who opens himself to a higher life will receive spiritual food. From our side we try to convince them of our lives, of an eternal life, of love and happiness, of their cycle of the earth, of laws and problems and miracles. Thousands, I said, no, millions, are already on earth and all of us do one work, feel one love, know just one God and give ourselves completely for the people who are our sisters and brothers. You have been chosen in truth, and all of us are, in order to be able to do this work on earth and to be able to tell of our happiness. But there is also your connection with Marianne, your twin soul, and that you will meet her and Roni, likewise your parents, on earth. All of this will give the human being the strength to prepare himself for this great love. It is a great mercy to be able to do this for the masters, never forget this. Now we are already working, because your entering, your awakening and all these walks we will go on, your own thoughts and experiences, are part of this work. None of it will be lost. You are allowed to tell about all of it on earth, but then in brief.'

'Am I strong enough to be able to do this, master? Can I describe all of this in words?'

'I already told you that you will be helped, this will also mean a miracle to you.'

'How can I thank you, master?'

'You must not thank me, but thank God for this mercy. We will now carry on and I will only explain to you what has to do with our mission. I will therefore stick to a fixed plan. About eternity you can write volumes and yet this is not the intention. Look there! Here in front of you is the Temple of Music and we will go in there.'

I now entered a beautiful building and became still when I heard this music. How wonderful, how heavenly, how divine it was! I sat down and listened carefully. How amazing, after death there is still music, art of painting and sculpting, flowers, trees, birds and thousands, no, millions of other things which make the human being happy. What I heard was a life symphony, as the master told me. Here life was interpreted. People begin on earth and by interpreting all these life situations, people get this whole. In it I felt love, loneliness, meditation, faith, prayer, trust, passion, destruction and many other characteristics which the human being possesses. People would have to experience all of this if they wanted to be able to feel the depth and the sacredness of it.

We remained for some time with the masters in music, then we carried on. Everyone who enters the spheres of light experiences all of this. Everyone, all life which lives on earth, will receive this.

It took weeks and months, no, years, before I went back to my spiritual dwelling. Only now did I take possession of my own sphere. Now I knew how far I could go and I did not need to try to enter the third sphere. An invisible power also called me to an irrevocable halt in this. I was called to a halt on the edge of the third sphere and I had to listen to it. In this way our inner self indicates a place for us and namely that place where we belong. I could not go a step further than the power I possessed inside and that is the love which the human being feels and possesses for the life which lives in everything.

When I entered my spiritual dwelling, I saw everything differently again. I sat down at Marianne's feet in order to meditate. My master went back to his own sphere. I felt and sensed all what was reported to me. A great task awaited me and I would prepare myself for it. I had still had a lot to learn, but one day I would see my Marianne and on this side we would carry on hand in hand, towards the Divine Spheres. God created the human being and in the human being lay good and evil. He had to try to discard those bad and evil characteristics and change into good ones. That was evolving, that was going further and higher, they were attunements and mentalities. Now I understood it, because I felt it within me. How all of this fitted together! I was thousands of years old, probably millions. I meditated for a long time and when I was ready I thought of my master. He soon entered my dwelling.

'Are you ready and did you call me, Lantos?'

'I thought really intensely about you, master.'

'By thinking like this you connect me with you. I have picked up these thoughts. You see, continual connection, passing into other powers. People are one, because they are and mean life.'

## The cosmic connection

‘Now I am going to connect with the masters. You know that you can see and perceive through me. When this connection has been achieved and I then start to connect with you, then you will perceive what I can see, hear and feel.’

The master sat down next to me and put my right hand in his. At the same moment I felt a powerful current pass through me. Then I felt myself elevated and being connected with another sphere. It was amazing what entered me. The second sphere now lay far from me.

‘Prepare yourself’, I heard a voice within me saying, ‘you will start to perceive.’ Suddenly I saw a beautiful country in front of me. The people there were different, the nature more beautiful and temples and buildings were no comparison to those from my sphere. Where was I? The peace which came to me was the silence of an attunement which was not mine.

‘Can you follow everything?’ I heard a voice saying to me again.

‘Yes’, I said, ‘I can see everything clearly in front of me.’

‘This is the third sphere, but we will go further.’

Then this faded and I saw another scene. Everything was different again. The first thing I noticed was the purplish glow which descended from the universe. Everything I perceived was quieter, more beautiful and greater. The human being shone like a sun! How much happiness still awaited me. It was incredible and yet this took place before my eyes, I was connected with it. On earth I was connected with my past, now with my future. I saw an awe-inspiring view and a satiny glow lay over everything, which was the aura of the life which lived there.

‘The fourth sphere’, I heard the master say, ‘the Summerland and namely the first happy spiritual sphere. There the human being has discarded his earthly feelings. Only there has he entered the spiritual life. It is there that he feels as if born again. The human being already possesses this feeling in the first sphere, but it becomes stronger and more conscious, yes, more powerful, until he enters there.’

We carried on again and this scene disappeared again to make way for another one. I could no longer make any comparisons, because what I now saw was indescribable. How great and exalted this scene was.

‘This is my sphere’, said the master, ‘but we will continue.’

This scene also faded and then I saw the sixth sphere. The firmament was silvery and a golden glance lay over everything. It was difficult to grasp and I did not know whether I was awake or dreaming. This was wonderful!

‘Did you see that sphere?’

‘Yes’, I said, ‘very clearly. Where are you taking me?’

‘To the mental areas.’

Then the seventh sphere followed. I heard birds singing, and flowers and people . Everything spoke of happiness, purity, divine happiness. Oh, I thought, when will I come here? How far removed I was from this sphere! There were temples as only a divine building could be. What I perceived was wonderful. The people whom I saw had to be like God Himself. Were they gods? I heard a voice say: ‘No, Lantos, do not forget that this is still the third degree of cosmic attunement. They are not gods, but people like you and I, but in a higher attunement and namely the seventh sphere. This is the end of the third cosmic degree. Then come the mental areas. The human being who enters there passes into that sphere. The soul discards the spiritual body and carries on. It is like dying on earth, it is entering the unconscious and the soul will wait there to be attracted again, as the human being on earth is born. I explained this to you in the darkness, I connected you there with the world of the unconscious, it was there that you spoke to your friend Roni. Your friend Roni was not conscious of anything, but the masters awakened him. The soul which passes into the mental areas falls into a deep sleep and that world is therefore also a connection sphere, which lies between the third and fourth cosmic attunement. Being born, as I already said, takes place as on earth, by one law, one force, one possibility, and it is a cosmic event. In this way the human being goes further and further, higher and higher, until he has reached the last and highest mentality, the seventh cosmic attunement, where the Master, the perfect child of God, lives whom we know as Christ.

Life on the fourth degree is different than on earth. You can see the seventh sphere in front of you and you think you see gods. How will the people be then who live on the fourth degree? We cannot form any idea about it and yet the masters from the seventh sphere know about their lives. There people do not kill, brother Lantos, there people love everything, everything which lives. There the human being is a cosmic being and is conscious of that. There they feel sisterly and brotherly love, they are children in spirit, one in everything. On the fourth degree the people live to hundreds of years old and live in peace and happiness. Their physical condition is different to that which the human being on earth possesses. It is there that the animal has another destiny and that the human being will no longer assault the animal, because all those earthly abuses have dissolved. There the human being is in harmony with the eternal and knows our Father, Who guides and controls everything. Those who live there use their knowledge and skill for the happiness of humanity. On earth they are approaching the age of technical wonders, but the human being will not understand those wonders which he

receives from this side. But in the fourth cosmic degree all these wonders are understood and there, those wonders serve the human being. On earth people will try to come into connection with them, but they will not receive this connection, because they do not know their own lives. They do not wish to accept that it is possible to go further and higher. They close themselves off to the higher attuned being and will remain as they are. Thousands of years will pass before they are that far. The people who have reached the fourth cosmic attunement find connection with each other at a far distance. They tune into each other and pass into their lives. As I can now let you see and experience everything, this is how the spiritual connection is there, which everyone possesses. They live naturally, spiritually and cosmically. They know there that there are people living on the planet earth. On earth they do not know this, or they cannot determine it for certain. However, the people who live there try to achieve a connection and they succeed, but on earth people do not understand their signs. However, one day academics will be born on earth who will connect with them, but I told you, thousands of years will pass before this connection is achieved. The mentality of the human being on earth is the animal-like attunement. How can an animal sense and receive the signs and feelings sent out from the higher attuned being? The animal-like being, which lives on earth, will have to discard the animal part, if he wants to come into connection with them one day.

Everything lives there in a higher attunement. The social circumstances are different and everything is more exalted than on earth. The human being can not be compared with the earthly being either. His beautiful form shines, his feelings find attunement to God's sacred life and he is in possession of a cosmic happiness. What you experienced on earth is material happiness, but they possess spiritual happiness. Do you sense what this means? To possess spiritual happiness in a material state? There they do not know poverty or lack, no illnesses or other misery, there everyone lives in happiness, all earthly torments lie far from them. I do not need to explain to you now how beautiful the earth could be if the human being understood his own life. They are not conscious and will go back there, until they have mastered those powers. On the fourth cosmic degree everyone is conscious. The human being who lives there had experienced the first, second and third cosmic degree and prepares himself there to enter the fifth degree. Yet thousands of years will pass before they pass into it. The masters on this side are therefore only in connection with those who live on the fourth degree.

You feel that all of us are connected to a mighty chain. In this way it goes higher and higher, masters are in connection with masters. Now look up. You can see the seven masters, or mentors, of the third cosmic degree in front of you.'

I saw a beautiful temple and on the terrace I counted seven forms, clothed in beautiful garments. Young and beautiful like angels and as pure and exalted as a human being cannot imagine. I heard my leader say: 'There in front of you, from left to right, you can see first of all 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 Miradis. Of the fifth sphere, mentor Urabis. Of the sixth sphere, mentor Mondius and of the seventh sphere, mentor Cesarino. These seven mentors serve the human being who lives on earth and on this side. These high beings will connect me with the earth. You can see their shining garments, their young beautiful faces and yet all of them are thousands of years old. Mentor Cesarion will pass into the fourth cosmic degree when his task has ended and then mentor Mondius will take over his task. I may connect you with this vision, because you will know that it is not in my power to let you experience what you will soon experience. The cycle of the earth is known to them and they know where the human being on earth is and for what purpose he lives there. Only they could connect me with Marianne and your friend Roni. They know whether the human being on earth had to make good, or that they have come back there for a task. They are the managers of the third degree, therefore of the earth and all the spheres on this side. From here they work and they have a connection with the earth. The millions of souls who carry out work there are under their management. Every being bows his head to the love which they possess, and yet they call themselves children in spirit. They point us to the highest Master, Who, as I already told you, is the Christ. All these high masters will give me and thousands of others the strength to accomplish this work which I have been asked to do. The temple which you see is the Temple of the Soul. This beautiful and great building was built by the masters of the seventh sphere. It will remain for eternity and namely through the human being who has reached the seventh sphere. Now, Lantos, you will go back to yourself. I will withdraw and you will pass into your own life.'

I felt myself sinking away and awakening. Next to me I saw my leader.

'How can it be', I said.

You see, Lantos, how far all of us are removed from other and higher attainments. The human being goes continually further and higher. God is Love and the human being will enter the Divine Spheres one day. It is no use explaining the even higher states to you. I am only concerned with showing you with whom I and many other leaders are in connection. Now other great work awaits us. I will now leave and will come back when you think you are ready.

Then my leader left.



## The awakening on earth

How many things I had to reflect upon. There was no end to it. I kept on experiencing new miracles. The scene of the fourth cosmic degree was exalted. Awe-inspiring great happiness awaited the human being on earth. Love, nothing but love! How far removed I already felt from the earth. Then all these spheres in the spirit came and then the mental areas. The soul discarded its spiritual body there and carried on. Oh, I understood and felt it completely. It was remarkable that people were constantly left alone here in order to be able to reflect. What did they do on earth? There one person begrudged another the happiness which the other person possessed. I had also been like that. Now people could do anything to me and yet I would not be able to kill. These feelings lay far from me. Here I lived in my possession and next to me and within me my Marianne. I wanted to be with her in the chamber of prayer, in order to beg for God's blessing for our eternal union. Her spiritual dwelling would be like mine. Full of happiness, I knelt down and thanked my Almighty Father for all the beautiful and sacred things which I had received. I was a part of the mighty universe, a part of God and everyone had the same attunement. How I longed to be able to tell all of this on earth. To be able to die on earth was a mercy, because many miracles awaited the human being. I thought I was already conscious on earth, but how many degrees of consciousness had I now experienced? I was awake now for the first time, and yet, I would only become conscious in the fourth sphere. Passing over and becoming awake, that continual passing over and entering into other spheres. It was amazing. However, I accepted and believed everything, because I had seen it with my own eyes.

Now I would experience yet other miracles. I felt so happy and I sat down again at the feet of Marianne in order to say farewell to her. Then my leader entered. I was finished with myself and waited.

'Are you ready, Lantos?'

'I am ready, master. Wherever you go, I will be at your disposal.'

'Wonderful, Lantos, then come to me and try to connect with the higher.'

I knelt down and prayed to God to give my leader the powers to be able to reveal everything to me. We were in prayer for a long time. While praying I felt a very peculiar mood enter me. It was as if my feelings flowed away and I entered a silence which I had already felt before. The longing to be born again entered me. I descended deep into the feeling and before me I saw the world of the unconscious. An even stronger feeling entered me and I saw the human being on earth. Then a family, father and mother and children. The

mother was in rebellion. What did this scene mean? I saw all of this clearly. Then I saw only the mother and I felt that I was being connected with her. We were both one. My God, what would I now have to experience? I felt myself as the child which she bore inside. I sunk into a deep sleep and that sleep lasted nine months. Then I left and awakened. Therefore died on earth and born in spirit! What did this scene mean? I looked at my leader and asked: 'What does this mean, master Emschor?'

'You will experience this.'

'Will I go back to the earth in order to experience that?'

'Yes, my Lantos. You will experience the awakening on earth. However, you will not be born, before that time, only a few moments before you will go back to this life. What will be born there will only be a dead body, you, as soul and as spirit, will go back. I have connected you with the masters. Did you feel and experience all of this?'

'Yes', I said, 'clearly.'

'Listen, brother Lantos. I may awaken you in the mother, therefore while she is carrying you. After the birth we will go back to earth and you will experience this process again and I will therefore connect you with the past. You know that this is possible. Are you ready?'

'I feel ready, master.'

'Look around you, for some time you will go back to the earth and when you die there, you will go back to your dwelling and awaken.'

At a high speed we descended towards the world of the unconscious. The deeper we descended the clearer I felt connected to that world. We had soon reached that sphere and the master said to me: 'We are now at the place and in the sphere where you spoke to your friend Roni. Another degree deeper and that world will attract you and then you can no longer free yourself from it. Go, Lantos, enter, on earth we will see each other again, I will speak to you there.'

I descended even deeper, but remained connected with my master. I felt an awe-inspiring sleep enter me, but I still heard a voice say: 'Can you hear me, Lantos?'

'Yes', I said, 'but I am sleepy.'

'You will sleep, but can you feel how far your previous life, in which you lived a moment ago, is now removed from you?'

'I feel nothing but sleep, only sleep, master.'

'Do you know why this is?'

'No, master.'

'The world of the unconscious attracts you, you will pass into it. In the life in which you will soon be born everything will be unconscious for you. When you are born on earth, only that part of you can therefore be conscious

for which you will live on earth. In your previous life your feelings as an artist were conscious in you, but you knew nothing of all your previous lives. This is why people on earth know little about it. I mean reincarnation. Later, when we are together again, I will explain that to you. Farewell, brother Lantos, this is part of your cycle of the earth and everyone will experience it, so that the human being will be convinced of his own life.'

Then I sunk into a deep sleep and did not feel or hear anything more.

## My birth and death on earth

Then I felt myself becoming conscious. It was as if I was being awakened. I felt this clearly. From the depth of the spiritual life I came back to reality. A sacred feeling flowed through me. I felt my heart beating inside me, but far away from me. I heard a soft voice say: 'Lantos! Lantos!'

'Lantos', I thought. 'Lantos!' That voice became closer and closer. What did Lantos mean? Who was Lantos? I felt myself becoming conscious and now I understood the meaning of the word 'Lantos'.

'Lantos,' I heard again and I knew that they were calling me. It was as if God Himself was speaking to me. 'Can you hear me?'

I wanted to make a noise, but it was impossible for me.

'You can only feel', entered me.

I understood what they meant by that and sent my feelings upwards. My feelings were picked up and I heard again: 'Lantos, can you hear me?'

'Yes', I sent back, 'I can hear you, where am I?'

'You live on earth, but in the womb of the mother. However, not for much longer, then you will die.'

'You live in the mother', I heard again. 'You are now awake but it is higher masters who wake you. Can you hear me? Give me an answer then.'

'I can hear you, but far, very far away.'

'Do you feel who is speaking to you?'

'I can feel you, is it you, master Emschor?'

'Yes, my brother, it is I. Now sleep, Lantos, you will soon go back to the spheres.'

Then I sunk back into that spiritual depth. When I awakened I was lying on my settee in my own dwelling. Next to me stood my leader Emschor.

'My brother Lantos, can you remember anything?'

'What do you mean?' I asked. 'I have no memories. I only know that you went with me to the world of the unconscious and that I heard you speaking to me and saying farewell.'

'Do you not feel anything else?'

'No, nothing, I am not conscious of anything else.'

'Not, that you were on earth and died there?'

'No, I cannot feel any of it.'

'Listen then. You died on earth. At the age of almost nine months old you passed over. Before you were to born there you died. Your father and mother are in a state of suffering and sorrow and weep about your passing away.'

'What kind of miracle are you telling me about?'

‘Can you feel the silence of the spirit in you?’

‘I can feel a different silence than I first felt, master.’

‘That silence is part of your mother, of that awe-inspiring process which you experienced. You have not yet completely passed into this life, in other words: you have not yet accepted your previous situation, therefore before we descended to the world of the unconscious. Soon you will fall asleep again and will continue to sleep for a long time, in order to awaken again. Only then will you feel as you felt before, before you were connected. I awakened you and I will withdraw my concentration now, as a result of which you will fall asleep. Sleep, my brother, you were able to experience this miracle.’

Then I was no longer conscious of anything.

I awakened again and I felt as I had felt when awakening from my first sleep upon entering. I knew where I was and looked at Marianne. How great God is, I thought. Inside me lay love and peaceful, peaceful silence. I thought of my own life, then of Emschor. At the same moment he entered.

‘My brother, Lantos, how do you feel?’

‘Wonderful’, I said.

‘I have a lot to explain to you. Then we will go back to the earth and you will see your father and mother, your sister and brothers.’

‘My sister and brothers, father and mother?’ I repeated.

‘Yes, do you not know what we discussed?’

‘Yes, I know that, but I cannot remember any of it. I know that I have slept for some time, no more. Must I accept this?’

‘Eighty years, according to earthly time, have passed.’

‘What did you say?’

‘Eighty years, and that is short, because many people are in that world for hundreds of years before they are attracted to the earth.’

I could not say a word and stammered: ‘Do you mean all of this seriously?’

‘How could you ask me such a question? But we know that no one can accept this, but I will show you the truth of it. Therefore accept that you have gone back to earth.’

What a miracle had happened! They had told me about it beforehand and yet I could not accept it. Then I asked the master: ‘How does all of this happen? When is the soul attracted and how is this connection achieved? Do you know how the human being on earth is born?’

‘Listen. When the father or mother starts to think of this event they are already in a cosmic attunement. That event is therefore a cosmic miracle, a force which strengthens this connection, in which both beings are absorbed. At the same moment that the father or mother tunes into it, the life, the soul, is attracted. This process starts when the embryo is formed and as it grows the life becomes conscious. The embryo accepts the direct awakening

between the third and the fourth month. The parents have a connection with the universe at the time of tuning in, therefore with this world, and that connection can only be broken by brutal force and it is a spiritual murder. The life which is kicked back to this world is cursed in this way and the parents or the human being have to make that good. The human being, spirit or soul, which grows up in that young body, is not conscious of anything, as you know. When the earthly body was born there, you yourself were already on the way to the spheres. In a short time, therefore sleeping, you went back to your previous state and that is only for those who experience this awakening. If you had been born on earth and had died there later, you would have experienced the time of growing up on this side, even if it is shorter than on earth. The spiritual growth goes together with and is tuned to the inner powers which the human being possesses. A higher attuned spirit which would go back to earth has already accepted his previous state at the place of his attunement. Is this clear to you?

‘Yes’, I said, ‘but so amazing.’

‘We will go back to the earth and I will explain everything to you. Through the help of the masters I was able to connect you once with the past, but now with your birth and death and return to this world. You will only accept it when you have also experienced this. Are you ready?’

‘Yes, master, I am following you.’

We floated back to the earth. How amazing this problem was. I had been born on earth and had gone back to this world for my birth. Amazing powers of the spirit. We had soon reached the earth. When I tuned in I saw and felt that we were in the East. I saw where I was by the clothing of the people. China, I said to myself, so I was in another continent. When I asked my leader whether I had tuned in clearly, he confirmed this. I felt that master Emschor was continually concentrating and I knew that he was connected to higher powers. I followed him in silence and observed. An awe-inspiring problem would dissolve for me. If people could accept this, they would know how and for what purpose they got all those characteristics. They had mastered art and all character traits in another life attunement. Language and country had nothing to do with this power. The life came back and would be born on earth. It was deep. When I would be born here, I would know nothing more about my previous life, but deep, very deep within me, there lay it. I felt and reviewed all of this.

Now we were walking through the streets of a town and I saw the astral being again and recognised his longing. When we reached a street, we entered a comfortable house. Before me I saw the earthly people: man, woman and children and I felt that they were deep in prayer. I felt the silence here.

‘Your parents, sister and brothers’, master Emschor said to me. ‘Sense that

it is she who carried you all those months and with whom you were connected.'

At the same moment that I tuned in I felt the connection with my mother. Within me lay maternal love, I clearly felt these feelings. (When Lantos connects himself to his mother, he feels her maternal love entering him.) This moment was sacred to me. Yet all these people were strangers to me, but something kept me captive. That was the love which all of them felt for the being who was born dead. They sent pure thoughts to me of reunion and connection. They were convinced that I was alive. Now I felt myself sinking away deeper and deeper. The earth sunk away under me and the silence which entered me was amazing. Yet I remained conscious. Now I felt attracted to my mother and also that I was connected with her. I saw myself inside my mother. Oh, my God, how amazing everything is. However, I could only feel, but yet I understood it. When I perceived this, I heard my leader say through the language of feeling which entered me: 'You are one with your mother, Lantos. I will now send my feelings to you, in order to explain this process to you. You now see what has happened, you are in connection with the past. Is this clear to you?'

I sent back to my leader: 'Yes, master, I understand you in everything.'

'You see, Lantos, that the embryo is starting to take shape. You already live in this earthly body and yet it is first a foetus, which becomes bigger and bigger. As the foetus grows, the life becomes conscious and reaches general awakening between the third and fourth month. I already told you about this. The life which lives in the earthly body is therefore the soul and that soul, so the human being, has lived in different stages. During that pregnancy the mother lives, through the being which she carries, in a higher spiritual attunement. The soul, or the life, now has to follow a process and that is the complete growth, then it waits for birth. One day before the birth you closed yourself off to the life. That power lay within you, which is cosmically determined, therefore a law which no one can change anything about. This has nothing to do with the earthly event. The soul, or the life, would go back to the spheres. If you now tune into this event, you will be able to feel this clearly. So the power which the spirit, or the life, possesses and manifests itself in a turn is the closing of the life and the return to your own attunement. Millions of beings go back in this way and have experienced the awakening in the earthly life. I already told you, this is part of the cycle of the soul, it is saying farewell to the material life of the third cosmic degree. You went back, but others will be born. We know about this and the human being goes back for a particular purpose, whether it be to learn, whether it be to bring something beautiful to the earth, which is cosmically determined. On earth people think that a material disorder has occurred when a child is stillborn.

However, this is not true, because the life would and should return. You were born here, this is your mother and father, your sister and brothers. You can feel that all of us are sisters and brothers and that being a father and mother in the spiritual life has no more possibility of existence, because paternal and maternal love passes into that of universal love. Now I will let you go back and I will explain the other effects and events.'

I felt that my conscious life came back. This process was slowly completed and I felt the wonderful concentration which lay within me, that I would not be born on earth. Then I saw how I closed myself off to life. This event was amazing and exalted. When I came to myself, I held my leader's hand in mine. I understood why he had done this. From feeling to feeling I saw this miracle and what he perceived through even higher powers I could feel and it passed into me. A process had been completed which the human being on earth knew nothing about and could not understand or accept either. The secret lay in life after death and the cosmically awakened knew and felt this secret, the mentors whom I had been able to perceive.

Again I was connected with my leader.

'Observe', he said, 'however, now you will experience the returning and awakening in spirit.'

I could see my mother clearly and that I was inside her and I followed the process of the young life. Then I saw that it made a few turns and closed itself off to life. The young body was suffocated in the mother and the feelings of it now came back to me. I felt what I did, one urge, one power drove me to do it and I acted accordingly. Now I saw that the life started to free itself and from the body of my mother I saw a young spiritual being releasing itself. At the same moment that I perceived this, I saw a few beings and among them was my leader. Now I understood this event. When the spiritual body had completely freed itself, the spiritual cord tore apart and dissolved in an amazing way. 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 that they had left the earth, I saw that it grew up. This process of growth was continually being completed. A thick haze lay around the being and inside that lay the being sunk in a deep sleep. We approached the spheres of light and entered the second sphere. I was laid down on my own bed. I saw all of this happening. Gradually I got my previous state back. How normal, how natural this event was, this miracle of God. I saw that the thick haze dissolved and my spiritual body became bigger. Then I prayed in silence and I thanked my Almighty Father silently that I was able to experience this sacred event. This process of growth was amazing. I soon experienced my awakening in the spheres. I had not yet gone back to my own life. I saw all of this happening. Now the end was approaching and with this end my



awakening in the spirit. It was at this moment that my leader spoke to me. I knew all of this. I saw myself in falling asleep and after some time I also awoke from that and it was as if I had been born again. I had got to know and experienced a wonderful problem: how a human being is born on earth and comes back to the spiritual world again. It is cosmic wisdom and sacred. It is God's holy guidance and Omnipotence which controls all of this. I sunk to my knees and thanked my God for everything again.

When I had ended my prayers, I looked up at my leader and also thanked him for this event.

‘Oh, if the people would accept this’, I said.

‘This is possible, Lantos, and it gives them support, because they will experience earthly life differently than before. They will no longer be sad when a young life leaves. Everything is God’s will. Now listen further, Lantos. Now that you have experienced all of this, it will be clear to you that the human being, or the soul, is attracted from the unconscious and the soul returns to earth for some task or other. Between that world and the earth, therefore that attunement, lies and lives God's holy power. This power and force are laws, which the masters know nothing about either. There lies the secret which the soul will experience and receive in the earthly life. From there it comes to earth and now God's laws come into being and they are where the soul will live. You lived in China, in your previous life in the West, before that in Egypt and many other continents. Neither spirit nor human being knows anything about that. So the masters can, before the soul enters the world of the unconscious, connect with that life and tune into the earth by concentration, as a result of which they can follow the life. If the soul possesses riches, then no one can do anything about it. It will be born on earth in that state. The depth of all these problems can only be determined from the fourth cosmic degree. Yet no being which lives on that planet - you already know this - has a connection with the earth, because they know that they are God's laws and they will respect these laws. If the soul has to make good on earth, then this will happen. If it dies at the age of five, ten, or later, that is also determined and will happen. No one on earth possesses this concentration, not if people know all of these laws and events either, in order to attract the higher spiritual being to himself. They are God's laws, neither soul nor spirit, however high they have come, knows anything about it, or can change anything about it. For good and spiritual parents the animal-like life enters the earthly body. This can be determined very clearly in life on earth. People pray and ask God to give spiritual gifts to their child which will be born. Yet nothing can be changed by praying. If this happens it is a law. Only God knows the depth of this wonderful process, it is a sacred law, which is the All-power. Wherever the soul is, everything serves to master spiritual love

through the earthly life. The human being will keep on coming back, until he carries the third cosmic grade inside and then his cycle of the earth will be at an end. In this life the soul carries on and you are familiar with all those other and higher spheres. You also know that if the human being enters into the deepest darkness on this side, he can already develop himself on this side and can reach the highest spheres. Your own life gives you an example of that. Yet from the highest spheres it is possible to go back to earth and to complete a mission there. I let you feel this in the sphere of people who committed suicide, it was when both those possibilities were conscious in you. That one possibility is a law, the other a mercy, a mission, a task. A mentor as Cesarino can return to earth and experience the awakening, also grow up there to the desired age, when the soul remains in harmony with the laws of nature. In a flash the soul, therefore that high attuned being, can go back to its own sphere and pass into his previous attunement. So the higher the human being has come, the faster this process is completed and it happens according to the inner and namely power of love which the being possesses.

The spirit, or the soul, which enters the world of the unconscious - you experienced this event - descends into a deep attunement and returns to the spark of light, of life, becomes smaller and smaller, as you saw your own garment, therefore your spiritual body, growing up. From this side it descends into that inexplicable state and from the material connection - the fertilisation - the soul and body grow up naturally and in this way the human being on earth is born. The miracle of gender is also a cosmic law, which only God knows and the soul experiences. It is not possible to determine this beforehand on earth. But we know - what I am now going to tell you is the most incredible part of this wonderful and sacred process - that there the soul will be born in both bodies. When a mother gives birth to more children, this is an event which is connected to the earthly organs and has only to do with this. So as soon as a fertilisation takes place, the life descends from this side into the material, and the embryo attracts life, since it was brought into being by the human being. This applies to animals and human beings. Yet the human being is tuned to the higher and perfect divine being. However, the animal is part of its own attunement of animal life, even if the effect and fertilisation, descending of life and taking possession of the earthly body, are one and the same effect. But all that life is God's holy life. The soul therefore descends into both bodies. Do you feel the deep meaning of this miracle? It will then be clear to you that the soul possesses the male body in one life and represents the female body in another life. The depth of this wonderful and sacred problem cannot be fathomed. Yet the masters know it and all of us who can connect with the human being on earth, feel and see that this is the truth. The maternal love is that wonderful power, God's holy creation, as a

result of which the soul enters a higher stage and can master that possession. Everything which the soul therefore experiences on earth, serves to enter the spiritual from the animal-like and coarse-material. When the human being on earth wonders how he got all those qualities, then the life has mastered them in previous lives, and all of that has the purpose of awakening spiritually. We know that people have to master everything by experiencing it and learning it and that people also have to accept that all these characteristics cannot be mastered in a short earthly life. The soul needs thousands of years for that. And what are a thousand years on this side? God gives all His children and all other life this mercy, so that the soul can make good what it destroyed in a previous life. It is God who gives the human being on earth the mercy in order to continue his interrupted work on this side. It is always our holy Father Who guides we children and points out what is the best thing for us. It is God who gives the soul the mercy to experience motherhood and to master that love, the most sacred thing which God has created. That is life on earth, my Lantos, and the cycle of the soul is the earthly, is the spiritual and cosmic life. Is everything I told you clear, my brother Lantos?

Then I took hold of both my leader and master's hands and said: 'I understand you completely, master, I could not feel it any differently. To experience all of this makes me accept it.'

'Thank you, then we will continue.'

## I visited Marianne and Roni on earth

‘Now we have reached the greatest and highest for you and namely, where Marianne and your brother Roni are. Yet you still have to be patient, because they have not yet been born on earth. I will leave you, but I will come back when I have received that information and those feelings and the connection with them is possible. It is also time to visit your parents, from whom you received the name Lantos. Search for your happiness in nature, master all these qualities and wisdom and come to yourself. I will come back, my Lantos. Your Emschor.’

The master left and I knew where he had gone. Back to his own sphere which was far away, very far from mine. Yet I will come there and enter there, because I want to work on myself. Now I was faced with the great event that I would meet Marianne on earth. She was going to complete her cycle. She and Roni together. Everything was amazing, wonderful and deep and yet so natural and simple. Now that I knew this I understood all these situations on earth. There were no feelings, however incomprehensible, which they did not understand on this side. Everything lies in the human soul, that soul which is life and on this side spirit. It was amazing and yet so simple. How I got to know life now. The soul lived on earth in both bodies. For the human beings all too amazing to accept it. Yet it is the truth, because I had experienced it. I awakened in my mother. Oh, my God, how wonderful You are, oh, Lord, how trivial the human being who curses You. I had become another being and now I felt conscious, but I had so much to think about. Soul, spirit and then human being! Life, as soul and spirit, descended into the earthly body. See, how it awakens! Feel that wonderful process and think about what you attract. Do you ask yourself upon the birth of your child, where did you come from? Are you prior to creation? Are you coarse-material or spiritual, or do you belong to another mentality? Did you come to earth in order to destroy? To make good? For lust or violence? For what purpose, soul, do you return to the earth? Did I used to be your sister, your brother or your enemy? Did I kill you in your previous life? What must I do if I want to understand all of this? I do not know, but I will love you. Was I once your father or mother? Oh, young life, who are you? I will accept it, because God knows for what purpose you live with us. Yes, I thought, asking question after question and yet surrendering, accepting everything, whatever it is, because God is Love.

I went outside, although I was also in nature inside my dwelling, because here the human being is and feels one in everything and with everything, wherever he is. I now took long walks together with my sisters and brothers.

They had also experienced all these miracles and told me about their life on earth. Weeks, no, months and years passed according to earthly calculations. My master had still not come back. And in this way I got to know my own attunement during that time. I will not describe all of this to you, because the master who is helping me at this moment to record this has already done that through his instrument. I am following my own life and have to follow my own experiences, because master Emschor had ordered me to. Finally it was time. I felt that the time was approaching. I experienced and meditated upon all my experiences, in my own dwelling. When I had also finished that, my master entered and said: 'Brother Lantos, I greet you.'

'I greet you, master Emschor.'

'We are going to the earth, the most beautiful part will begin for you. It is now time. Are you ready? I let you feel that from afar.'

'I have felt it, master, and I am most grateful to you.'

'Difficult moments will come for you, prepare yourself for that too. Know that from this moment you will not return to your dwelling for a long or short time. Your real work is only now beginning. You will carry out work on earth. In the first place to protect your twin soul and in addition to describe all of this. From time to time you will return to the spheres in order to gather new strength. Yet you will remain there for many years until she also passes over.'

'May I protect her from this side?'

'That is your work, but you will also help many other people. You therefore have a beautiful task. When I have connected you to Marianne and Roni and your parents, my task will be finished. I already told you that you will be helped on earth by a master, in order to tell about your life through his instrument. Before it is that far, we will separate for a long time, but you know that we are eternally connected. If you are faced with great and difficult problems on earth, then you know how you can reach me. Now we will go to the earth.'

I floated towards the earth again, now, however, in order to complete a mission. A task had been placed on my shoulders and I wanted to give myself completely to this with all the strength and love which was inside me. We were soon on earth and I felt where I was. Now we were in the West and I recognised the land from the language which people spoke. Did Marianne live here, in the silence of the rural peace? We entered a house.

'There in front of you', the master said, 'you can see her parents.'

I looked at them, but Marianne was not there.

'She will come soon, have some patience', the master said to me. I waited and after a short time she entered. My heart beat with longing. Marianne, my twin soul, my eternal love! I had had to wait for this moment for nine

centuries. My master took my hand and I knew what this meant. I was connected with her. I clearly saw her inner face from her previous life. It could be perceived in this earthly body, but this had meaning from this side and only for me. Marianne was seventeen years old. I fathomed her inner life. She possessed everything which she had learned in her previous life, her longing lay deep in her soul, the longing to receive that one thing. But, oh, how it hurt me, would she not receive this love in this life either. She had to make good in this life and she would experience a purification. Her earthly body was now different than in her previous situation, but nothing had changed inside her. I saw inside her and continued to see inside her and when I knew her deep self completely, I went back to myself.

‘Is it she, Lantos? Is the woman you see before you, your Marianne?’

‘Yes, master, the soul which lives within is my Marianne.’

‘I will show you something else, but only when she is in a deep sleep, therefore later.’

Marianne still had a beautiful voice, but she would only sing for her own pleasure. She lived on earth, had come back from the hereafter and was already seventeen years old. Amazing, wonderful and almost incomprehensible. Yet I saw and experienced this great miracle too.

‘Come, my brother, we will continue, I have even more to show you.’

Then we left.

‘Where are you going?’ I asked.

‘Are you not curious to know where Roni lives?’

My God, I thought, I had not thought about him. We entered an earthly house again and I saw a being.

‘Look there’, the master said, ‘your brother, Roni. He lives in another earthly body, bears a different name, talks a different language, yet I will connect you with his previous life.’

I felt myself sinking away again, as I had already experienced many times and I consciously entered my previous life. I saw before me the moment of a dreadful scene, an awe-inspiring event, as a result of which I had suffered so much. His death and my earthly end. This truth shone from him into me. I then heard my leader say: ‘Do you accept, brother Lantos, that it is Roni whom you see before you?’

‘Yes, master.’

‘Do you feel that the past lies deep within him? I was able to connect you and now also with the help of the masters. The man who is standing in front of you is your brother Roni. He will pay and Marianne will pay and make good what they both once did wrong.’

I got a fright. This truth was harsh, yet I had to accept it. I had already made a decision and reflected upon all of this in the spheres. I was prepared,

since I knew that I would experience this one day.

‘Come, my Lantos, we will continue. Soon you will return to him. I have to connect you with other beings, then I will leave.’

‘Will we remain in this country?’

‘Yes, your parents live not far from here.’

We floated onwards and entered an earthly dwelling again. The people could always be found in their dwellings. In the spheres we were in nature, but everything was different there. ‘She is not here, but yet I feel where she is at the moment. Come, follow me.’

I had already seen where we were. The distinguished woman from before was an ordinary human being in this life and namely the most simple being which is to be found on earth. Her task was to bear the cares of her husband. The scene which I now saw was wonderful.

‘Look’, said my leader, ‘there is your mother. She is busy putting her feelings and all her love into her work. She works on her piece of land and plants in it and also has a few animals. Come with me, I will show you.’

I sunk into the past again. Before me I saw a scene appearing which I recognised. It was the moment when I left and had reached that decision. I saw her grim face and felt her cold heart, because she let me leave without saying anything. After this scene I was connected with the life which she now lived. She was still cold, very cold and had little love. God had given her another life task. In this life she had to earn her own living by working hard for it. Her husband was a farmer. They had cattle and a piece of land and all the things which were a part of that. I saw her callous hands, her bent back and her tired and wearied face. She was bent double from her worries and I heard her ask and call out, ‘why and for what purpose’ do we have to work so hard. However, I had no sympathy for her, because she had to awaken and start to feel love. As a result of this she would get other thoughts. It was wonderful what I perceived here. My mother from a past life! Incredible and yet, the truth, the sacred truth, I had to accept this.

Yonder I saw her husband, he suffered from her moods, because love shone towards me from him. He would warm her and as a result of his love she would change. Was he my father? When I thought about this, the master said: ‘No, he is not your father, but we will visit him.’

There were no children here, although I felt that she would like to have them, but she could not have any children. This had a deep effect on me, because I thought back to my life. She did not care then and now she would long, keep on longing and yet she did not have any children. Another thing and namely a wonderful event in order to shake her awake. God’s holy guidance trembled deep into my soul. God knew everything. I saw a problem and a miracle and I knew both of them. I stayed by her side for a long time. I

would return to her and observe her from this side. I sent her pure thoughts and wished her the strength to bear this. May God awaken you. If she called for help and life on earth broke her heart, I would come and support her. I would constantly remain connected to her and be able to help her immediately if it was possible.

Farewell, mother, you must discard your pride and also master love. In this life you cannot party, all of that is over. If you knew what you once were, you would already have bowed your head long ago. But this is not yet possible.

‘May I return to her, master?’

‘As often as you wish yourself.’

‘Thank you’, I said. ‘I will protect her, because that is also part of my task.’

‘Come, Lantos, we will carry on.’

I understood, because I would see my father. We left this country at a fast speed and I saw that we went to the far North. Did my father live here? Far apart and yet on earth. I found it amazing that my leader had found all of them again. My leader went to the harbour and visited several ships there. I already thought that I sensed this mystery. How could it be, my father a fisherman, almost incredible. I saw many people together. They were busy unloading the catch. My leader pointed me in the direction of a great powerful figure and said: ‘Your father.’ ‘My father’, I repeated his words. He had not changed at all in this life either. He was rough. That false intellectual part from before was not a spiritual possession. This was his true nature. He could live it up here. How strong he was, he had not changed in any way in that respect, only he did not have riches, because he had to work hard too, but he did it. In his case - I felt it clearly - my leader did not need to connect me with the past. I followed him and gauged his inner self. He still had his rich airs, that lay consciously within him. I heard him speak, he handed out his orders, because he was the owner of a boat and he earned his living with it. No, this human being could not accept that he had been rich once, immeasurably rich. All of this lay hidden deep within him. The soul had experienced it. I would not soon return here, and only then, when he would also pass over. I would help him with it. He was spiritually one of the living dead. I could write volumes about this.

Evening fell when I came on earth. Yet I continued to observe, because I now saw all of this from my own light. I looked at my leader and said nothing. Our feelings passed into each other and we left, to go back to Marianne. When I came to her and we entered her room, she had already lay down to rest. She was in a deep sleep and there were beautiful feelings within her.

‘I will now connect you with the past’, my leader said to me. ‘Come with me.’

I was connected with the past again. Scene after scene passed before my



spirit. I saw myself with her in my past youth, in ancient Egypt and walked with her to the Lower Nile. Then in Rome. I descended even deeper into her and felt her cosmic destination. I got to know a new miracle. The soul accepted both bodies and yet she had to follow the path indicated by God. In the last incarnation the soul accepted her absolute attunement and returned to the spheres of light. I felt the depth of this phenomenon and understood what my leader meant by it. Then I returned to myself and I saw her inner life. My leader looked at me and said: 'My brother, now I will leave, my task is finished and yours is beginning. I will go back to the spheres and receive other work. When the time has come that you have to tell about your own life, my brother and master, Alcar, will come and visit you. I will connect myself with him. Follow your path, your task is not simple, because many beings need your help. We will meet each other in the spheres of light. When Marianne leaves this life, I will come to you.'

I knelt down and thanked my master for everything and saw my whole life on earth, the many centuries that I had lived on this side in the darkness, passing before me. Everything came back to this moment and I looked up to him. Two loving hands lay on my forehead. An awe-inspiring power flowed into me.

'May God bless your work, my brother. May His sacred power descend upon you, may He lead you and leader you. Farewell, Lantos, farewell!'

Then I felt that he left. On the side of my dear child I prayed to God to be able to protect her life. I was invisible to Marianne and yet so close.

Years passed and the time came that she would marry. I was with her on that day which means so much happiness for the human being. She felt happy and yet, a great and sacred longing lay deep inside her, which could not be met. She was happy and not happy on this day. From afar something came to her which made her unhappy. It was an approaching disaster, because she would not be understood. From the first day she already felt that her marriage was a failure. Roni was cold and hard and understood nothing about her deep inner self, nothing about all the love which she had. I had to look at all of this, I could not change anything about it, but my heart broke. I had to deal with all of this alone, because this was familiar to me. How she prayed to God, how she begged for love. Every day that she lived, she asked and begged, why can God approve of this! How I must suffer, why and for what purpose is all of this, why must my soul be kicked? I continued to watch out and placed my love and complete strength in her when she was asleep. Then we were one and in sleep I freed her and we went to the spheres. There we went for long walks and we came back in the morning. Then she could cope with her suffering again and she possessed the strength for it. Yet I was not allowed to free her from Roni. She had to experience this, end this life in a

way which meant nothing but suffering, sorrow and misery. Her happiness, her thoughts about what her marriage could be, lay deep, very deep inside her. I let her live as she 'had to' live, but I protected her in everything. From time to time I left, but kept coming back to her. In her lay a longing and that longing had come to her when we had been torn apart in my dungeon. She could and would do nothing else in this life than long. Her longing reached for that one thing, to possess that pure love. Yet her spiritual happiness only awaited her on this side. Here, in my life we are one and continue in order to master eternal love.

She sought comfort in her singing and read pure books. They wanted to deny her that, that trivial, that little bit of happiness too. Yet she read, driven to it by my powers.

Roni has still not changed. He is a stranger to everyone. He only possesses the art of painting from his former life. He does not know himself. However, he has discarded something and is fighting against it, that is his Don Juan type character. But these characteristics have passed into bitterness and manifest themselves in this way. He is a secret and cannot be fathomed. That is because he is everywhere and in everything, and yet his character does not show any fixed traits. He does not give himself and closes himself off to everyone. Yet I know him and sympathise with him. When he enters this life, he will be one of the living dead. He will find his dwelling place in the twilight land, because he will not change much. I will help him when he enters. However cruel he is, he is still my brother and will remain so. I follow him, soften his mood towards Marianne, because if that is not possible for me, her life on earth would be like a hell. In the silence of her own room I am often, very often, alone with Marianne. When she sings, I listen carefully, but she does not know that I am with her. In nature she comes to herself and then I let her feel what it will be like one day and she senses me, but she wonders from where these feelings came to her. Then she passes into me and tears run down her cheeks. She calls fervently for help, but she still has to experience this. Often when I carry out work from a distance - because I continue to follow people and help them - and she calls for help in her prayers, I see her weeping. Then I look up at Roni, because it is he who does all of this to her. Within him lives a power and he makes eager use of that power. Her hands and feet are tied and may not leave. Her children do not feel what kind of drama is taking place here. Who could sense that? Who on earth feels the depth of the past? Are all people not on earth to learn? Are thousands of hearts not broken? Do good and evil not live together? Can good not conquer evil? Do millions of people not tied by their hands and feet and are their souls not unravelled? On earth people do not find any happiness, and anyone who possesses it, oh, thank and pray to God, because there are so few

who possess that fortune of understanding. I follow precisely now the people, but do not see that love anywhere, that twin love, which brings and gives the highest happiness. Wherever I go, it is the same everywhere. Here it is the man who possesses that love, somewhere else the woman and in many other places neither of them possess any love. How trivial the human being is! I protected Marianne from complete destruction. If I had not been there to stop her, then she would already have been on this side in order to experience her own end. Not one, but two, three times these thoughts were inside her. I found her at the side of a ditch. Sorrowful, broken in soul and body. Then I placed the image inside her of both her children, and if this happiness had not been in her possession then I could not have protected her. I pray that it will never happen.

Years passed. I connected her with friends and guided her paths towards them. I also connected her with tuned souls, who will bear with her and will give her their love. I followed her and changed her character. Those wrong characteristics continually fall away from her and change into soft and beautiful feelings. She is prepared to give herself completely in love, yet she recoils from the false and mean. I speak with her from this place and she will receive this writing. God gives me the grace and the strength for it.

‘Marianne, these words are for you alone. They come from deep within my heart and I have put all the powers of my soul into them. Struggle, my child, struggle, your life is hard, but know that you are not alone. Look around you. How many do not suffer as you do? You can bear all of this, because you are being helped by others. Others are alone, completely alone in your dreadful world. Know, my child, that if you had not felt and seen the darkness, you would not appreciate the light. All of this is necessary. If you seek your escape in nature and the plants and trees and cherish all the other plants, then I will be with you. If you start to long, then you will feel me. If beautiful and exalted thoughts and views enter you, they are mine. If you dream beautiful dreams of happiness and reunion, of a life after this life, then we have been together and in the morning you will awaken in silent and pure happiness. Look, Marianne, hold that inside you and live on in that. When you look up at the universe, you will see me, because I live there. I come to you from there and lay flowers from the spheres on your paths. I will make everything up to you one day. Know that I am waiting for you on this side and you will recognise me. When your last breath flows from your tired body, I will be with you. Then we will be one, one for eternity. So struggle and follow your path which you can see in front of you. You will and cannot perhaps accept all of this and I do not ask that of you either, but still, very deep inside you, there lies the past.

The past was shown to me and one day I will return with you to the

earth, in order to explain this to you too. You will read all of this which I am writing down. God gave me this mercy. How great my happiness will be when you read this. Together we will read about our lives on this side and from previous centuries. Know that a century is only a flash. To you they are years, the years of suffering, struggle and misery. Yet imagine how I suffered and that all of that was for you, my Marianne, my love, soul of my soul! I can thank God so deeply that I will be able to tell this to your world. I am already occupied and almost finished. I am still connected with you, verbally connected, when I write this down. I will pray for the instrument through whom I was able to pass all of this on. I cannot express any words of thanks. I look at the master who helped me to record this, and he sees my tears of gratitude. A few more words for you, Marianne, because I cannot leave yet.

Now, at this moment, when you read this, we are one, completely one. Can you sense me? Think, my dear child, think of this in your life. How great it is to be able to receive the mercy. But do not think that we are the only ones to experience this.' However, many people will shrug their shoulders at everything which they read here, but I will call to them from this side: 'Brothers and sisters, all of you love, but feel this love. Everything which I told, which I experienced with Marianne and which was explained to me in this life, is the sacred truth. God knows that I have told the truth. God and millions of beings know, because they have followed me in everything. It is their own life, their work and longing, which is assigned to my master Emschor. If I can convince one of you of your eternal life, then my suffering and struggle and all this work will be rewarded. May God open your eyes.

'And you, blessed instrument, I am now addressing you. I will connect you with Marianne. You will meet her. When I let you feel who she is, let you see and hear it, since you possess those gifts, will you give her, my twin soul, your full love? I repeat, you will meet her, I will show her image in different ways. I will also give you a few points of recognition, so that both of you will accept it, however incredible it will be for you. If I give you this proof, will you whisper to her that it is she? I may let you know this, it is God's will.

May I thank you from my deepest inner self for what you did for me? The time was not up to you, you lived in my time and in my life. I had to record this book in a short time. I could fill volumes about the time I lived in the darkness, but that is not the intention. The masters are only concerned with wanting to convince all the people on earth who possess the feeling and want to go into all of this of their eternal life. These possibilities are there for everyone, whoever they are, because God loves all His children. Deep inside yourself lies the truth, you yourself are the answer to all of this, because you are life, you are spirit and soul.'

I do not need to thank you, master Alcar. You do not wish any thanks, but

I must thank God for everything which He has given me.

Now I wish to end this work and to dedicate it to my Marianne. 'Marianne, this is for you. Accept it and enclose it within you. Read it and reread it, then I will be with you. Now I am leaving. My blessings to you all.'

'May God's sacred and vital blessing rest upon this work.'

Your LANTOS.

The end

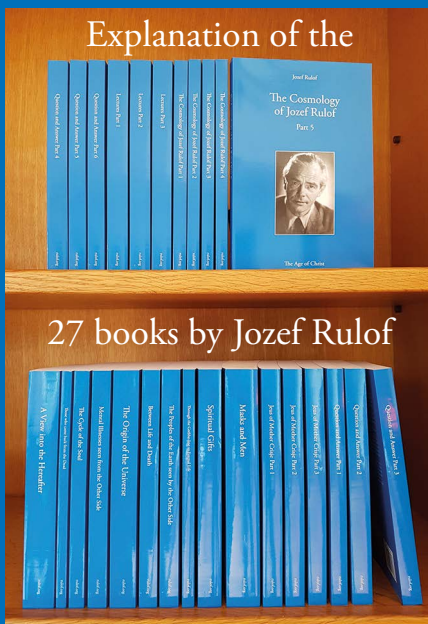
## The Cycle of the Soul

Jozef Rulof received the novel 'The Cycle of the Soul' from the spirit Lantos. In this book, Lantos explains that he had acquired his pronounced talent for visual arts in his last life on earth by working hard during many previous lives on depicting the reality.

From the spiritual life after death, he then studied human life on earth for nine centuries. As a result, he sees how not only our skills but also all our character traits evolve and how we ourselves create our future as a result of actions from past lives. In this way, he learns for instance the unknown spiritual consequences of suicide. He experiences that the human being keeps on receiving new life opportunities to work on his inner self and to expand his feeling, ultimately to universal love.

In the third part of the book, Lantos gives us an intriguing image of the essence of the twin soul. His inner bond with his childhood sweetheart Marianne during his last life on earth was the result of the many lives during which they had loved each other as twin souls. He also feels that one day he will be connected again with her, in order to continue together eternally in love and harmony in life after death.

ISBN 978-90-70554-90-3



## Explanation of the books by Jozef Rulof

As publisher of the books by Jozef Rulof (1898-1952) we describe in this explanation the core of his vision. With regard to a number of passages in his 27 books, we refer to articles from this explanation. If you have any questions about the contents of his 27 books, we advise you to consult this explanation. On our website [rulof.org](http://rulof.org) you can read the 140 articles from this explanation online as separate web pages or download them as a free e-book.